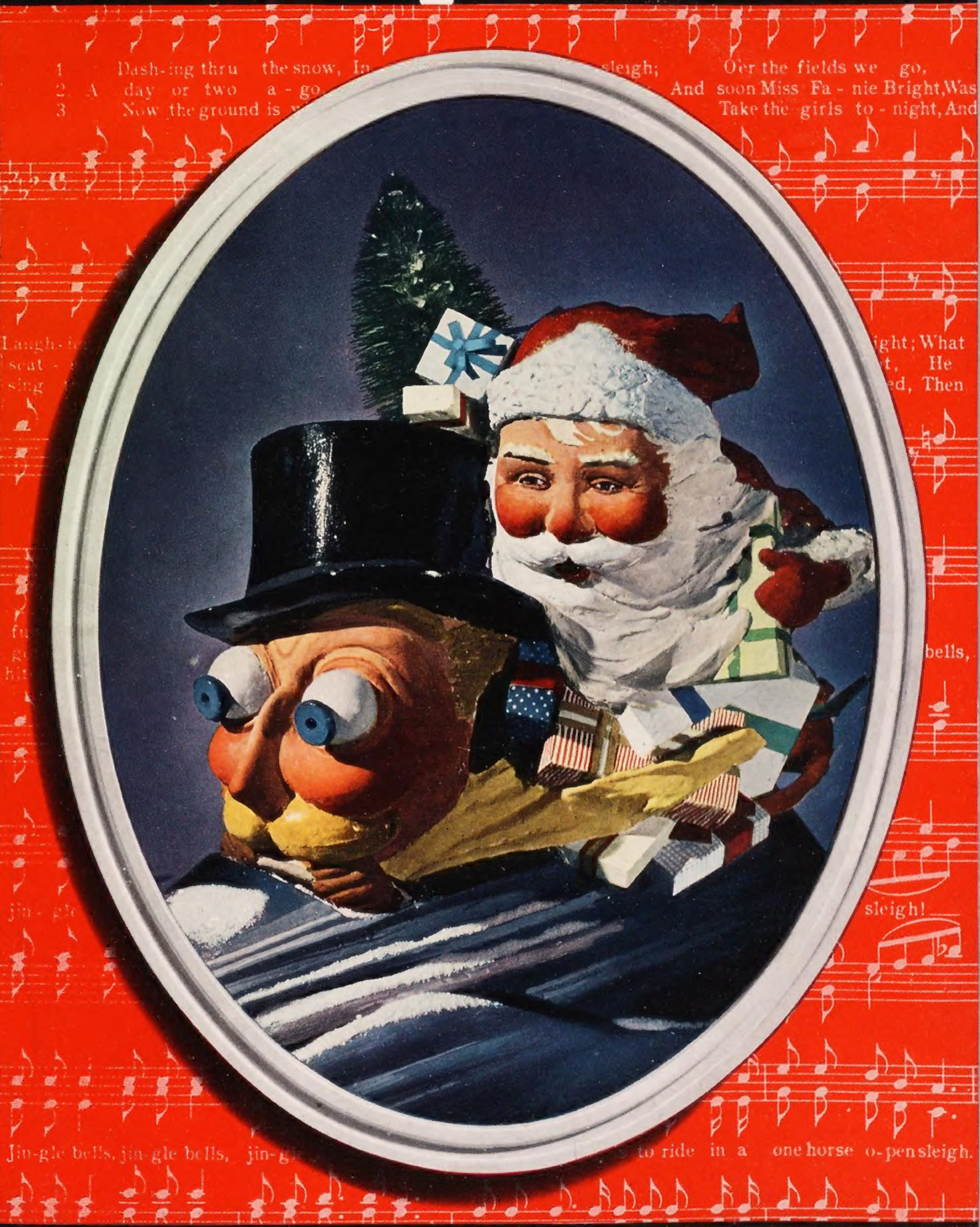
CHRISTMAS
DECEMBER, 1939

Esquire

A. N. C.

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN


1 Dash-ing thru the snow, In ... sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
2 A day or two a - go ... And soon Miss Fa - nie Bright, Was
3 Now the ground is ... Take the girls to - night, And
Laugh-in ... ight; What
seat- ... t, He
sing ... ed, Then
bells,
sleigh!
Jin-gle bells, jin-gle bells, jin-g ... to ride in a one horse o-pen sleigh.

ARTICLES
PAUL HYDE BONNER
FRED C. KELLY
MICHAEL MACDOUGALL
JOHN KOBLER
MARTIN TORRENCE
FRANK JEROME RILEY
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
FRANK G. PRESNELL

FICTION
GEORGE SLOCOMBE
MANUEL KOMROFF
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
JESSE STUART
GUIDO D'AGOSTINO
WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON
VLADIMIR SIRIN
IRWIN SHAW
SAM WESTON

ART
JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE
MARCEL VERTÈS
MARIETTE LYDIS
HOGARTH PRINTS
WALT DISNEY

SATIRE
PARKE CUMMINGS
JAMES A. COWAN
MARTIN PANZER

SPORTS
ILES BRODY
RAYMOND R. CAMP
PHILIP B. SHARPE
ERNEST J. BORNEMAN

DEPARTMENTS
GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
GILBERT SELDES
CARLETON SMITH
LAWTON MACKALL
PATTERSON MURPHY
CHARLES RUTHERFORD

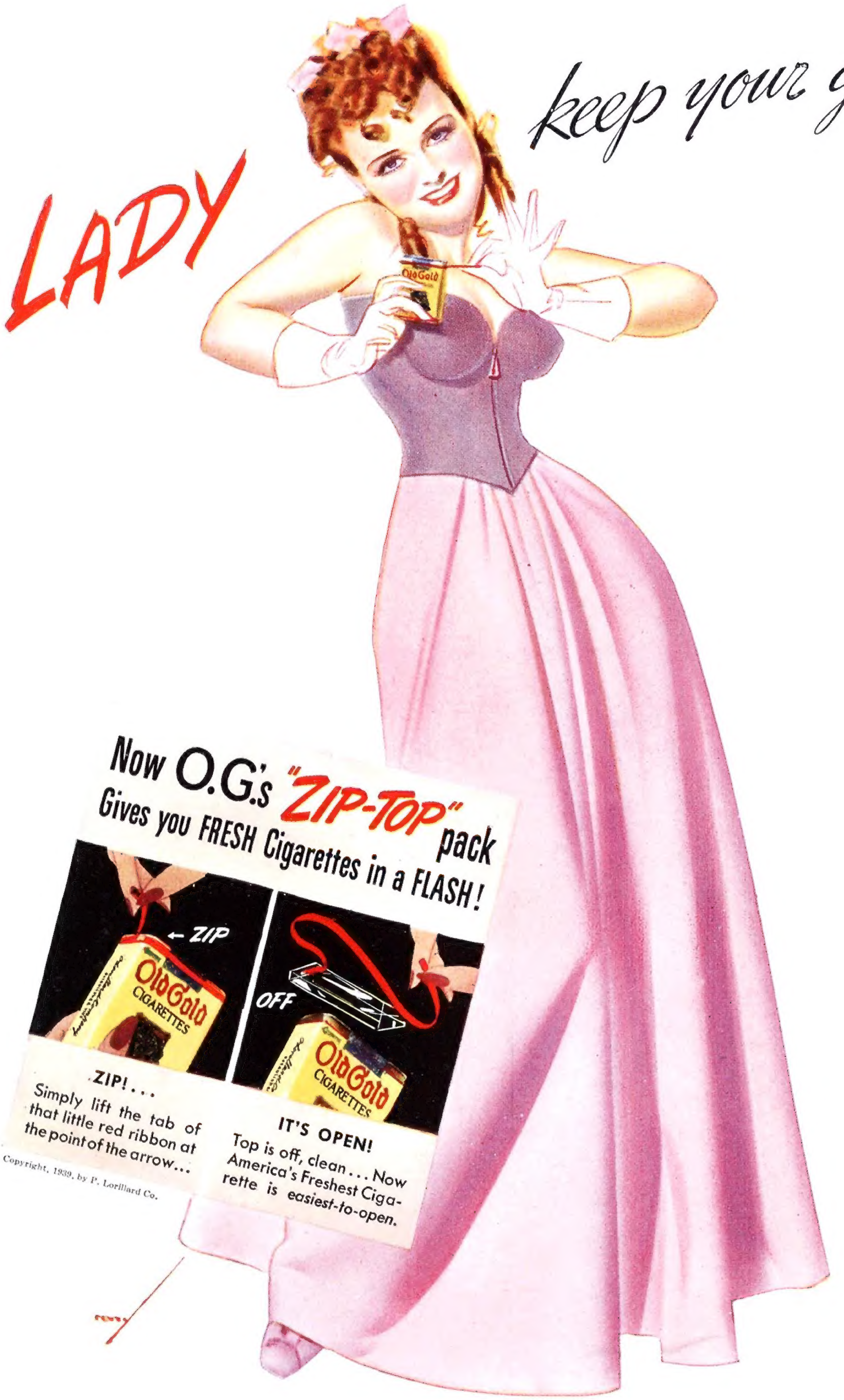
CARTOONS
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
D. McKAY
HOWARD BAER
GEORGE PETTY
PAUL WEBB
GILBERT BUNDY
B. SHERMUND
MISCHA RICHTER
IRVING PHILLIPS
LOUIS PRISCILLA
ELWIN HENRI
A. VON FRANKENBERG
(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 5

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS

LADY keep your gloves on!



Zip! Zip! Hurray!
You don't need
To take your gloves
Off, to open that
Pack of America's
Freshest cigarettes.
Even if you wore
Arctic mittens
You could zip open
That new
"Zip-Top" pack
Of Old Golds
Sooner than you can
Say Jack Robinson!
Just pull the
Little red ribbon . . . and
Zip! Zip! Hurray!
You get
Fresh Old Golds
In a flash!
Doubly fresh
Because their choice
Double-Mellow tobaccos
Are doubly-protected
By . . . not *one*
But *2* . . . jackets
Of Cellophane.
And if you
Don't believe this
Makes a difference,
Try a honey-smooth
Old Gold . . .
The cigarette with
The happy blending
In the new
"ZIP-TOP" PACK.

Now O.G.'s "ZIP-TOP" pack
Gives you FRESH Cigarettes in a FLASH!

ZIP! . . . Simply lift the tab of that little red ribbon at the point of the arrow . . .

IT'S OPEN! Top is off, clean . . . Now America's Freshest Cigarette is easiest-to-open.

Copyright, 1939, by P. Lorillard Co.

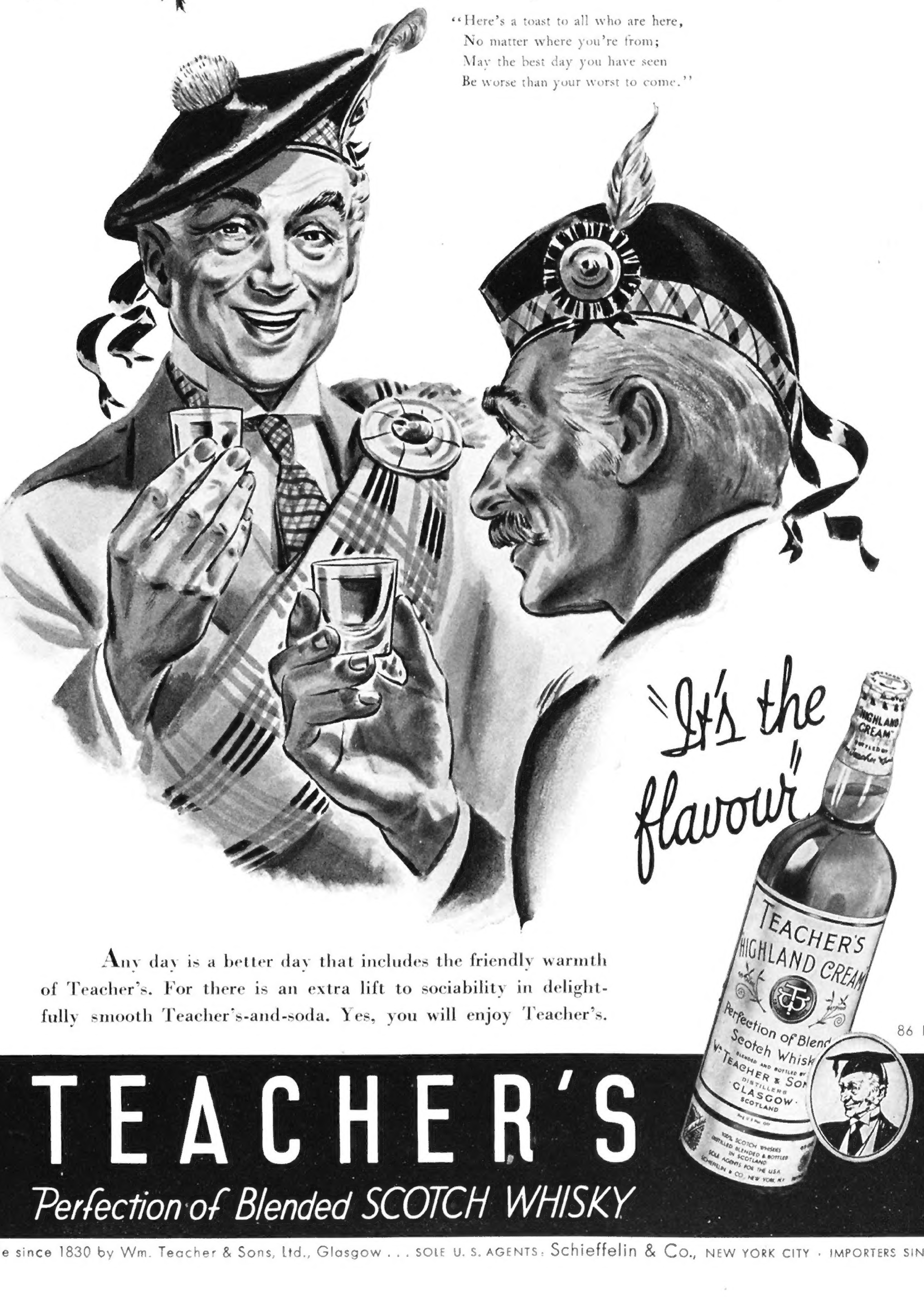
PETTY FANS ATTENTION! Limited Time Offer. Send 25¢ and 3 Old Gold wrappers for *The Petty Calendar*—12 beautiful 4-color reproductions of gorgeous Petty girls, without advertising, suitable for framing. Address OLD GOLD, 119 W. 40th St., New York City.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's Radio Show. Consult your newspaper for station and time.

Now . . . *DOUBLE "CELLOPHANE"* opens *DOUBLE QUICK* . . . 2 Jackets sliced in 1 ZIP!

"Heer's a toast tay au wha's heer,
Nay maittur whar yee'r frum;
May the best day yee hae seen
Be waur than yur waarst tay cum."

"Here's a toast to all who are here,
No matter where you're from;
May the best day you have seen
Be worse than your worst to come."


"It's the flavour"
HIGHLAND CREAM
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended
Scotch Whisky
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
Wm. TEACHER & SONS
DISTILLERS
GLASGOW
SCOTLAND
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES DISTILLED, BLENDED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A.
SCHIEFFELIN & CO. NEW YORK N.Y.

Any day is a better day that includes the friendly warmth of Teacher's. For there is an extra lift to sociability in delightfully smooth Teacher's-and-soda. Yes, you will enjoy Teacher's.

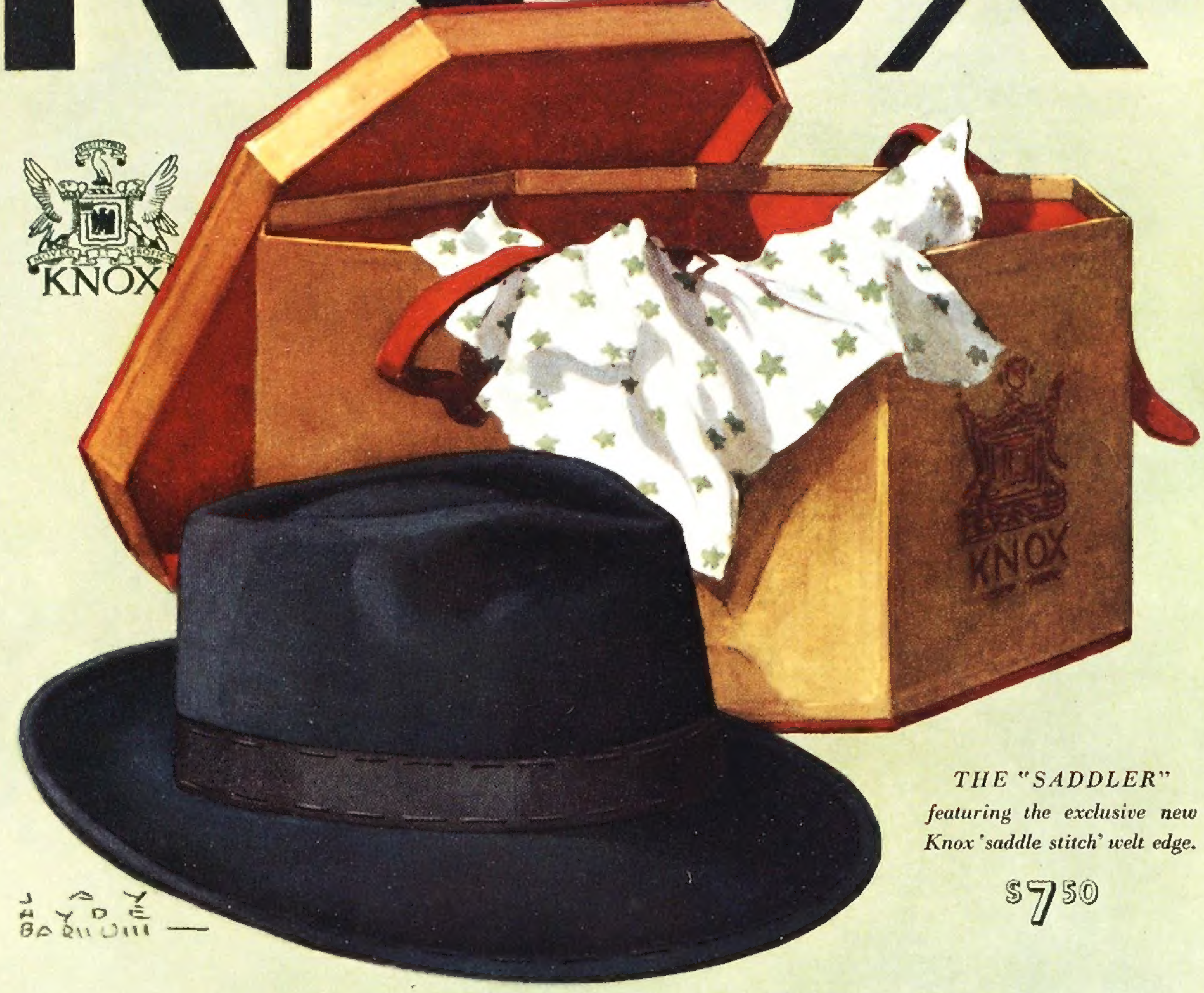
86 PROOF

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended SCOTCH WHISKY

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow . . . SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

KNOX

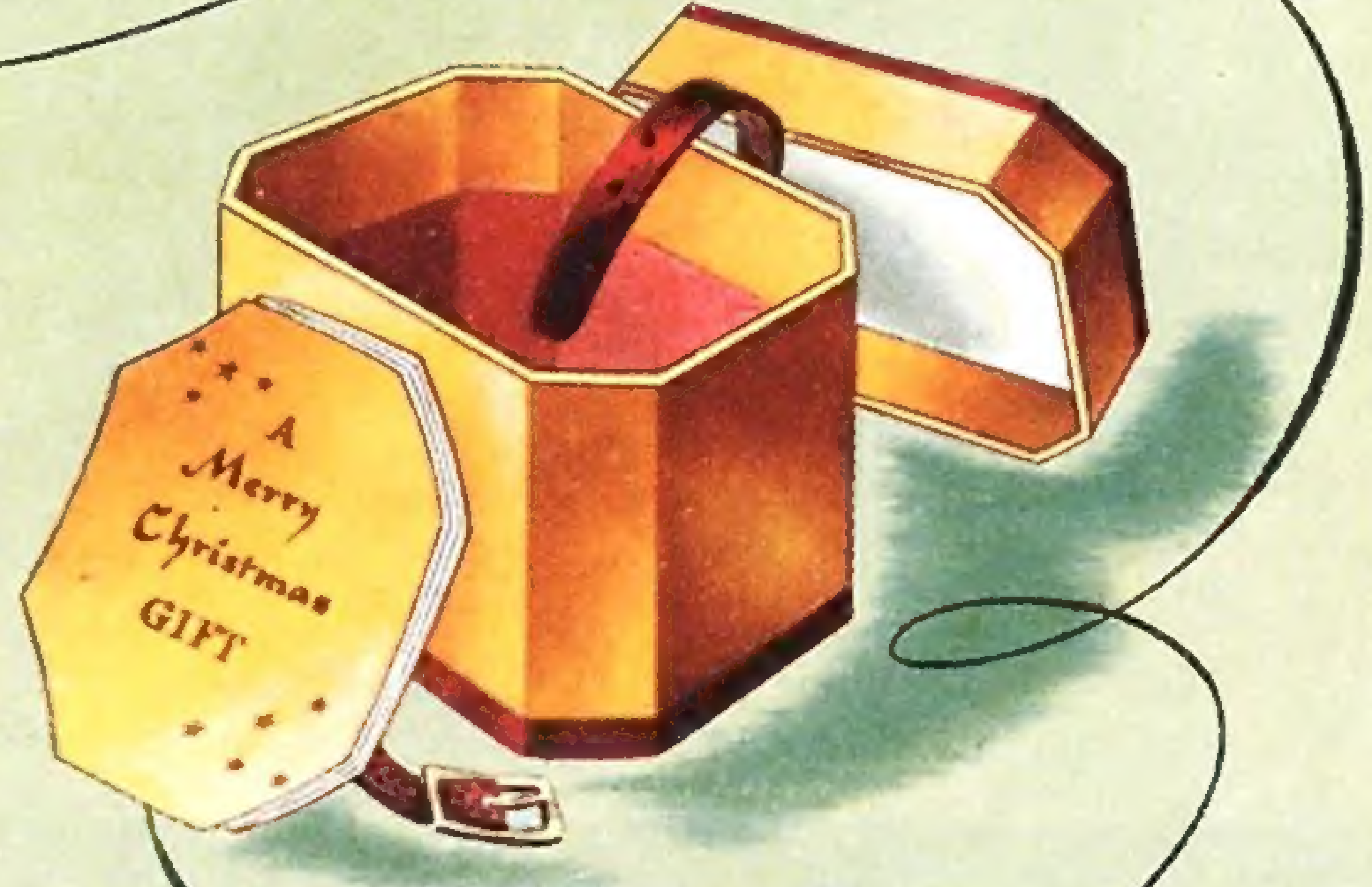


THE "SADDLER"
featuring the exclusive new Knox 'saddle stitch' welt edge.

$7.50

Gift Hat de Luxe

It's the gift he would choose himself... and the famous Knox label will make him proud. This new hat comes in a specially designed Christmas Gift Box. Or, you can give him a Gift Certificate in a miniature presentation box, so that he may make his own choice of color and size.



KNOX THE HATTER

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK
AT THE KNOX DEALER'S IN YOUR CITY

Edited
by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

Copyright under International Copyright Union. All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union. Copyright, 1939, by Esquire, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner, is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A.

Contents for December, 1939

ARTICLES

Page
Ladies in Luck .... Michael MacDougall & John Kobler 61
The French Are Polite .... Fred C. Kelly 69
The Town That Poisoned Dickens .... Frank Jerome Riley 72
Brain Alley Blues .... Martin Torrence 97
Blues Are the Negroes' Lament .... E. Simms Campbell 100
Goodbye to Good Manners .... Paul Hyde Bonner 114
Our Naval Dilemma .... Frank G. Presnell 147

DEPARTMENTS

***Correspondence:* The Sound and The Fury** 6
***Contributors:* Backstage with Esquire** 42
***Movies:* The Candid Cameraman** .... Patterson Murphy 151
***The Lively Arts:* What's Happened to Love?** ...... Gilbert Seldes 163
***Books:* Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf** .... Charles Rutherford 166
***Music:* Roulades and Cadenzas** .... Carleton Smith 184
***Theatre:* First Nights & Passing Judgments** .. George Jean Nathan 192
***Records:* On the Record** .... Carleton Smith 198
***Potables:* Fit to Be Yuletide** .... Lawton Mackall 207

FICTION

The Seven Men of Rouen .... George Slocombe 51
Return of the Magi .... Manuel Komroff 62
The Potato-Elf .... Vladimir Sirin 70
Mr. Pratt and the Christmas Spirit ..... William Hazlett Upson 80
Macaroni, Wine and Hunting Dogs .... Guido D'Agostino 88
Eyes of an Eagle .... Jesse Stuart 98
The Lost Decade .... F. Scott Fitzgerald 113
It Happened in Rochester .... Irwin Shaw 128
My Own, My Native Land .... Sam Weston 148

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Page
Cover Design .... *by* A. von Frankenberg
(Direct color process by Rosenow)
The World of Pleasure .... *by* Jean-Gabriel Domergue 55
Oldfashioned Christmas .... A Collection of Greetings 66
O the Roast Beef of Old England ... *After Print by* William Hogarth 73
Lady with Orchids .... *Painting by* George Petty 74
Cockmatch .... *After Print by* William Hogarth 77
The Story of Pinocchio .... *Animated by* Walt Disney 83
The World of Women .... *by* Marcel Vertès 91
The "Blues" .... *Painting by* E. Simms Campbell 101
A Portfolio of Christmas Humor 103
Esquire's Album of Gifts for Christmas Collectors 116
The World of Dream .... *by* Mariette Lydis 129
A Portfolio of Old Christmas Prints 135
Rosella Towne .... *Photograph by* Hurrell 149
Myra Alexander .... *Photograph by* Hurrell 150

SATIRE

Stay As Irrational As You Are, Girls .... Parke Cummings 64
Lovey Flies Out the Window .... James A. Cowan 82
Father Knows Better .... Martin Panzer 125

SPORTS

Royal Art of Cocking .... Ernest J. Borneman 79
Babes in the Woods .... Philip B. Sharpe 87
***My Treasure:* The Wonder Mare** .... Iles Brody 90
You Can't Roast a York Round .... Raymond R. Camp 127

Art Director: Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire*. It is never done knowingly.

Medley to the tune of Say It Again

Three years ago, in this space, at about this time, we said: "For America, from the mid-November day that serves as the vantage point for this observation, the New Year looks happy. For Europe, atremble with each reverberation from fallen Madrid, the New Year could hardly look worse. The temptation is strong for all of us, triumphant New Dealers and defeated Landonites alike, to take one look at Europe's lowering sky and offer up, by way of Thanksgiving, the prayer of the Pharisee, thanking the Lord that we are not as other nations are."

At this time two years ago we said: "This will be read around Thanksgiving time. It's a holiday issue, attuned to the gaiety of the period between Thanksgiving Day and the New Year. To keynote it properly this should be a gay little essay in the key of whoops. That mood shouldn't be hard to invoke, either, because we have every reason to feel high about this issue of the magazine which is, by a measurable margin, the biggest ever published. Instead we choose to be glum, not indeed about this issue itself, but about the season which it celebrates. We wish our misery were as simple to cure as it is to explain: we can't think of Christmas without thinking of Germany and we can't think of Germany today without becoming more than faintly ill.

"Unless in your time you have greatly loved Germany and things German you cannot adequately hate the bestial ravishers who have committed the gang-rape of queenly Germania. But if you have ever known that innate amiability, that *gemütlichkeit* which, though hard to translate in a word, may well be termed a year-round extension of the Christmas spirit, you know that something very precious has been lost to the world through the present forcible brutalization of the German soul."

Later on, in this space for our October 1938 issue we said: "This is written in August, to achieve print in mid-September. As it is written, what has cynically been known for the last two years as world peace is even less peaceful. The Japs are still trying as bloodily as ever to make the Chinese feel friendly toward them, Franco is still using Mohammedan Moors as missionaries in an endeavor to Christianize Spain, while Russians and Japs are using tanks, artillery and planes in a determined effort to preserve the peace on the Manchukuan frontier. Murder has also gone onto a mass production basis in that manger of world peace, Palestine. Meanwhile a man named Runciman is 'unofficially' mediating the Czecho-Slovakian mess by trying to make the Czechs stop indulging in their nasty habit of kicking the Germans in the feet with their chins.

"With the peace spreading like wildfire, with Europe and Asia aflame, people are still asking each other, 'Do you think there'll be a world war?' The most sensible answer to that question is to ask another: 'How could you tell if there were?'"

And then again, just a year ago, we remarked in this space that "this will be read around Thanksgiving time, and the note of thankfulness is not hard to achieve, since this is written during the first days after the passing of the worst crisis Europe has known since 1914. It's easy and obvious to be grateful for the lives that have been spared, and for the fact that millions of men have been kept out of the trenches, at least for this Christmas. But it is hard not to wonder whether Europe was saved from suicide now only to be hanged later."

So what is there left to say here now? How greet again the approach of the sacred season of peace on earth to men of good will? Well, how better than to say again what Ernest Hemingway first said in these pages over four years ago:

"If there is a general European war we will be brought in if propaganda (think of how the radio will be used for this), greed, and the desire to increase the impaired health of the state can swing us in. Every move that is made now to deprive the people of their decision on all matters through their elected representatives and to delegate those powers to the executive brings us that much nearer war.

"No European country is our friend nor has been since the last war and no country but one's own is worth fighting for. Of the hell broth that is brewing in Europe we have no need to drink. Europe has always fought, the intervals of peace are only Armistices. We were fools to be sucked in once on a European war and we should never be sucked in again."

This, then, is our approach to Christmas 1939, another "sober salute to a festive season." Every year since 1933 Esquire has sounded in no uncertain terms its hatred of war, and we have not yet seen fit to change our tune on that score. When this war was only a cloud no bigger than your hand, on the far horizon, we began talking about it. We ran a lot of material about war long before the subject was on everybody's tongue. Now that it's on almost every printed page you pick up, we'll probably run a lot less. For as the general gloom deepens, the need for laughter grows, and Esq's most becoming role is one of comic relief.

Until this war has been brought a lot closer home than it has been brought to date, and as long as it can be kept out of America, we can only continue to feel that America should be kept out of it. This is not to take a holier than thou attitude toward all the nations that are now engaged in it, nor to condemn them equally for finding themselves in it. Ours is by no means the only honest nation in a dishonest world. But we do feel that America can still say of nations what Oscar Wilde once said of men: "We all have our feet in the gutter, but some of us are trying to keep our eyes on the stars."

ESQUIRE
Dec. 1939
T. M.
Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Depts., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central America (except British Honduras) and South America (except the Guianas), $5.00; elsewhere, $7.50. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. XII, No. 6
Whole No. 73
T. M.
Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

PETTY LARCENY

Although I have been purchasing Esquire for nearly seven years, this letter is my first to the *Sound and Fury* Department.

Before I offer any criticisms I wish to say that the Esquire Fashion Staff is the most courteous and efficient organization which I have ever encountered.

Another item of praise on my list points to the "Liquor Intelligencer" which I received recently. I wish to recommend this publication to all your readers as highly interesting and amazingly informative.

As George Petty's sketches compose one of the finer points of Esquire and undoubtedly sell numerous copies each month, I feel that you desire, or should desire, to know of their present position in the esteem of readers. I believe that Petty's work is slipping, to a great degree in my esteem, and in the opinions of my friends. Either former "types" done by Petty are now being censored, or this gentleman is just too busy to complete his cartoons.

This fault should be quite easy for Esquire to correct, regardless of the possible difference in cost of a complete sketch as compared to one-half of a sketch.

As a favor to myself and other Gilbert Bundy fans, please show more of the sophisticated and tender "Bundy" cartoons of old.

Sincerely,

Seattle, Wash. Robt. Jon Moore

THE RIPOSTE CORNER

I am taking on the role of defense attorney for the Monsieurs Bell, LaVarre and Caldwell. Firstly, Mr. Bell's only fault in his portrayal of the British personality was rank understatement. The British are snobs, egoists and much too imperialistic for their own good. The sun has never set on the only original British joke, (if any) to them all that is not British is beneath consideration. True, as Mr. Hodgson says, there are occasional human Britishers, but Mr. Bell was speaking of a majority, not an elusive minority. As a nation, they are a tiny tail, wagging an immense body, which is ever threatening to turn about and wag them into oblivion. Whenever danger threatens them and their ill-gotten empire, they can always depend on some philanthropic and over eager nation to pull their chestnuts out of the fire of their own clumsy building. I wash my hands of the British and doff my hat to Mr. Bell.

Mr. Platt of Philadelphia amazed me in a way. By putting up an argument he has proved that there is actually a living being in Philadelphia, a fact which has been an element of doubt for some years. I should like to explain to the unenlightened Mr. Platt that the obviously English appearance of the Ashanti Phonetic System has two basic derivatives. The first is the well-known fact among all language students that the speech of the African tribes has sprung from the same well as our own, namely, Latin and Arabic.

Secondly, the Ashanti Negroes, as are most of the African tribes of the interior, are illiterate. This means that explorers must learn the language rather by sound than sight. Naturally Mr. LaVarre, as do other explorers, spells the words for his most convenient pronunciation. Mr. LaVarre for the further enlightenment of the dense Mr. Platt, is no arm chair explorer. He and his wife are numbered among the world's greatest and most intrepid explorers.

And now for Erskine Caldwell. I do not know him personally, but I do know the South. I love the South and its people, but Caldwell nor any other writer I have ever read has to date written an indictment of certain conditions existing in the South that was in any way either unjust or an overstatement of fact. The facts are there for one and all to see, merely for the effort you might expend in looking about you with an open mind. However, contrary to most Northern belief, the southern Negro loves the South and hates the North, and the poor whites seem happy enough in all their squalor, so we may as well leave matters as they are.

I thank you,

Edwin E. Ehrhardt

Hollywood, Calif.

THIS PUTS US IN A BROWNE STUDY

In E. L. Masters' article on William Marion Reedy I note that he lists as one of Reedy's favorite books "Sir Thomas More's *Urn Burial.*" Evidently this volume belongs on the same shelf with Tennyson's *The Ring and the Book* and Walter Scott's *David Copperfield*—to say nothing of Carl Sandburg's *Spoon River Anthology.*

Truly tours,

Cincinnati, Ohio John Bunker

PEACE OFFER OVER BRODY

I can see your Mr. Iles Brody. Big, both lengthwise and around the imaginary waistline at the circumference. White-haired, fuzzy white sideburns, and quite possibly a white mustache standing out against his well-groomed birch-red face. "Ar-rumph. Another tall one, Boy! Well, Sir, I wouldn't say the best mare, no. But—ar-rumph—one of the five best in this country today. Sweet piece of horse-flesh. Er—ar-rumph—care to place something on the side for the third?"

Mr. Brody has undoubtedly seen horses. He no doubt once owned a stolen horse named "Londen" which he gripped tenderly between his knees. He may ride a horse occasionally now, one carefully groomed and exercised by a bevy of Southern boys.

But you do print some of the damnedest horse stories. Some of the DAMNEDEST stories! I would guess that among readers who can afford to pay 50c for a magazine there are many who buy and ride horses of their own.

To them, the kindergartenish bablings of dear old Mr. Brody is worse than boredom. Won't you help your long-suffering audience? If Mr. Brody is in dire circumstances, and can't get a war pension nor WPA assistance, why don't you pay him *not* to write for you, instead of the other way round? Ever think of that? Easier for everybody, and your circulation should jump.

Yours truly,

East Aurora, N. Y. E. R. Groves

UNREQUITED CURIOSITY

I bought a magazine today
And it cost me fifty cents.
'Twas more than I could afford to pay
But I had wanted a *mag.* for gents.

It tells of Fads and is loaded with Ads
And its pages are smooth as silk;
There's tales of those Gals and their Gigolo Cads
By authors who are of the same ilk.

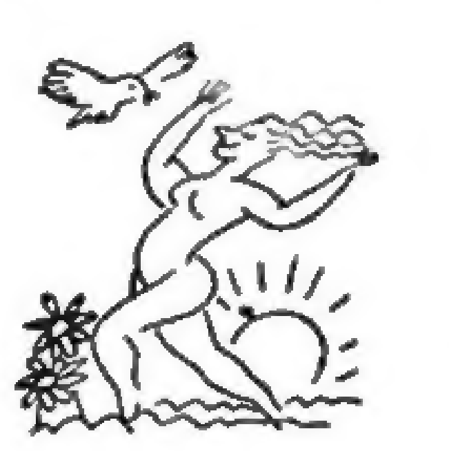
On page twenty-four and gee was I sore
Was a picture by that man Petty
I expected to see something ne'er seen before
But 'twas only a "Flame" on a "Jetty."

Now I like the Arts and I'm nuts for Romance,
And I've read all about Madame Curee,
But all that I got was "ants in my pants"
As I groped through the *Sound and the Fury.*

Lewisburg, Pa. Jacob Wagner

THE CALM OF A CONTENTED FAN

This brief note is not meant to be either Sound or Fury. I write with placid calmness. However I hope this sound from the hub may be heard.



I was happy, I was gay—I was even merry and blithe—until I read your editorial in the Anniversary issue of Esquire promising your dear readers some radical changes in the illustration department of your interesting magazine.

Every month I faithfully go to the corner newsstand and buy my monthly copy of Esquire and avidly peruse its pages from cover to cover and back again. I enjoy the fiction, articles, etc. I split a side or two on the jokes (although I would be much happier if Mr. Petty would hide in a dark corner, throw away his air-brush and sink into oblivion) but my prime excuse for tossing that hard-earned fifty cents across the counter is my interest in the illustrations—especially those of your able art director, Eric Lundgren. (Tell him I'd like a job—I'm an artist, myself).

If Esquire's illustrations are morbid—if Mr. Lundgren's drawings are gloomy—let's have more gloom!

Do you change the quality of your magazine, the ideas of your artists—just because a few barkeepers and ditch diggers whisper in your ear that they don't approve?

You say "To hell with artistry." Well, what in hell is wrong with art? Did you ever think that your *artist* may be right?

Instead of forcing them to sing (before brushing their teeth) some silly Sunday school song, allow them to continue:

"... brushing the young green grass,
The while he trills some light, fantastic air."

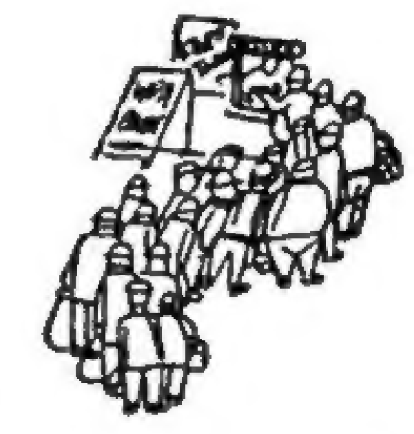
Perhaps the "artist fellers" aren't so hot at trilling, but the song they have been singing is good enough for me—and I'm sure I am not alone in my feeling.

So—my hat is doffed (if I had a hat) to Mr. Lundgren and his gang of morbid souls and more power to them.

Boston, Mass. B. B.

APPLAUSE IN ACID

Creighton Peet's October, *Money Is Everything* in Esquire carries the label "Satire." Why sell good whiskey with a soft drink label? We (or us) unwashed millions sleep fitfully below decks, snarl occasionally and live on illusions plus WPA. Mr. Peet's little piece is rabble-rousing truth. At four bits a throw Esquire should not reach the dirty have nots unless many others of our "army" pinched the caviar budget to read Mr. Peet.



I am not a new dealer. In fact I have not even been dealt a hand for five years. Suggest Peet put *Money Is Everything* in pamphlet form a la Zola and meet our army in the hills of Kentucky. Thar's happiness in them thar hills.

Yours without Satire,

Vern Caughell

San Francisco, Calif.

AND NO BACK-TALK!

When I wrote *Trial in the Jungle* (Esquire for September) I deliberately used, as dialogue, some of the strange Djuka idioms—and sat back waiting for somebody to stick his neck out, and say that nobody, actually, talked that way. I see that Mr. Bruce Platt of Philadelphia has rushed in his letter accusing me of making up Djuka idioms, and words, "as he went along." He also accuses the Editors of Esquire of being "pretty gullible people." Now is that nice? The Editors, of course, haven't spent months in the Dutch Guiana jungles (as I have) talking with the Djukas; neither has Mr. Platt.

Contributing further to the education of Mr. Platt, and others who may or may not be students of ethnology, or of primitive languages, let me make the following response: The Djukas of Dutch Guiana are people who have broken all known rules. Their ancestors beat the white man at his own game, established the only "free" empire in colonial America; the descendants today break another rule of minority people—by making the white race pay annual peace money tribute. They are very interesting people, and the way they talk, if Mr. Platt could actually hear them, would make even a Philadelphian laugh. They have two languages, one known as *talki-talki*, which is understood by many of the Dutch people on the coast, and one known as *deepi-talki*, which no white man knows. *Deepi-talki*, is their "secret" language which they speak among themselves—and in the presence of Dutchmen whom they do not like. *Talki-talki* is the language they speak when they come out of the jungle, to trade in Paramaribo, and among themselves when they have no desire to shut out non-Djuka listeners.

Working with the Djukas as I have it became necessary for me to have a dictionary of their *talki-talki* idioms, and through the kindness of Consul Lawton, in Paramaribo—the only American I know who has spent long years among the Djukas—such a dictionary was compiled for me. I also obtained a copy of the New Testament, translated into *talki-talki*, than which nothing I have read reads funnier.

Mr. Platt questions whether such words as *Granman, dasso, bahkra*, etc., are used by these strange Negroes. Yes they are. And here are, as strange as they may seem, some other Djuka *talki-talki* idioms:

Fa joe tan—How are you?

Mi de boen—I am fine.

Hafoe hafoe so—I'm so so (fairly well).

Go sidom—Sit down.

Da wan switi oeman—She's a sweet woman.

Da watra krasi—The water's very rough (the water's crazy).

Hangri de killi mi—I'm starved (hunger's killing me).

A hati mi!—I am sorry (I hate myself).

Bigi boom killi da faja—A big wind put out the fire.

Djukas, having passed through many hands, from the original Portuguese who captured their Ashanti (and Dahomey) ancestors, have incorporated in their *talki-talki* idioms which are based on Portuguese, English, Dutch, Carib, French, Ashanti and Dahomey words. The only reason for using the Djuka expression in a story is, of course, that their idioms add flavor to the dialogue. For a man in Philadelphia to appear erudite when actually he is quite ignorant is all in the day's work—to this correspondent an old old story.

William LaVarre

New York City, N. Y.

Continued on page 8

You don't have to ride to hounds to learn this about whiskey

HUNTSMEN TELL US that the traditional, last-minute "stirrup-cup" before the hunt starts is just about perfection when it's . . . *Four Roses.*

But you don't have to ride to hounds to discover what a grand whiskey Four Roses is. There's a much easier way . . .

Simply choose any fine whiskey you can name. Taste this whiskey . . . then taste Four Roses. We're certain you'll agree that Four Roses simply can't be matched!

Four Roses, you see, is a combination of *several* fine straight whiskies . . . each outstanding for some special quality. All of these choice whiskies are *at least 4 years old*—old enough to be bottled in bond, and *would* be, if we thought they would be as good, sold separately that way.

But we think it far better to combine these matchless whiskies into *one* whiskey that is *finer* still. Then, to make this *finer* whiskey lighter and milder, we *purposely* bottle it at 90 proof (instead of at the stronger 100 proof that all bottled-in-bond whiskies must be). And the result is *one magnificent* whiskey—Four Roses!

Today, buy a bottle of Four Roses and make the pleasant comparison we've suggested. Or do it at your favorite bar. *Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore.*

FOUR ROSES

EVERY DROP IS WHISKEY
AT LEAST 4 YEARS OLD

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are four years or more old

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

AND LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND

I just finished reading Creighton Peet's *Money's Everything*, and I have a complaint to make. He mentioned the old saying, "Money is the root of all evil." Although that phrase is accepted by the general populace it is actually "The *love* of money is the root of all evil." If you don't believe me, look it up in the Bible. (I think that is where it's supposed to have come from.) But Peet really has some swell stuff in his brainchild, excusing him from that blunder.

COMPLAINT DEPT
FREE TRY ON

Faithfully,
Lexington, Ky. JACK FEIERABEND

KNOWN TREASURE'S STILL ON TAP

It seems evident that I was mistaken in thinking Williams an outstandingly successful treasure finder, but I still believe it to be a fact that he has made some recoveries of hidden treasure. The big news services reported that Williams, with Fred Keiley, an Englishman, and Wallace Bain, an American, obtained a concession from Panama and recovered, by means of an electrical detector, a small box containing gold beads, a gold crucifix, and other objects, all of which were deposited in the National Bank of Panama. This is confirmed by A. Hyatt Verrill, who on page 191 of his book, *Lost Treasure*, recites the same facts, without names, and adds that the finders became involved in legal difficulties over both the value and the ownership of the treasure. I believe that Verrill was in Panama about this time (1926), and I feel that this discovery at least seems authentic.

It should be noted that Mr. Russell does not say that Williams has not found treasure—he merely tends to imply that he has not.

Photographs of Williams' detector show all the external units one would expect on a workable machine, and indicate that Williams must have had a pretty clear idea of the principles on which electrical detectors are based. Since these devices require but a few pounds of wire, a pair of headphones, and some inexpensive standard radio parts, I fail to see why he should have turned out a "worthless" machine. I am more inclined to think that he made exaggerated claims for his "one and only patented gold finder," for electrical detectors are not gold finders, but metal finders, which make no distinction between pirate loot and discarded tin cans. Several firms in this country have made electrical metal detectors for several years, and sold them not only to treasure hunters, but also to large mining enterprises and even foreign governments. Modifications are employed by manufacturers to keep workmen from walking off with tools, by banks to protect vaults, and by some Federal prisons to discourage the introduction of such unauthorized gifts as saw blades and firearms.

While I regret that we must put quotation marks around "Lieutenant" Williams' title, I contend that not all his income has been derived from locating suckers rather than treasure in metallic form.

Sincerely,
Chillicothe, Ohio FRANK PRESNELL

SEEMS TOO EASY

I am rather pleased with myself since I saw Peter Shahdan's challenge.

Apparently, according to him, I'm a genius, for the solution of his puzzler, "73," was done while listening to the *Hit Parade*, or rather during but 2 numbers of the program; after studying what he had done for a few moments.

What's wrong with $4^3 + \left(4 - \frac{4}{4}\right)^2$ Pete?

WALTER B. SPENCER
New Haven, Conn.

BOTH SEEM HARD ENOUGH

It happens that I did not see the problem regarding 4's, digits, etc., as first given in *The Sound and The Fury.* However, working from the information in Mr. Shahdan's letter in the October issue, I have cooked up two solutions.

$4! \times 4 - 4! + (4)^0 = 73$
$24 \times 4 = 96;\ 96 - 24 = 72;\ (4)^0 = 1$
$\therefore 72 + 1 = 73$
or,
$4! \times 4 - 4! + \log \sum(4) = 73$
$24 \times 4 = 96;\ 96 - 24 = 72;$
$\sum(4) = 1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 10;\quad \log 10 = 1$
$72 + \log 10 = 73$

In the first solution it will be observed that I do not consider 0 to be a digit. This is a point upon which mathematicians are in disagreement.

I trust that all symbols are to be found in any good algebra text.

Sincerely,
TOM SHARPLES
South Pasadena, Calif.

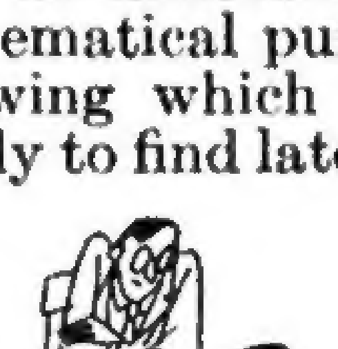
PETTY WITHOUT PAINT

I am not an artist like Mister Petty
And cannot draw the pictures that I would.
So at blank pages my attention engages
While my imagination does all that it should.
Unheard sounds are sweeter said Shelley,
And unseen pictures are best, I swear.
My masterpiece is neat on an unsoiled sheet
Captioned "But she has well formed ideas."

Sincerely yours,
Jacksonville, Fla. FRANK G. KURKA

THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE BEANPILE PROBLEM

If your readers would be interested in another kind of mathematical puzzle I suggest the following which I solved some years ago only to find later that it had been solved by others years before that. It is not an impossibility. Two men sit down to play a game with a pile of beans which they divide into three piles, any number in each pile. The first player can draw any number of beans from one to all from any one pile, then the other player does the same and so on until all are drawn. The game is to make the other man draw the last bean, or it may be varied to have the winner draw the last bean. For example if the number of beans in the three piles is 26, 17 and 14 the answer is to draw 3 from the 14 pile making it 11. I will suggest to try the piles 28, 15 and 20. There are three correct answers to this. Then try to find the general rule which holds even though there are thousands in each pile. Then if you wish a little harder problem find the rule when there are more than three piles.



Sincerely yours,
CHARLES L. SHEDD
Arlington, Mass.

SHEDDING LIGHT ON THE OBSCURELY OBVIOUS

In your October issue, I note a solution of a problem proposed by Mr. Erckmann in the July issue. Not having seen the July issue, I know neither the original proposer or under what circumstances the problem was sent you but the following might be pertinent anent geometric constructions in general.

Many amateur mathematicians think that because they themselves found a problem difficult it is therefore difficult. For example, if one tried to trisect an angle with a ruler and compasses, he would find this difficult and think that the problem must be difficult. In this case, he would be almost correct, because that particular problem is impossible (many who should know better, don't) with ruler and compasses. Now there are many other problems of construction which are theoretically and practically possible but which cannot be done with a ruler and compasses and it is often harder to prove they cannot be so done than it is to do the ones which can be done. Hence, when an amateur cannot do a problem, he does not know whether it is one of this impossible class or not. Now, when he can do it but finds it difficult, it may be because he does not know enough geometry or just because he is slow at seeing relationships. There is probably no high school student in an ordinary plane geometry class who, if given the problem proposed by Mr. Erckmann, would be able to do it in a short time, if at all. That is because they do not have enough geometry to make the problem easy. Just to show you what I mean, here is the solution to the problem which I had as soon as the problem was given to me:

This problem is most easily based upon the principle that "if the centers of three circles do not lie in a straight line, their radical axes meet in a point." The radical axis of two circles is the line joining the mid-points of the common external tangents. (This is not the mathematical definition but describes the line more clearly than the definition would.) When the circles intersect, this radical axis becomes the extension of the common chord. To do the problem under discussion by this principle, it is necessary to do the following: Draw the common external tangents of the two given circles. Connect their mid-points by a straight line and produce this line to meet the line formed by the two given points. Connect this point of intersection to the center of the circle which it is desired to bisect. Through either one of the points where this line cuts this circumference and through the two given points passes a circle. This is the required circle. (The above explanation should be understandable to a high school student with five months of geometry behind him.) The proof is very obvious and short done by the "indirect by coincidence" method.

And I might add that no matter how much plane geometry a person knows, it is always possible to find a problem which will "tease" him for a long time for all problems do not depend upon such an easy principle or such a direct use of it as the one given above.

Very truly yours,
Cornwall, N. Y. JOHN P. HOYT

P. S.—If you are really interested in such problems, I can furnish you with some.

HOLD THAT POSE

It is a pity that Col. H. P. Sheldon spoils an otherwise excellent article *The Art of Shooting Flying* by the following: "The dog's business was to find and set the covey of birds in a close-huddle and hold them there until the gunner came up," etc.

I find this expression "hold" used so generally by men who should know better. Can they name the power or stature they imagine any dog has to "hold" birds except his teeth?

No dog that I ever heard of and I've been breeding and training them for over 40 years, had that power.

It is the very opposite of the dog holding the bird that takes place.

It is the game scent of the bird that holds the dog and his training teaches him to prolong the set until arrival of the gun.

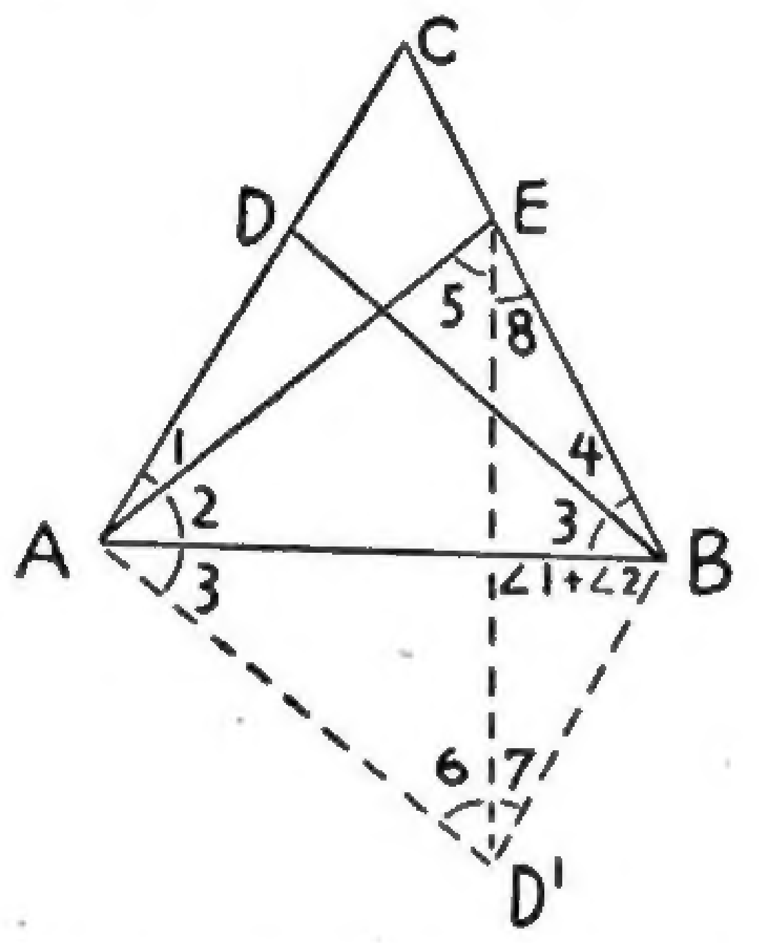
Otherwise the article is most interesting and his remarks re sportsmen and game laws much to the point.

Yours truly,
M. FURBER, Major (retired)
Vancouver, B. C., Canada

ANSWERING ONE AND POSING ANOTHER

Before detailing the following solution to Mr. Rexroad's problem in the October issue, I should like to see someone find three integers a, b, c, none of which is zero such that $a^3 + b^3 = c^3$.

This one ought to hold the boys awhile. Meanwhile I trust the following satisfies Mr. Rexroad:



Given: $\triangle ABC$, AE bisects $\angle CAB$, BD bisects $\angle ABC$, $AE = BD$.

To prove: $\triangle ABC$ is isosceles

Suppose $\angle CAB > \angle ABC$

Then $\angle 1 = \angle 2 > \angle 3 = \angle 4$

Place $\triangle ABD$ so that A falls on B, B on A, D on D'. Draw ED'

In $\triangle$s ABE and ABD'

(1) $\angle 2 + \angle 3 + \angle 4 + \angle 8 + \angle 5 = \angle 3 + \angle 1 + \angle 2 + \angle 6 + \angle 7$ since sum of the three angles of one $\triangle$ is equal to sum of 3$\angle$s of any other.

(2) $\angle 4 + \angle 8 + \angle 5 = \angle 1 + \angle 6 + \angle 7$ subtracting $\angle 2 + \angle 3$.

In $\triangle AED'$, $AE = DB = AD'$,

(3) then $\angle 5 = \angle 6$.

(4) $\angle 4 + \angle 8 = \angle 1 + \angle 7$, subtracting (3) from (2).

(5) But $\angle 4 < \angle 1$ by supposition.

(6) Then $\angle 8 > \angle 7$, subtracting (5) from (4).

(7) Then in $\triangle EBD'$, $BD' > EB$.

But in $\triangle$sABE and ABD', $AB = AB$, $AE = AD'$ and by supposition $\angle 2 > \angle 3$.

(8) Then $EB > BD'$, since two triangles have two sides of one equal respectively to two sides of other but included angle of first is greater than included angle of second, etc.

But (7) and (8) are contradictory.

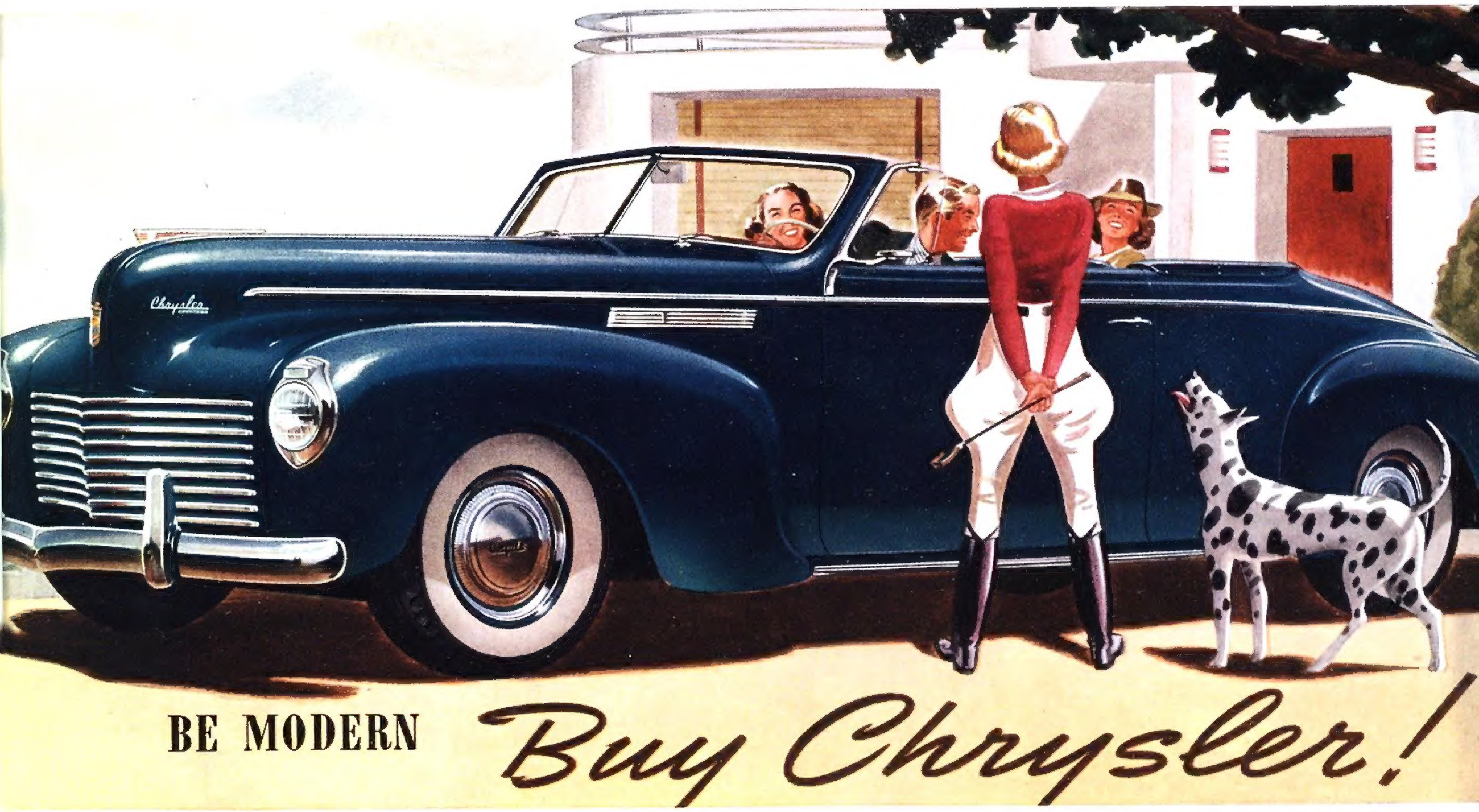
$\therefore \angle CAB$ is not greater than $\angle BAC$
Likewise $\angle CAB$ is not less than $\angle BAC$, and the $\triangle ABC$ is isosceles.

Very truly yours,
Pittsburgh, Pa. FREE JAMISON

Continued on page 236

A Beauty with a Power Punch!

THE BEAUTIFUL CHRYSLER!



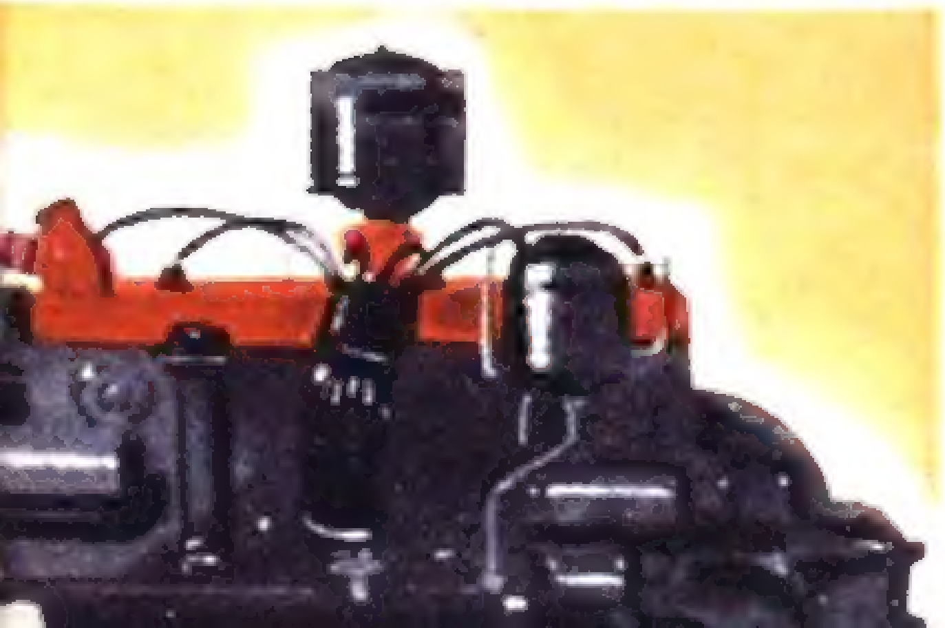
Handsome is . . . and handsome does! The beautiful Chrysler is just as quick-stepping as it looks . . . just as distinctive as its modern lines . . . just as big, powerful and finely-built as its impressive smartness suggests! A ride will convince you!

WHAT makes it look so racy and sleek? Well, there's longer wheelbase . . . lower floors . . . lower over-all height . . . seats are inches wider . . . and the length, the lowness and sweeping streamlining give just about the most dashing lines you ever saw on a motor car!

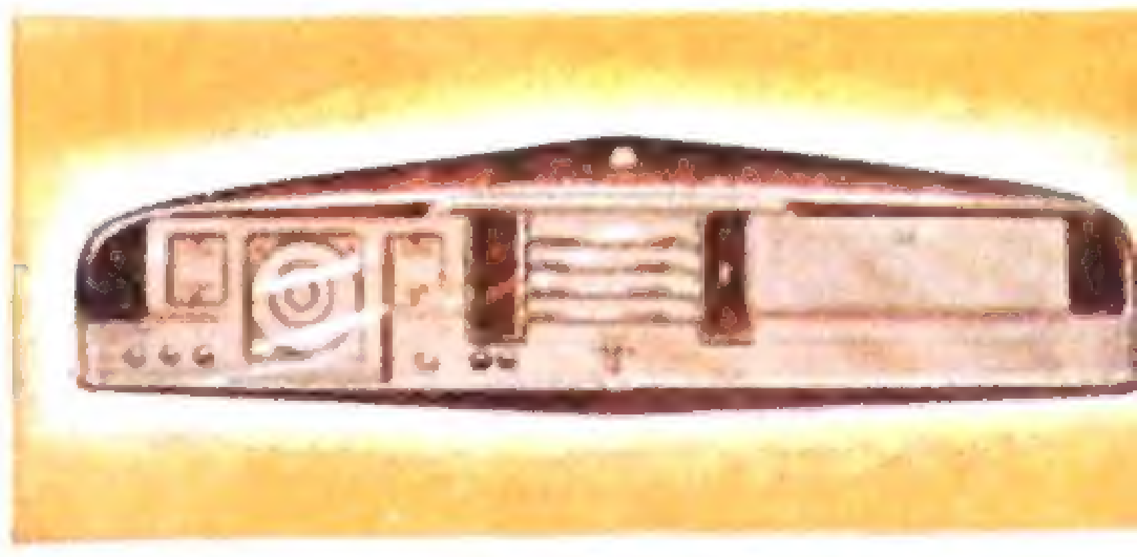
What's new inside? There's a plastic instrument panel as smart as a jeweler's window. Upholstery so fine it can be tailored like a custom car's. More leg room, head room and elbow room. Doors like house doors, with no cutaway at the bottom. An enormous luggage compartment concealed in the entirely new lines of the rear.

What's all the talk about the Floating Ride? The back seat is forward of the rear axle. That does two things . . . it keeps all the passengers away from the bouncing wheels . . . and by scientific balancing of weights, it slows spring motion to a soothing, easy rhythm.

New *High-Torque* engines . . . more powerful, thrilling!



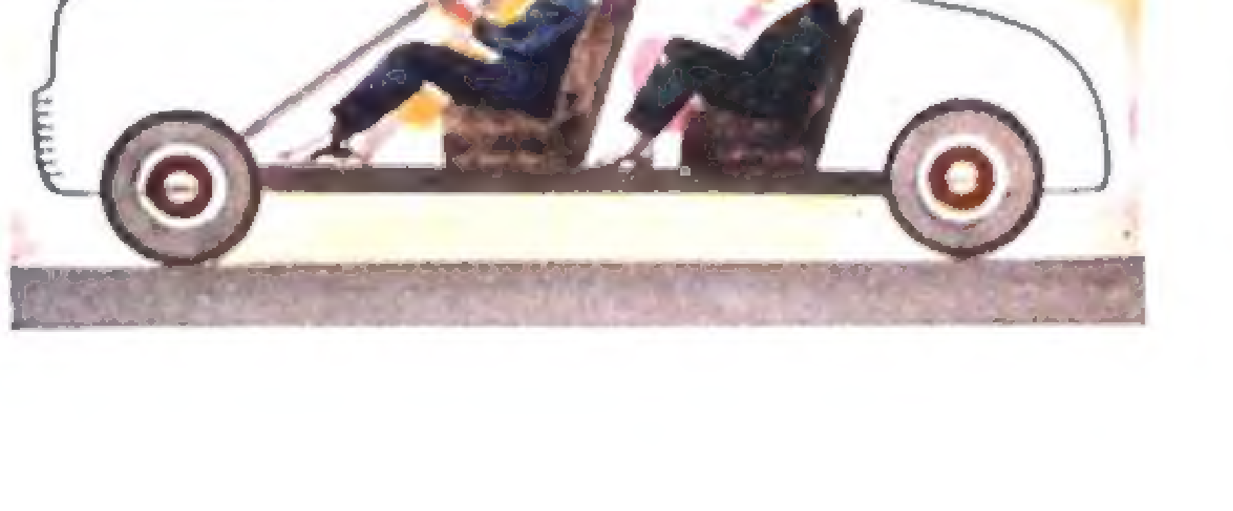
You say it's more fun to drive? And how! New *High-Torque* engines...stepped up in power to lightning responsiveness and effortless cruising speeds . . . quiet and velvety with Chrysler's famous Floating Power and Superfinished moving parts! Steering wheel gearshift . . . marvelous new light-touch steering...Chrysler's famous hydraulic brakes. On some models, Chrysler's newest miracle . . . Fluid Drive.



Beautiful new plastic instrument panel enhances the smart interior.

How about my money's worth? You be the judge of that! Here is the finest product of Chrysler engineering . . . most modern in the industry. The finest example of Chrysler craftsmanship, with dozens of evidences of extra care in manufacture. Perfectly obvious quality in every detail of equipment and appointments. Thrilling performance that comes from an abundance of power and modern engineering features. Weigh what you get and you'll marvel that the price can be so low! A ride will convince you. See for yourself!

Scientific weight distribution . . . all passengers cradled between the axles.



* * *

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.

America's FOUR

OLD GRAND-DAD
100 PROOF
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOV'T
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR JR. & SONS, INC.)

Head of the Bourbon Family

"Taylored" to Good Taste

Their Fame Spans 50

World's Fairs are nothing new in the life of these four whiskies. Even at the turn of the century they had already won a great and loyal following.

And they have held it to this very day, due to an excellence without equal or counterpart among the truly great whiskies of the world. They perpetuate

*Bottled

UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT
OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

Illustrations © New York World's Fair

MOST Whiskies*
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Govt.
Distilled By
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.
100 Proof
BOTTLED IN BOND
Established
1810
100 PROOF
REG IN U S PAT OFF
OLD
OVERHOLT
STRAIGHT RYE
WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
BROAD FORD, PA USA

Years of World's Fairs

the art of fine whiskey-making as it was practiced long ago... hold true to all those traditions of good and gracious living born when the republic was young. Each is characterized by a rare and distinctive flavor of its own. All are now so moderately priced that you can enjoy the "Fourmost" without penalty to your purse.

The "Bond" of Friendship

Famed for 129 Years

in Bond

SUPERVISION and the EMBLEM
YOUR GUIDE TO GOOD LIQUORS

Copyright 1939, National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

AIDS TO HEIGHT INCREASE

New book gives amazingly simple aids to height increase. Illinois Medical Journal says: "Expert advice on every phase of height and growth. Pages packed with height helps, instructions, measures. Answers all questions on height-increasing methods." Other leading medical & scientific journals say: "Helpful & useful. Practical advice. Great possibilities." SHORT STATURE & HEIGHT INCREASE is only $1.98 postpaid (or C.O.D. plus postage.) Money back if not satisfied. Harvest House, 70 Fifth Ave., Dept. P401, New York.

BUILT-UP SHOES

Increase your height with Joseph Burger's STATURAIDS, the special built-up shoes. Smart, attractive, normal looking. Built up feature does not show—no heavy soles or high heels. Used by actors, professional men, salesmen, statesmen, and well dressed men everywhere. Wide assortment of styles. ***Not only increase stature but also give better posture.*** Send for illustrated catalog.

JOSEPH BURGER'S *STATURAIDS*
2067-U Third Ave. At 113 St., New York, N. Y.
Mail orders our specialty *(Plain Wrappers)*
When in N. Y. visit my store and factory or see these shoes at Esquire's Xmas Fair

LEATHER CONDITIONERS

Give longer life to all your fine leather CHRISTMAS GIFTS . . . books, luggage, sportsgear, shoes . . . by treating them with LEXOL. This self-penetrating genuine leather conditioner and preservative is easy to apply . . . adds years of use and beauty to all leathers. This year, include a can of LEXOL with your leather gifts. Your dealer will supply you, or write us direct for pint size, $1.00; quart, $1.75; gallon, $4.00.

THE MARTIN DENNIS COMPANY
855 Summer Avenue, Newark, New Jersey

PIPES

Grab this combination offer quick! Smart New York smokers know ROYAL ENGLISH's reputation for a cool, mild, yet thoroughly satisfying tobacco. And here's a pipe you've always wanted to own—at about half it's usual price: genuine Algerian Briar, bench made and handfinished! Choice of 6 shapes: apple, billiard, bulldog saddle, Dublin, Canadian, military—and a full 1¾ oz. package of famous Royal English tobacco—both for $1.00, postpaid. LORRAINE PIPE SHOP, 2 E. 45 St. (at 5th Ave.), N. Y.

TIES

Buy your ties the HABAND *way*—the way men like to buy—*by mail*—at your leisure, from actual *FULL COLOR* true-to-life photographs (not just pictures). HABAND TIES are smartly styled and fashion-right. *They can be bought only by mail.* Send for our *free* portfolio of these *COLOR PHOTOS* and see why millions of men have been buying their ties this easy economical way—(Seven ties for $3.15). Write

HABAND COMPANY, Paterson, N. J.
Selling ties by mail since 1925.

MUSIC MAKES IT MERRIER. Discounting wine and the gentler sex for the moment, here's a suggestion for the third element of that recipe for gaiety—music, or song as the saying has it. It's the new table type victrola and radio combination in a cabinet of hard walnut or bleached mahogany. A five tube superheterodyne set is housed in the attractive, specially styled-for-compactness unit. Among other features, the phonograph uses an improved, feather touch type of crystal pick-up. Companion piece to the set—the recently published folio of Dwight Fiske's latest recordings. The master of triple-entendre ballads is an expert at merrifying celebrations, Christmas or otherwise.

THE DANISH WAY . . . is a very simple way of solving the more perplexing of present problems. From the Royal Porcelain Factory at Copenhagen comes the little figure of a girl knitting. Designed by Lotte Benter in the best Danish tradition, it's one of those many Danish figurines that make odd corners less odd and more important in the decorative scheme. A letter opener in the famous Acorn design props up the top of the stationery box. The handle is of silver, the blade of steel. The box holds one quire of unusually fine sheets and envelopes that will do nicely for his more formal correspondence.

"IT'S NOT ONLY WHAT YOU GIVE . . . it's the way that you give it," is a misquotation that becomes more obviously true each Christmas. Cigarettes, for instance, in dress deluxe. This package solves the problem, a carton of his favorites, attractively wrapped, with a handsome cigarette box, ash trays and matches. Another similar gift is the French earthenware jar, eventually used for his other smoking accessories, that you might fill with cigars. And, if he doesn't smoke, a pigskin-bound address book divided into "town, country and various" sections, doing away with all confusion between summer and winter addresses and phone numbers.

FOR TENDERS OF THE BAR. Gifts that will warm the heart of the genial host. The decorative Audubon tray is colorful enough to be used as a bar decoration, comes in green, black, eggshell and maroon. It has a crackle finish and a liquor proof top. The unusually shaped, Dutch model decanter comes only in amber. The especially fine highball glasses are painted with planes flown in historical flights, there being twelve in all, the old fashioneds carrying designs of famous classes of sailboats. The new silver-plated jigger is a swell bar idea, eliminating spilling and waste. Its side-handles rest on the brim of the glass, are tilted for emptying contents.

AUTO ACCESSORIES

Gadgeteers attention! Gifts—*Superchargers & Exhaust Pipe Trim are among those Smart Motor Accessories shown in "Esquire"* . . Tuneful Trumpets that sound "MERRILY WE ROLL ALONG" and many other variations . . Normandie Ocean Liner Horn . . Bermuda Two-Toned Motor Bells . . Cigarette Magazine delivers it lit . . Marchal Foglights—Sealed-Beam Headlight Units . . Saint Christopher Medals & 1940 Gear Shift Knobs. (Booklet on Request)
NIL MELIOR, Waldorf Astoria, New York

CAMERAS & MOVIES

Shoot 'em in the dark! Shoot 'em at home—in night clubs! Pictures day or night in *any* lite! FALCON FLASH CAMERA (approved by experts) $5.95; ARGUS Flash $30. All other makes. Mini-Flash Synchronized attachment converts your present camera, only $12.50. MOVIES, too, at special prices: FILMO 8mm $44.55, 16mm $68.40; CINE-KODAK 8mm $26.55, 16mm $35.55. XMAS list — 1300 Photo-Cine Specials. Trade-ins accepted. Terms if desired. 8, 16mm Sound, silent film rentals; low rates. MOGULL'S, 70 W. 48 (at Radio City) N.Y.C.

HERB HAIR TONICS

YOUR COMB NEVER LIES. Those hairs clinging to your comb should tell you a story. A stimulating daily rub with *LUCONE*, the *all-herb, greaseless, non-alcoholic* hair tonic can put a happy ending to that story. Modern life makes us prone to hair disorders. Use *LUCONE HERB TONIC.* Assure yourself of the robust hair growth so necessary to masculine good looks. If your druggist can't supply, order C.O.D.—or send $1.00 (we pay postage) to *LUCONE, Inc. 36 E. 23 St. New York*

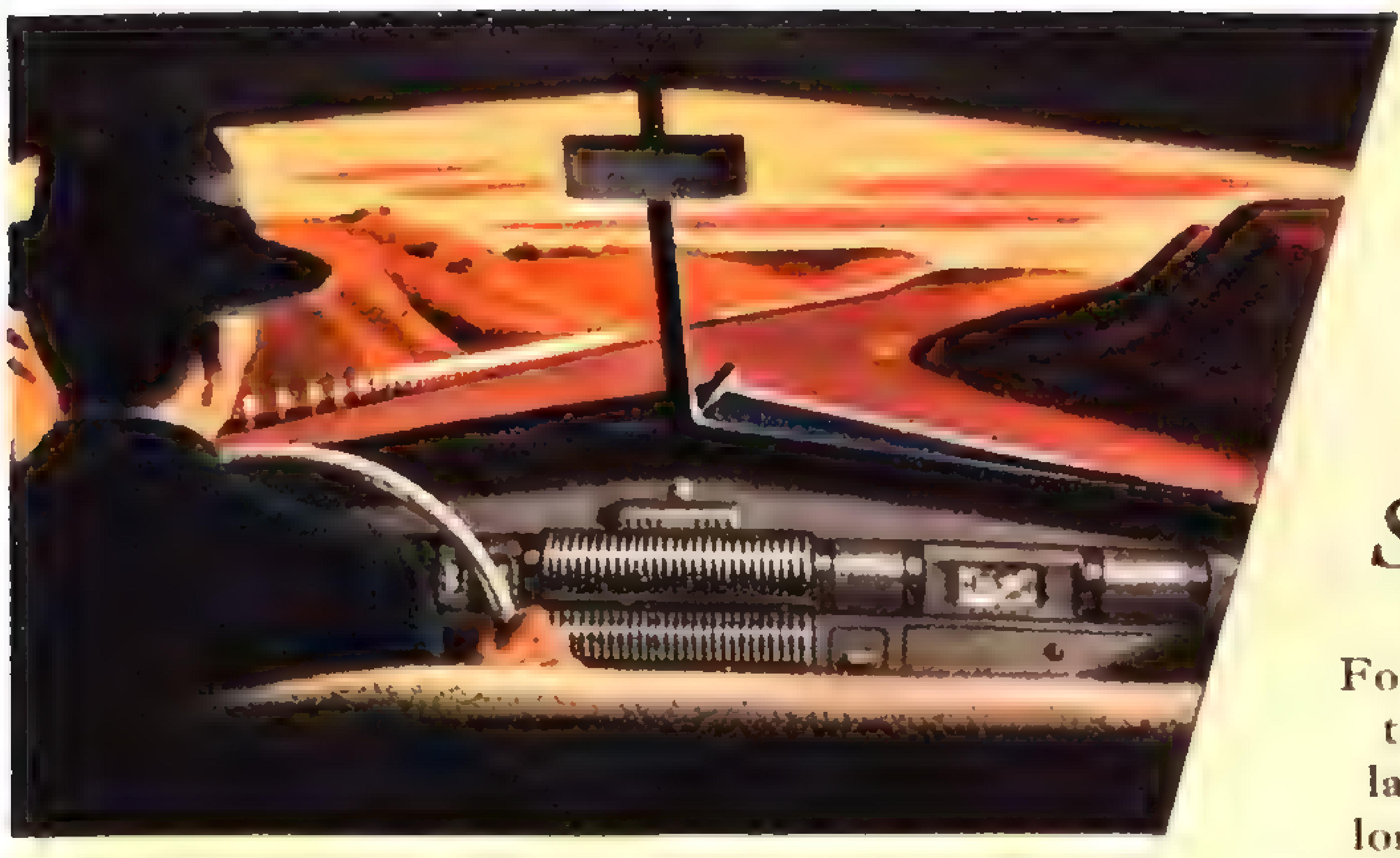
MATCHBOOK-ALBUMS

Give a *NEW* kind of gift this year . . . give a *HOBBY*. Your friends *do* collect *match book covers*—souvenirs of their trips, the football games they've seen, and the *hot spots* where the bouncer knows 'em. Your friends will appreciate it if you come through with the *new Master "Matchless Album."* This handy album holds all six sizes now, needs no paste, is a beauty, and only $2. *At leading stores or direct.*

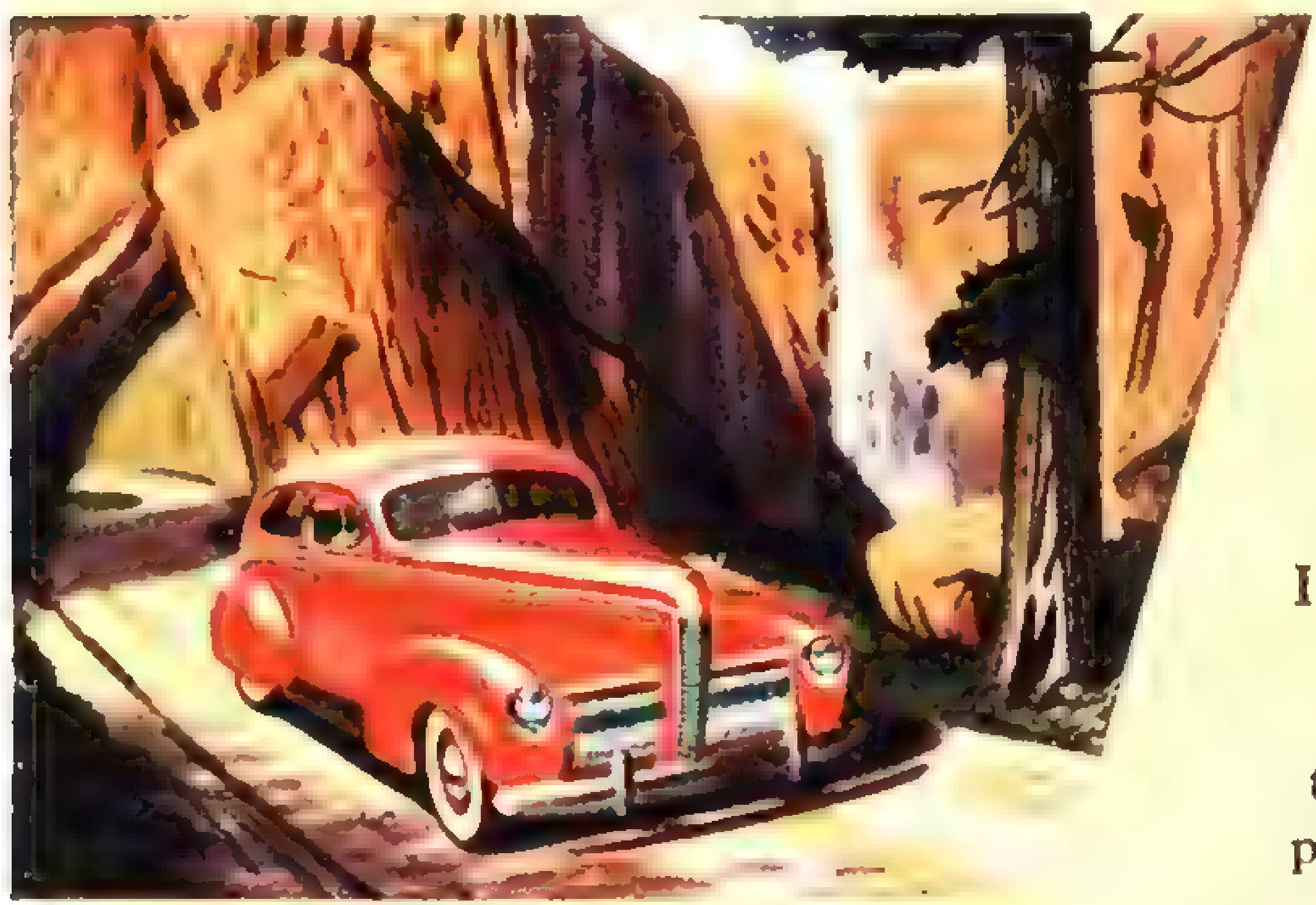
MATCHLESS ALBUM CO.
Box 120 Grand Central Annex New York

NOVELTIES

New 604 Page 1940 Catalog of 7000 amazing Novelties, gift articles, sporting goods, hobby kits, cameras, optical goods, watches, luck jewelry, knives, rifles, revolvers, movie projectors, books, musical instruments, radio novelties, puzzles, joke goods, magic, auto accessories, bicycle novelties, imported novelties, occult and spiritualistic items, archery, fencing, unusual seeds, live animals, smoker's novelties, etc., etc. 3¢. Deluxe Cloth Bound Edition, 25¢.
JOHNSON SMITH, Dept. 370, DETROIT



GUN IT! Here's new flashing pick-up—from 15 to 50 MPH in less than 13 seconds flat, high gear. Ride without coats, even in zero weather; new Nash Weather Eye system gives you, automatically, fresh conditioned air.



FARAWAY PLACES are easy trips with Nash's Arrow-Flight Ride. Amazingly smooth—it's a *new* exclusive combination of individual front wheel springs, with giant shock absorbers in back.

Some Sweet Day

SOMETHING TELLS YOU that day has come at last.

For up to your house silently glides the most beautiful car you ever laid eyes on . . . so lithe and long and radiant, your hands fairly itch to take the wheel.

But *hold tight*—you're going on a Nash Arrow-Flight Ride!—and you've never known anything like it!

A tap on the throttle . . . three flicks of your finger—and your tail-light winks good-bye to a dull and boring life.

Then things happen—*fast*. A click—a swoop—and you're ghosting down the road.

It's a Fourth Speed Forward, with the amazing new Nash Automatic Overtake. Nudge that throttle, and *whoosh!*—you're past the laggards.

And now for a new thrill! A bumpy stretch of road makes you grab for the wheel. But—your Nash dances over without a questioning quiver from below.

Smooth and straight as an arrow in flight, you hold to your course.

You wonder why you don't hear or feel the icy wind outside. Then you discover that the new Weather Eye system delivers weather "as you like it", with cold, noise, dust gone forever.

So you aim that proud hood into the setting sun . . . turn on the Sealed Beam lights.

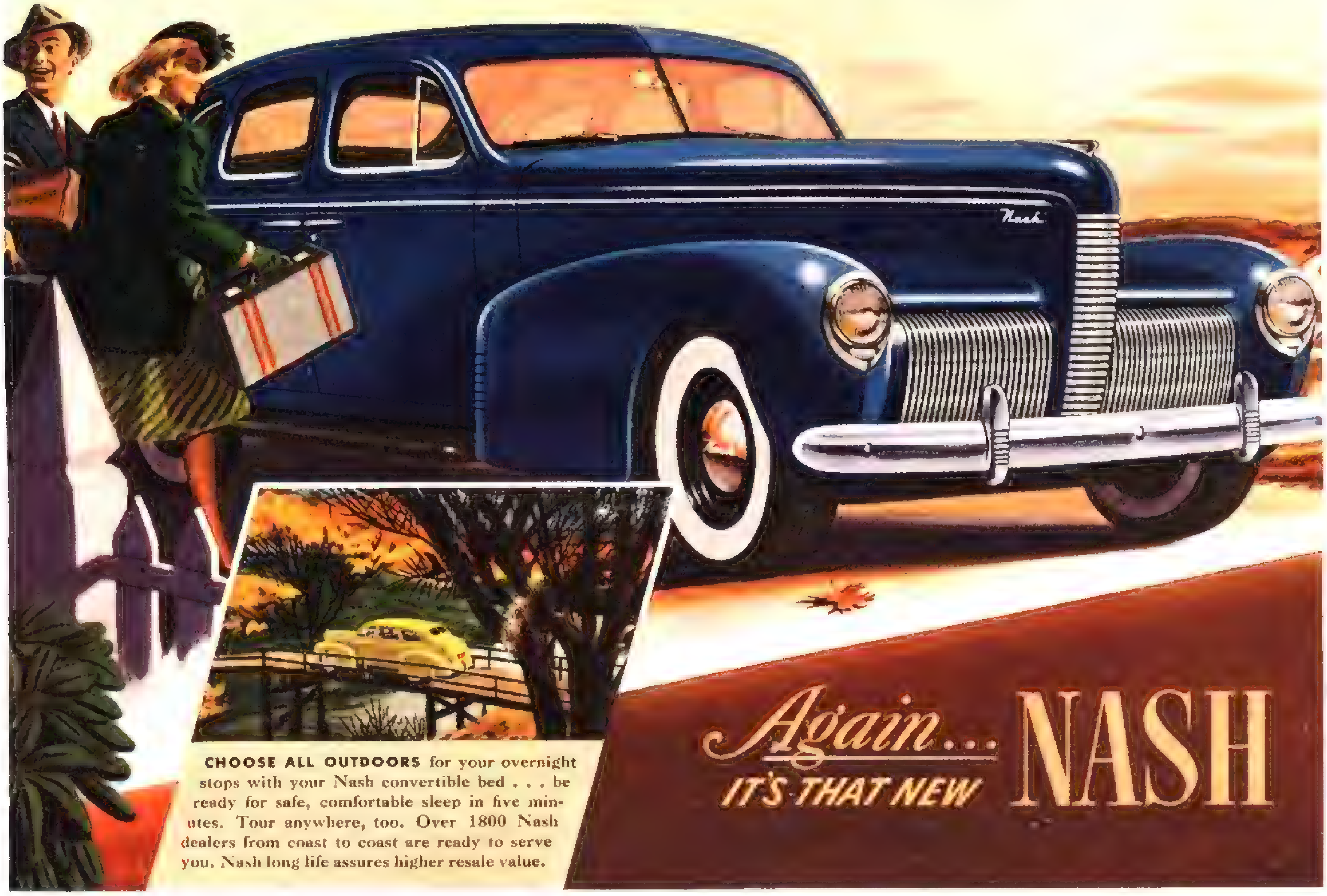
From now on, you're traveling in a perpetual springtime . . . sleeping at night in your Nash convertible bed . . . seeing all, doing all there is to be done.

• • •

Never was the fare to the Seven Seas of Adventure as low as it is today.

For many Nash models are priced next to the lowest . . . powered by the exclusive Nash engine that won Gilmore-Yosemite economy honors in its class, with 21.25 miles per gallon.

Why wait for that "sweet day"? Trade now for a 1940 Nash—and be out of town tonight!


Nash
Again... IT'S THAT NEW NASH

CHOOSE ALL OUTDOORS for your overnight stops with your Nash convertible bed . . . be ready for safe, comfortable sleep in five minutes. Tour anywhere, too. Over 1800 Nash dealers from coast to coast are ready to serve you. Nash long life assures higher resale value.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

ADULT GAMES

" F O R E "
Sam Snead's Great Golf Game
You drive, approach and putt into lakes and rough. You finally sink the pill and *ZOWIE* all your strokes disappear and you can laugh at the next player's good or awful shots. For young and old, golfers and non-golfers. 2 editions, 50¢ & $1.50 at Dep't., Book, Stationery and Toy stores or write to (add 10¢ for shipping):
Q Q GAMES
1243 Sixth Avenue New York City

ELECTRIC SHAVER EXCHANGE

All makes—New, Used—Sold, Exchanged, Bought. Latest models nationally advertised, *in stock:* Shavemaster, Schick, Remington-Rand, etc. Sent *express prepaid.* Save by selling us your present shaver when buying 1940 model. *50% savings on slightly-used shavers, reconditioned guaranteed: Schick, Gem, Gillette, Remington, etc.* Write for Bargain Listing. Send data on shaver you have, also name of make wanted, for exchange offer. No charge or obligation.
Electric Appliances, 324 W. 42nd St., N. Y.

NOVEL RECORDS

NEGRO SINFUL SONGS — sung by famous Lead Belly, these lusty songs deal with the facts of life and the full-bodied joys of this world. Thirteen choice sinful songs include: Frankie and Albert, Black Betty, Yallow Women's Door Bells, Go Down Old Hannah, Fannin Street, The Bourgeois Blues, etc. Unique Xmas Gift! Complete in Album (5-10" Musicraft Records) $5.50. We pay U.S.A. postage.
RABSONS MUSIC SHOP
111 West 52nd Street New York City

UNUSUAL PIPES

Imported Tyrolean Briar (shown at right above), or Hungarian Schemitzer (left); Weitzel stems; horn bits; well at bottom traps moisture, insuring CLEAN, DRY, COOL, SWEET SMOKE. Ornamental cover prevents falling ashes. Unique for collectors. Either pipe $1 postpaid. *Special Offer:* BOTH pipes plus 25c pkg. of our Mello Maple tobacco for $2. *Another George Yale offer befitting the spirit of the season.* Ideal Christmas gift. Send for free catalog.
GEORGE YALE, 1083 6 Av., nr. 42 St., N. Y.

FAT MEN'S FURNISHINGS

We fit any size man! Shirts *(business, dress, sport)* to size 21; Underwear, all styles to 66; Pajamas, Robes to 70; Windbreakers, wool and suede to 62; Sweaters to 62; Wool vests to 56; Shirts and slacks sports combinations up to date styles; Neckwear Xlong, Slippers to 15 EEE, Hosiery to 14, Belts to 68. Satisfaction Guaranteed on mail orders. Request Booklet E.
FAT MEN'S SHOP, INC.
(Sig Klein, Est. 1885)
52 3rd Ave. at 10th St., N. Y. C., N. Y.

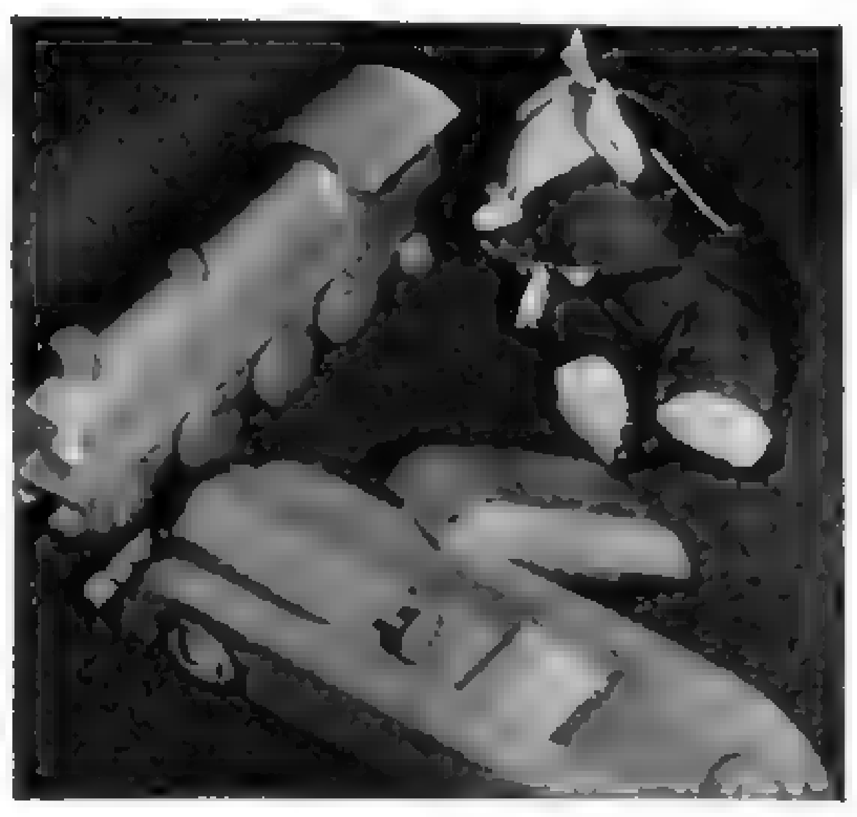
TAXIDERMISTS BIRDS & ANIMALS

The man with a lodge, den, or trophy room should not delay his visit to the Schoepfer Studios. We have one of the most complete collections of mounted animals, ranging from majestic mooseheads, brightly-plumaged birds to luxurious black, brown, or Polar bear skins. A gift of this kind will be long remembered.

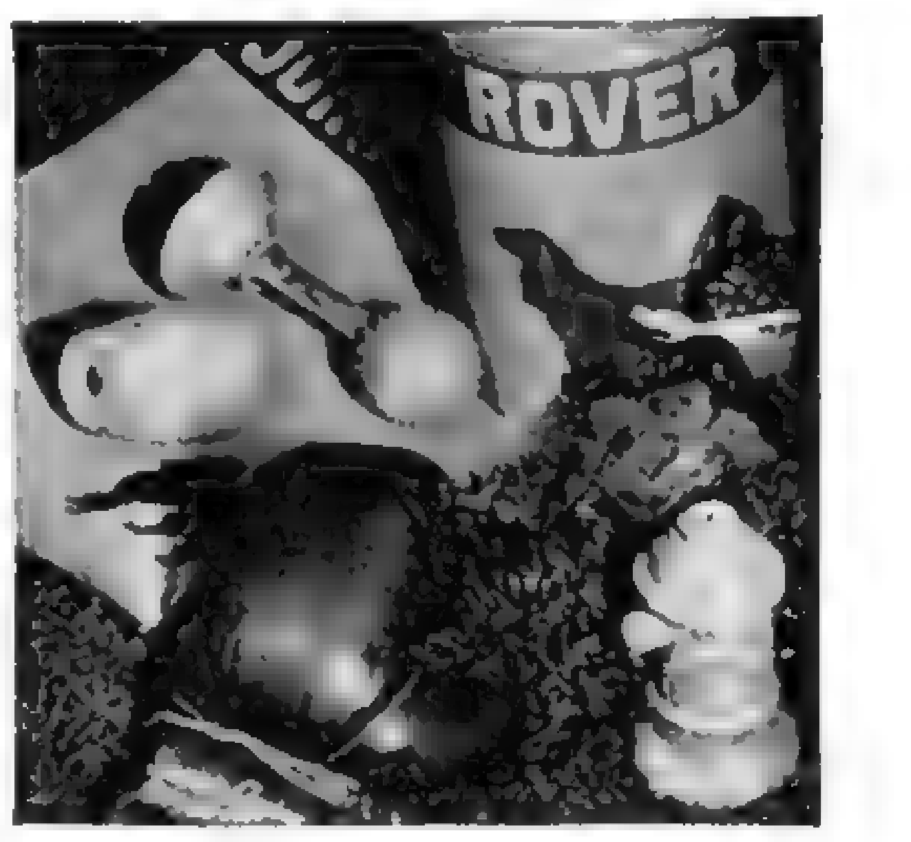
Send $1.25, check or money order for an unusual ash-tray made from steer horns.
SCHOEPFER STUDIOS
1200 Broadway, at 29th St., N. Y. MU 4-2050

THE CHRISTMAS CLINCHER. Popular for present purposes all the year round, candy becomes a true friend of man at Christmas time. Not only does it solve many of his gift problems all by itself, but it's the perfect supplement for that present that somehow doesn't seem quite as much as she deserves. A nice fat candy package arriving on the morning of the twenty-fifth—how can you miss? These three boxes, all of which contain a large variety of the finest candies, have been long-time Christmas favorities.

CALLING CASEY JONES. When grandpa was a pup, toy trains were the delight of infant and adult. The railroads in miniature of today are no longer toys, are workmanlike, instructive playthings that still appeal to young and old alike. With a Lionel set you can make junior (or yourself) a railroad present à la attic with no trouble at all. There are also all sorts of new appurtenances to go with the trains and station he may already have—the latest Lionel streamliners, remote control dump cars, automatic gateman and even an authentic hamburger wagon to build up station atmosphere.



FUNCTIONAL, EDUCATIONAL, BEAUTIFUL . . . all these can be applied to the toys created by Kay Boysen, Danish designer. Made by craftsmen, they're constructed of solid pieces of kiln-dried, hard maple along severely simple lines. Most of the toys are unpainted as the lovely grain of the wood is attraction enough. The durable, streamlined car and the inevitable "choo-choo" are popular examples of Boysen's craft. The teddy bear for the very young is filled with balsam, has slide-fastened, washable corduroy cover.



CHRISTMAS IS A DOG DAY . . . and no-one should neglect that very important member of the domestic domain. A canine cork-covered cannister for storing dog biscuits has the pooch's name on the outside. The cork doily will improve his table manners, also carries his name. The hydrant, beer barrel and tingle teaser toys are made of hard rubber, the miniature boxing glove of leather with a squeaking mouse inside. The cellophane package holds dog candy that has a healthful dextrose and cod liver oil base.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

BOWLING CARD GAMES

Play "HI-SCORE" *bowling, the NEW card game. You bowl with cards instead of balls . . . Count the score the same as in bowling —Strikes and spares instead of full houses or 3-no-trump hands.* "HI-SCORE" is fun to play, easy to learn. No previous knowledge or study needed. New—*Exciting*—Different. *Sold only by mail. For complete game send only $1.00* (in bills or stamps) to
DUKE FEHER NOVELTY CARD CO.
643 Main Ave., Dept. E 12, Passaic, N. J.

CAMPING

JUST THE THING FOR XMAS—A HUDSON'S BAY "POINT" BLANKET! Such beautiful colors . . Such incomparable warmth! Wear-proof — practically waterproof. Made in England—*therefore impossible to guarantee present low prices.* So order now, while stock lasts. Send for FREE folder showing blankets in all their vibrant colors—also FREE XMAS FOLDER that's chuck full of gift suggestions. Write NOW.
DAVID T. ABERCROMBIE COMPANY
311 Broadway Dept. E-12 New York City

NOVEL RECORD ALBUMS

Hallelujah! Here's a new type record album —the only one that lies perfectly flat and docile, permitting record removal and replacement without a tussle! Has Patented Felco Binding with Rings. Sturdily built, simulated leather-covered in choice of Black, Maroon, Blue or Brown. Holds 12-10" records—$1.35; Holds 12-12" records—$1.50.

We pay U.S.A. postage on orders for 6 albums or more. (On smaller orders, please add 35¢ for packing and postage.)
RABSONS MUSIC SHOP
111 West 52nd Street New York City

RECORD PRESERVERS

GIVE YOUR RECORDS A BATH! Cleanse, lubricate and protect music records, removing all lint from grooves and preserving their hi-fidelity. Use sensational RECOTON Record Renewer. 15c trial size or 2-oz. 50c size at your dealer's. Quick, easy, professionally endorsed. Nothing else quite as good. Be sure to ask for it by name— R-E-C-O-T-O-N.

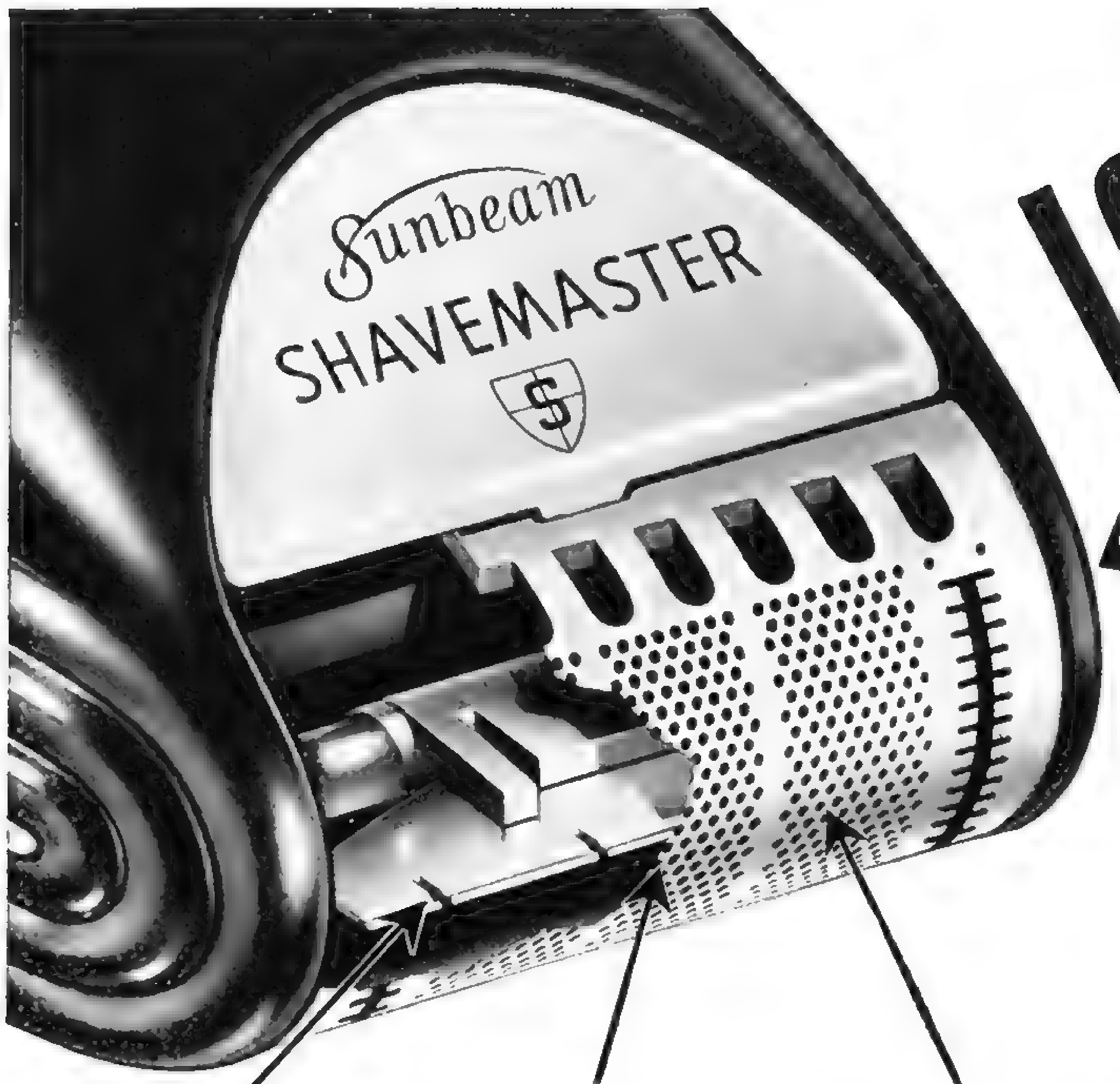
UNUSUAL RECORDS

Calypso Record Album No. 2 now ready! Calypso Records amaze and delight sophisticates! Decca presents 6 new Calypso songs sung by "Houdini", the Calypso King. Fascinating, unique, these troubador-like songs in West Indies English combine strange, pulsating rhythms and Swing! New attractive album contains: Hot Dogs Made Their Name, The Welcome of Their Majesty, Johnny Take My Wife, Roosevelt Opens World's Fair, Monkey Swing, He Had It Coming. Price, in album, only $2.45. (We pay U.S.A. postage.)

Make your collection COMPLETE by also ordering Album No. 1 containing 12 amazing hits including: Chamberlain says Peace!, Roosevelt in Trinidad, Abdication, Dingo Lay, Young Girl's Touch, Duke & Duchess of Kent, etc. Complete in album with commentary only $2.75. (We pay U.S.A. postage.) This album available only from
RABSONS MUSIC SHOP
111 West 52nd Street New York City

LOOK AT THE HEAD

when Choosing his Christmas Shaver



New **HOLLOW-GROUND CUTTER**
with double, razor-keen cutting edges that get whiskers coming and going. Makes over 8 million cutting actions per minute within the "475" comb.

Thinner **THAN A SPLIT WHISKER**
A super-thin screen of finest Swedish steel that picks up the beard the way it grows. Only two-thousandths of an inch thin.

New **"475" HOLE SCREENED COMB**
with 282% more razor-keen circular cutting edges than ever before—335 more holes than the original "140" comb.

THE NEW AC MODEL SHAVEMASTER

Made exclusively for use on alternating current

A marvel of precision workmanship—and a crowning achievement of years of continuous development work in Sunbeam laboratories. Has the famous "475" head that shaves with quick, clean comfort and *straight-edge* closeness. Has the new Sunbeam magnetic type AC motor, with tuned and counter-balanced armatures, that reduces vibration and makes shaving a pleasure. Big enough to provide a motor with plenty of reserve power—yet trim and compact for easy, convenient handling. Only comparison *by actual test* will reveal the surpassing performance of the new Sunbeam AC Shavemaster. Photomicrographs prove that Shavemaster shaves closer than a straight-edge. Stop watch tests prove it to be much faster. If you wish to use your Shavemaster only on AC current, you can enjoy Shavemaster's swift, smooth, comfort shaves for only $7.50. (Beautiful gift box.)

THE FAMOUS AC·DC SHAVEMASTER

for use on either alternating or direct current

This is the electric shaver that has won national recognition as "tops" in quick, close, comfort shaves. The one selected by leading airlines as standard equipment on their passenger planes. It has the powerful series-wound, brush-type, Universal motor with the on-and-off switch and operates on either AC or DC current. If you have occasion to use your Shavemaster on both types of current (if, perhaps, you travel widely and get into DC areas) the AC-DC Shavemaster is the one to buy. $15.00.

- **Try Shavemaster, either the new AC model (50 or 60 cycles) or the AC-DC model at your dealer's today. Make your Christmas gifts "tops" in appreciation—give Shavemaster. For sale wherever good electric appliances are sold.**

Made and guaranteed by CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY, 5697 Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill. Canada factory: 321 Weston Road, South, Toronto. *51 Years Making Quality Products.* Famous for MIXMASTER, COFFEEMASTER, IRONMASTER, AUTOMATIC TOASTER, etc.

ONLY THE *Sunbeam*

SHAVEMASTER

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

HAS THE FAMOUS "475" HEAD

Shaves Close as a straight-edge and Faster

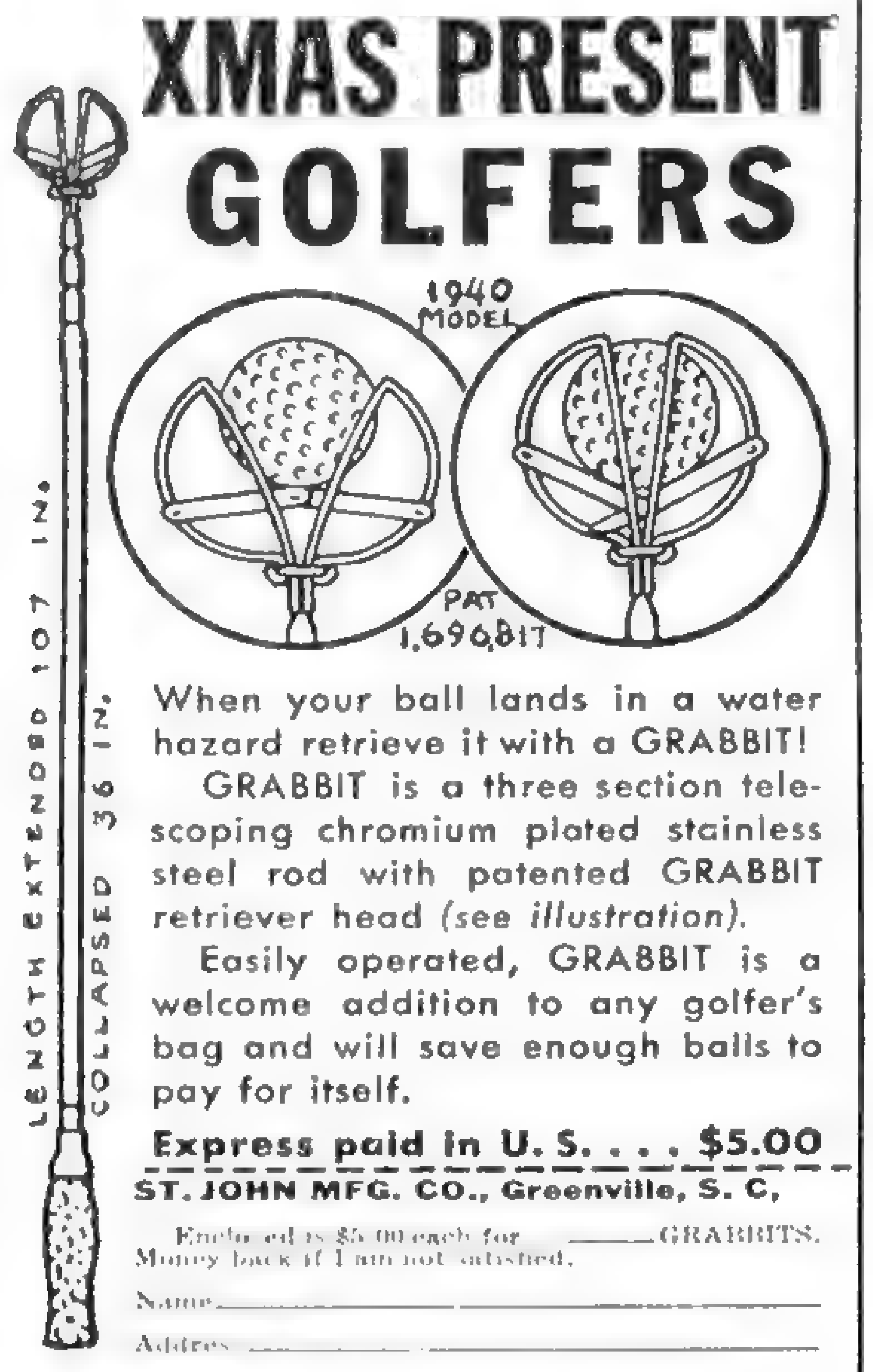
TWO MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM BOTH WITH THE "475" HEAD

Sunbeam
SHAVEMASTER
S

$7.50

$15.00

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE


1940 MODEL
PAT 1,696,817
LENGTH EXTENDED 107 IN.
COLLAPSED 36 IN.

XMAS PRESENT GOLFERS

When your ball lands in a water hazard retrieve it with a GRABBIT!

GRABBIT is a three section telescoping chromium plated stainless steel rod with potented GRABBIT retriever head (*see illustration*).

Easily operated, GRABBIT is a welcome addition to any golfer's bag and will save enough balls to pay for itself.

Express paid in U. S. . . . $5.00

ST. JOHN MFG. CO., Greenville, S. C,

Enclosed is $5.00 each for ______ GRABBITS. Money back if I am not satisfied.

Name______

Address______

* *Molding by Universal Plastics Corp.*

***THERMODEX**

This smart new practical Desk Thermometer and Penholder is truly an innovation! Beautifully streamlined. Made of lustrous Sleek Black or Rich Walnut **Bakelite.** Ideal Gift Combination. Looks like $5.00 value, yet is priced at only $1.00 or with quality fountain pen, $1.50 SEE THERMODEX AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE or mail check to

Zephyr American Corporation
Dept. E-12, 31 W. 47th Street
New York City.

MONOGRAMMED BRIDGE CARDS

Exceptionally Fine Quality

CONTRASTING COLOR BACKS
GILDED EDGES
12 Decks $5.50
Orders shipped same day received
Illustrated Catalogue of Unusual Gifts FREE

2 DECKS $1.00 POST PAID

Send CHECK—MONEY ORDER or STAMPS
American Engraving & Ptg. Co., 1482 B'way, N.Y.

Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY

Prevents nausea when bus traveling. Recommended for adults and children.

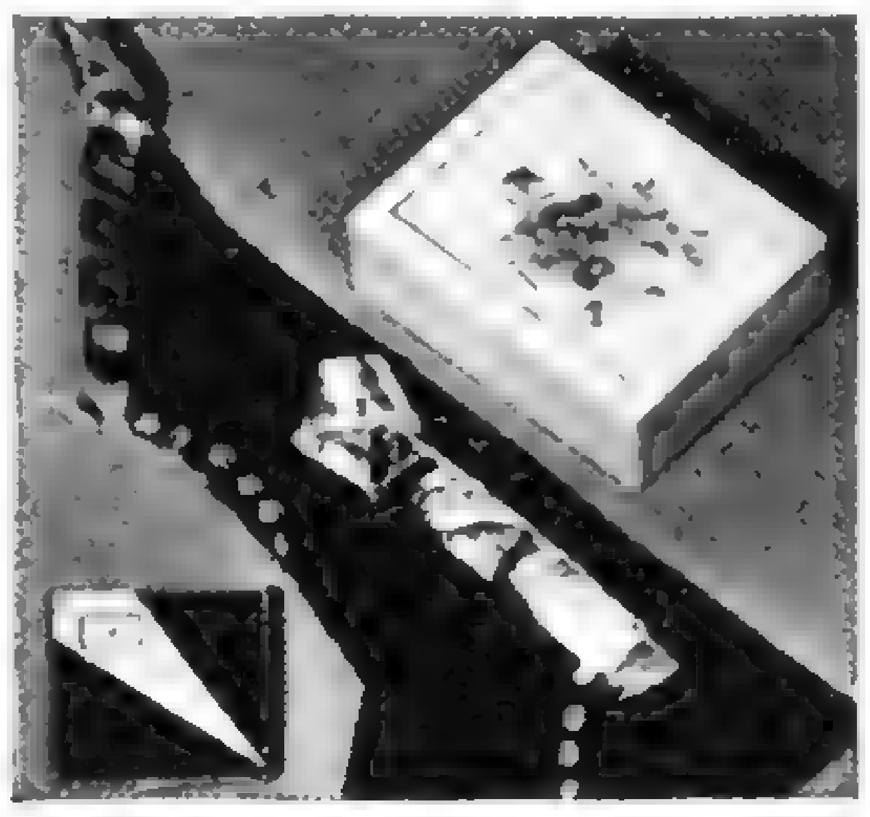
FISH BY Barometer

HERE—at last—is an answer to the eternal question, "Will they bite today?" This Taylor Fisherman's Barometer gives a practical answer to that question, based on a scientific fact. When the barometer rises, or stays high, the fish bite. When it drops, or stays low, they sulk at the bottom. Hundreds of tests in actual use prove it's **94% right.** Works anywhere—fresh or salt water. Can be carried in pocket, in tackle box, or hung in cabin. Ruggedly built to last for years.

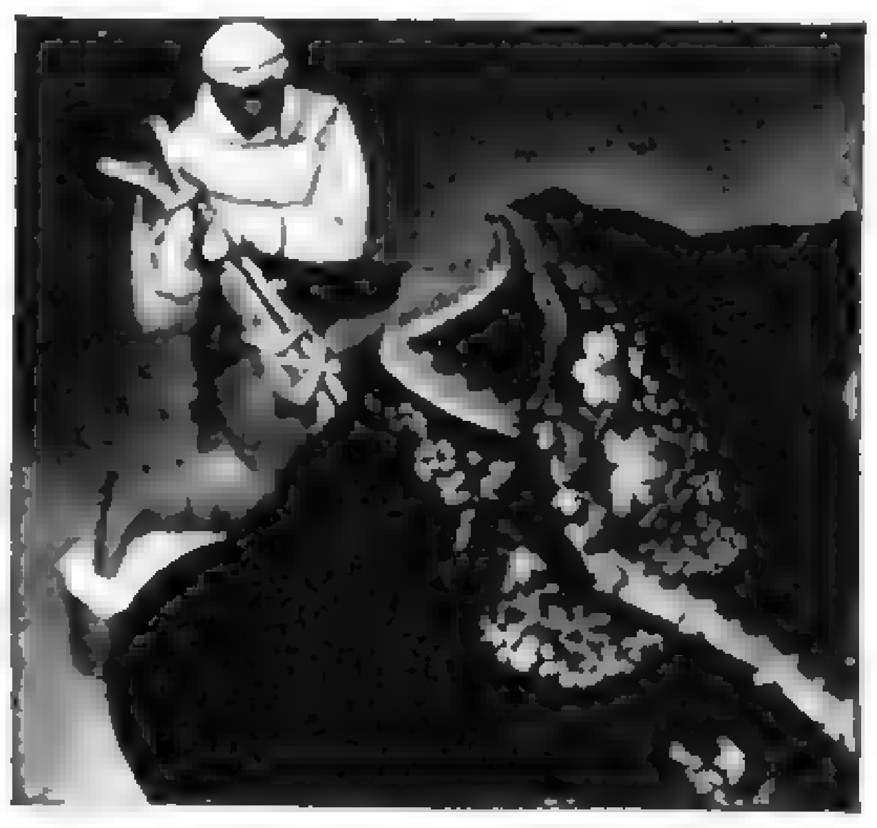
The year's best gift hint! It's a different gift—extremely valuable to *every* fisherman! Weighs less than 6 ozs. Handsome black molded case 3¼ inches square, with chromium frame around dial. Unbreakable crystal. Carrying case is green imitation leather with snap cover. Price, **$5.00.** For altitudes over 3500 ft., $6.00. **See it at Esquire's Christmas Fair, 605 Fifth Ave., N. Y.** And buy from your nearest dealer. If he cannot supply you, send direct. Postage paid and safe delivery—*on time*—guaranteed.

Taylor Instrument Companies
Department E1 **Rochester, N. Y.**

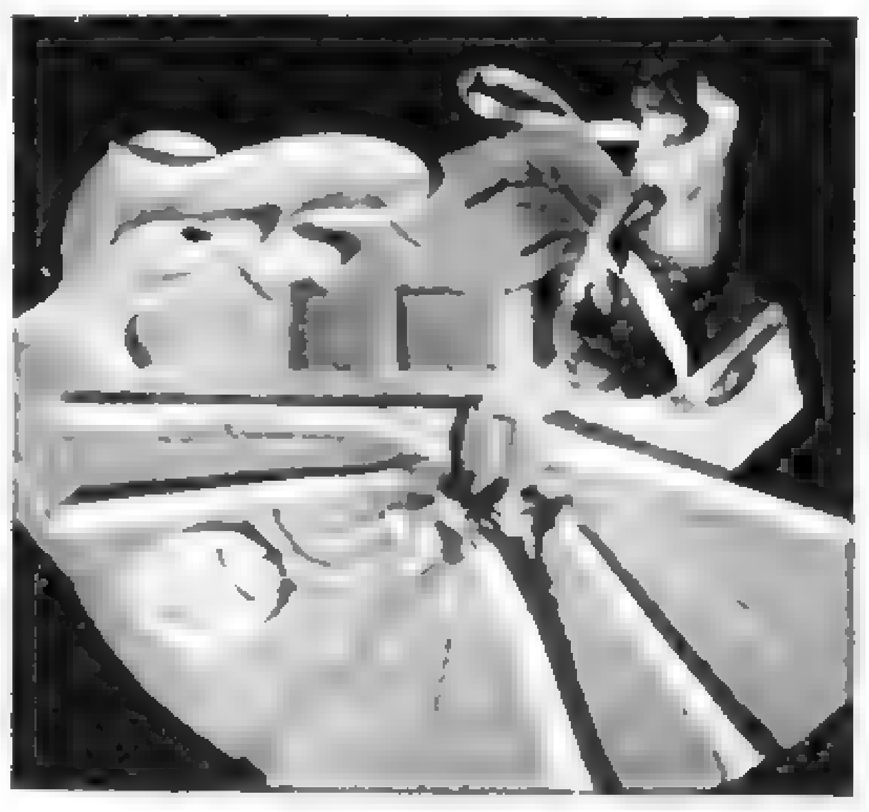
DETAILS OF ENDEARMENT. She'll love you more for . . . a necklace of handsome nugget turquoise and vivid carnelian beads—and, if she's very good—there's a bracelet to match . . . or perhaps a slim round powder box of sycamore with a sage old owl carved on the cover . . . and—well, she'll adore you for this lovely white carved coral rose brooch of black enameled platinum and stem of white gold.



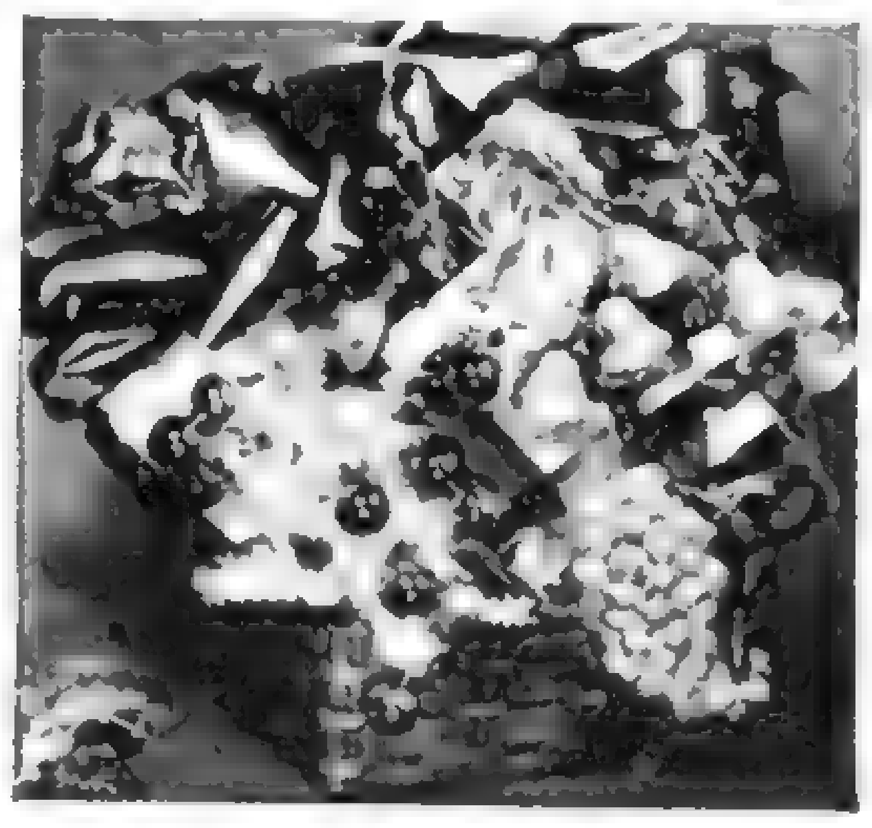
IT'S FUN TO BE THANKED, and we won't be accountable for failure if you stuff a pair of the new fingerless cocktail or evening gloves in her Christmas stocking. They're black with shining gold trim. The compact carries a set-in watch, is enameled in black and white, wine and white or two-tone blue. And for her cigarettes or knick-knacks, a wooden box with a hand-decorated flower design enclosed under glass, arrives filled with crystalized ginger.



IN THE TYROL MANNER. If she believes in the great outdoors—a sturdy Tyrolean cardigan, brightened with multi-colored embroidery and antique finished metal buttons. Is waist length, short sleeved, has embroidered patch pockets and comes in several smart background colors. Supporting it is one of Geza de Vegh's decorative, rugged skiing figures of brown bisque and white glaze.



FIRST IN THE HEARTS . . . of a galaxy of lovely lassies are these three cosmetic conspirators—all of smooth, liquid latex. Foreground—the make-up cape that keeps powder off their dresses, saves cleaning bills. The mitts, in six bright colors, cover hands doing gardening and other domestic chores. Cosmetic band protects hair from face creams, and, in the background, a latex skirt panel for that trim, sleek silhouette she's after. Also a definite boudoir attribute—a South Sea Island figure in terra cotta and sea blue by Ilse Niswonger.



CANDY IN A GALA GOWN. Something of a chef d'oeuvre in its own field, this gift basket holds surprises aplenty, will please even that uncommon creature—the girl who has everything. Chocolates, preserves, glace fruits are only a part of it. Other baskets, equally well decorated, can be had in all sizes . . . and filled with practically anything you specify.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

WORLD'S FINEST LIGHTWEIGHT
TRIMBLE
UNION MADE
HATS
$2.95 $3.95
$5.00
EXCLUSIVELY AT FINE MEN'S STORES

Unique for Xmas HUARACHES FROM OLD SANTA FE

ONLY $2.50
Attractively Boxed
Delivered Immediately

Here's utter comfort for indoor loafing! These Mexican house slipper sandals make ideal gifts for men, women. Handwoven of same honest steerhide as outdoor type. All sizes for men or women.

TO ORDER
Send shoe size, if possible outline of foot.

The OLD MEXICO SHOP
SANTA FÉ, NEW MEXICO

BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!

FUN FOR YOU!

EASY TO PLAY LATEST HITS

Surprise, amaze your folks and friends at your next party. Play latest hits—jazz, swing, popular songs. Imitate radio, stage stars—**EVEN IF YOU CAN'T READ A NOTE!** Lots of fun, good times, popularity for you at parties, socials, dances. So easy, you can play in a few minutes' time. Beautiful, streamlined. A real musical instrument—8" long! Separate mouthpiece. Used by swing bands. Approved by music educators.

$1 **10 DAYS' TRIAL** Play the TONETTE. America's newest musical sensation Try ten days without risk. We positively guarantee you will be 100% delighted or your money back.

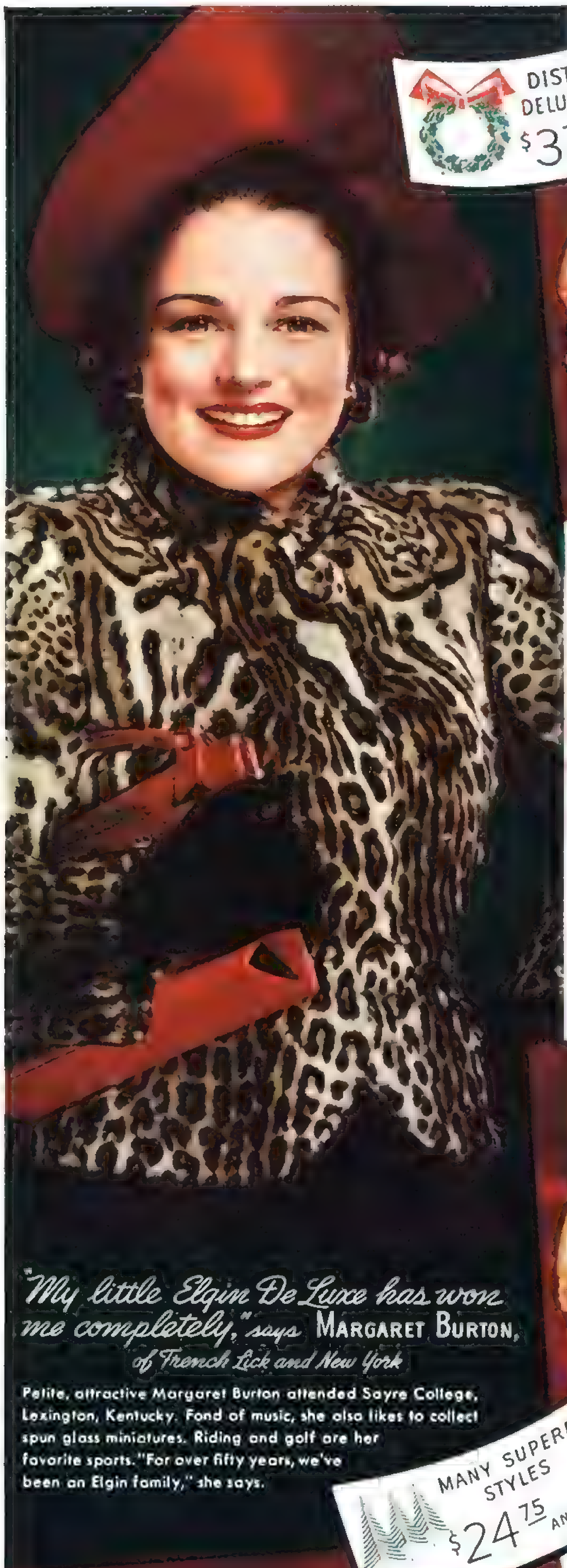
SEND NO MONEY

Just pay postman when delivered, or you can safely send only $1.00 now and we pay postage. FREE lesson chart shows how you can play quickly, easily. Don't delay! Mail coupon today or ask your dealer to get TONETTE for you. Makes IDEAL Xmas Gift!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

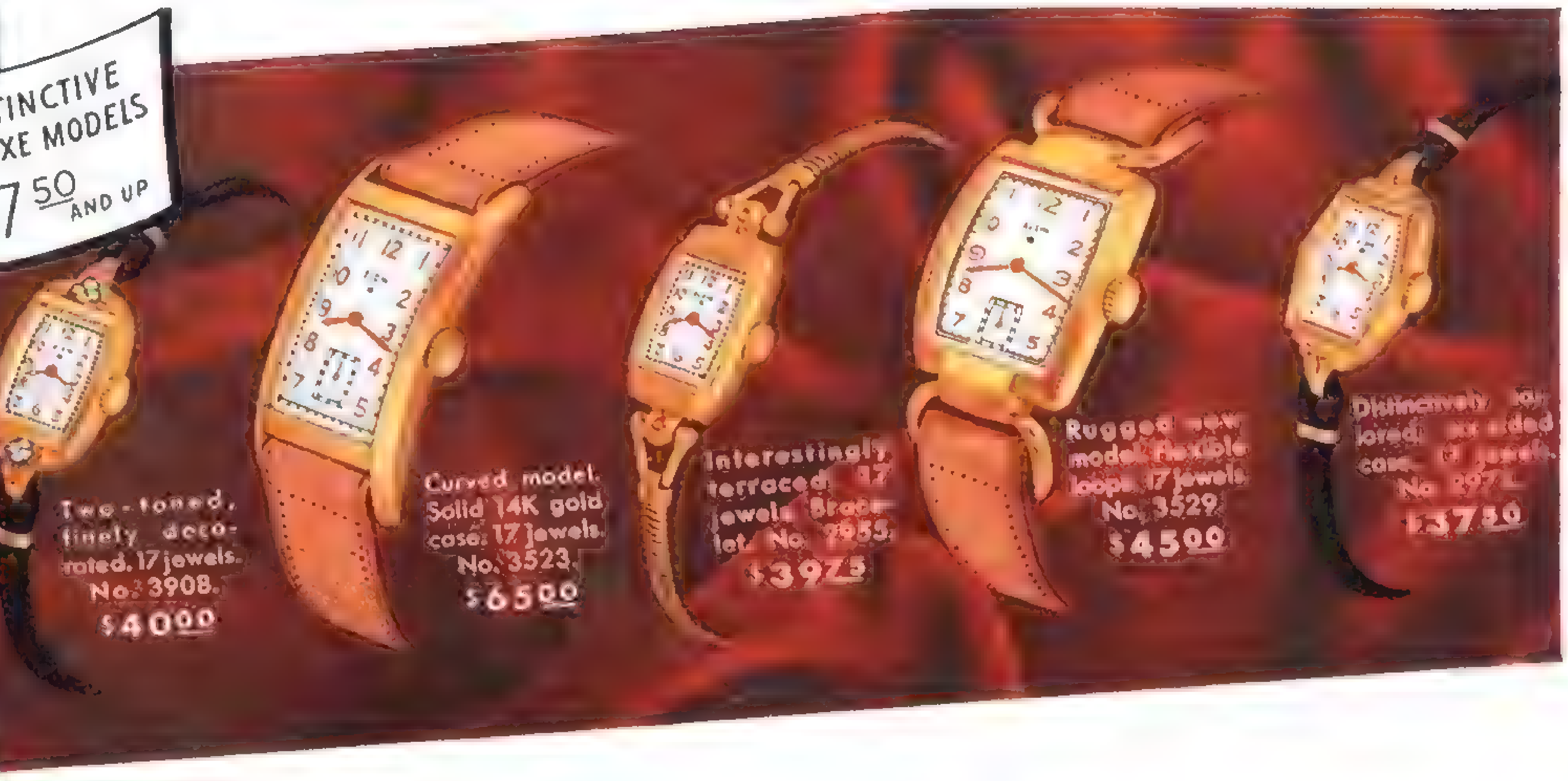
Tonette Co., Dept. 45, 30 E. Adams, Chicago
Please rush at once TONETTE and free lesson chart for 10 days' trial.
☐ I will pay postman ☐ I enclose $1.00
NAME______
ADDRESS______
CITY______ STATE______
No C. O. D. outside U. S.

DISTINCTIVE DELUXE MODELS $37 50 AND UP



"*My little Elgin De Luxe has won me completely,*" *says* **MARGARET BURTON,** *of French Lick and New York*

Petite, attractive Margaret Burton attended Sayre College, Lexington, Kentucky. Fond of music, she also likes to collect spun glass miniatures. Riding and golf are her favorite sports. "For over fifty years, we've been an Elgin family," she says.



Two-toned, finely decorated. 17 jewels. No. 3908. $40 00

Curved model. Solid 14K gold case. 17 jewels. No. 3523. $65 00

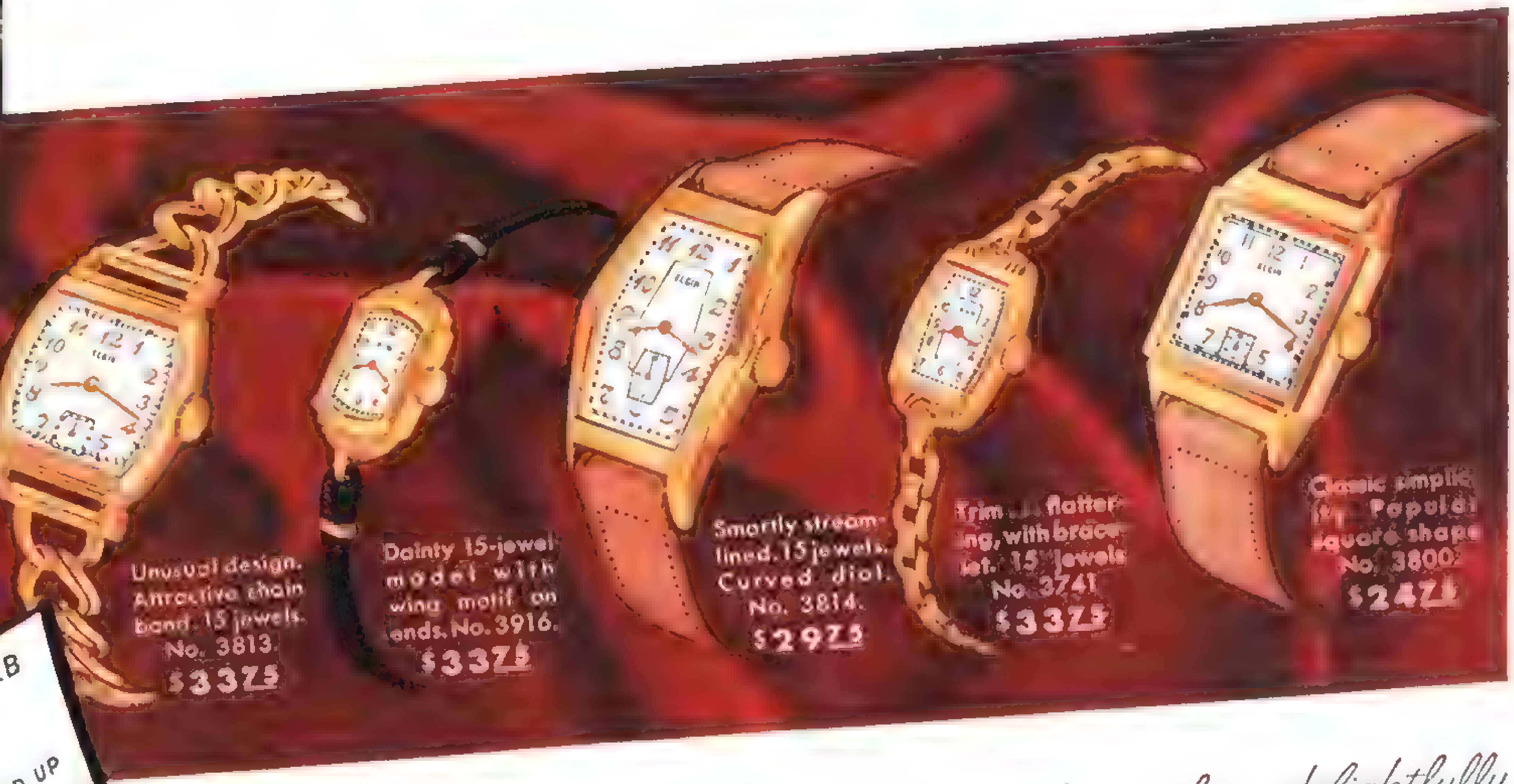
Interestingly terraced. 17 jewels. Bracelet. No. 2955. $39 75

Rugged new model. Flexible loops. 17 jewels. No. 3529. $45 00

Distinctively tailored, [illegible] case. [illegible] No. 2971. $37 50

THIS CHRISTMAS

of all Christmases— choose a brilliant Elgin



Unusual design. Attractive chain band. 15 jewels. No. 3813. $33 75

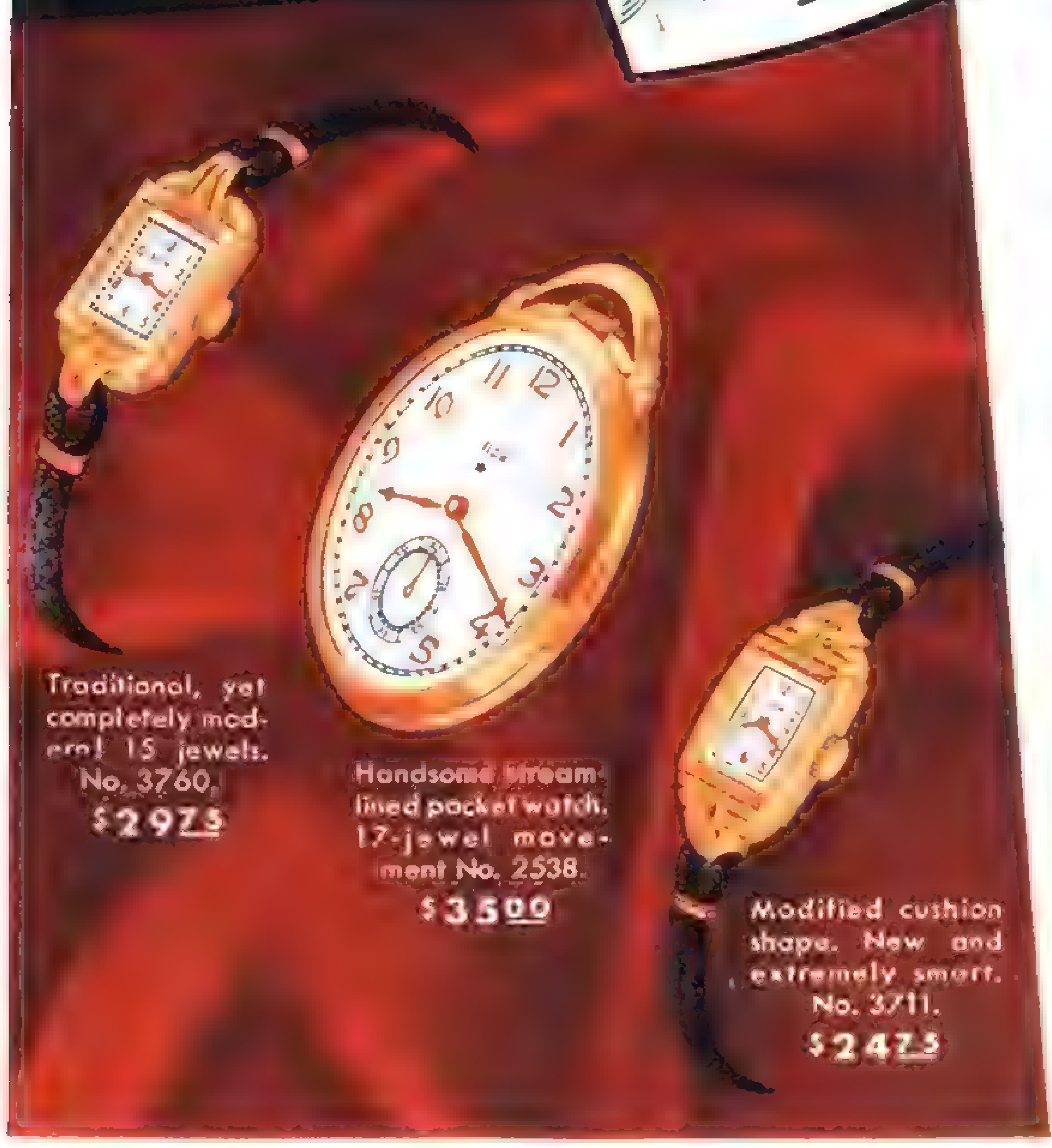
Dainty 15-jewel model with wing motif on ends. No. 3916. $33 75

Smartly streamlined. 15 jewels. Curved dial. No. 3814. $29 75

Trim ... flattering, with bracelet. 15 jewels. No. 3741. $33 75

Classic simplicity. Popular square shape. No. 3800. $24 75

MANY SUPERB STYLES $24 75 AND UP



Traditional, yet completely modern! 15 jewels. No. 3760. $29 75

Handsome streamlined pocket watch. 17-jewel movement No. 2538. $35 00

Modified cushion shape. New and extremely smart. No. 3711. $24 75

The new 75th Anniversary Elgins offer astounding values...delightfully ingenious styling...unmatched accuracy. See them at your jeweler's now.

WHY NOT MAKE this just the sort of Christmas you have always wanted? A Christmas that will make someone think more fondly of you and admire even more your good taste. It's easier than you think . . .

For ELGIN is celebrating its 75th Anniversary this year with extraordinary timepiece values. And your ELGIN jeweler has caught the spirit and is offering a helpful budget or lay-away plan of purchase.

Where have you ever seen such individuality as in these ELGINS for women . . . such vigorous custom smartness as in these models for men? They are the inspired creations of master American designers.

Accuracy? In these newest ELGINS it is as dramatic as their looks. They have been built to new and incredibly exacting standards that are the wonder of the watchmaking world. For at ELGIN craftsmen and scientists work hand in hand against a background of 75 years of experience.

Visit your jeweler now and make an early selection of your Christmas gift ELGIN. Choose ELGIN—for star-timed accuracy. Choose ELGIN—for value and honest American craftsmanship. Choose ELGIN—for the brightest, most satisfying Christmas ever! Lord and Lady Elgins from $47.50. Other ELGIN De Luxe models from $37.50. Other fine ELGIN values from $24.75 to $750.00.

☆ ELGIN ☆

FOR 75 YEARS THE GIFT CHOICE OF DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN FAMILIES

Copr. 1939 by Elgin National Watch Company

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

Increase your
HEIGHT with
STATURAIDS the height-increasing shoes that look no different than other fine shoes.

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH
of a Staturaid shoe
319
239
865

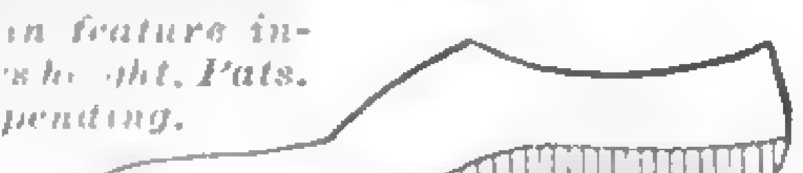


Diagram shows how built-in feature increases height. Pats. pending.

Staturaids not only increase height but actually improve your posture. More than fifty styles and a wide assortment of leathers to choose from. Send for illustrated catalog. (Sent in plain wrapper).

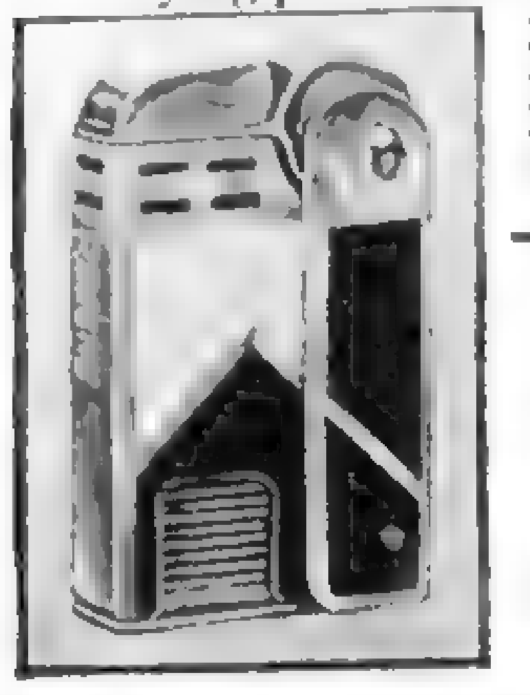
JOS. BURGER, 2067-A 3rd Ave., N.Y.C.

"Hey Squire, This one's a DAISY!"

"You can really get excited over this neat little layout. Just squeeze it and it turns on the heat."

This new improved Regens Lighter is: 1. *Completely Automatic* . . . PRESS—It lights! RELEASE—It's out! 2. *Windproof.* 3. *Removable Torch*...Lights pipes evenly. 4. *Evaporation Resistant.* 5. *Fully Guaranteed* . . . for one year against mechanical defects.

In polished nickel and / or enamel at $1.00 it's a truly impressive, useful gift—for yourself or a good friend. Also other finishes at varying prices. See your dealer, or mail us your name and address and a dollar bill, and you'll get one by return post. Do it today!


**REGENS
LIGHTER CORP.**
40 East 21st St.
New York City

Look for the name "Regens"
Made in U. S. A.

Gift Problems Solved!
GIVE NEW, SMART HEAVY SHAM BOTTOM
MONOGRAMMED GLASSES

First time at popular prices. A choice different gift—grand for personal use. Expertly hand etched monogrammed (2 or 3 letters) on guaranteed chip-proof Libbey's Safedge glass.

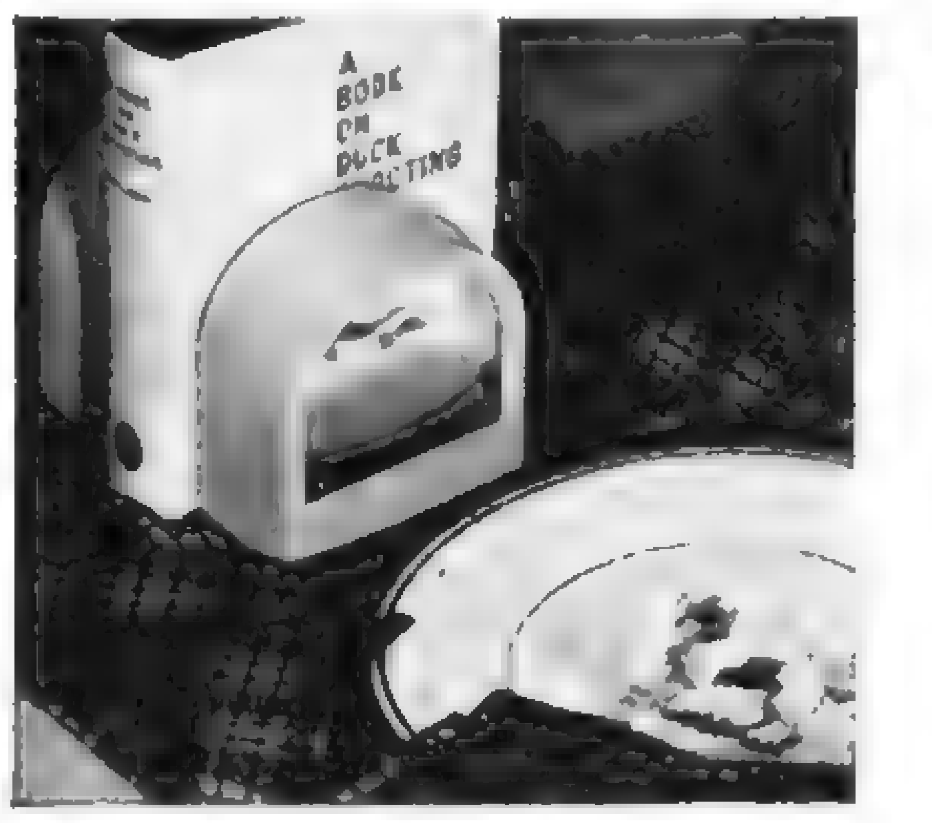
4 1-2 oz.—for Cocktails; Fruit Juice . $2.55 dozen
8 1-2 oz.—for Highballs; Table Use . . $2.70 dozen
11 oz.—for Tall Drinks; Ice Tea . . . . . $2.85 dozen

Add 15c per doz. west of Denver. 8 each of above sizes in special ass't at $5.50. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. 72 hour service—postpaid. New 20 page catalogue on request. ORDER NOW!

MONOGRAM GLASS CO., Inc.
The Merchandise Mart Chicago

TOUCH AS YOU GO. The old typing "on location" problem of where to set up your machine is neatly solved by this combination of portable and folding-legged stand. The stand folds into a small compartment of the carrying case, adds little extra weight. The arrangement also provides a handy copy shelf. The smart aniline russet cowhide case is designed for the man in a hurry who wants his accessories within finger-tip reach. The inner compartment is really a bag within a bag, has removable suit hangers and space for all conceivable necessities. This inner construction makes it unusually easy to pack.

MIXED FOURSOME. More gifts for the lad who has had that euphemistic "a man that has everything" label applied to him — a large bronze medal of the head of Orpheus, makes a beautiful paper weight, cast at the Paris mint, La Monnaie . . . the cover of the amboyne cigarette case is inlaid with university seals in color . . . the ring is composed of horizontal stripes of green gold and vertical stripes of red gold wire . . . an engine turned, gold cigarette holder that's an elaboration of the famous filter type, has an ejector that pops out the finished cheroot.



BE A SPORT. Proving that there are many things to give a double-barreled sportsman to gratify his outdoor instincts—the heavy, pigskin book-ends with a flying duck encased behind glass should turn the trick, or perhaps a set of thick Lenox china sporting dog plates. They're etched, printed and signed by Richard Bishop; twelve breeds are available. Warmth for winter prowling is colorfully supplied by popular wool, plaid shirts. They're made up in several authentic clan tartans.

BE IT BACHELOR OR BENEDICT. For the bachelor's apartment or the father with a house full of children—a fine cut crystal cigarette box and ash-tray fitted permanently into pigskin holders. There's usually a naked end-table around the place that needs such dressing up. Or to settle his uncorking problems, wood and chrome corkscrews in rabbit and fish shapes. The fine linen cocktail napkin with a black zebra on white ground can also be had in a turnabout of colors—white on black.

Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

JEWELRY with a STORY*

For Her—
She'll treasure this graceful Wing Necklace of Authentic Mayan Design. $8.95. Nonsense Fishhook Pin. Gold or Silver Plate. $1.95.

*Tagged with its legendary meaning.
Money back in seven days.
Send for Gift Booklet
At leading stores, or order direct

authentics,
incorporated
6. E. 37th St. New York

For Him—He'll prize these unusual Aztec cuff links, gold or silver plate. ABCD $5.00 pr. EF $3.00 pr.

FREE SAMPLE

Try the *original* Rum & Maple Pipe Mixture, Blend No. 53, at our expense. Every shred infused with genuine Jamaica Rum and pure Vermont Maple Sugar. Original price 70 cents . . *Now 25 cents everywhere.* TRIAL SIZE POUCH 15 CENTS. Write for your free sample.

Give original Rum & Maple 5, 8 and 16 oz. Lev-a-Lift Canisters in attractive Xmas Gift boxes

Look for the word ORIGINAL
RUM and MAPLE
ORIGINAL
BLEND No 53
now 25¢
was 70¢

RUM & MAPLE TOBACCO CORP. 106 E. 16th St. New York, N. Y.

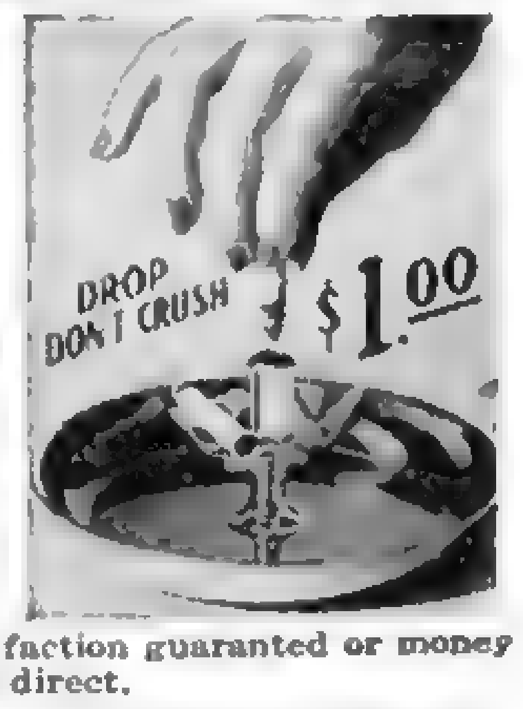
WANTED:

Another national advertiser, large or small, who wants to increase his business 50% or more next year

ONE of our clients, who had been spending $25,000.00 a year and was doing close to a million in annual volume, spent $50,000.00 with us in the last twelve months and increased his volume to over a million and a half. No expensive research or dealer campaigns were involved. We simply applied sound, proven merchandising principles, in carefully planned space advertising. Consumers reacted by demanding and buying his product.

FRANK A. RICHARDSON
ADVERTISING
415 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
Phone: VANDERBILT 6-1155

NEW...and a Grand GIFT IDEA!
TUMBLE-SNUFFER CIGARETTRAY



Simple—just drop (don't crush) cigarette into Tumble-Snuffer and it's out in 7 seconds. Flip Snuffer and metal ball ejects old butts and ashes. Prevents smoldering butts: bad odors—saves cigarettes. Self cleaning; burn-proof; tarnish-proof. 4½ or 6 inch diameters in Chrome, Bronze, or New Blue Gold. GIFT BOXED. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. At fine stores or order direct.

E. G. WESTLAKE CO., The Merchandise Mart Chicago, Illinois

Y...
Esqui
THE MAGAZINE FOR
FICTION · SPORT ·
CLOTHES · ART ·
PRICE FIFTY C

as a Gift to a Man for Christmas!

Christmas gift rates:

one subscription	**$5** . . . *regular rate*
two subscriptions	**$8** . . . *you save $2*
three subscriptions	**$10** . . . *you save $5*
additional subscriptions, each	**$3** . . . *you save an extra $2*

add $2.50 per sub. for foreign postage

You can enter or renew your own subscriptions at the special Christmas gift rates . . . gift subscriptions must be purchased and paid for by one individual or corporation.

1. **father**
2. **brother**
3. **husband**
4. **cousin**
5. **uncle**
6. **grandfather**
7. **sweetheart**
8. **customer**
9. **friend**
10. **employee**
11. **associate**
12. **salesman**
13. **client**
14. **patient**
15. **prospect**
16. **student**
17. **brother-in-law**
18. **employer**
19. **dealer**
20. **guardian**
21. **bachelor**
22. **son**
23. **minister**
24. **doctor**
25. **dentist**
26. **attorney**
27. **partner**
28. **chum**
29. **schoolmate**
30. **roommate**
31. **grandson**
32. **nephew**

SANTA: "You're a funny girl—always pointing. Don't you think it's rude?

MISS MAGIC MARGIN: "Well, maybe. But it's my job and I like it. Besides, I'm pointing with pride. I tell people about MAGIC* Margin, the most sensational of all typewriter improvements—*only Royal has it!*"

SANTA: "That sounds good . . ."

MISS M. M.: "You bet it's good. Why, on this New Royal, you set the margin *automatically* and in 1/3 the time it takes on any other portable. You simply touch a tiny lever and—*presto*—your margin is set. Everything you write looks better; and it's a wonderful time-saver."

SANTA: "You're pretty wonderful yourself."

MISS M. M.: "Not half so wonderful as Royal's Locked Segment Shift Freedom. It's 'good-bye bobbing carriage' when you own a New Royal Portable. *No float* to give your letters wavy, irregular lines! *No flutter* to distract and tire your eyes."

SANTA: "Go on, your story interests me . . ."

MISS M. M.: "This New Royal has many other unusual features, such as specially designed Shock Absorbers — Shock Absorbers with steel leaf springs that soften every typing stroke, give Royal's amazing Velvet-Write. But why not see a dealer?"

★ ★ ★

The New **ROYAL PORTABLE** is 1939's most exciting Christmas gift. For students, teachers, parents—everyone 6 to 70, who likes to do things swiftly, smartly—and well! Prices are reasonable — choose from five models. See the New Royal Portable. Try it at your nearest dealer's store.

Copyright, 1939, Royal Typewriter Company, Inc., 2 Park Ave., New York

THE NEW

MAGIC* MARGIN ROYAL

PORTABLE

*Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

He is always saying apologetically:

"I just can't find any time to read books!"

Yet... **IF HE SPENT (ON AN AVERAGE) ONLY 30 MINUTES A DAY—BEFORE BEDTIME, OR WHILE TRAVELLING TO OR FROM WORK, OR IN OTHER LEISURE MOMENTS—HE COULD EASILY READ EVERY BEST-SELLER DURING THE YEAR, AND A GREAT DEAL MORE!**

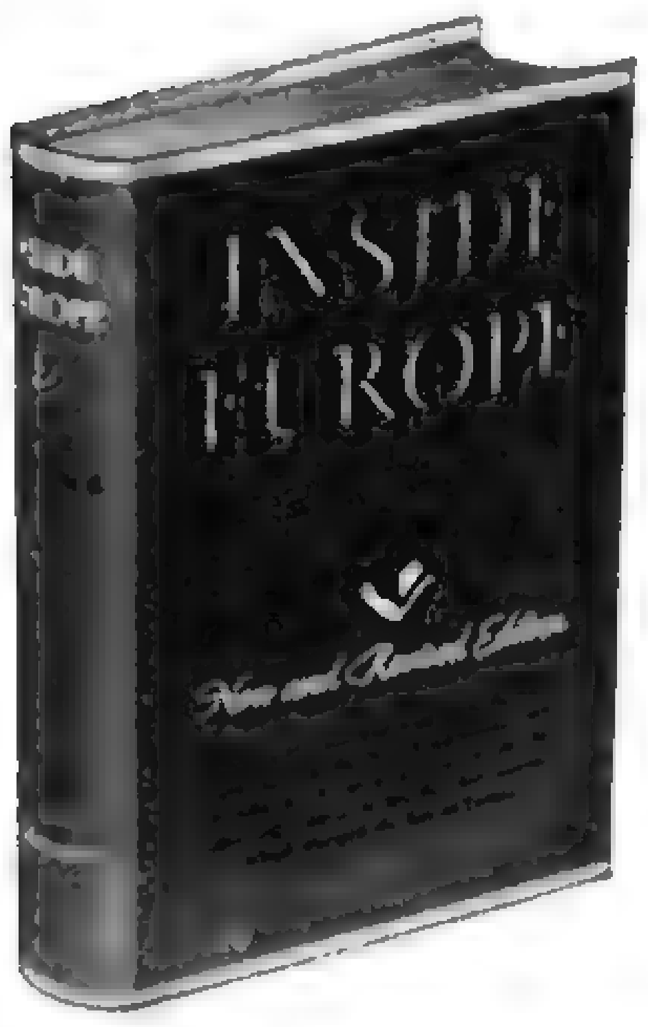
A **FREE** COPY... TO NEW MEMBERS

the new and completely revised

INSIDE EUROPE

by John Gunther

RETAIL PRICE $3.50



—or any one of the other book-dividends listed in coupon

If you decide to join the Book-of-the-Month Club now, we will give you free, as a new member, a book which has been recognized all over the world as a really indispensable volume to anyone who wishes to obtain a panoramic understanding of perplexing international politics. The new and revised edition of INSIDE EUROPE by John Gunther retails for $3.50. This was one of the recent book-dividends of the Club. Or, if you prefer, you may choose one of the other recent book-dividends listed in the coupon.

EVEN if you read slowly, an average of *only half an hour a day* would have enabled you to read, within the past three months, every one of the following widely-discussed new books:

ESCAPE	*by Ethel Vance*
THE GRAPES OF WRATH	*by John Steinbeck*
THE YEARLING	*by Marjorie K. Rawlings*
BLACK NARCISSUS	*by Rumer Godden*
THE NAZARENE	*by Sholem Asch*
INSIDE ASIA	*by John Gunther*
NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD	*by Vincent Sheean*
DAYS OF OUR YEARS	*by Pierre van Paassen*
COUNTRY LAWYER	*by Bellamy Partridge*

or *any other* new books you may have been particularly anxious to read. Instead, if you are the average person, you have probably been confessing to friends that you could "never get around to reading books."

Over 250,000 book-reading families—persons like yourself—have found a subscription to the Book-of-the-Month Club by far the most effectual way to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in.

You are not obliged, as a member of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

Publishers submit all their important books to us. These go through the most careful reading routine now in existence. At the end of this sifting process, our five judges choose one book as the book-of-the-month.

You receive a carefully written report about this book *in advance of its publication.* If you decide from this report that it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

Scores of other recommendations are made to help you choose *among all new books* with discrimination. If you want to buy one of these from the Club, you can get it by merely asking for it. Or you can use these reports (we find that most of our members do) to guide you in buying from a favored bookseller. In other words, you can browse in bookstores as always, but now do it more intelligently; you know what to look for.

In addition, there is a great money-saving. Time and again our judges' choices are books you ultimately find yourself buying anyway. They are always high on national best-seller lists. *For every two books-of-the-month you buy you receive, free, one of our book-dividends.*

So many of the Club's members ordinarily want the book-of-the-month that an enormous edition can be printed. The saving on this quantity-production enables the Club to buy the right to print *other fine* library volumes. These are then manufactured and distributed free among the Club's members—*one for every two books-of-the-month you buy.* For every $1 you spend for a book-of-the-month you actually receive about 75¢ back in the form of free books, figured at retail value.

You pay no yearly sum to belong to the Book-of-the-Month Club. *You pay nothing, except for the books you buy.* Your only obligation is to agree to buy four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, 385 Madison Ave., N. Y. A-8212

Please enroll me as a member. It is understood that I am to receive a free copy of INSIDE EUROPE, that I am also to receive, without expense, your monthly magazine which reports about current books, and that for every two books-of-the-month I purchase from the Club, I am to receive the current book dividend then being distributed. For my part, I agree to purchase at least four books-of-the-month a year from the Club.

If you do not wish Inside Europe *as your free enrollment book, check box below for title you prefer. (No others available at this time.)*

☐ JOSEPH IN EGYPT ☐ TELLERS OF TALES ☐ MADAME CURIE
☐ BARTLETT'S QUOTATIONS ☐ ANDREW JACKSON

Name Mr. Mrs. Miss ....
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

Business Connection, if any ....

Official Position or Occupation ....

IMPORTANT: Please check whether you would like us to ship the current book-of-the-month with the free book above **YES** ☐ **NO** ☐

Books shipped to Canadian members DUTY PAID, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Ltd.

OTHER BOOK-DIVIDENDS RECENTLY DISTRIBUTED FREE, TO BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB MEMBERS

THE BIBLE
The Family Mark Twain
THE NILE
EMIL LUDWIG
THE VIKING PRESS
THOMAS MANN
Stories of Three Decades
FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS
MADAME CURIE
Joseph in Egypt
Joseph in Egypt
TELLERS OF TALES

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

SMART! NEW! *Gift-able!*

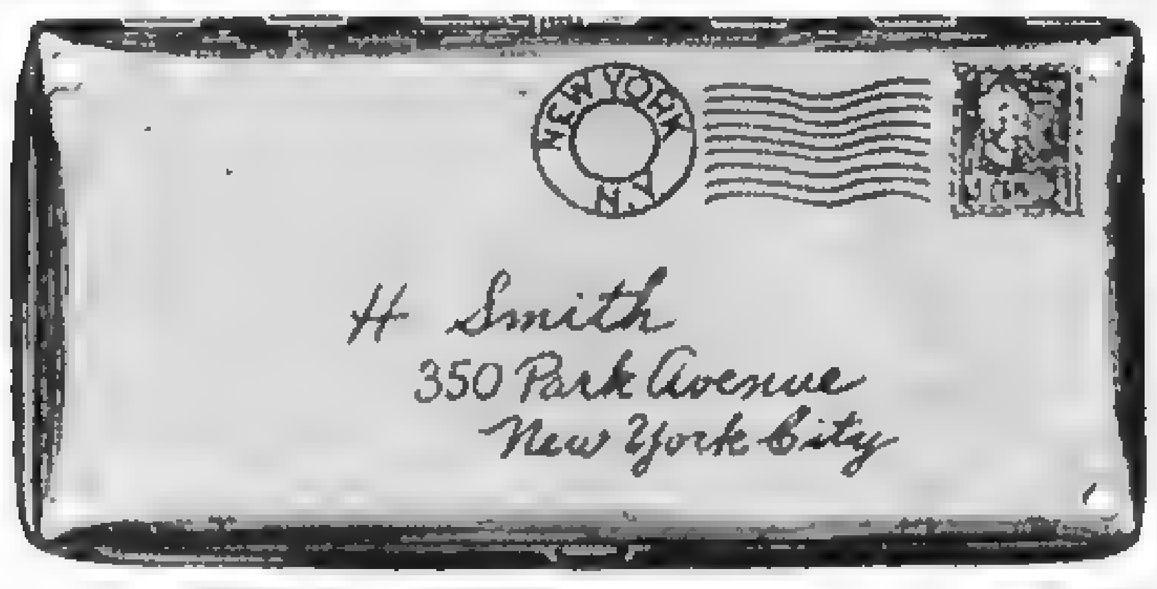
ATOMETTE perfume dispenser for purse . . . leak-proof, spill-proof! Press top to release one drop. As essential as a compact for glamour-on-the-go! Sleek design; stunning gift package. A welcome gift by itself . . . an exciting gift-mate for perfume!

Black or ivory base with red, peach, blue or ivory top, $1.00

At dept. stores. Or order direct, specifying colors. Orders filled promptly. Send money order or check to

ATOMETTE 40 E. 21 ST. NEW YORK

SEND THIS GIFT!
ENVELOPE CIGARETTE CASE



$1 PERSONALIZED...Thin As A Watch...Holds 20 cigarettes. Beautifully enameled—Flexible Metal—Permanent Ink. This handsome gift addressed to him—(or her!). At better stores or order direct. Delivered to your friends and you postpaid in time for Christmas. Make them think of you 20 times every day.

CLEEVELANDT CORP. 2 W. 46th ST. New York City

VIZ-LITE
THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS!

THE PERFECT XMAS GIFT

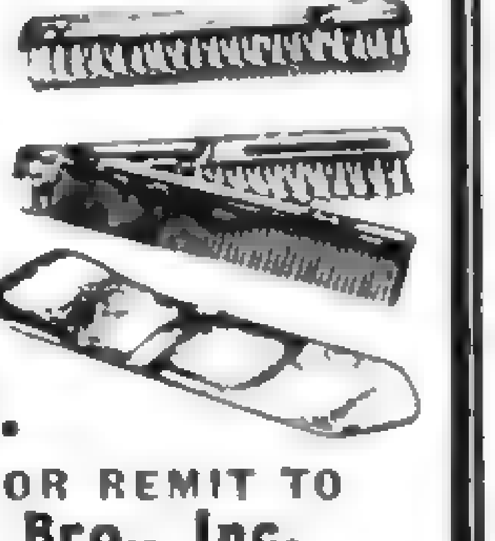
Here's 8 ounces of sure light. No batteries! VIZ-LITE generates its own light. Throws a brilliant beam. Always ready! SPARE BULB recessed in streamlined plastic case. Pocket size. Built with instrument precision; rustproof and not effected by salt water. Ideal for autoists, yachtsmen, campers, hunters, builders, inspectors, etc.

No Batteries!

Only $5.00
Guaranteed

Get VIZ-LITE at: Abercrombie & Fitch, Hammacher, Schlemmer, & Co., Lewis and Conger or send $5.00 to

VIZ CORPORATION, 339 E. Price St., Phila., Pa.



Brush-King FOR HER FOR HIM

Ingenious comb-and-brush, detachable and usable separately or snapped together—brushes as it combs. Leather case for pocket or handbag. In sterling, engine-turned, $4. In gold electro-plate, $2.

AT LEADING DEALERS OR REMIT TO
Henry Lederer & Bro., Inc.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Spiffy
COLLAR STAY
Holds your collar neat and trim
PREVENTS CURLING
PREVENTS WRINKLES

SELF ADJUSTABLE AND INVISIBLE

GET A SPIFFY STAY today

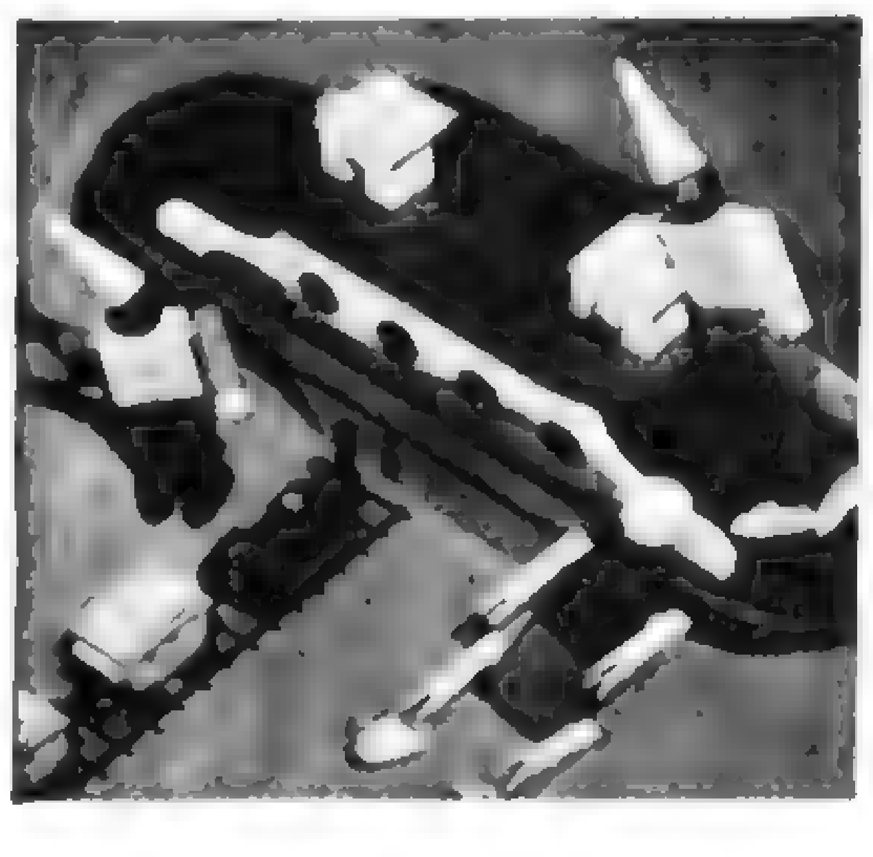
At Your Men's Shop or Jeweler

It gives you that starched collar appearance with soft collar comfort. If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct. Send 25c (coin or stamps) for silver, 50c for Deluxe 24K Gold finish. State name and address of dealer who was unable to supply you and we will include free an attractive tie chain.

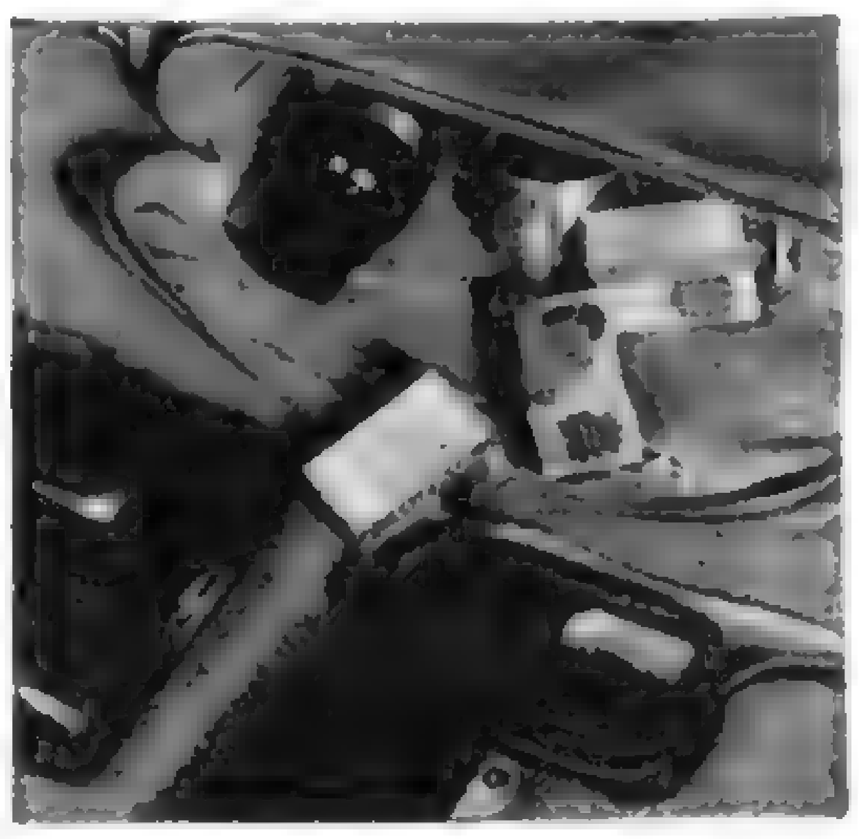
CREST SPECIALTY CO.
663 W. Washington Street, Desk M, Chicago, Illinois

PRESENTS EXTRAORDINAIRE. Last minute lifesavers—a beautifully bedecked Christmas package that unfolds imported cocktail crackers, Dutch chocolate wafers, stuffed fruits and orange and lemon slices. Its perpetrators will include anything you ask for. Or for the young matron who has yet to abandon that good old tea-time custom—a handsome, silver plated tea-kettle that comes along with an alcohol lamp.

GIFT STOCKING TALES . . . a small, compact travel alarm clock with unique sliding front shutter and folding easel back which completely close the case for traveling—a single key winds both the time and alarm spring. It's finished in ivory and gold or black and nickel . . . the roulette wheel compact really works, is no gamble as a gift . . . also the leather harmonica key ring—actually plays . . . the cartridge salt and pepper pair are sterling silver.



HEADLINES FROM THE NURSERY. For bedroom and bath tub—a sprightly ferry boat, colorfully enameled in red, white and blue with a weighted keel that keeps it right side up. The figures are part of a "Salaam to the Sultan" construction set of enameled wood pieces with rubber joints—it all adds up to the Sultan's menage when put together. Also along manipulative lines is the De Witt Clinton train, comes knocked down ready for construction.



CARRYALL FOR CAMERAMEN. Something of a fiend in his quiet way, the amateur photographer with his insatiable appetite for things photographic and photogenic is an easy man to please. Easy certainly, if someone comes through Christmas morn with this photo utility kit. Made of cowhide, and designed for outdoor work, it has a shoulder strap for convenient carrying. Inside are spaces for all his paraphernalia—cameras, extra lenses, films, exposure meters, et al.

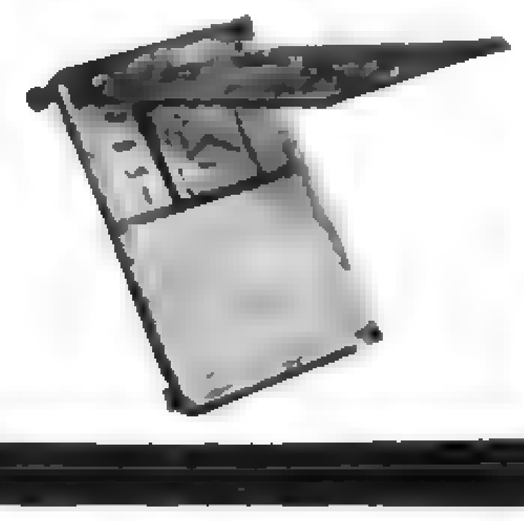
MAN AND HIS BOTTLE. This time it's a pair of cologne and lotion bottles, masculine enough so the lady (any lady) in question won't have an excuse for appropriation. They're cut crystal with pigskin bases. The despondent hound dog is one of those appealing pottery canines that will be finding their way into Christmas stockings.

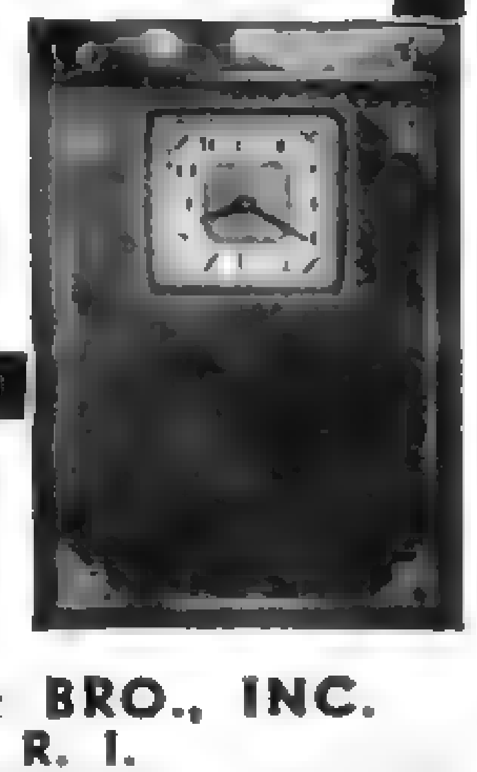
Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

MEM-O-CLOCK

IDEAL GIFT for a busy executive—the time and all engagements at a glance — easy to write, easy to see. Reliable 30-hour clock; "Fabrikoid" cover in gold-embossed, two-tone antique Spanish finish; polished brass mounts; boxed $6.





AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE OR REMIT TO

HENRY LEDERER & BRO., INC.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Carve PLASTICS
Moto-Tool
NICK-NACK
41

AMERICA'S Newest Hobby

Make dull moments delightful, creative, educational. Turn your spare hours into cash. Master the fascinating new art of *plastic carving*, now made easy for all with *Moto-Tool NICK NACK Carving Kit.* Make useful, colorful giftware, toys, statuary, costume jewelry from marble-like new plastic substance. Work out original designs of your own in wood, glass, metals . . . like things sold in stores at 4 to 5 times manufacturing cost. Enjoy this new hobby just for fun . . . or start a profitable home-work business.

NOTICE **Motor-in-Hand Tool Owners.** Carving Project Book, exactly as furnished in Kits, sent separately, for only **$1** *Postpaid.*

Kits Include 24 Pg. Book "How to Make 41 Projects"

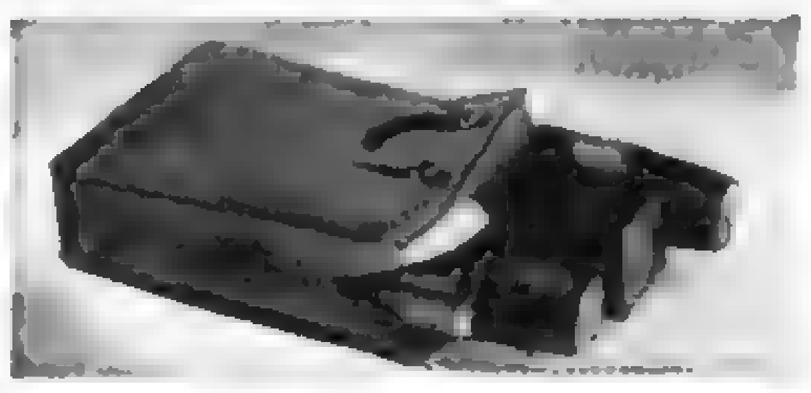
JUNIOR Kit with No. 1 Moto-Tool (25,000 r.p.m.), 17 accessories, plastic materials for 10 projects — in beautiful wood case *only $17.85.*

MASTER Kit with factory type No. 2 Moto-Tool (27,000 r. p. m.), 23 accessories and plastics for 20 projects — in beautiful wood case as shown, *only $24.85.*

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE Money promptly refunded if you are not delighted after inspection.

Big project book goes with both Kits. See Moto-Tool "Nick-Nack" Kits at your dealers, or order direct. Send remittance and we pay postage — or send $2.00 and pay postman balance plus postage. **Write for circular.**

DREMEL MFG. CO., Dept. K209-M, Racine, Wis.

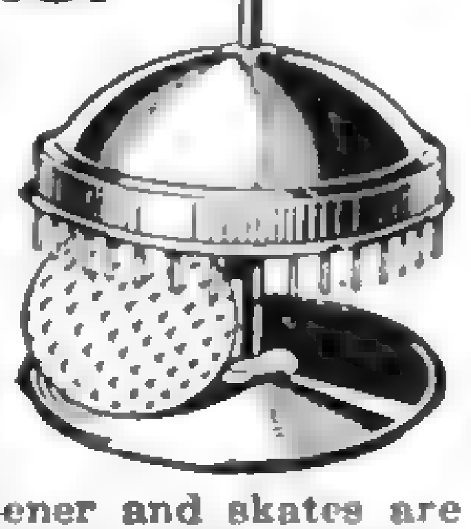


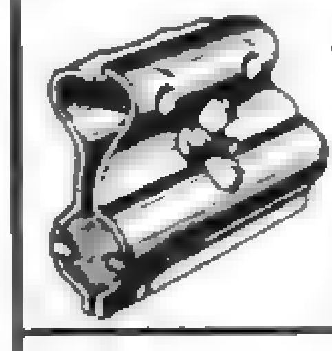
OUTING KIT

Complete
$6.85

The kit contains two quart size thermos bottles each with 4 cups and a sandwich box neatly fitted in a pigskin-like case.

SCULLY & SCULLY, Inc.
506 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK



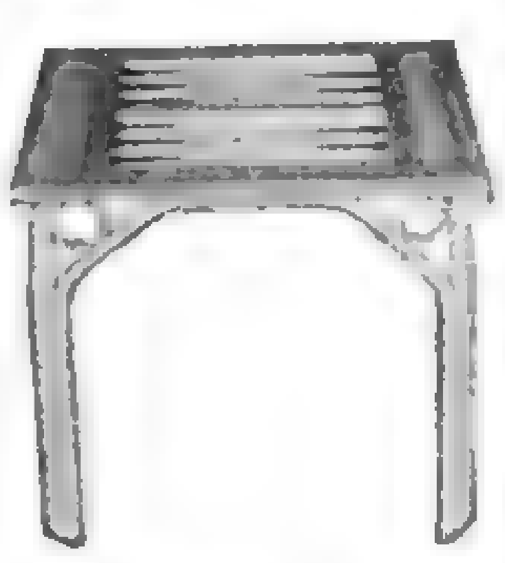


Gift for the Golfer

Score a hole-in-one Christmas morn with Bobby's Portable Golf Hole! Improve putting right in the living room. "Just like a cup on the Green." Each $1.00 or 3 for $2.75 postpaid.

And Skater

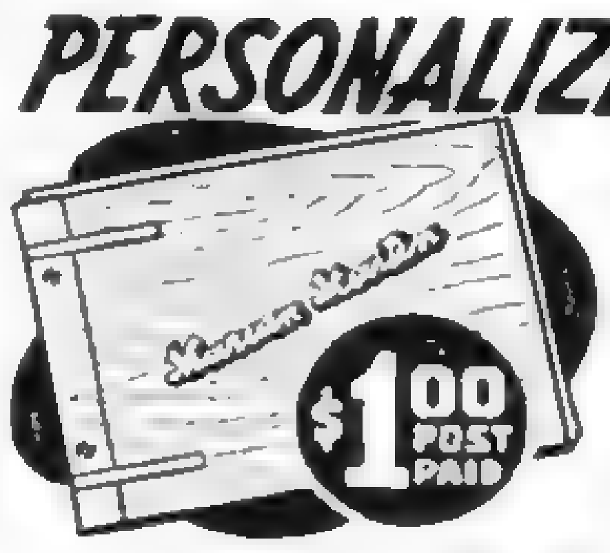
Add to skating pleasure. A few strokes with the Berghman Sharpener and skates are like new. Adjustable. $1.00 postpaid. **E. BERGHMAN CO., 1417 Washington Boulevard, Maywood, Ill.**



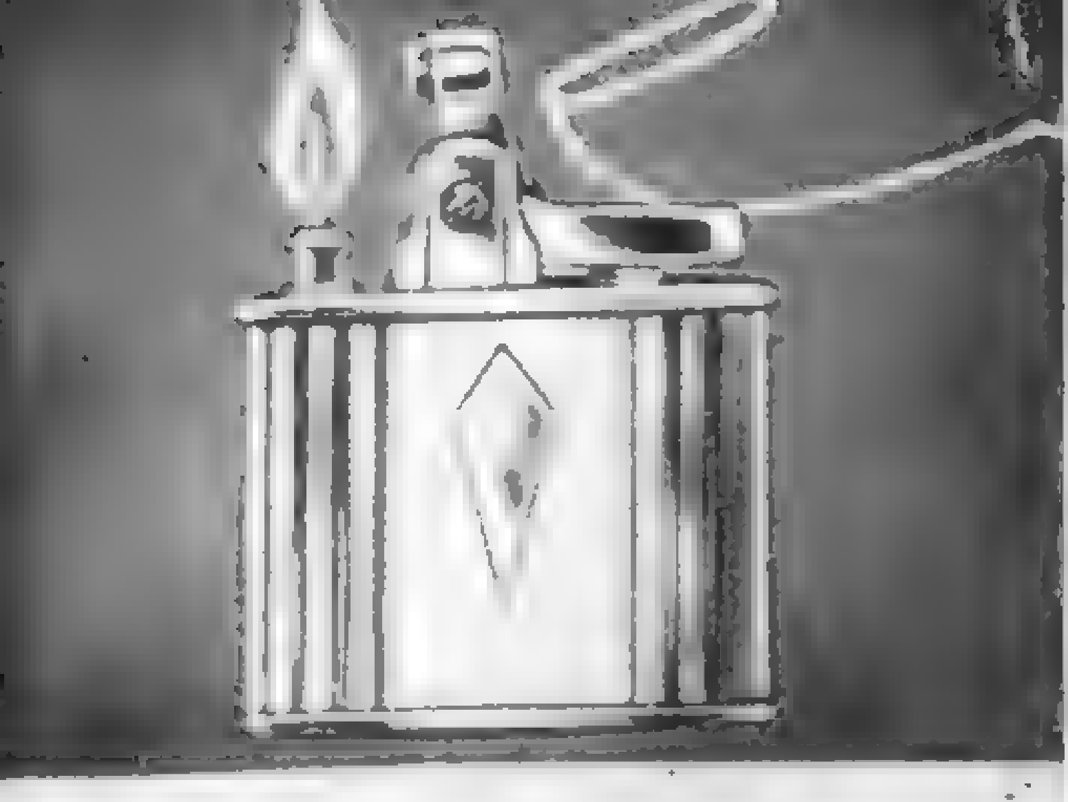
This smart looking reversible backgammon and bridge table made in beautiful rattan is on display with chairs to match at Esquire's Fifth Avenue Fair and at the

GRAND CENTRAL WICKER SHOP, Inc.
217 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.

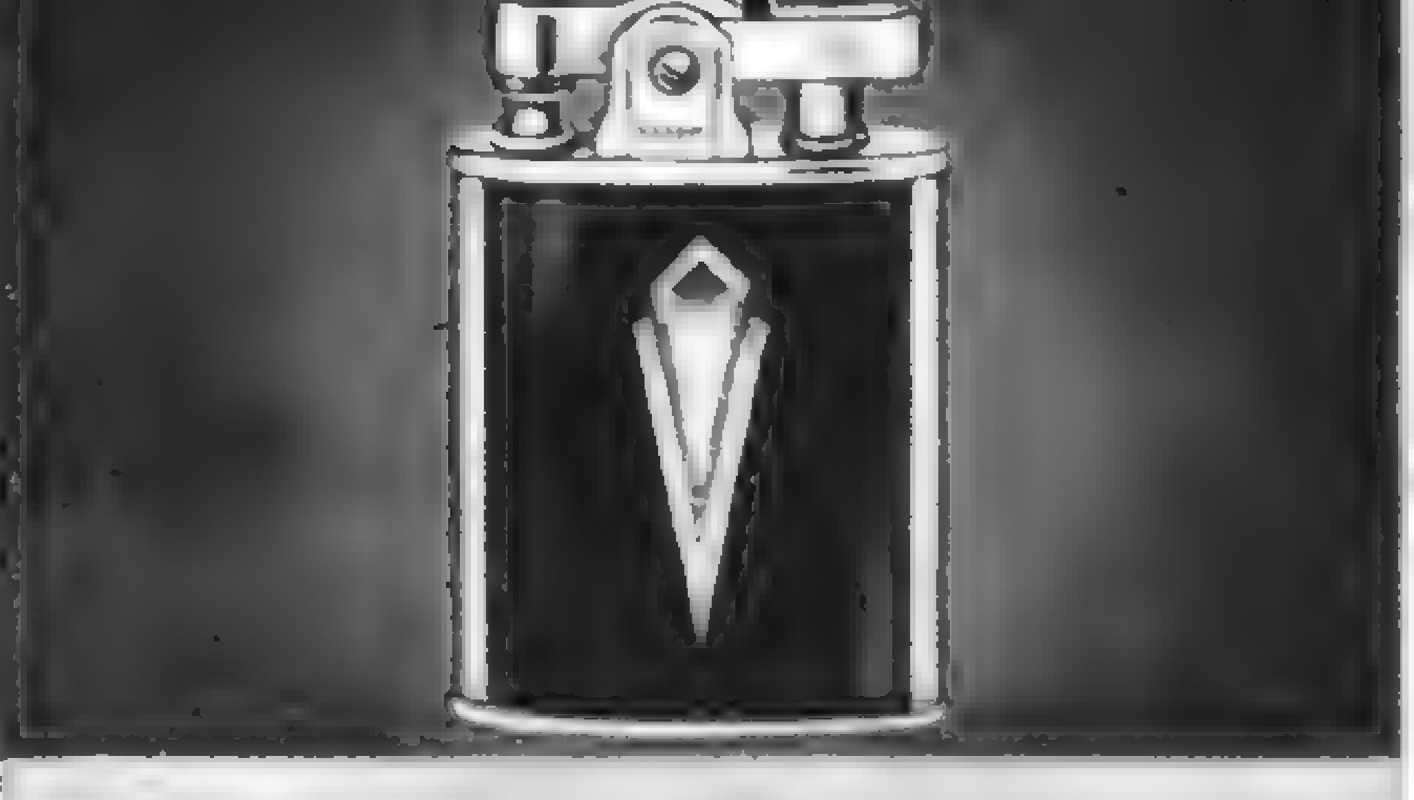
PERSONALIZED ALBUMS



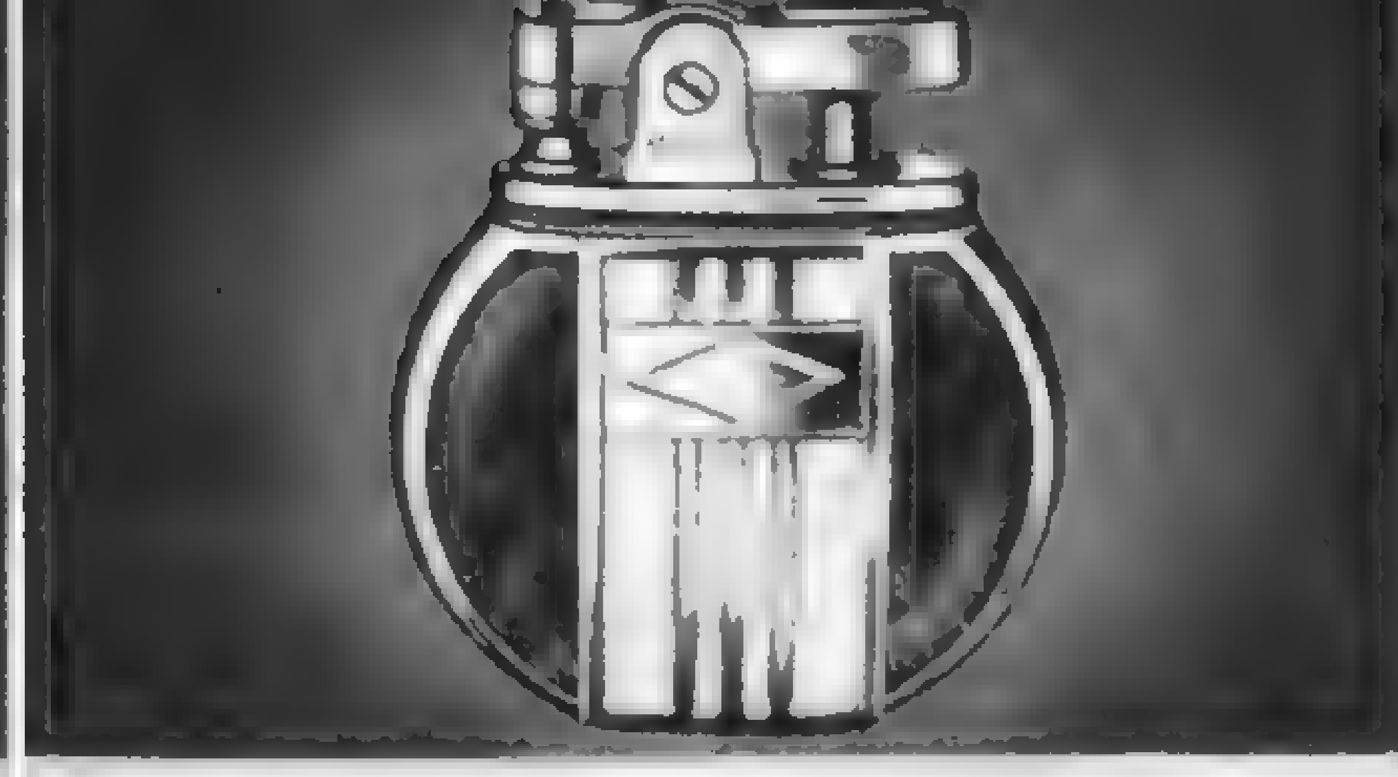
Made from prestwood, with your own name or that of a friend's hand-carved from wood. **Ideal for Xmas.** These beautiful 9" x 12" photo albums packed in attractive Xmas Gift Box. **Just mail $1.00 check or money order together with name wanted to: WOODCARVERS, 55 E. Wacker Dr. Chicago**



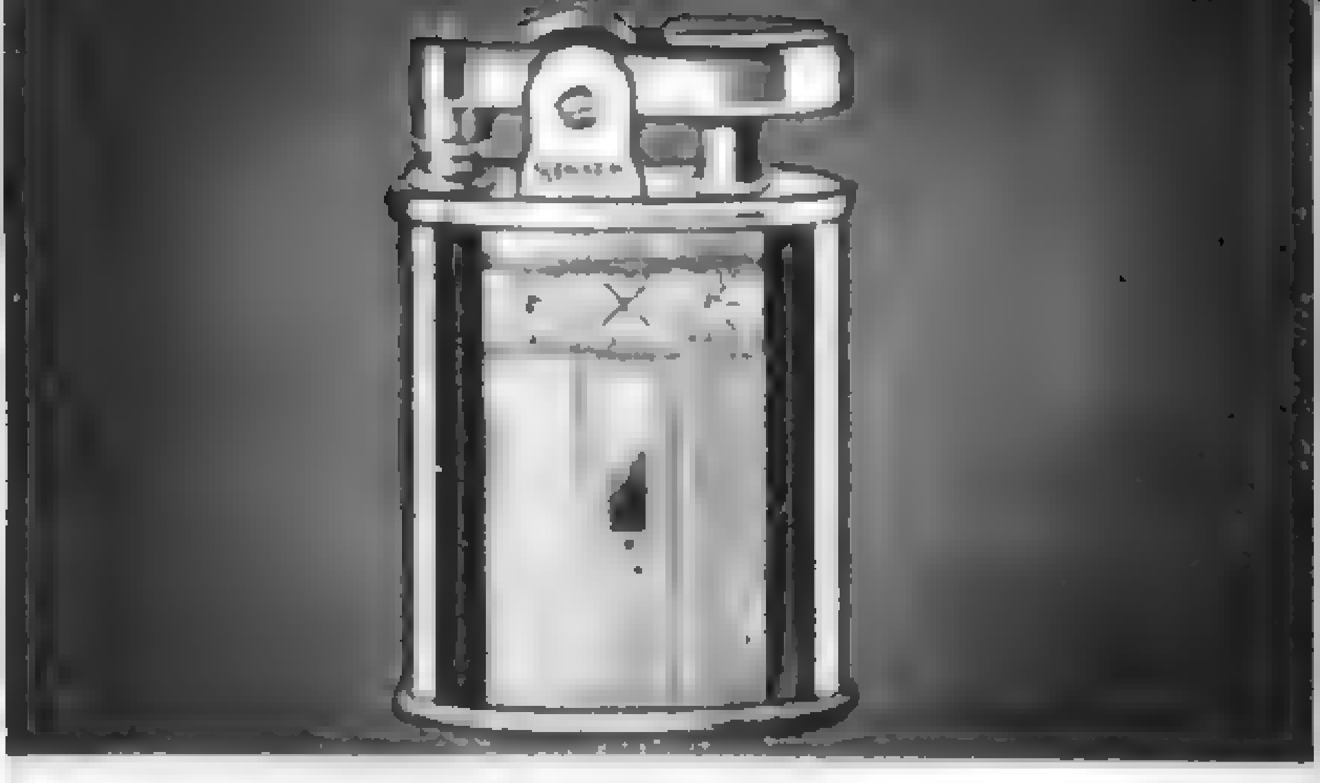
RD—For his pocket or her handbag. A useful, ht, trim and modern accessory of dress. The 't be without it" type of gift.



BANKER—As rich in appearance, as honest in performance and as practical as any Banker should be. This gift will earn you more than thanks—lasting gratitude.



VICEROY—Designed to fit snugly in the hand, unobtrusively and lightly in the pocket or handbag, this exquisite lighter makes a gift which is just a little different.



GEM—Convenient, handsome, clean and safe, this faithful little pocket or handbag lighter is a perfect gift. As well as a lasting reminder of the giver.

For EVERYONE ON YOUR GIFT LIST
—THERE'S AN APPROPRIATE RONSON

Not for just "The Day" but for the Years

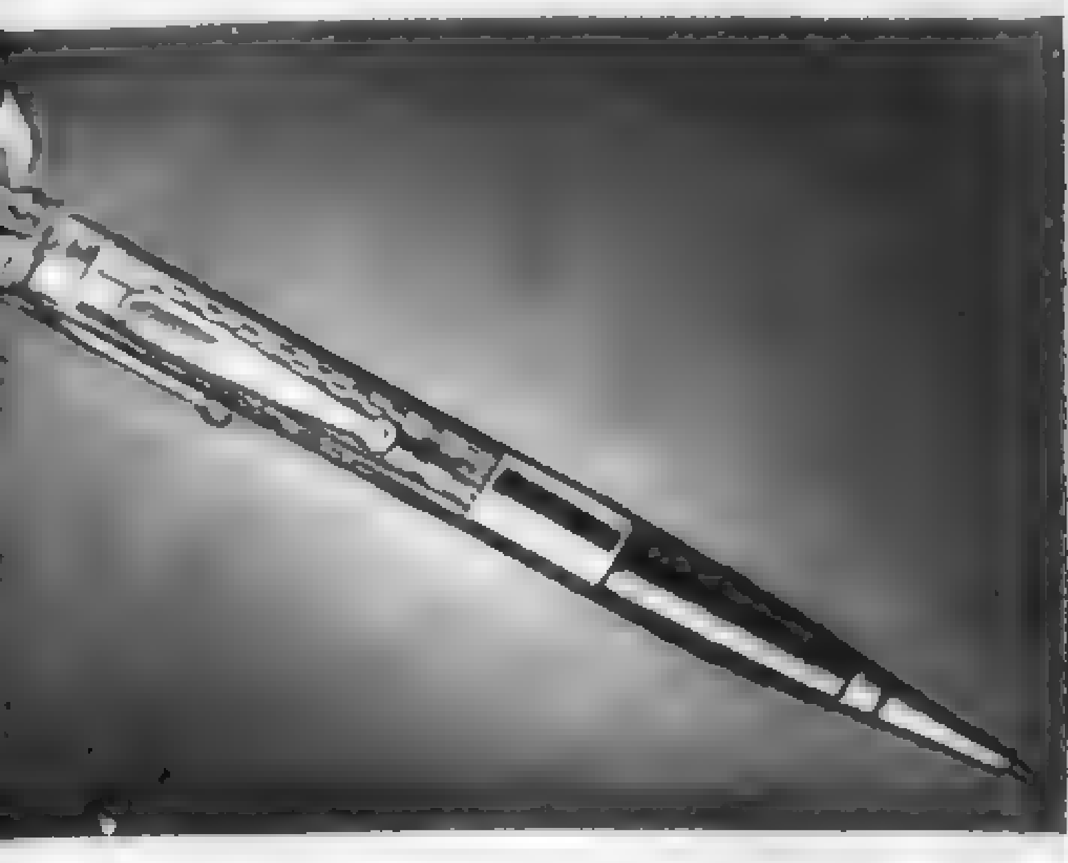
When you give a RONSON you give 7 priceless things: 1 Enduring Service 2 Impressive Beauty 3 Modern Smartness 4 Convenience 5 Cleanliness—*no more messy match stubs* 6 Safety—*protection against accidental match burns* 7 Grateful memories of the giver which will increase as the years go on.

RONSON

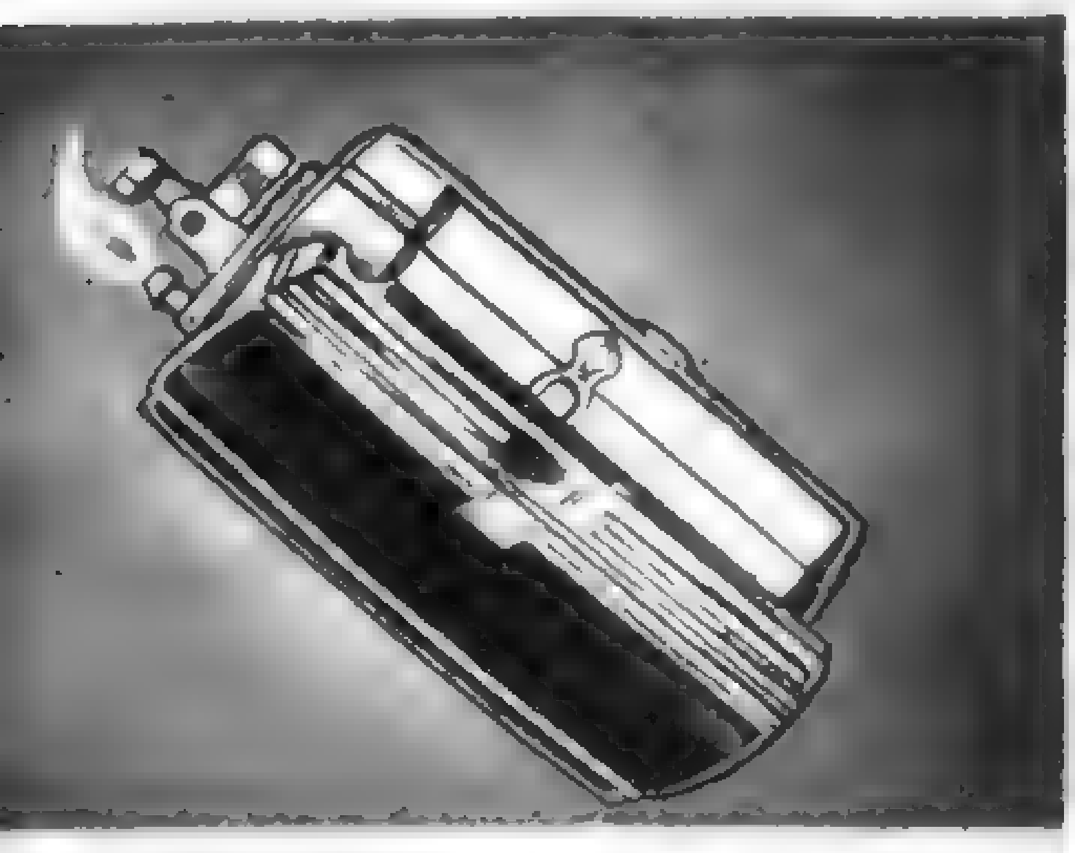
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

See these RONSONS illustrated, and a wealth of other RONSONS at your jeweler, department store or any store selling smokers' fine articles. *Styles pictured, $3.75 to $16.50. Others from $3.75 to $30.00.*

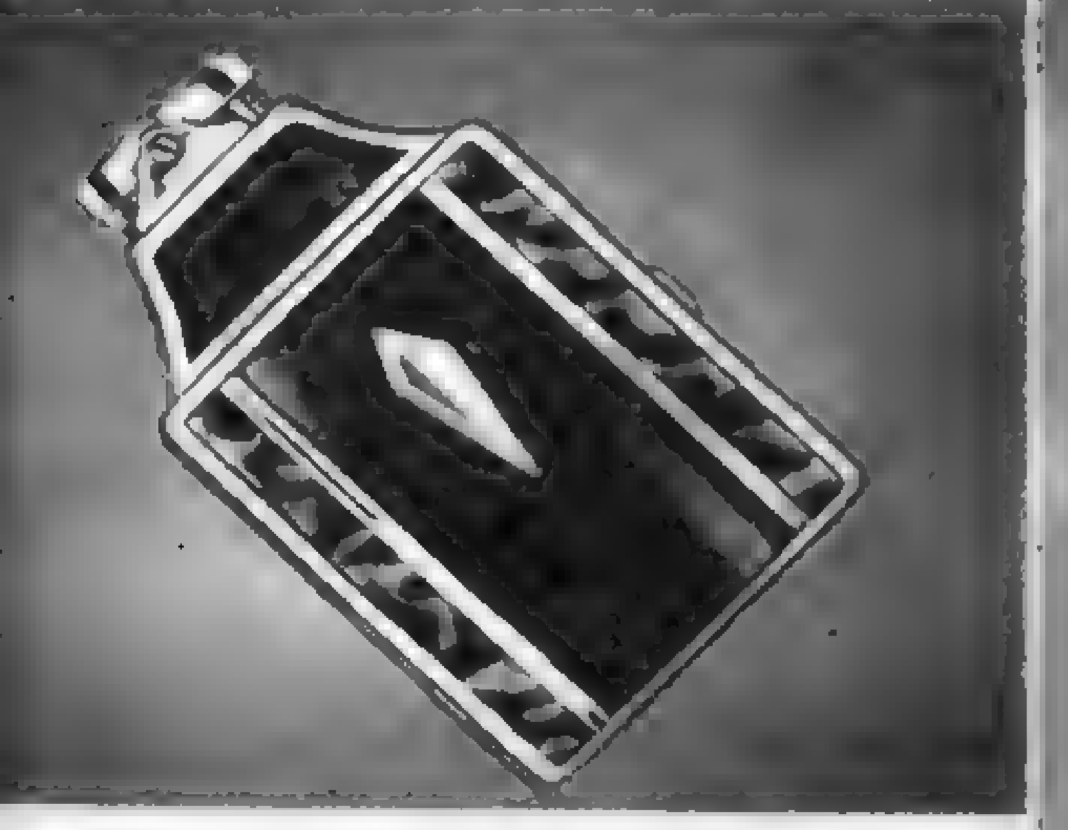
Merchants requiring rush holiday shipments, address your jobber or distributor immediately, or RONSON, Newark, N. J. Also Toronto, Canada; and London, England.



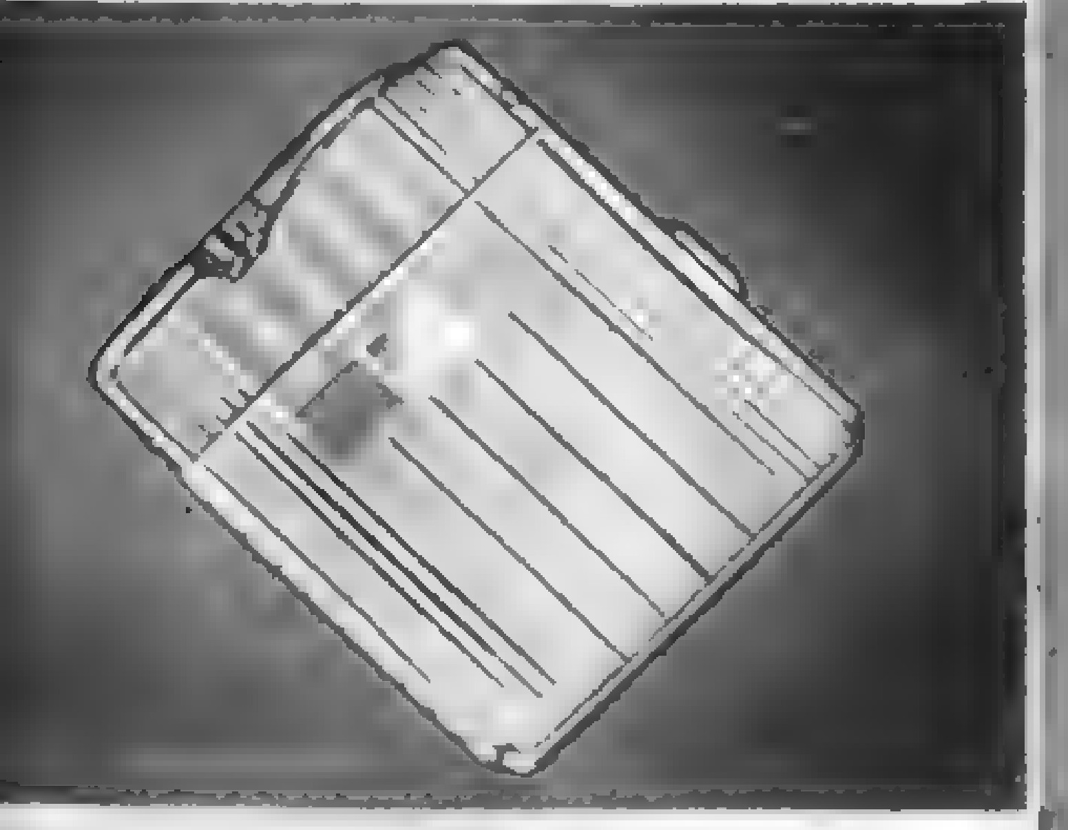
ER—For those who smoke while they write, this on lighter and superfine propel-repel pencil with xtra leads, etc., is an unusual, practical gift.



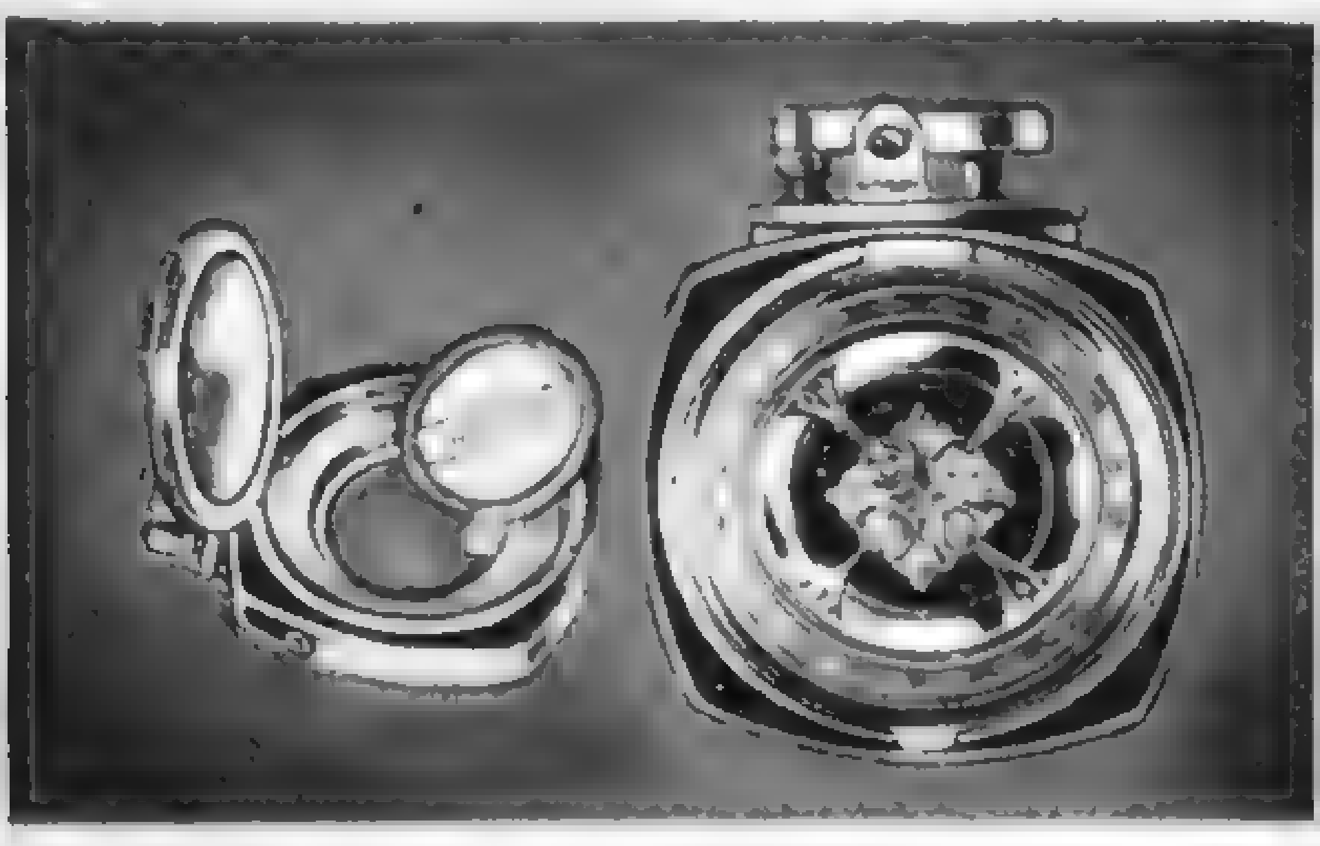
SE—Whether he or she carries it in sport or busime, this compactly styled lighter-cigarette comits snugly in pocket or handbag. Years of service.



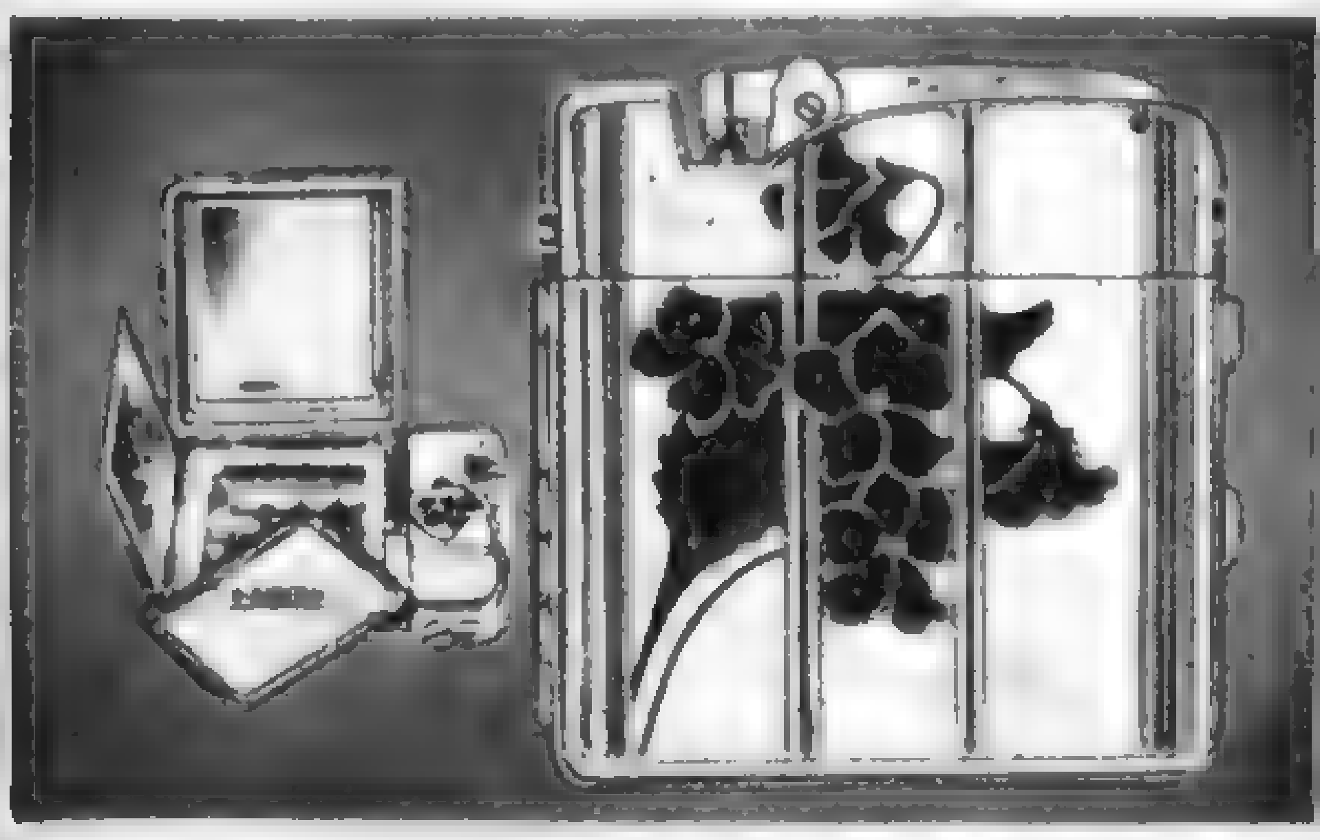
ASE—Combination lighter-cigarette case. Holds s supply of cigarettes and fuel. The sort of gift emember you by" for years to come.



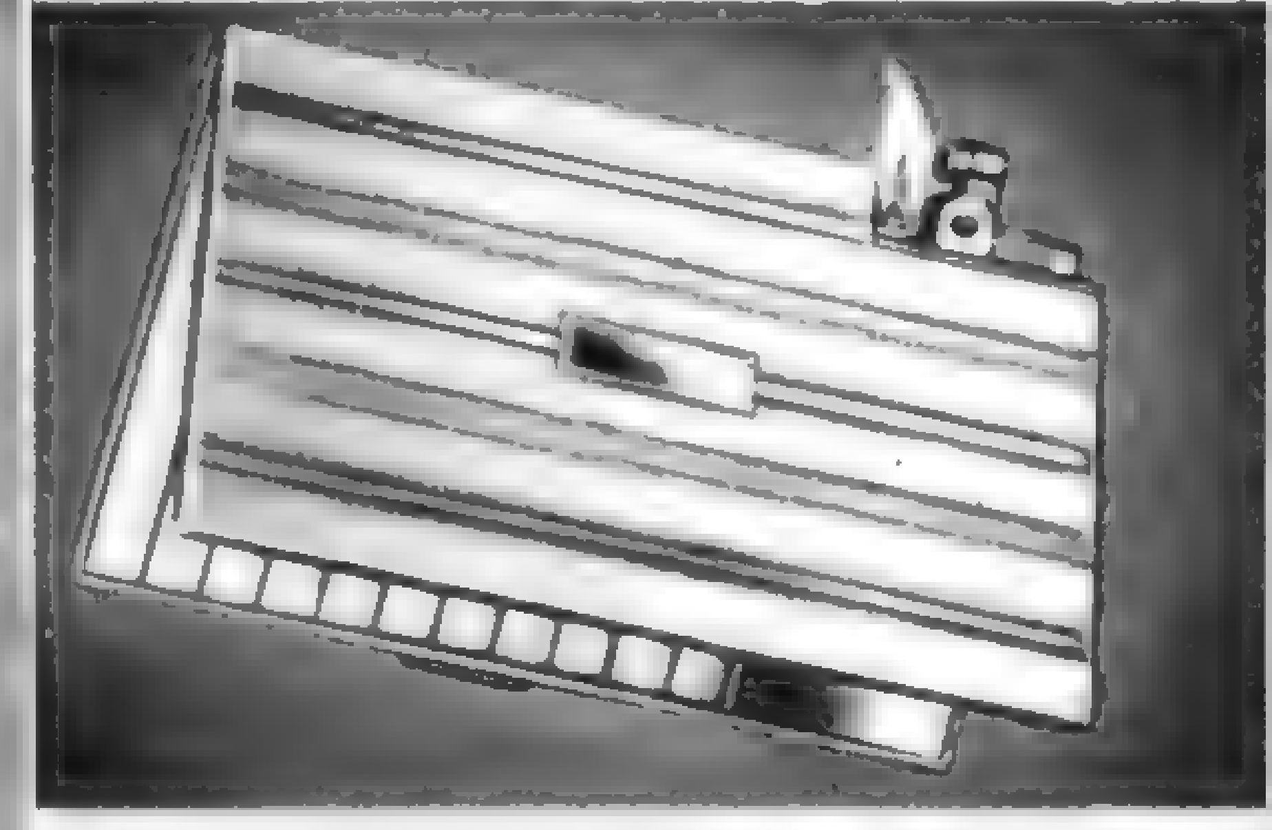
SE—RONSON is the "World's Greatest Lighter." N cigarette case is "tops" the world over. Add you have a highly useful, lasting gift for any smoker.



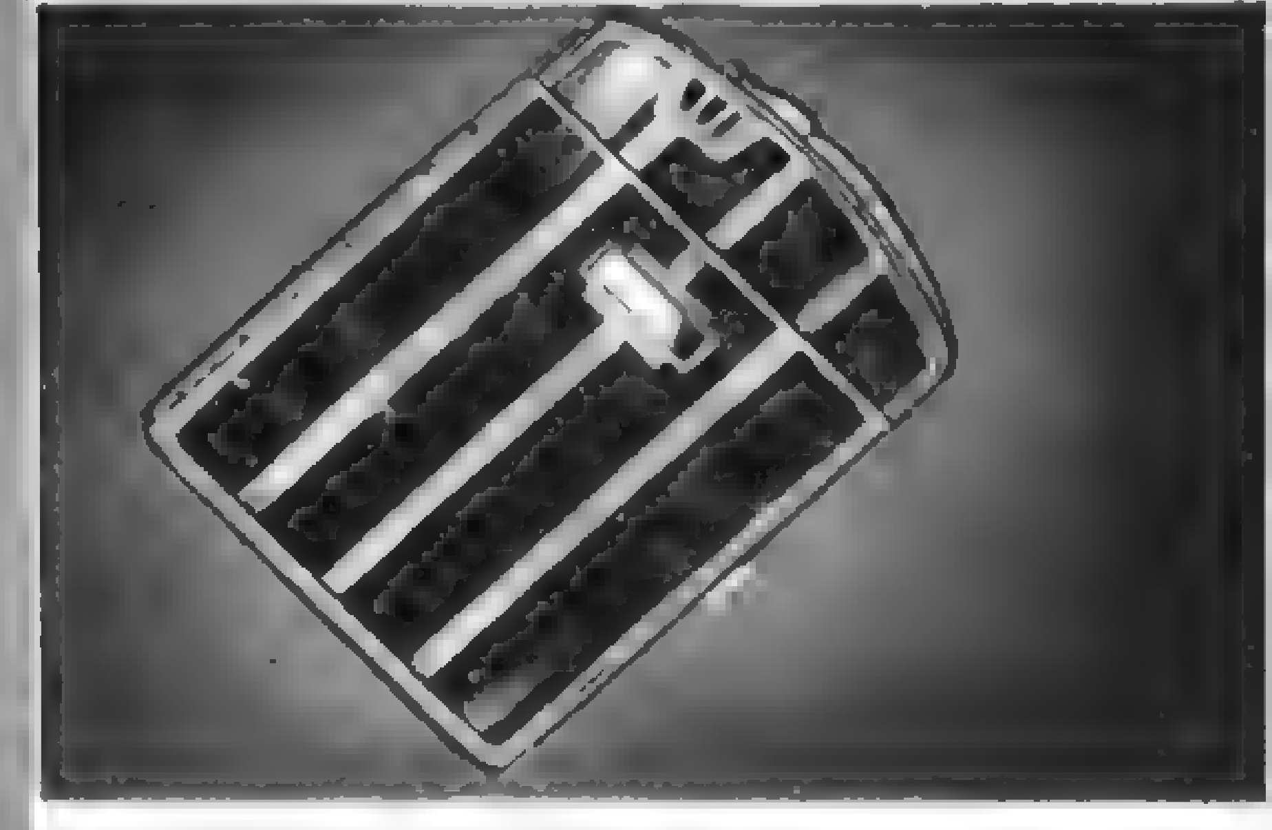
LITERPACT—Lighter combined with complete vanity. The smartest, cleverest accessory you ever saw. She'll say "Just what I wanted" and really mean it.



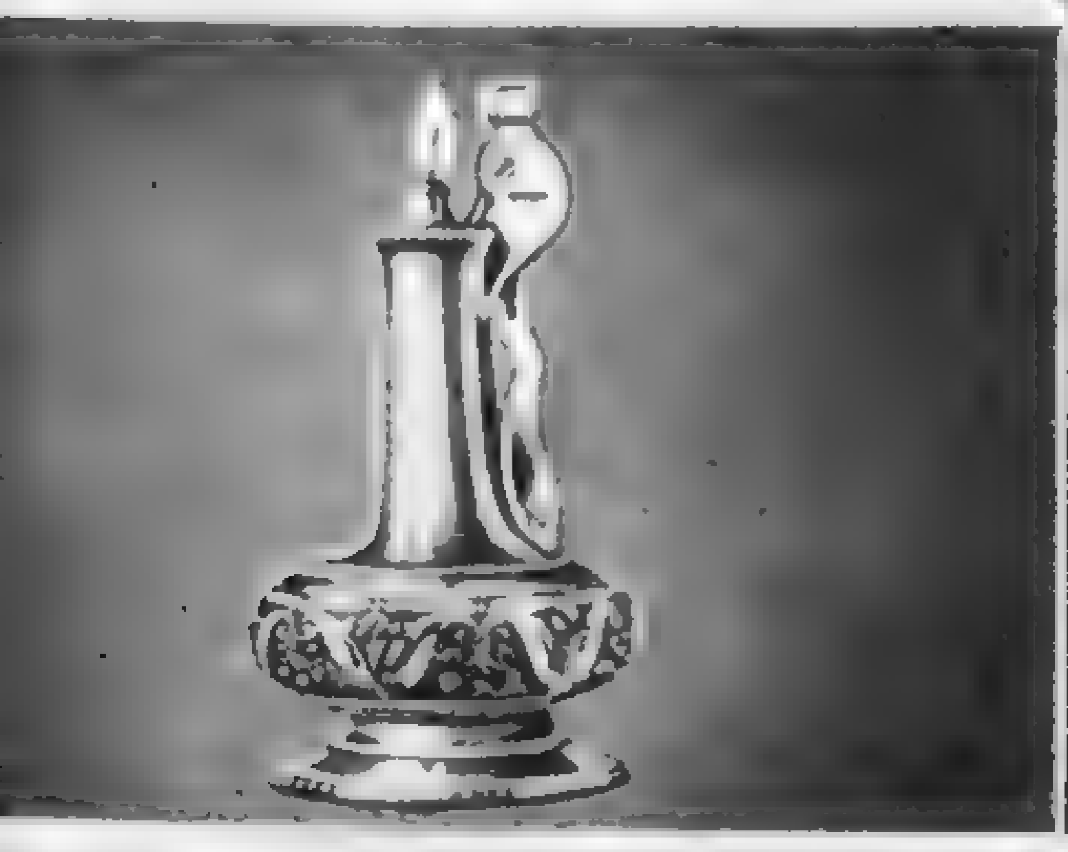
LADY-PACT—This unusual lighter-vanity combination has received much favorable comment in leading women's magazines. "Stunning" is the word.



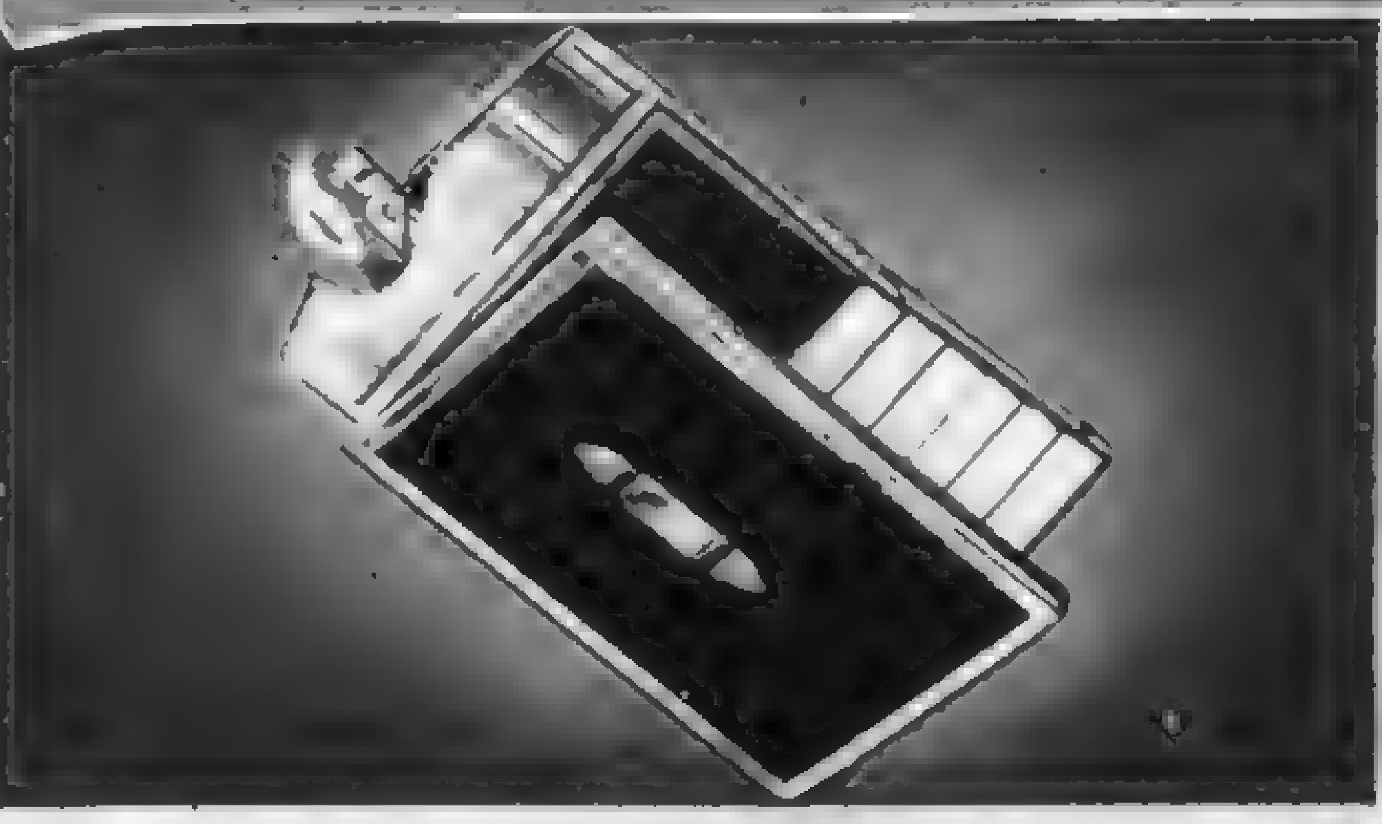
ULTRACASE—Ultra in appearance, convenience and endurance. Carries cigarettes and also lights them. Appeal to practical instincts and good taste.



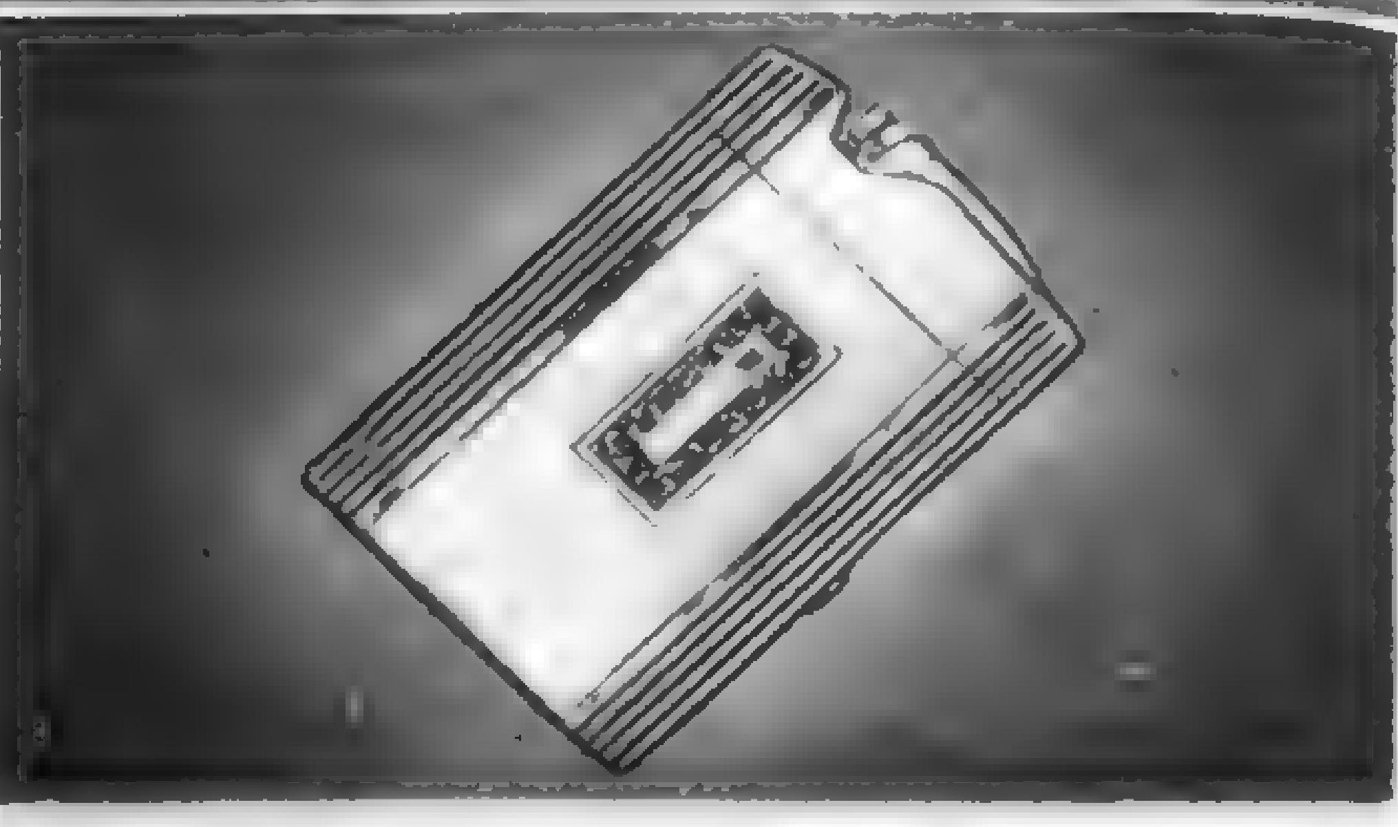
TWENTYCASE—Holds a full pack. The rich appearance of this trim lighter-cigarette case makes it an ideal gift fo smokers who enjoy distinguished-looking accessories.



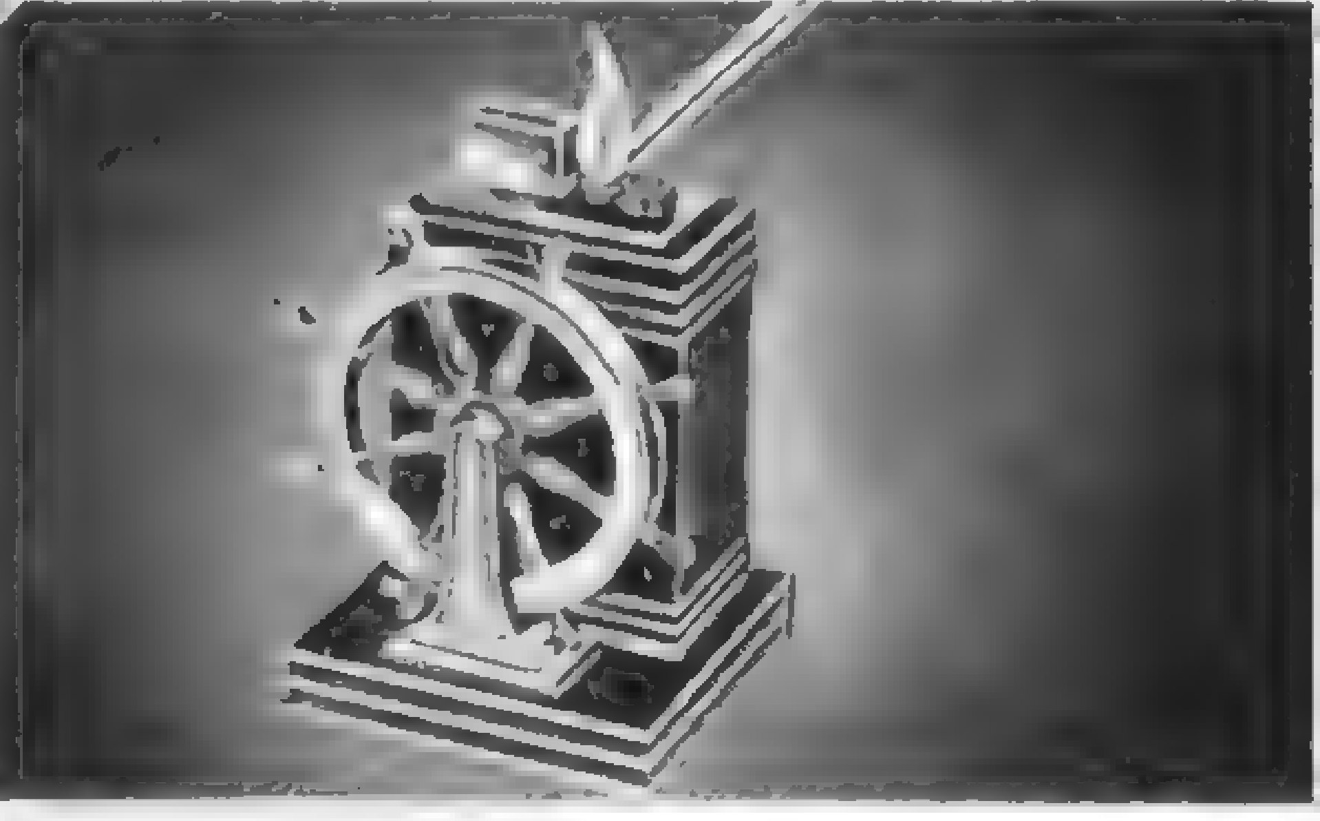
R-DELUXE—Whether gracing the dining or occae, this lovely RONSON offers a convenient, clean rn cigarette or cigar lighter service.



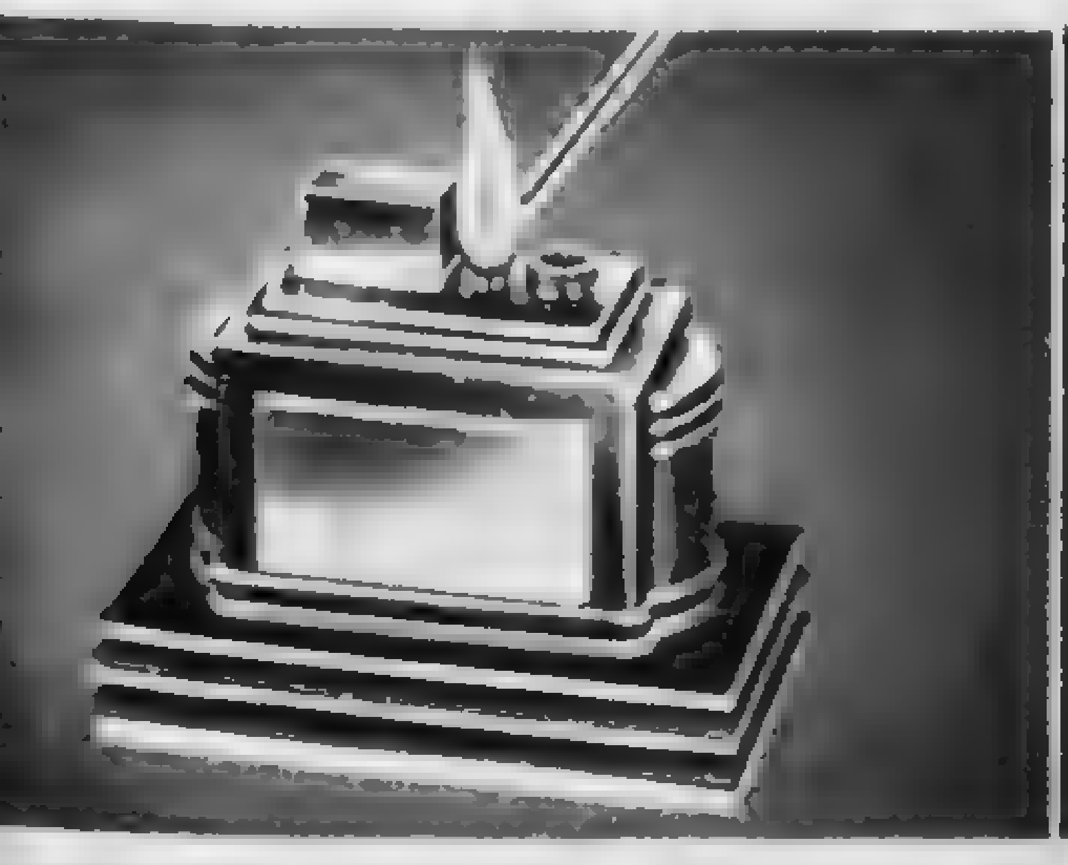
ZEPHYR—RONSON goldplate lighter with cigarette case. Front and back panels black, flexible, pin-grained, genuine English Morocco leather. A thrilling gift.



MONARCH—Slim, light and swagger lighter-cigarette case. So designed that it may be carried either by the "dressy" or highly conservative. A truly magnificent gift.

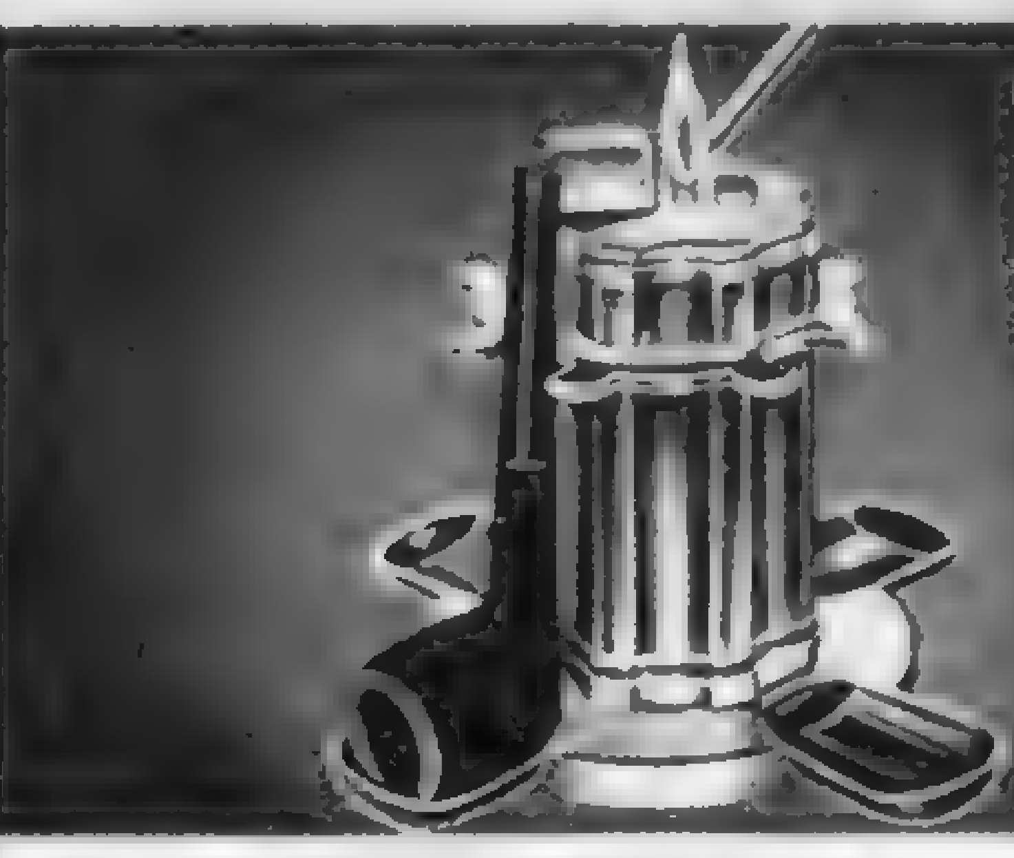


NAUTICAL TOUCH-TIP—An "oh-how-unusual" gift to anyone who enjoys interesting, admiration-creating and yet useful home decorations.

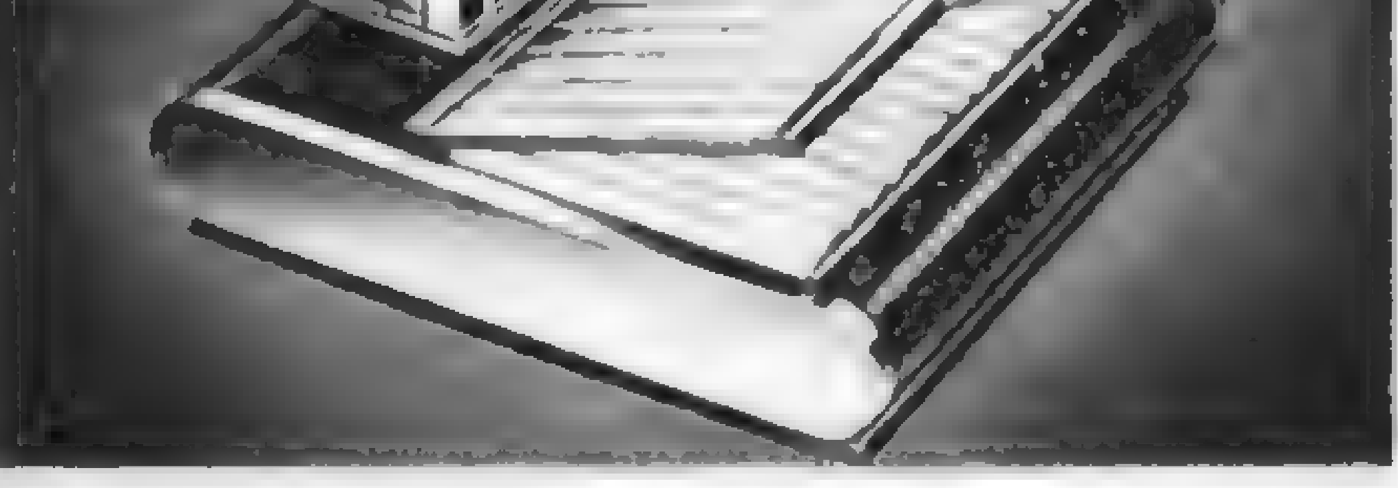


CLASSIC—Designed for any room or occaersatile little RONSON will delight any hostess ests. A "sure-fire" gift.

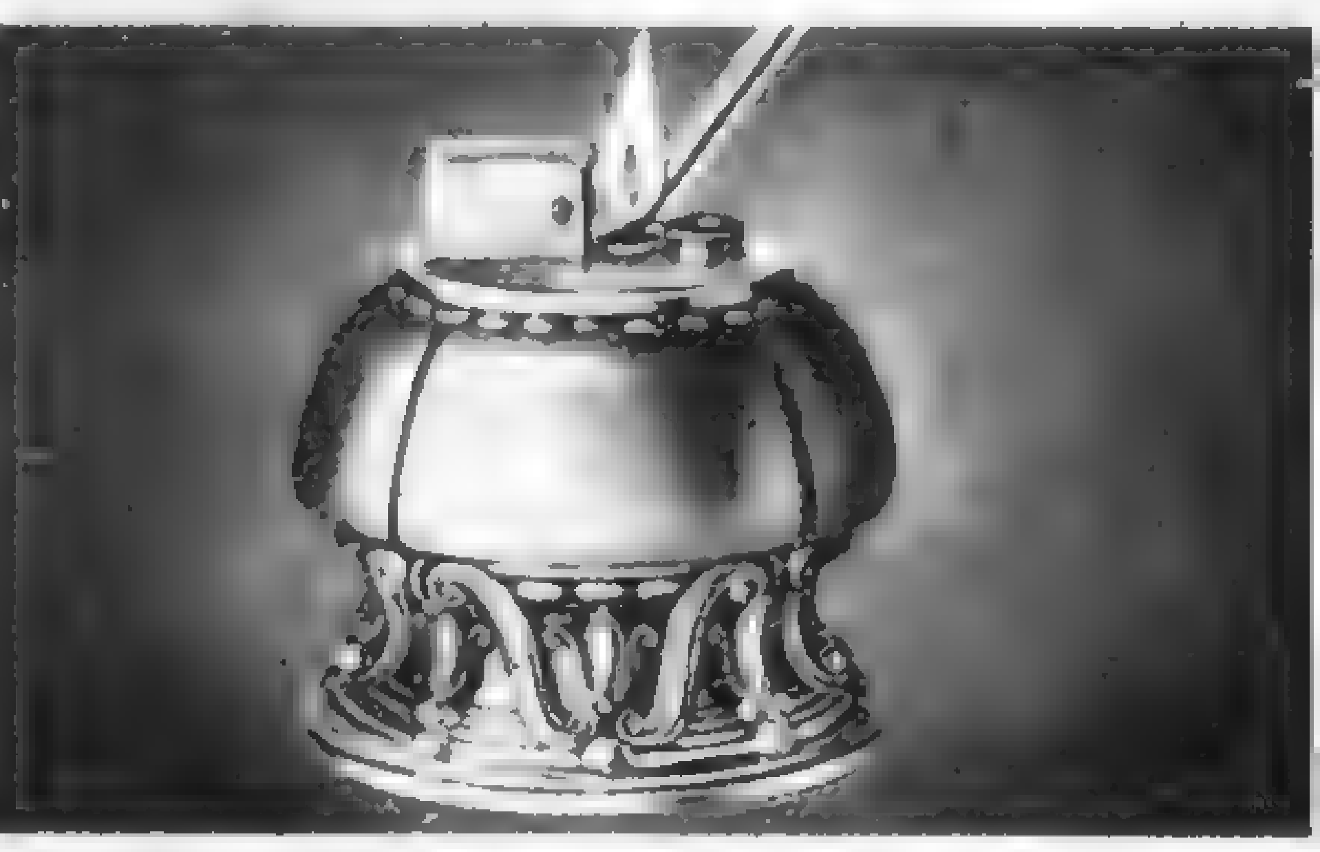
Touch Tip—
And It's Lit!



TOUCH-TIP and PIPE REST—Designed by an old pipe smoker for pipe smokers. Long, convenient torch-rod. No messy, dangerous match stubs. A filling serves for months.



TOUCH-TIP with CIGARETTE BOX—Unbreakable, clear, grooved, crystal-like lid. Houses cigarettes for a houseful of guests. A gift for which you'll receive repeated thanks.



VIKING TOUCH-TIP—Silver plated table lighter of handsome, modern Swedish design. Will save table linen, furniture, etc., from match burns. An impressive, useful gift.

GIVE
Manhattans
①
②
③
④

...KNOWN AS THE BEST...THE BEST KNOWN

The celebrated Manhattan label adds dignity and importance to your gift. Here is style that is original and modern but never forsakes the refined essentials. Here are fabrics that are woven through with quality. Here is tailoring that has distinguished the Manhattan name the world over. Manhattan Shirts, Pajamas, Handkerchiefs and Sportswear are sold by better retailers everywhere. A Manhattan gift is a welcome gift—make yours a Manhattan.

MANHATTAN SHIRTS—All men wear white shirts (#5). Give him Manhattans in plain or self-figured broadcloth, in rugged oxford, or in rich, crisp-looking piqué. Or if he prefers something more decorative, choose from the brilliant array of Manhattan patterned or plain-toned shirts (#6)—really the last word in creative designing. Prices start at $2.

MANHATTAN DRESS SHIRTS—A Manhattan dress shirt (#7) is in a class by itself. Generations of experience have gone into its making. Correct to the minutest detail, airy mesh bodies for comfort seekers, and models for everyman. $2.50 to $5.

MANHATTAN PAJAMAS—The famous Man-Eased "band of comfort" is one reason why your Manhattan pajama gift (#2) will be appreciated. Another reason is the attractive styles you are bound to select from these consistently beautiful pajamas. $2 and higher.

The Mansemble pajama and robe shown at left (#4) is one of the smartest gifts of the year. Contained in a tasteful gift box.

Alpiner (upper left #2), a pajama adaptation of the smart ski-suit motif in a warm knit fleeced fabric.

MANHATTAN HANDKERCHIEFS—Handkerchiefs (#1) are always acceptable gifts and Manhattan handkerchiefs combine style and quality to an unusual degree. Choice fabrics, careful workmanship and attractive boxing. Plain white, white embroidered initials, or rich tones in harmony with the newest color trends. 25c to $1.50.

SPORTSWEAR—The keen-eyed Manhattan style scouts have played their part in the developing of this striking sportswear (#3). From the fashion centers of the world, all that is smart and worthwhile is interpreted by Manhattan. Sportshirts, suede jackets, and sport jackets of soft fleecy woolens.

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT COMPANY, 444 MADISON AVENUE, N. Y.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

MY FRIENDS ALL CALLED ME SHORTY

"But now I've discovered this new way to look TALLER—and what a difference it makes!"

You too can Appear 1½ INCHES TALLER AT ONCE or no cost!

Believe it or not, you can appear taller, too—not a year later, not a month later, but *now*, at once! *Your* popularity, *your* importance, will hit a new high the moment you add this *extra* 1½ inches to your appearance! Think what it will do for your self-confidence and money-making possibilities! To say nothing of your new *social* prestige!

NO STRETCHING—NO EXERCISE

And no one will guess how you increased your appearance of height.

The *secret* is in the shoes! They make you look 1½ inches taller than when you wear *ordinary* shoes! Smart and stylish, the best custom quality, they're honor-built for greater comfort and longer wear! The height gaining feature is hidden *inside* the shoe. The *outside* finish of the shoe is just as rich and conservative as the best-dressed man could wish to wear!

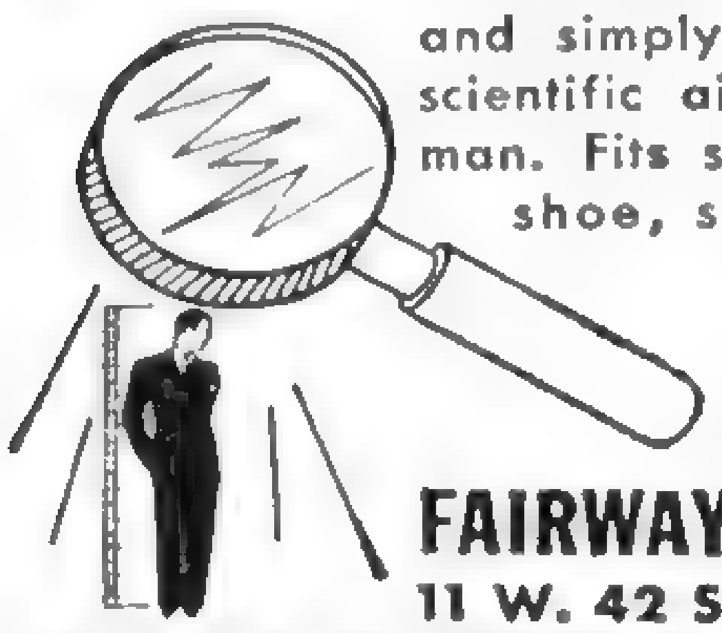
SEE them at OUR risk!

Send the coupon today for FREE descriptive illustrated folder and complete details telling how to get the shoes that will improve your whole appearance!
(Also obtainable at Jordan Marsh, Boston)

SEND · FOR · FREE · TRIAL · OFFER

WENTWORTH, INC., Dept. P12, Newton, Mass.
Send me FREE information in plain wrapper telling how I can appear 1½ inches taller, *instantly*, and full details of your 10-day Free Offer.
Name
Address
City State
In Canada: Wentworth, Inc., Empire Bldg., Montreal

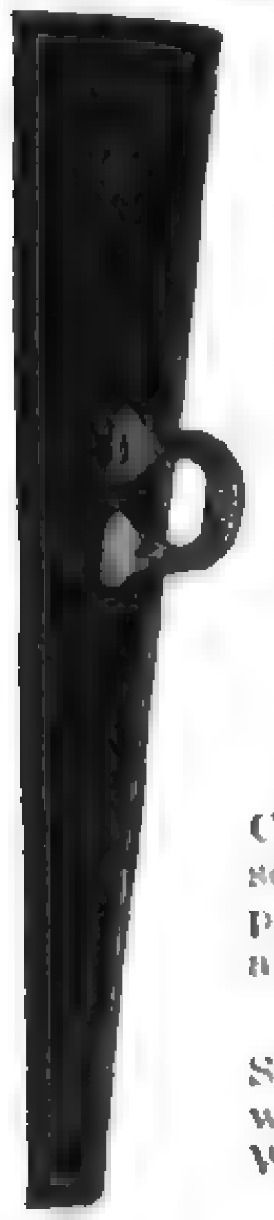
MAGNIFY YOUR HEIGHT CHEAPLY



and simply with this new scientific aid for the short man. Fits snugly into your shoe, so that you can walk, stand, sit, or dance comfortably. *Write for Booklet F.*

FAIRWAY PRODUCTS
11 W. 42 STREET, N. Y. C.

XMAS PRESENTS FOR THE SPORTSMAN



"Longdryve" Golf Shoes

The all-weather golf shoe, waterproofed. Comfort and long wear. Phillips removable cleats. Moccasin style. $7.50 Postpaid

"Bone-dry" Straight Gun Cases

Complete protection, convenience, in season and out. Finest leather, waterproofed, oiled. Dark brown finish. Takes any length gun. $5.50 Postpaid

"Old Sportsman" Hunting Boots

Supreme comfort, lasting wear. Light weight. Allen-tanned leather, Goodyear Welt, non-slip Rubber Soles. Latigo leather laces. Tan color.

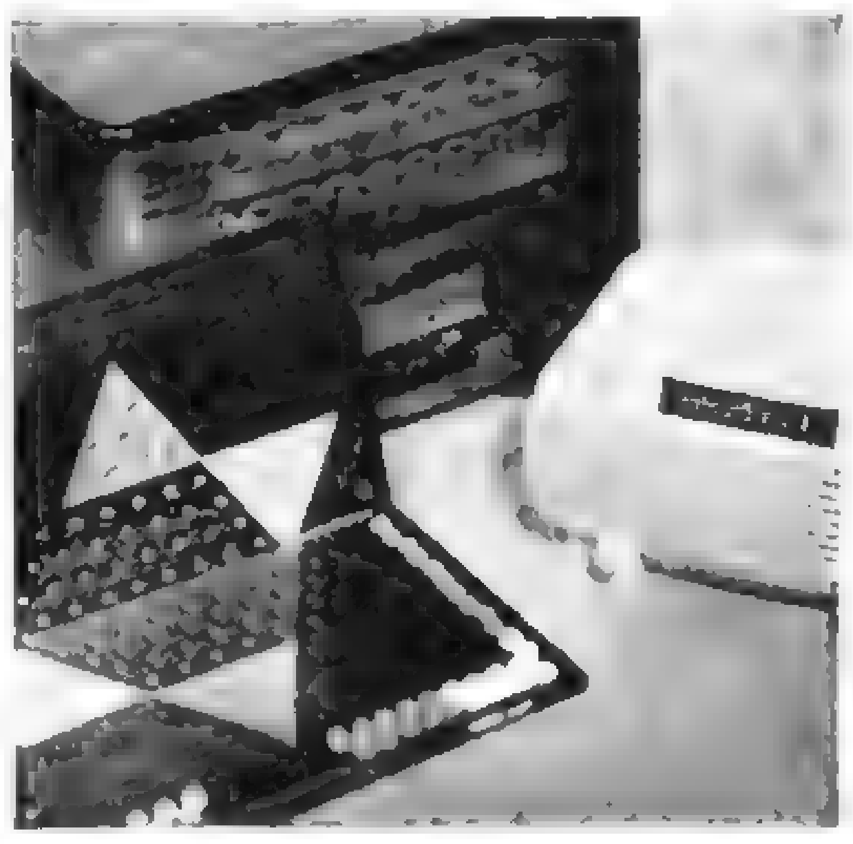
9" Uppers $9.00
12" Uppers $10.50
15" Uppers $12.50
Postpaid

All Bona Allen Products Guaranteed Satisfactory or Your Money Back.

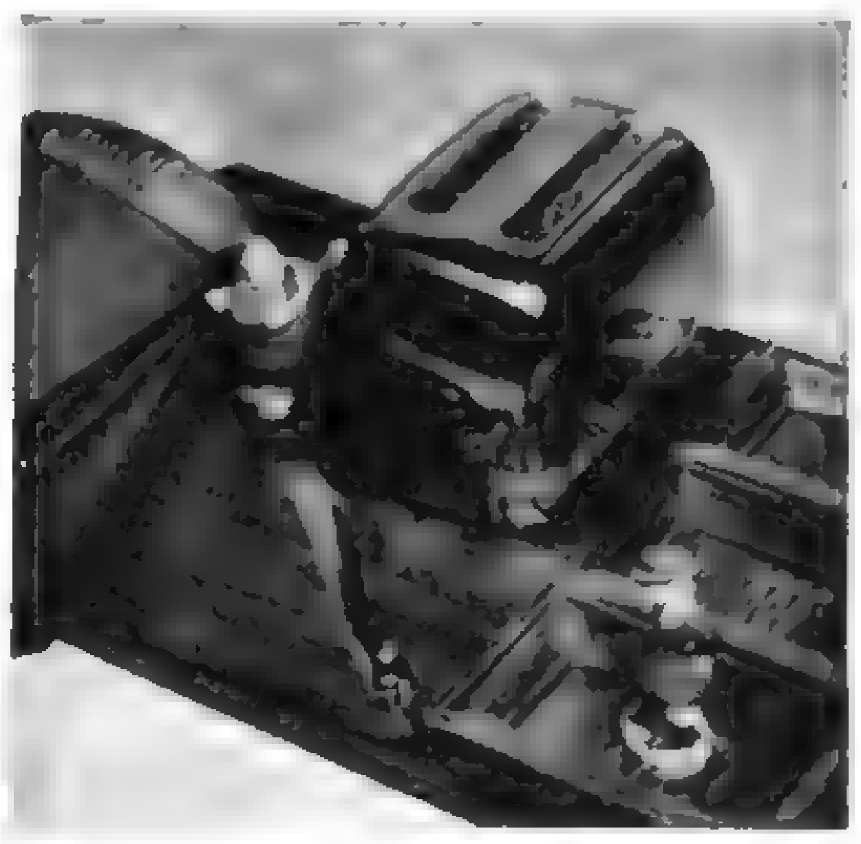
BONA ALLEN, INC.
MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS LATIGOTAN HARNESS
BUFORD, GEORGIA

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find.....Money Order. .....Check for $.......... Ship me immediately. ...."Bone-Dry" Gun Cases; .... Pairs "Longdryve" Golf Shoes; .... Pairs "Old Sportsman" Hunting Boots.
(In ordering Golf Shoes or Hunting Boots, be sure to give exact dress shoe size.)
Size Width
Sizes 5 to 11
Widths A to EE
Name
Address
City State
Dealer Inquiries Invited

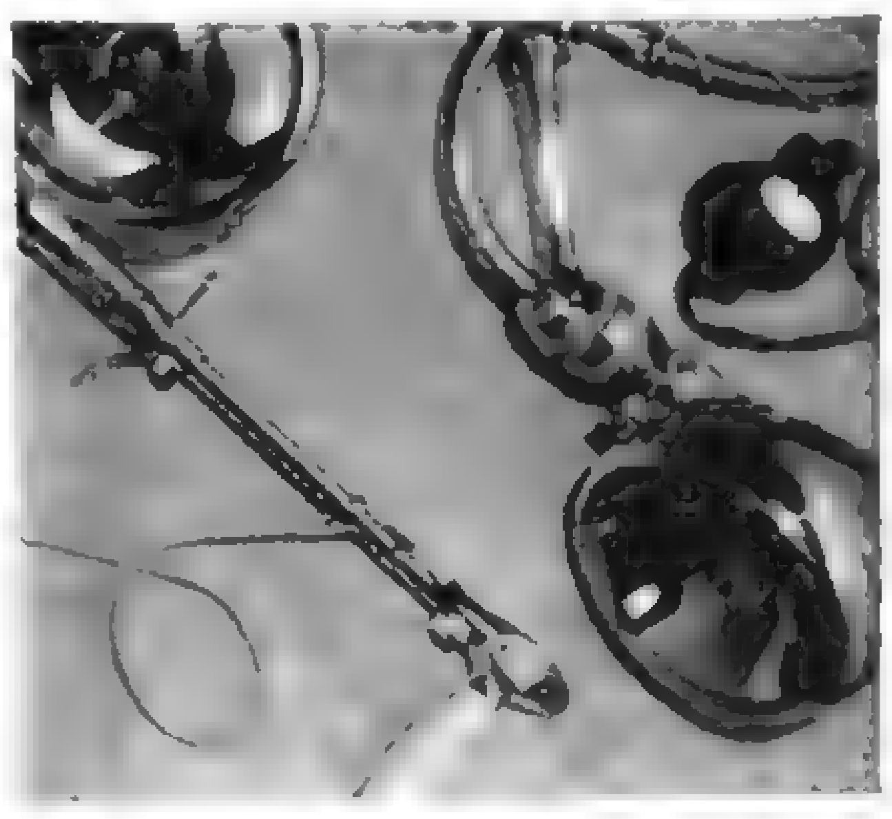
TRIP EQUIPPED. Gifts of permanent value for the peregrination-minded . . . a steel banded, square framed traveling case that's really a streamlined, soft-sided Gladstone—is twill-lined, has sensibly arranged compartments and trouble-saving lock and catch units, made in aniline, welt edge cowhide . . . on the right, the new airplane cloth-covered portable with a detachable wave magnet that makes possible efficient operation on train, plane, car or bus—runs on battery or AC and DC current . . . the handsome leatherette, camera-size portable has a shoulder strap for easy carrying with aerial built in the strap.



FOR A GREAT RECEPTION. Men with an eye for graceful line will like the flowing design of this AC-DC set (right) that's made of smooth molded plastic in ivory and mahogany finishes—has a four-inch electrodynamic speaker. The larger table-type model contains a seven tube circuit and built in antenna, has push button control and television sound connections. Its case is sliced walnut with inlaid maple bands. And don't forget that old Oriental gift custom, Chinese checkers—this set in a walnut case that also serves as playing board.



THE TOAST OF HOSTS . . . and, of course, hostesses, for toasters have come a long way since the back-firing, burnt fingers and toast days. Now used for entertaining purposes, they've become the host's first line of defense against impromptu snack and quick sandwich problems. This set shows the trend of the times—it's an entertaining *sine qua non*. Along with the automatic, 2-slice toaster, there's a large serving tray, four individual trays, a toast cutter—all of walnut, and three relish dishes. The toaster itself, which pops up the bread when you want it, is chromium and bakelite.



SPOTLIGHT ON SAFETY. Many's the car owner whose machine occupies a very important place in his extra-curricular activities and affections, and said car owner is an easy man to please come Christmas-time. A spotlight for instance—the type at left throws a 150,000 candle power beam that cuts far into the darkness ahead of the headlights. Has a "remote control" bracket, is operated inside the car. On the right is the new dash-control model with a right side mounting that gives complete curb-line illumination. The light aims straight along the road-side for a quarter of a mile. The illuminated auto compass is equipped with a suction cup for fastening on the windshield.

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Flash-Master
ETERNAL LITE
NO BATTERIES

GOOD BYE TO BATTERIES!
GENERATES OWN "JUICE"

NO MORE BATTERIES TO BUY—A never-failing Eternal supply of current with brilliant, continuous light. The "PARKER" is "always there"—anytime—anywhere—today, tomorrow or ten years hence. Battery failures now banished forever. A gentle press gives a continuous light of brilliant duration—Plenty of power—plenty of reserve.

REPAYS ITS COSTS MANY TIMES. Ideal for Autos, Boats, Airplanes, Homes, Camping, Fishing, Hunting, Trapping and all emergencies. A quality product made in U.S.A.—sturdily built—beautifully designed. Bakelite Case—Chrome trimmed.

Make Ideal Christmas Gifts
Postpaid anywhere—$2.50 each

General Electric Magnet

PARKER MFG. CO., 122-130 W. North Ave., Chicago, Ill.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay Postman $2.50 plus few cents postage.
☐ I enclose $2.50, send Parker Lite postage prepaid.
NAME
ADDRESS

FORGETFUL?

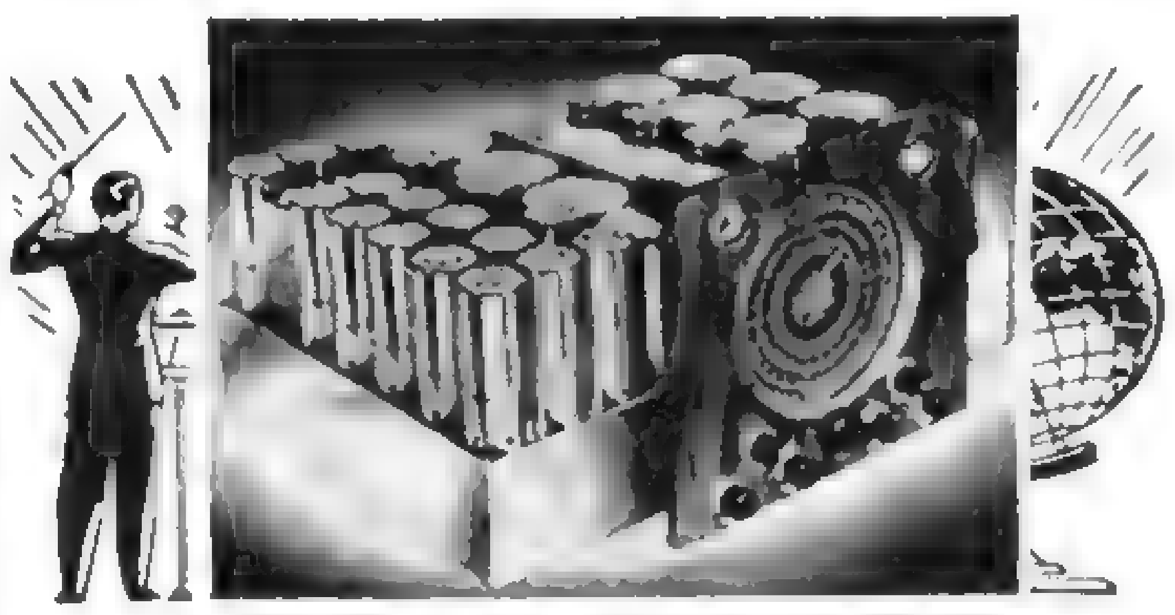
A POCKET MEMORY SYSTEM . . .

Keeps appointments—things to do today—or next week. Perforated coupons—each memo separate—tear out when attended to—finest leathers—Smart Zipkit for ladies. from $1.00 to $7.50. Ideal Business Promotion Gift

FREE—Write for pigskin key case and valuable booklet, "Helps to Personal Efficiency."

ROBINSON REMINDERS
Dept. E Westfield, Mass.
Personal RR Efficiency

FOR THE LOVER OF FINE MUSIC
who wants Magnificent Tonal Realism
OR THE "DX" ENTHUSIAST
who wants Amazing Long Distance Performance



The 30-Tube Custom Built
SCOTT PHILHARMONIC
"World's Finest Radio"

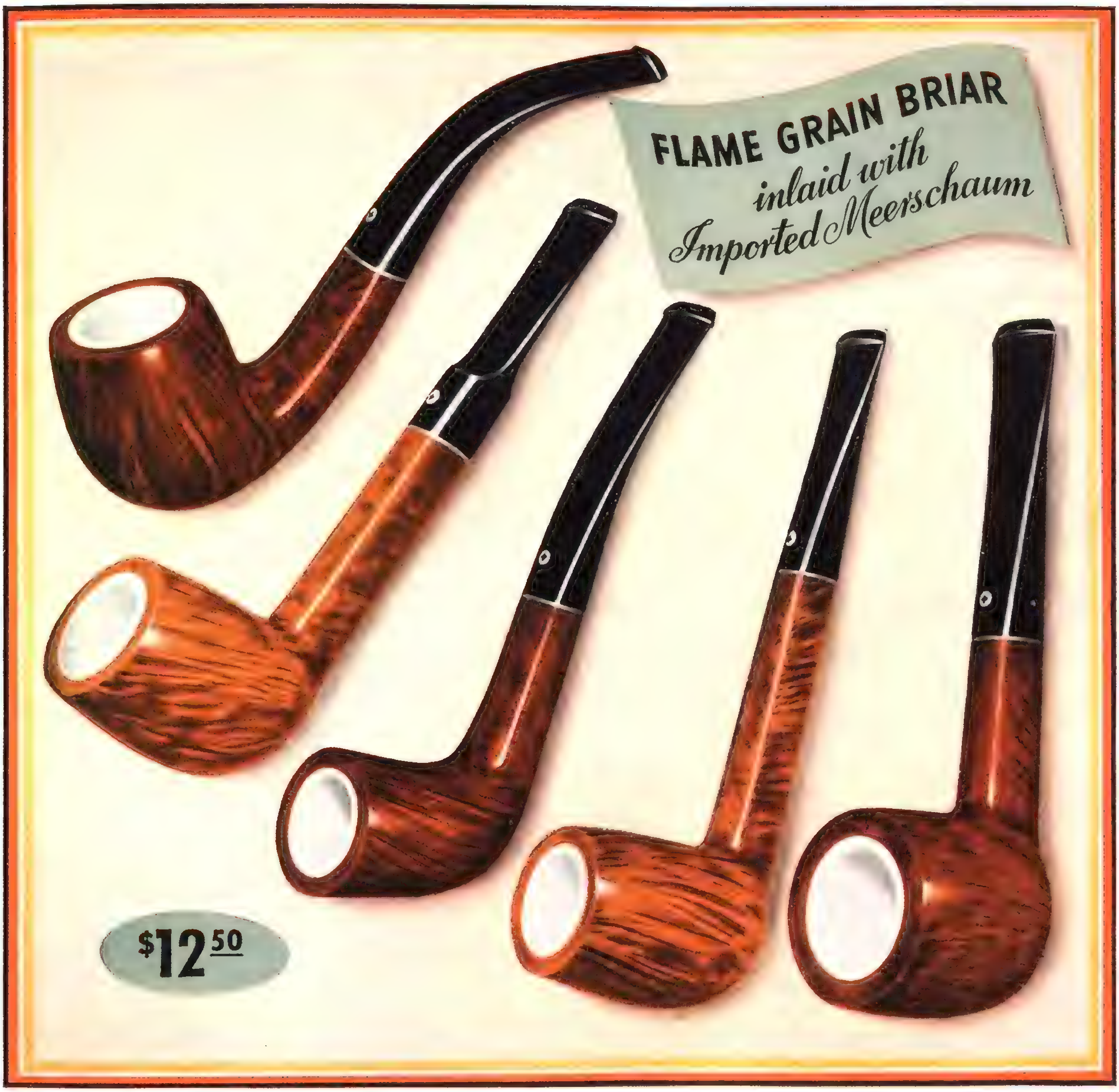
Scott Radio has pioneered superb, natural tone and CLEARER long distance reception, for 16 years. These magnificent, laboratory precision-built instruments offer a degree of performance (broadcast, short wave and recorded music) which we believe is not even remotely approached by any other radio in the world! They are treasured by famous musicians (including Toscanini, Barbirolli, Iturbi, Menuhin, Bonelli) diplomats, scientists, "DX" enthusiasts and critical listeners in 154 countries.

GUARANTEED 5 YEARS • 30 DAYS HOME TRIAL
Custom Built by hand for performance impossible with mass-production receivers, *yet they cost no more.* Far advanced in design. 6 noise reducing systems provide quietest reception under all receiving conditions. Budget plan in U. S. if desired. Sold only by Scott Studios in Chicago, New York, Buffalo, Detroit, Los Angeles, London. Mail coupon today for all facts.

GET SPECIAL OFFER!

THE STRADIVARIUS SCOTT OF RADIO RECEIVERS

E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABS.
4482 Ravenswood Avenue
Dept. 39W9, Chicago, Illinois
Send all facts, order blank, and special offer. *No obligation.*
Name
Address



The Finest Kaywoodie of All

On this page, for the first time, you see something new to pipedom—Kaywoodie's triumph in uniting meerschaum and briar into the sweetest smoking pipes in years. What an ideal combination!

Meerschaum, with its home in the ground, is beautifully porous. It adapts itself to tobacco with a tact and diplomacy that made it the favorite of kings and noblemen since the time of Napoleon. It mellows with gratifying smoothness and dispatch. It is the Guardian of the *flavor* of your tobacco.

Kaywoodie's rare Flame-Grain briar, from the only known "preserve" of 200-to-400-year-old briar, makes an exceptionally cool-smoking pipe. It is renowned for its beauty, and recognized everywhere as the finest on earth.

These Flame-Grain-and-Meerschaum Kaywoodies are displayed for your inspection under sheer Crystal Glass —at better dealers everywhere.

The fine-grained meerschaum (imported from Eski-shehr, Turkey) is used in its pure state, without the addition of wax as in all other meerschaum pipes—because the briar "cradles" it in security.

So unusual is this development in pipe pleasure, and so smart are these beautiful Meerschaum-Briars, that pipe-smokers everywhere will want one: Kaywoodie has been able to make only a limited number because of limited quantities of material. If your dealer hasn't got them, write us, giving dealer's name, and we will supply him.

SHAPES ILLUSTRATED: *(left to right)* 14, 51S, 01, 76B, 69.

KAYWOODIE COMPANY
Rockefeller Center, New York and London

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

$5 STRAIGHT GRAIN
Genuine Imported Bruyere Root
FOR ONE DOLLAR

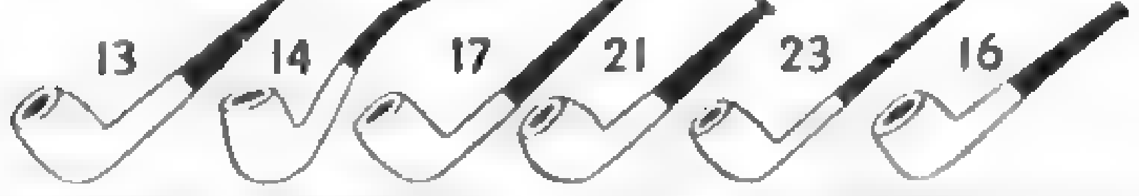
This years accumulation of Straight Grain "Seconds" now on sale. They are in every respect the same as the regular $5 Straight Grains except for slight surface flaws which compel us to sell them at this bargain price. *Get five for what one would ordinarily cost.*

NOW $1.00 ea.

Straight Grains, are discovered, not made at will. We will endeavor to fill your order for styles as close as possible to those specified by you.

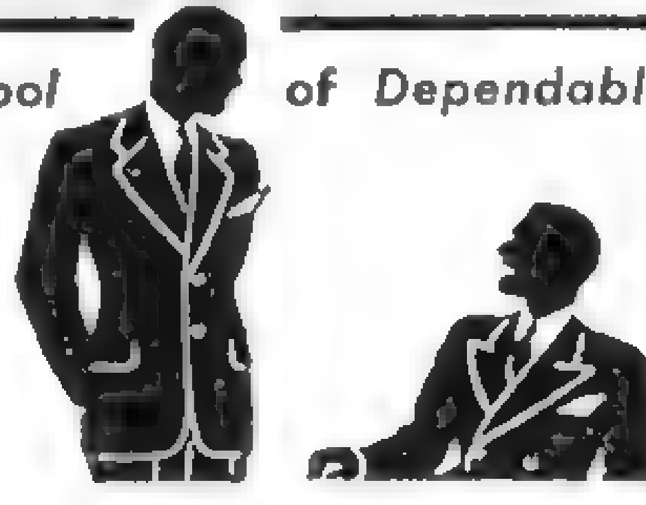
EVERY PIPE GUARANTEED

Check shape desired



JOHN SURREY, LTD. 72 NASSAU ST. NEW YORK

The Symbol of Dependable Quality



★SIMPSON CLOTHES

Worthy of You in Every Detail

★ In every community throughout America the Simpson Salesman is welcomed with respect and cordiality. When he calls either at a man's home or office he is given courteous consideration.

Many years of unusual value giving in made-to-measure clothes have made the SIMPSON label a hallmark of quality . . . the *kind* of quality that men of affairs are proud to wear . . . the *kind* of tailoring that satisfies the most discriminating.

Write Dept. E-12, today for our beautiful color brochure "Hollywood Stars and the Way They Dress."

J. B. SIMPSON, INC. SIMPSON BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.

Display Rooms in Many Cities

HI-JACS *Order now for Christmas*

NEW..smart..dripless coasters for glasses and bottles. Made of patented Term-knit Lastex which is highly absorbent and elastic. HI-JACS fit snugly over various shapes and sizes of modern glassware. They give real protection to clothes and furniture. White with gay colored bands in navy, scarlet, copen, green, yellow, dubonnet—a color to identify each drinker's glass. Guaranteed fast colors. Launder easily . . last indefinitely. Both men and women like them.

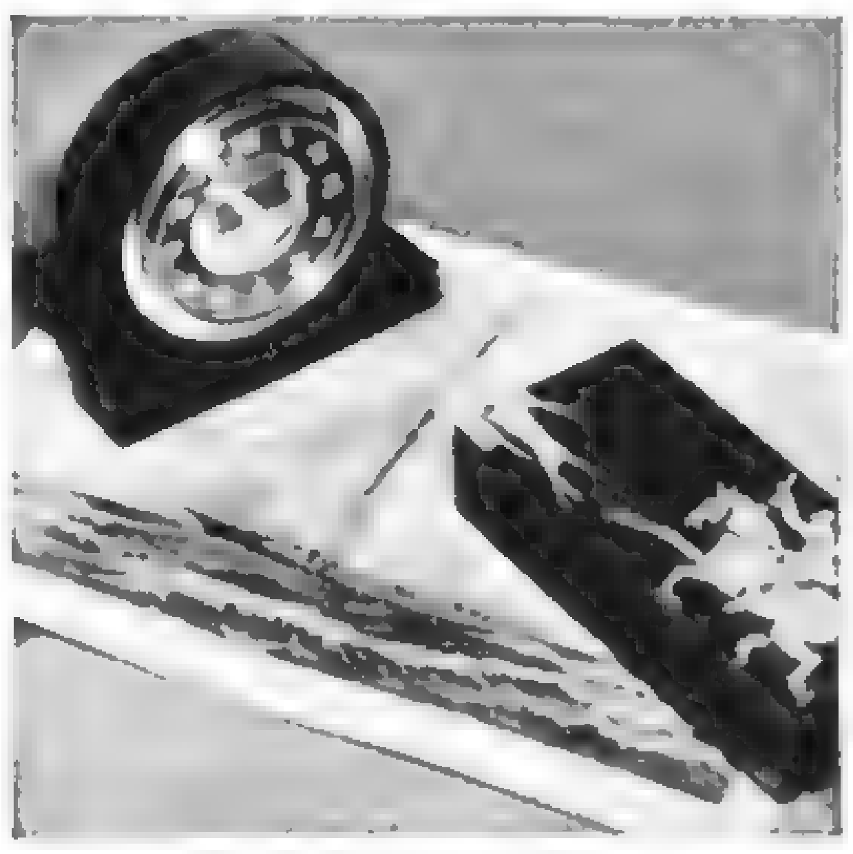
$1 POSTPAID FOR SET OF 6 . . . GIFT BOXED

KILLINGER COMPANY, Dept. ES, Marion, Virginia
PLEASE SEND . . . . . . sets of HI-JACS for which I enclose check or money order for $ . . . . .

*Name*________________
*Address*________________
*City*__________ *State*______

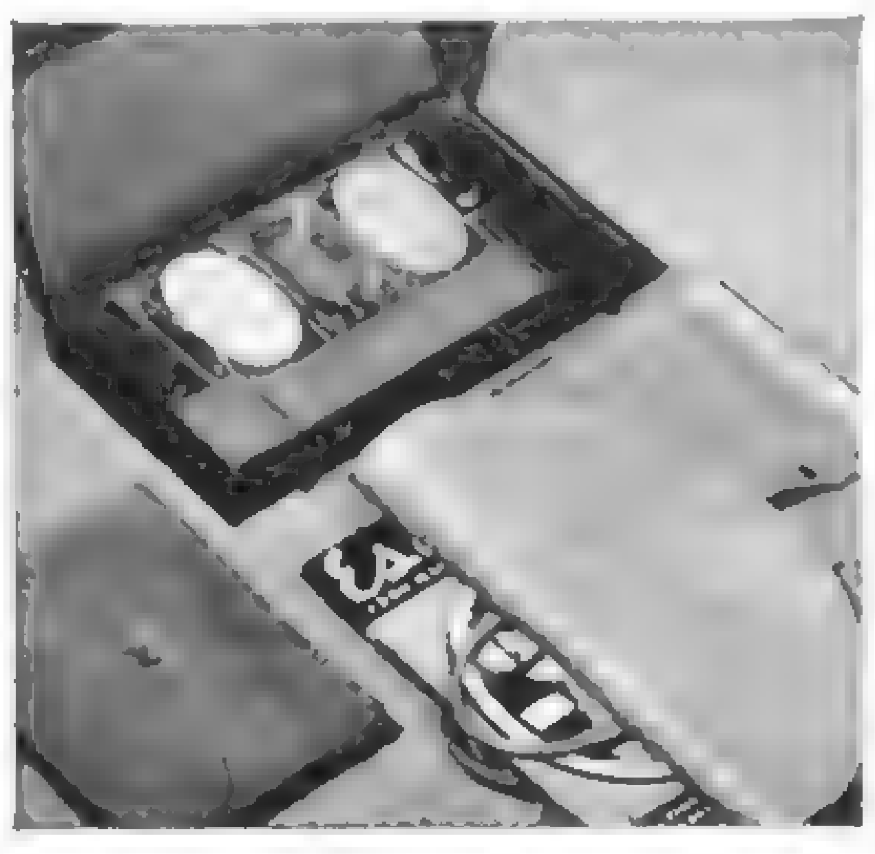
TWO TO CARRY. If he travels, if he writes—the new design, noiseless portable typewriter in a deluxe model. This machine, with many of the features of larger standard types, comes in a crackle finish in black, red, green and two-tone blue. Incorporates touch control, has a tabulator key. The handsome, travel-wise case carries two suits without wrinkling, has sensibly arranged compartments for all his accessories. It is plaid lined, the case being of oil-treated, processed fibre composition that's both washable and stain-proof.

CHRISTMAS ON THE CAMERA FRONT. Whether he's a dark room operator or not . . . the smallest speed graphic built to date—has many of the features of the larger models. A miniature type with a wide range of usefulness, it's the kind many of the leading press photographers use. The folio is a recently devised method for keeping prints intact. There are folios for every size of amateur snapshot. And that all important accessory of the camera art—the exposure meter—for amateur or expert.



OF TIME AND THE SMOKER. For the someone who wants a bedside, desk or other variety of time piece—this attractive clock in the modern manner settles the issue. Made of walnut and copper mirror with circular case set in the curve of three fluted sections of wood. For the smoker—a wood cigarette box with designs inlaid by hand. You take your choice of several sporting motifs. Ye bachelor host will like the new lacquered luncheon and cocktail mats of old sporting prints—no more stains.

FATHER STRIKES IT RICH . . . or maybe it's brother, husband or uncle—but they'd all be pleased with one of these. The gilt frame desk clock's of that practical variety that sits low, can't be tipped over and has a slanting face for easy reading. If you're after the unusual in cigarette cases, here's one in black pin seal with a sterling silver flap that folds over to shut the case, two initials, showing through. The pad is for the racing fan, has sections for winnings and losses race by race. Made of black Borosco with a silver gilt pencil.



TRIO FOR TRAVEL. When he heads for the open road—a partitioned, chrome-fitted alligator dressing case equipped with a complete set of toilet articles. The wandering executive could well use the portfolio with its four compartments for answered and unanswered letters, paid and unpaid bills—in several colors of morocco. Or perhaps the extremely lightweight, cowhide aeroplane bag with one side for shirts, linen, etc., the other for business papers. The large open pocket between the handles is convenient for magazines and newspapers.

Give **FILBERTS for Christmas**

5 LBS. $2.00 POSTPAID

A new gift treat—extra fancy Filberts stuffed with plump nut-meats, sweet and rich. Grown only in Oregon. Prepaid anywhere in U.S. to arrive date you wish. $2 for 5 lb. jute bag. Send check, mailing list to Frolic's Filbert Farm, 706 S. E. Union, Portland, Ore.

FOR HIM—
FOR CHRISTMAS

FOR OUTDOOR BARBECUES AND FIRE

COOKING PICNICS PLACES

ASBESTOS FIREPROOF GLOVES
CAMPFIRE
FIREPLACE
KOOL-GRIP
ASBESTOS · FIREPROOF
GLOVES

$3.50 A PAIR

Fireproof, enabling the wearer to shift burning logs, hot pans, etc., without discomfort. Ideal gift for women also. Attractive gift box. Two sizes—one for men, one for women. At leading Department Stores or send money direct.

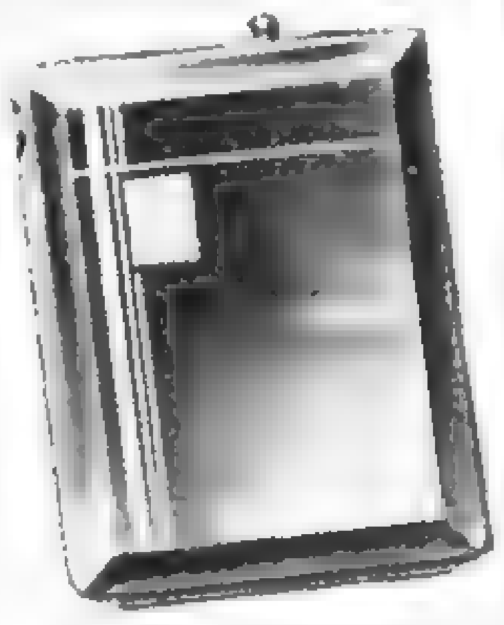
JIM LITTLE • Danville, Illinois

For Him - For Xmas! A Useful Gift!

LIGHTED CIGARET DISPENSER CASE!

Delivers Lighted Cigaret! A Thin, Modern Case!

Every smoker should have this magic invention. Look what happens at touch of Magic button! A cigaret slips out **AUTOMATICALLY** toward your lips . . . you hear a click . . . and a flame is burning at end of cigaret. You puff, and with lighted cigaret between lips, draw it from case. Click, Magic Case is closed . . . flame is out . . . and next cigaret **AUTOMATICALLY** jumps into position. An article of beauty and rare quality, a source of constant pride and satisfaction that you will value most highly. A touch—a puff—and that's enough! A life saver to car drivers. Safe simple. Can be used as lighter only. Beautiful, modern, thin case. Guaranteed. **A beautiful gift.** Royal Blue & Silver. Jade Green & Silver. Ebony Black & Silver. State choice.



Xmas Special Only $2.69

Xmas Special.
PRICE EACH ONLY $2.69
3 for $7.49
JOHNSON SMITH & CO.
Dept. 370A, Detroit, Mich.

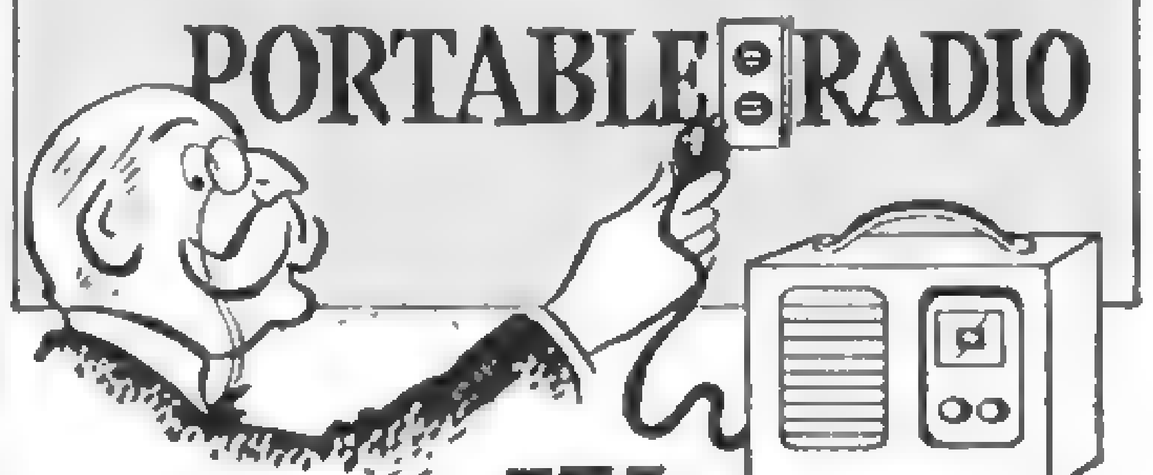
Mammoth 604 page Catalog of 7000 Unusual Novelties, Hobby Items, Cameras, Radios, etc., etc., Only 3 Cents

Parker

The watch with the MICRO-SYNCHRONIZED BALANCE, amazingly priced from as low as $10.95 at your jeweler. PARKER WATCH CO., 500 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Beastly Clever! Eh?

WATCH ME PLUG IN MY PORTABLE RADIO



GTC

PORTA-POWER

CONVERTS YOUR PORTABLE INTO AN ELECTRICAL NON-BATTERY SET . . .

For winter . . . convert your portable radio into an electrically operated home set. G T C PORTA-POWER is as simple as it is sensational. Simply remove the batteries, put in G T C PORTA-POWER (it fits all battery compartments) plug in wall socket—and *presto!*...you have a *convertible radio* for all year'round use. Price only $7.50.

If your radio dealer doesn't as yet have* GTC PORTA-POWER *write direct to General Transformer Corp., 1250 West Van Buren Street, Chicago, Illinois, for full information

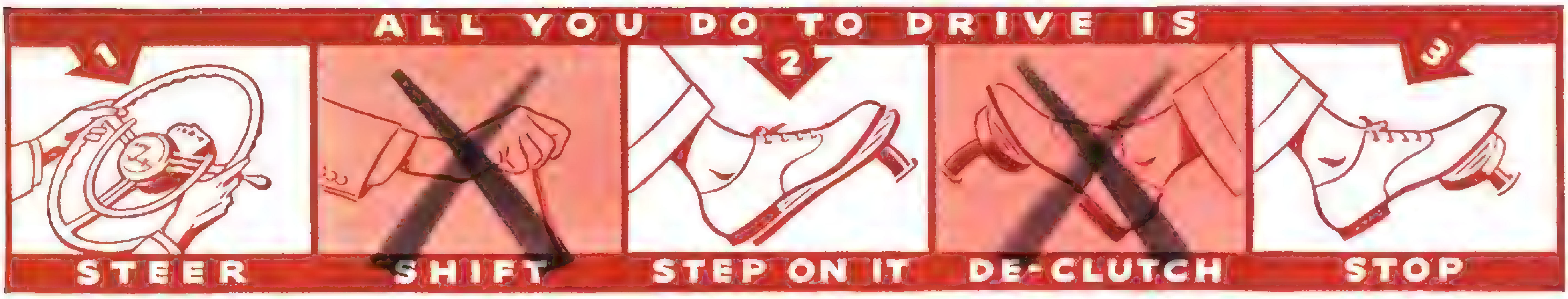
For Years, It's Been Coming!

TODAY, IT IS HERE!

No Clutch Pedal

A CAR WITHOUT A CLUTCH PEDAL . . . A CAR THAT NEVER NEEDS SHIFTING . . . A CAR THAT TRANSFORMS PERFORMANCE INTO A GLORIOUS NEW SENSATION OF FLEET, FLOWING MOTION!

IT'S the Oldsmobile Custom 8 Cruiser with the thrilling new Hydra-Matic Drive—the most *modern* car in the world! Hydra-Matic Drive is a new combination of liquid coupling and fully automatic transmission. It delivers power through four forward speed-ranges in a smooth continuous flow—with no gears to shift and no clutch to press. It puts at your command pick-up, pace and flexibility beyond anything you've ever known—yet reduces the effort of driving by at least one-half. Hydra-Matic Drive is the one BIG engineering advance of 1940 and it's available *only* on Oldsmobile—optional at only $57 extra on the brilliant new Custom 8 Cruiser and on the low-priced Olds Sixty and Seventy, as well. Try it!


ALL YOU DO TO DRIVE IS
1
STEER
SHIFT
2
STEP ON IT
DE-CLUTCH
3
STOP

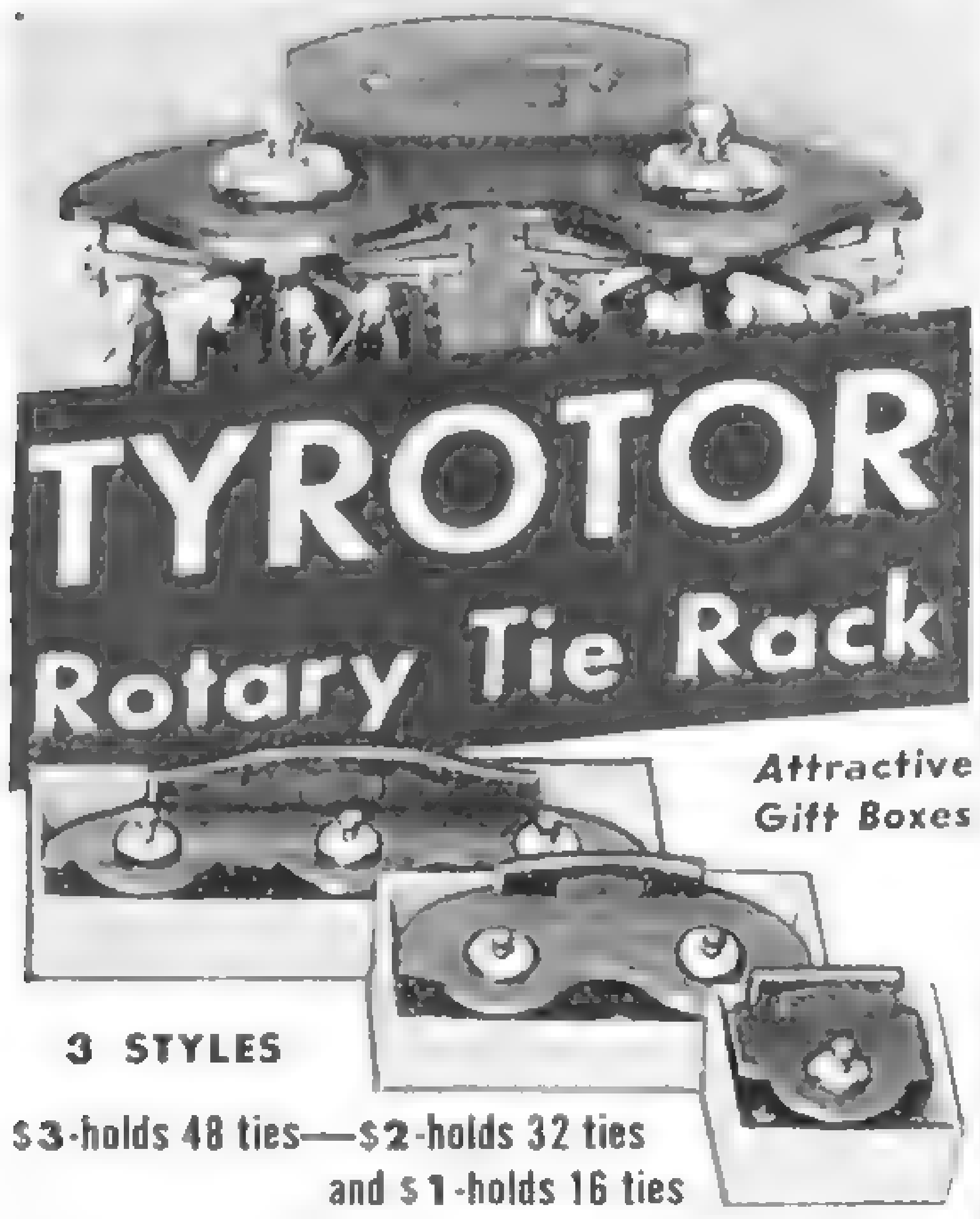
GENERAL MOTORS' MOST DISTINCTIVE CAR

OLDSMOBILE "CUSTOM 8 CRUISER"

WITH *Hydra-Matic Drive!*

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

LADY—He'll Love You for THIS GIFT



$3-holds 48 ties—$2-holds 32 ties and $1-holds 16 ties

Saves Closet Space . . . Keeps Ties "Wrinkle-free" . . Easier to Select Ties . . Decorative Walnut Wood with Chromium and Catalin Trim. A Gift Every Man will be nuts about.

At Leading Department Stores and Men's Wear Stores

If your store can't supply you send $1, $2 or $3 to

LEWIS & WATERMAN
1700 SANSOM STREET, PHILADELPHIA

Tyrotor will be forwarded at once in Special Gift Wrapping

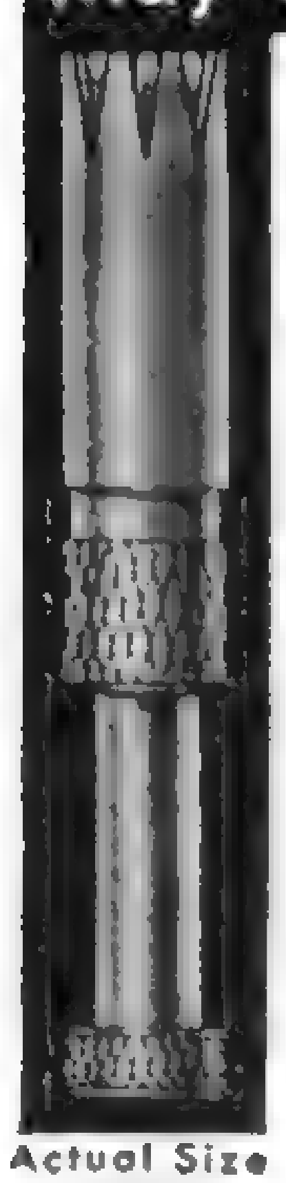
FREE! LEWIS & CONGER'S BOOK OF CHRISTMAS IDEAS FOR ORIGINAL GIVERS

● Thrilling answers to your problems of "what to give." 36-page, illustrated book of useful and out-of-the-ordinary presents. Prices to suit every budget. Easy way to shop at one of New York's fascinating stores. Write today for Book E-12.

LEWIS & CONGER
Sixth Ave. at 45th St., N. Y. C.

Don't PULL HAIR FROM NOSE!
May cause fatal infection

use **KLIPETTE**



NEW INVENTION

You can cause serious infection as a result of pulling hair from nose. Use of scissors is also impractical. No better way to remove hair from nose and ears than with KLIPETTE. Smooth, gentle, safe and efficient. Rounded points cannot cut or prick the skin.

So simple! Just turn the end. Surplus hair comes out easily, gently. Never pulls.

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

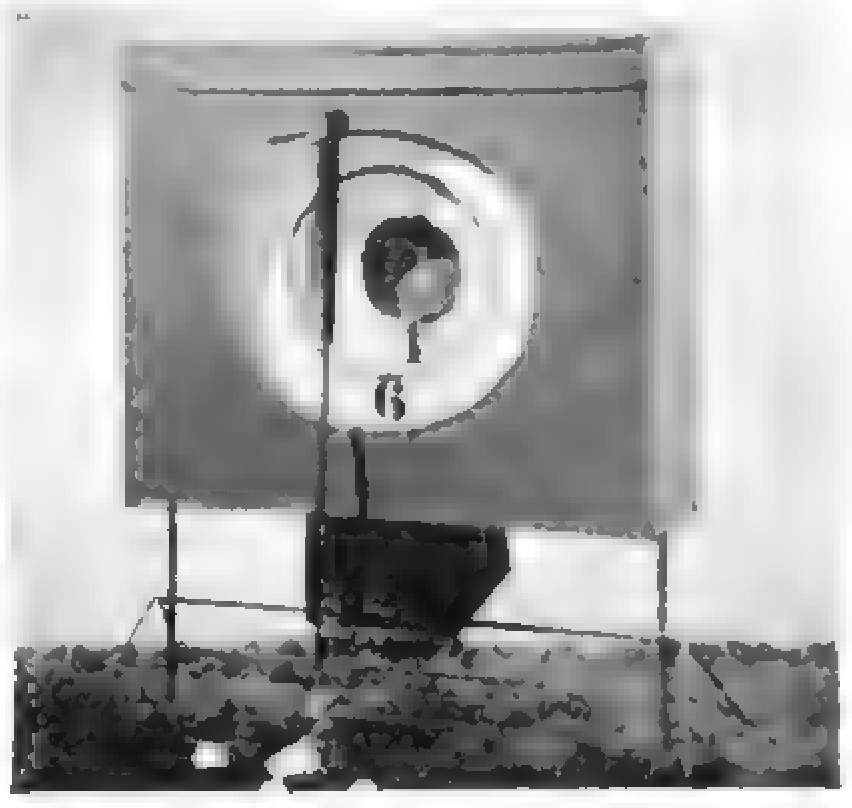
Actual Size
$1.00
Made from finest Surgical Steel. Chromium plated

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTION
A welcome gift for any man because it is "different"

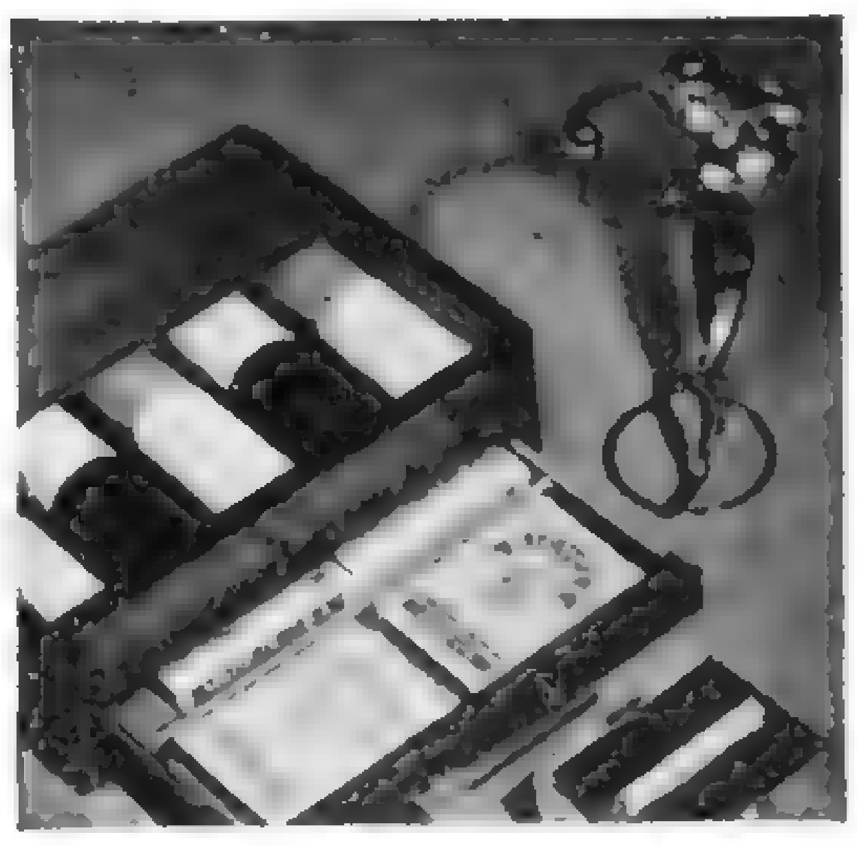
HOLLIS CO. 207 Market St., Newark, N. J. Dept. 173
Enclosed is $1.00 for KLIPETTE. If I am not entirely satisfied, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded.

Name——————
Address——————

HEALTH AND HIGH WATER. You can't give him a Swedish masseuse for Christmas—there's something on the statute books against it—but no one could even faintly object to this handsome small machine that performs something of the same operation. It fits over the back of the hand, guides the fingers with a rotating, patting motion that approximates the Swedish method of massage. The vibration promotes healthful blood circulation that's good for anatomy from scalp to foot, will tone up the business man's sadly neglected muscles. It also provides a simple way of manipulating weariness out of the bones and is quite an all-in-one natural beauty treatment for the frailer sex. Made in chrome and pastel finishes, operates on AC or DC. That oversized golf ball is no ball at all but a healthy cake of soap to slip in his stocking. The cord he'll put around his neck while yodelling in the shower.



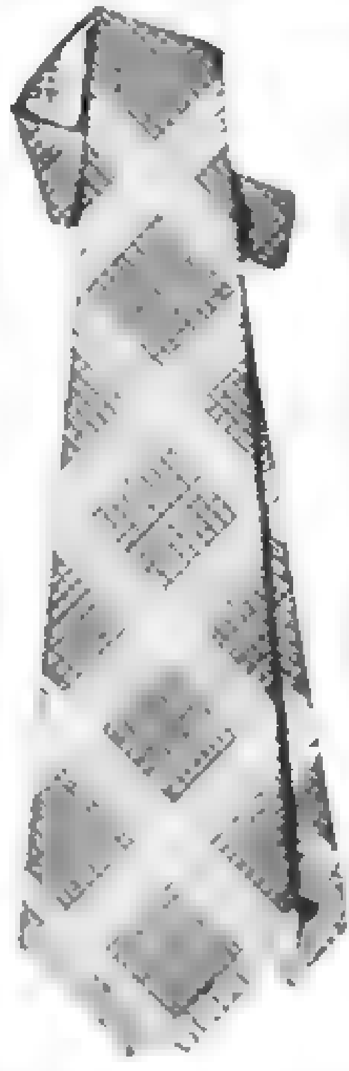
SAUCE FOR THE GOLFER. Occasionally it may be considered a mixed blessing, but for better or worse there is usually a golfer in every home. And there may be a disconsolate puss around the house on December 25th if you don't cater to his pet diversion. Suggestion A is the new golf target, Pitch-it, an eye sharpener that can be used at home. The numbers on the recesses are the scores for the hole, one round consisting of 9 or 18 shots. There is par for the "course" and all the familiar rigamarole. Bell rings to celebrate a hole-in-one. Constructed of reinforced canvas with adjustable legs. Suggestion B is the recently perfected golf club that's a set of matched irons all by itself. The head is adjustable to the regulation lofts of nine irons from putter to niblick. Eight years of research went into it and a special alloy was used in head and neck to withstand the continuous impact. The shaft is of steel and the leather grip of calfskin backed by resilient cork. And, of course, suggestion C, for every golfer, par-breaker or dub—golf balls for his stocking.



MASCULINE MISCELLANY. Gifts for the man who's something of a problem child come Christmas time. He must play poker, no? Perhaps a handsome poker set in a brand new get-up. The box is of solid walnut, has a brass and dull chrome roll top and holds 250 catalin chips and four packs of playing cards. The top rolls back when the card-drawer is pulled out. Or maybe a pugilistic ornament for his study, one of the best fighting figures we've seen—the lad's "right" really means business. Pretty rugged all the way round in fact . . . he's made of polished chrome over brass and his trunks are of ebony wood. The square sterling silver cigarette box has a definite claim to fame—it's on the tricky side but is eminently practical, and works. The inner compartment, when lifted, presents you with one cigarette on its center groove. The magazine holds ten cigarettes and refills through the same slot that produces the cigarette.

Ranger

HAND WOVEN
by the mountain people of New Mexico



If you want real distinction in your Christmas ties here it is for only $1. Ever since the 17th century the Spanish people here have been raising sheep and weaving wool. And our colorful landscape makes them natural artists. The result in their hand-woven ties is unbeatable! Lovely patterns and colors. All wool texture (marvelous with tweeds), made up to tie right and hang right. Can be cleaned again and again. Never sold in stores, but $1 postpaid anywhere in U. S.

WRITE *for my Rainbow Folder of 16 ties, with actual fabric sample. See why my customers are constantly asked: "Where did you get that tie?" Write now.*

WEBB YOUNG, Trader
502 Sena Plaza, Santa Fe, N. Mex.

SOLVES THE Gift PROBLEM

The Hull Streamline Auto Compass is an attractive, practical answer to the Christmas gift problem...and solves the problem of directions for motorists. Streamlined Bakelite case, super-visible dial, genuine sapphire bearing, built in compensator. Available in black or mottled brown. Attractive gift package.

Only $2.95 at your dealer
Write for Literature
Hull Mfg. Co., P.O. Box 246-620, Warren, O.

31 SUPER-SMOOTH SHAVES GUARANTEED FROM EACH GILLETTE TYPE BLADE

The new, amazing *Hydromatic* Razor Blade Sharpener saves you 700% or more on razor blades! With a *Hydromatic*, one ordinary gillette-type blade will give several weeks—not just two or three days—of superlative shaving. The *Hydromatic* does what no other device can do:—it automatically puts super-keen *precision edges* on blades—edges even finer than those on brand new blades! Test it yourself. See what grand shaves you get. Results guaranteed or your money back. Durably, dependably constructed of Stainless Steel, du Pont Pyralin and Plastacele. An ideal gift. $1.00 postpaid.

FANGER LABORATORY
1940 11th Ave. Oakland, Calif.

a Useful HOLIDAY GIFT

New SHUR-ON (Pat. U. S. A.) slippers for pullman, hotel, home, etc. Handy, comfortable. Waterproof. Fit into zipper pouch case with extra pocket. Adjustable sizes for men, women, boys, girls. Blue, brown, wine. Ask your dealer or sent postpaid for $1.00. DE LUXE Slippers and case, genuine leather, $2.00.

KOCH PRODUCTS CO.
Boston, Mass.

★ *The Gift that keeps Giving* ★

ROCHESTER
SHOE TREES

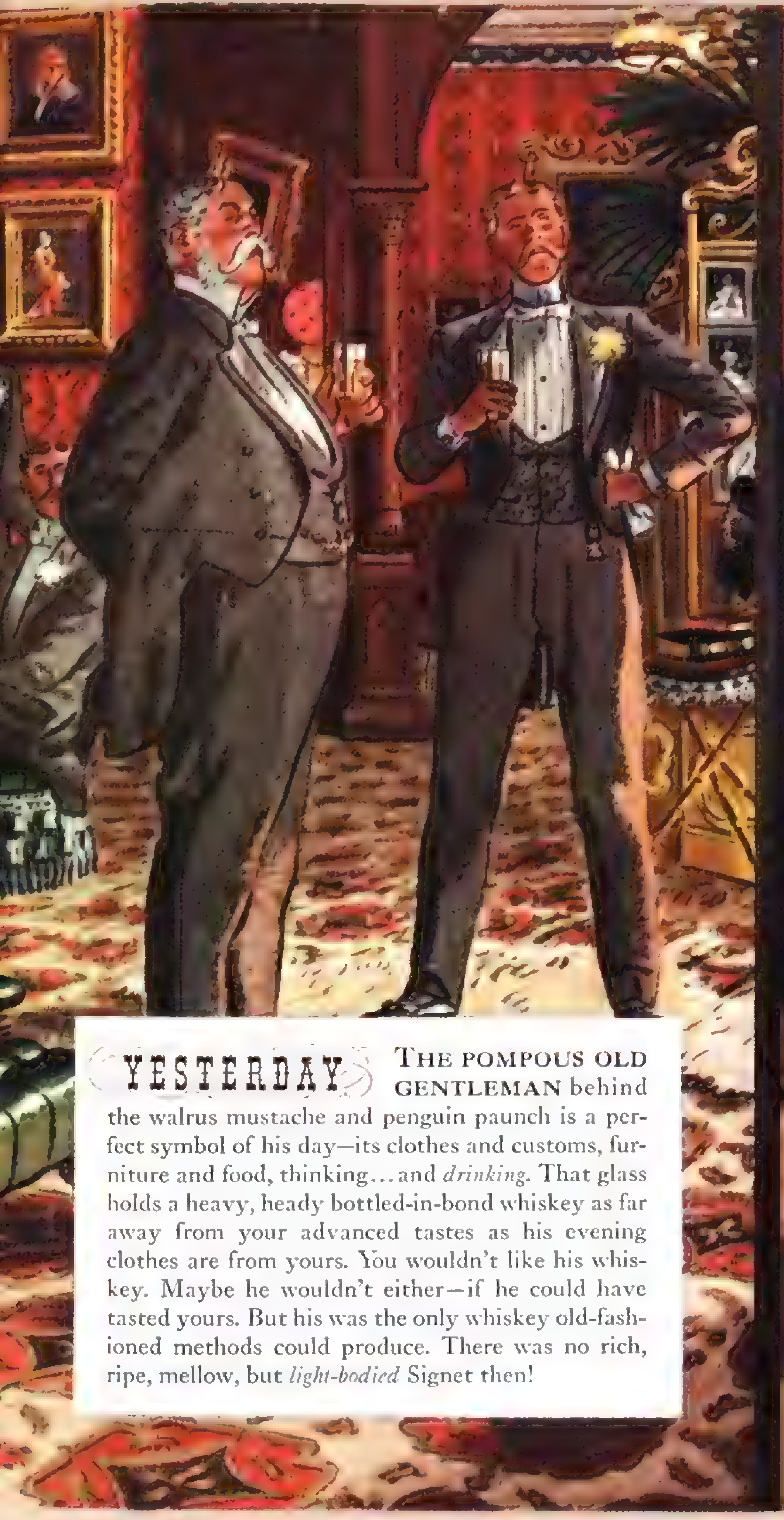
Keep Your Shoes Fit

TRAVEL TREE —for Men and Women

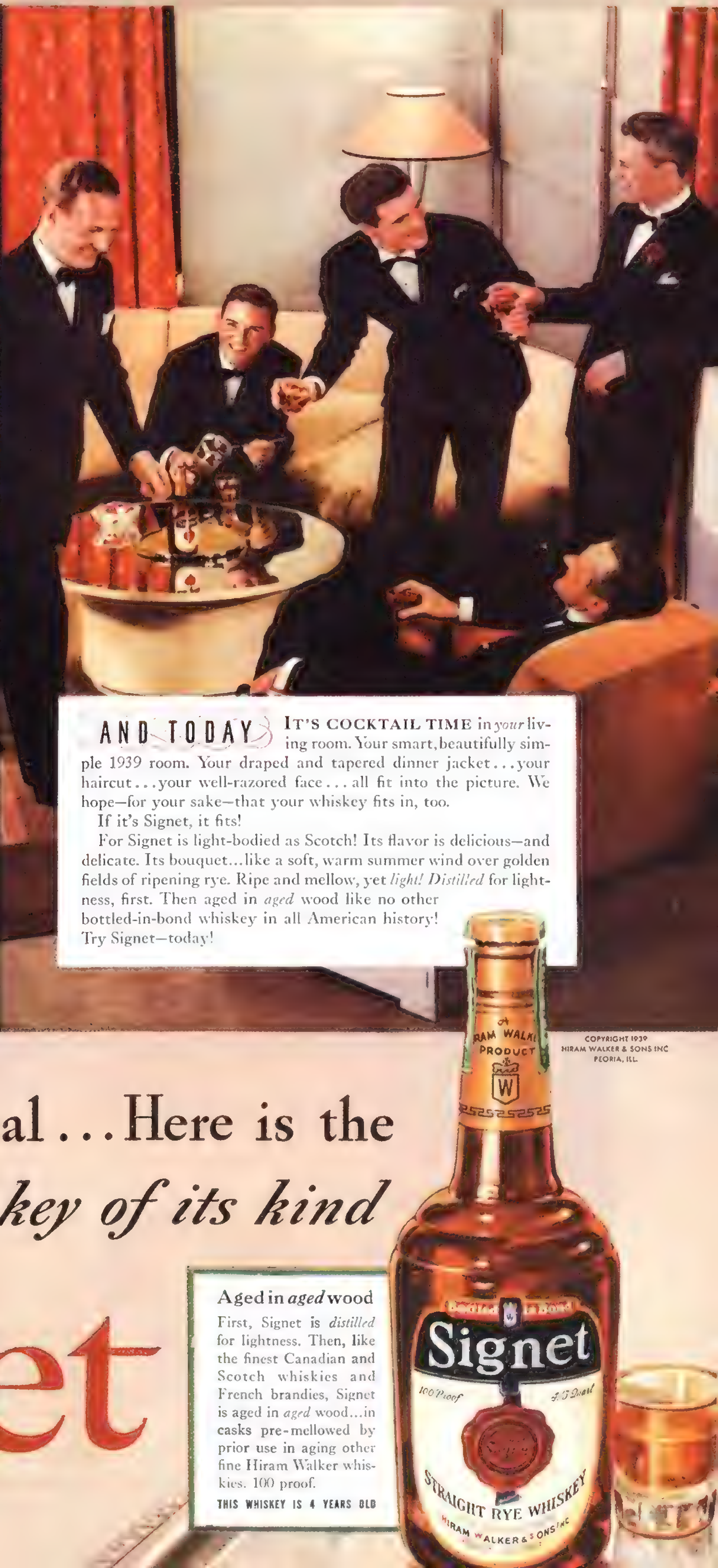
THE IDEAL GIFT FOR THOSE WHO VALUE APPEARANCE
At your favorite dealer—or write
ROCHESTER SHOE TREE CO., Rochester, N.Y.

OUTSTANDING GIFT *of the Year!*
TOBACCO BAR by JOHN MIDDLETON—See Page 185

Your TASTE, too, has changed!



YESTERDAY THE POMPOUS OLD GENTLEMAN behind the walrus mustache and penguin paunch is a perfect symbol of his day—its clothes and customs, furniture and food, thinking...and *drinking*. That glass holds a heavy, heady bottled-in-bond whiskey as far away from your advanced tastes as his evening clothes are from yours. You wouldn't like his whiskey. Maybe he wouldn't either—if he could have tasted yours. But his was the only whiskey old-fashioned methods could produce. There was no rich, ripe, mellow, but *light-bodied* Signet then!



AND TODAY IT'S COCKTAIL TIME in *your* living room. Your smart, beautifully simple 1939 room. Your draped and tapered dinner jacket...your haircut...your well-razored face...all fit into the picture. We hope—for your sake—that your whiskey fits in, too.

If it's Signet, it fits!

For Signet is light-bodied as Scotch! Its flavor is delicious—and delicate. Its bouquet...like a soft, warm summer wind over golden fields of ripening rye. Ripe and mellow, yet *light! Distilled* for lightness, first. Then aged in *aged* wood like no other bottled-in-bond whiskey in all American history! Try Signet—today!

COPYRIGHT 1939
HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC
PEORIA, ILL.

5 years after Repeal...Here is the *First Bonded Whiskey of its kind*

Signet

Aged in *aged* wood

First, Signet is *distilled* for lightness. Then, like the finest Canadian and Scotch whiskies and French brandies, Signet is aged in *aged* wood...in casks pre-mellowed by prior use in aging other fine Hiram Walker whiskies. 100 proof.

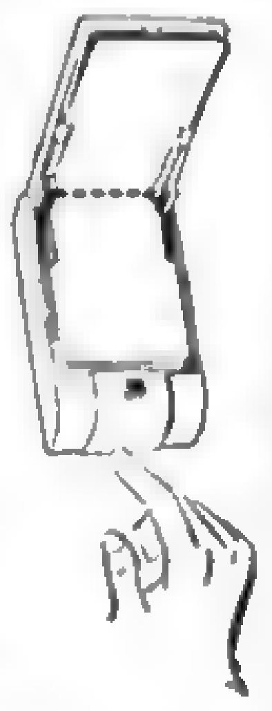
THIS WHISKEY IS 4 YEARS OLD

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

new!

AUTODEX

"the automatic telephone index"



Here's a Christmas gift that's both beautiful and practical — one of the few gifts that will be used *every day* for years. To get a telephone number or address simply move pointer to the number desired, push the button, and you have it.

Streamlined beauty in *Bakelite*, modern —smart to give, smart to own. EXPENSIVE LOOKING, YET LOW IN COST, Sleek Black...$1.29, Brown...$1.39, Rich Grained Walnut . . . $1.50, Ivory...$2.00. All in *Bakelite*. Ask your stationery, dept. or gift store to show you the AUTODEX Clock and Calendar combinations in attractive Walnut or Mahogany $8.95 and less. If your dealer cannot supply you send money direct to

ZEPHYR-AMERICAN CORP.
Dept. E-12, 31 W. 47th St., New York City
● Molding by Universal Plastics Corp.

HANDEE *Hobbies*

Get more out of life. Make things with our easy working plans. 75 new, intriguing projects for the home, gifts or to sell — models of ships, planes, houses; engraved glassware, trays, mirrors; statuettes, book ends, etc. Portfolio of 12 plans, **25c.**

TOOL OF 1001 USES

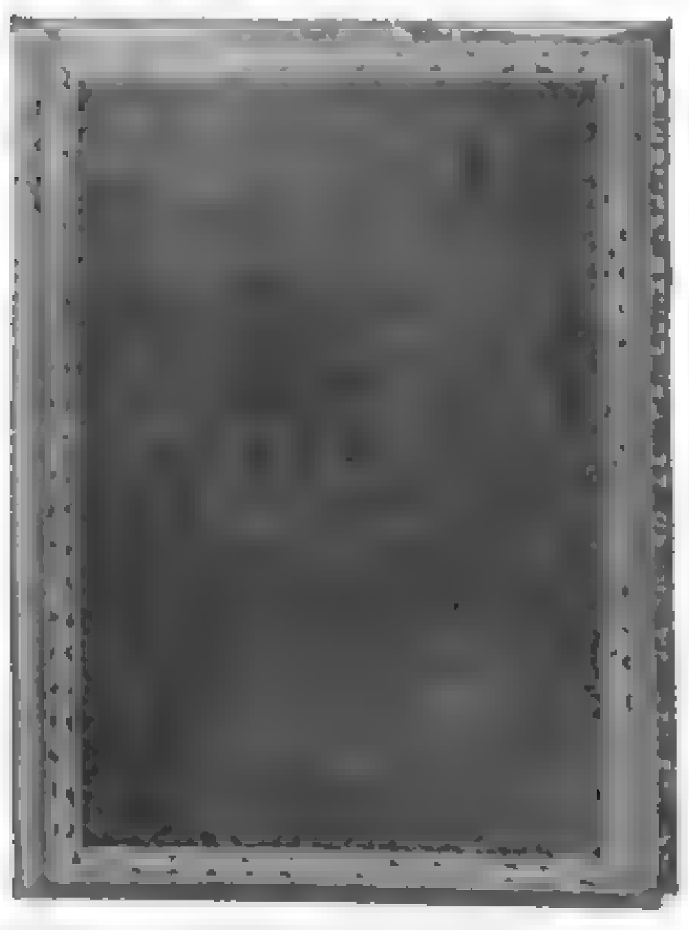
A tool shop and power house in one. Plugs in any electric socket. Grinds, drills, polishs, cuts, carves, routs, saws, sands, sharpens, engraves, all materials. Write for FREE 64-page catalog. Shows Handees **$10.75** up.

A GIFT HE'LL LIKE

CHICAGO WHEEL & MFG. CO.
113 S. Aberdeen Street
Chicago, Illinois

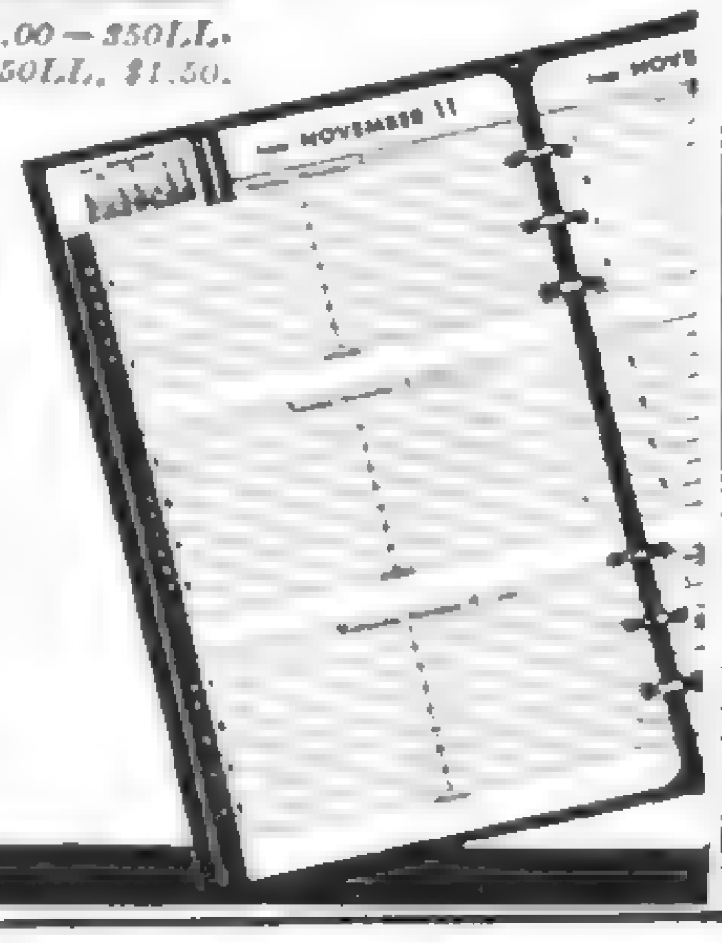
***Free* YOUR MIND OF PETTY DETAILS!**

WEEK-AT-A-GLANCE



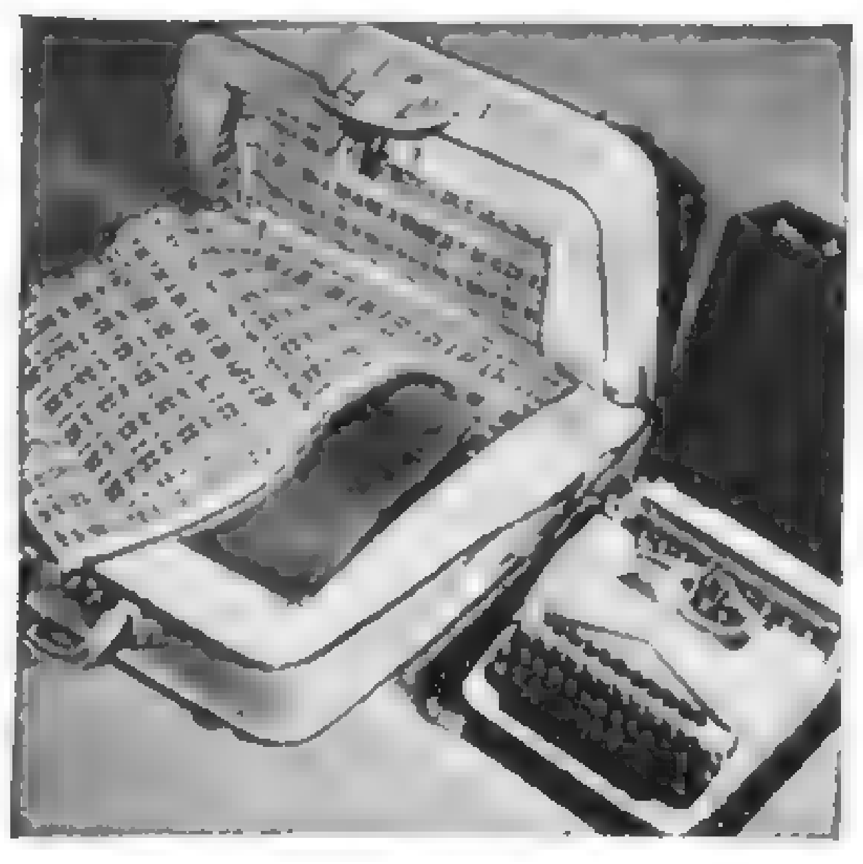
- A week's appointments and memoranda at-a-glance.
- A permanent record of appointments and memoranda.
- Indexed telephone and address section.
- Handsome loose leaf cover—lies flat, size 5x8"

Illustrated 800LL. $5.00—350LL. $3.50; 250LL. $2.50; 150LL. $1.50.



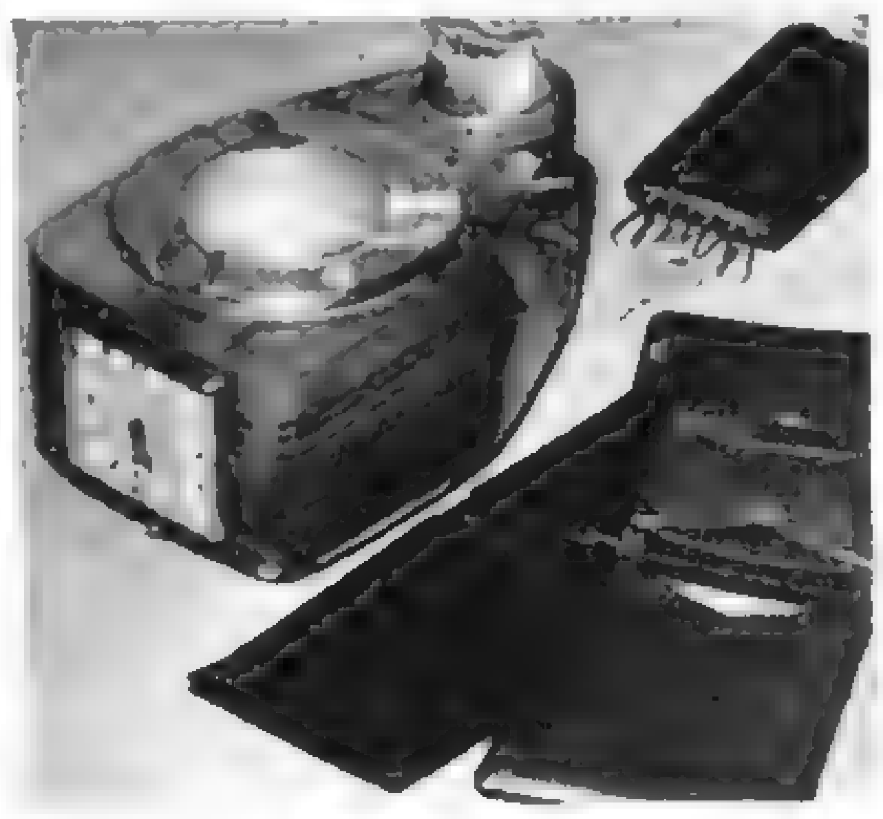
If your local stationery, department store or gift shop cannot supply you, send check, money order or cash to

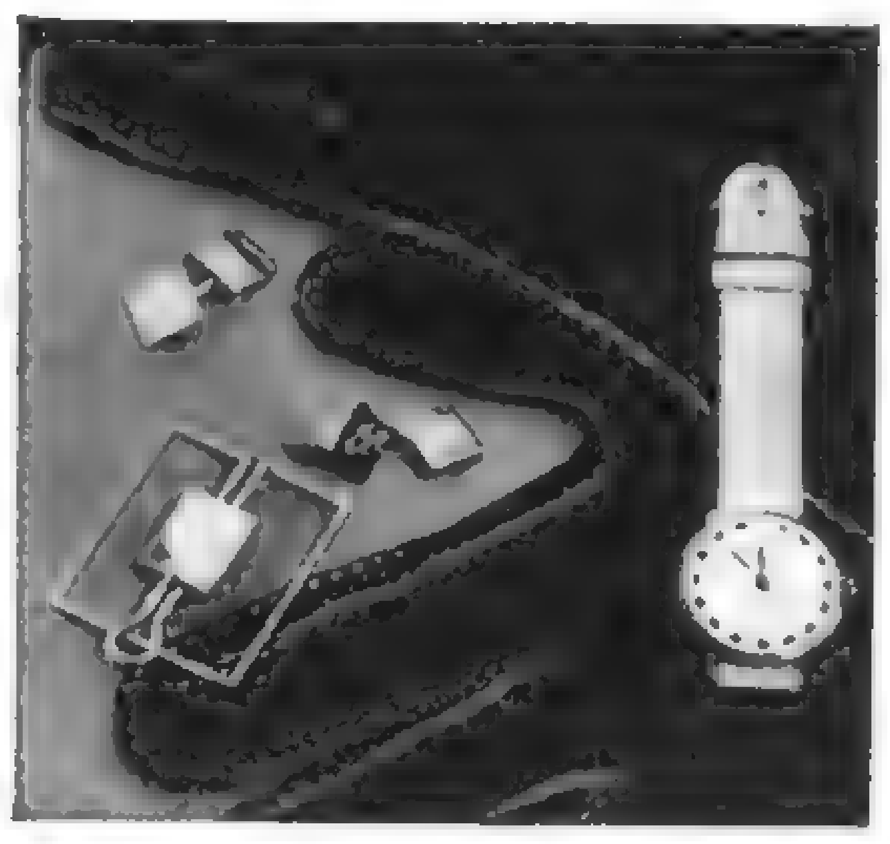
NASCON
SERVICE, INC.
60 East 42nd St.
New York, N.Y.



PACK AND PORTABLE. "Living from a suitcase" ain't what it used to be—this case was designed to put it aright. Can be hung up in the back of a car or closet as is, suits hanging straight — and wrinkle free. Has special compartments for all necessities. Plaid lined, the case is made of London tan aniline cowhide. The portable is a colorful, silent model with all around steel frame, floating shift and an anchor carriage among other features. The case leads a double life, can be used as an overnight carryall. Typewriter in beige, maroon and black.

THREE FOR THE TREE. Designed for busy men — the versatile, three-way billfold with compartments for separating checks, bills and papers. The inner "partition" lifts out, is suitable for evening use. With matching keycase, makes a practical set, comes in several fine leathers. For his desk — home or office—the four-in-one cigarette dispenser, clock, ash tray and lighter. The polished brass tray conceals twenty cigarettes which pop up automatically. Case is solid walnut.





ACCESSORIES AFTER THE FACT . . . the fact being self evident —that all men welcome accessories such as (1) Gloves in a revolutionary design—they can be worn on either hand, each pair having four wearing surfaces. Only one glove needed for replacement. Saddle stitched in all leathers. (2) The calendar watch is stainless steel, tells the date as well as the time. (3) Both bill clip and cuff links are of gold, have photo-lockets with spaces for four miniature photographs.

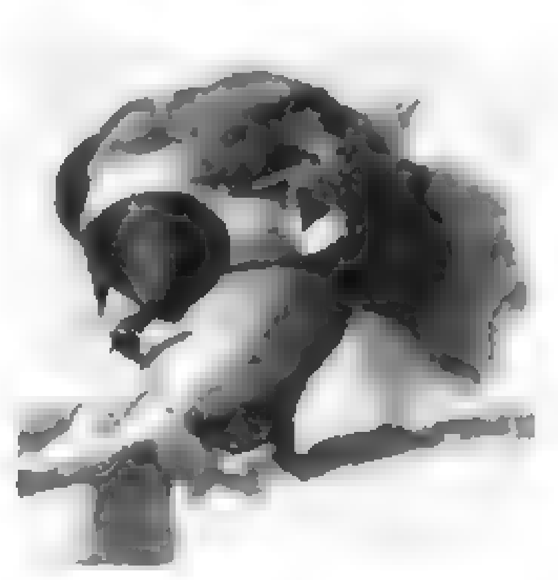
THE BAR BELONGS TO DADDY . . . and probably needs refurbishing after a long hard summer. Idea No. 1 is the streamlined chromium wine bottle holder that tilts the bottle at the angle experienced winebibbers usually specify. No. 2 is a pear shaped, silver plated snack dish for his peanuts, pretzels or popcorn. Third are the highball glasses, one a twenty-ouncer in thistle, wheat, juniper berry or mint design, the other (12 oz.) with a green palm leaf crested in the glass. The palm can also be had in cocktail and old-fashioned glasses.

UTILITY HAS IT. Some gifts—the gadget type—are forgotten quickly. Those that are remembered and used the longest are often utilitarian in nature, save work, make life simpler. This portable electric ironer, for lad or lassie, eases domestic chores, is built for long use. Starts with a tap on the elbow-control, operates while the user relaxes in a chair. Presses trousers or table cloths, shirts or skirts. Light in weight, can be stored in a closet.

DON'T BE MISLED BY IMITATIONS

Insist on Original

SLEEP SHADE



Sleep Shade alone has medical approval. Sleep Shade alone is held comfortably and securely in place by double elastics on each side extending over and under the ear, connected by an adjustable tape. This method of attaching positively prevents pressure on the optic nerves — excludes light completely.

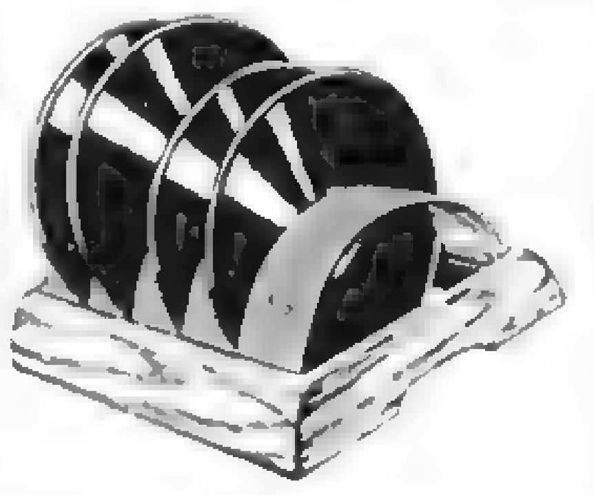
These patented Sleep Shade features have won the endorsement of a quarter million users — they are not found in imitations. *So for better sleep with greater comfort, always insist on genuine Sleep Shade.*

Sleep Shade comes in two sizes and four colors: Black Sateen, $1.00 each; Tea Rose, Nile Green, Midnight Blue Satin, lined with moisture-proof silk, $2.00 each.

Sold by most leading stores.
If not available, order from

SLEEP SHADE CORPORATION
PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS
200 DAVIS ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

RECORD RACK

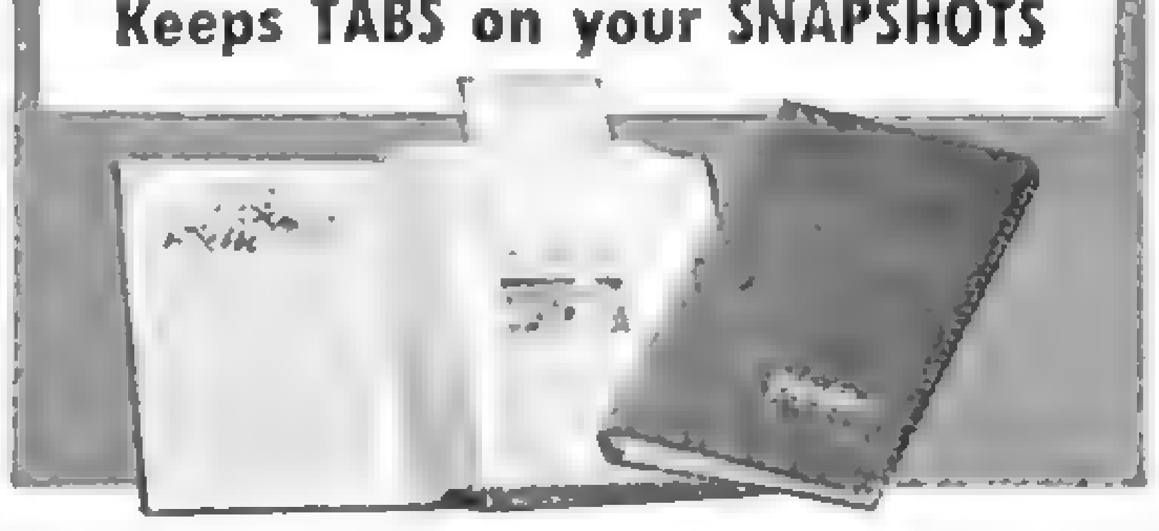


This new Musicraft Rack is truly modern in design. Genuine solid walnut, beautifully grained, rubbed to gleaming jewel-like finish! Exclusive rubber-covered separators prevent record damage. Holds 50 records, 10" and 12" sizes. Complete with index and stickers, for selecting any record quickly. Only $3.00 (plus 45c postage in U.S.A.).

RABSON'S MUSIC SHOP
111 WEST 52nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Visit our new acoustically perfect Capehart Salon and hear these magnificent instruments at their best!

FOTOFOLIO
Keeps TABS on your SNAPSHOTS



Mount prints compactly, chronologically in FOTOFOLIO. Perfect gift for camera fans, travelers, vacationists and parents. *Beautifully bound editions to fit any size print. Priced $1–10 at leading stores and photo shops. Write for illustrated booklet.*

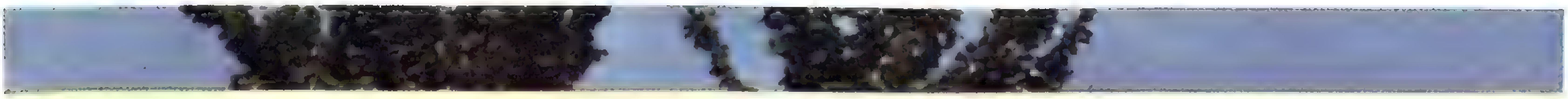
FOTOFOLIO
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
E. E. Miles Co. Box 23 So. Lancaster, Mass.

THE IDEAL GIFT
for Executives

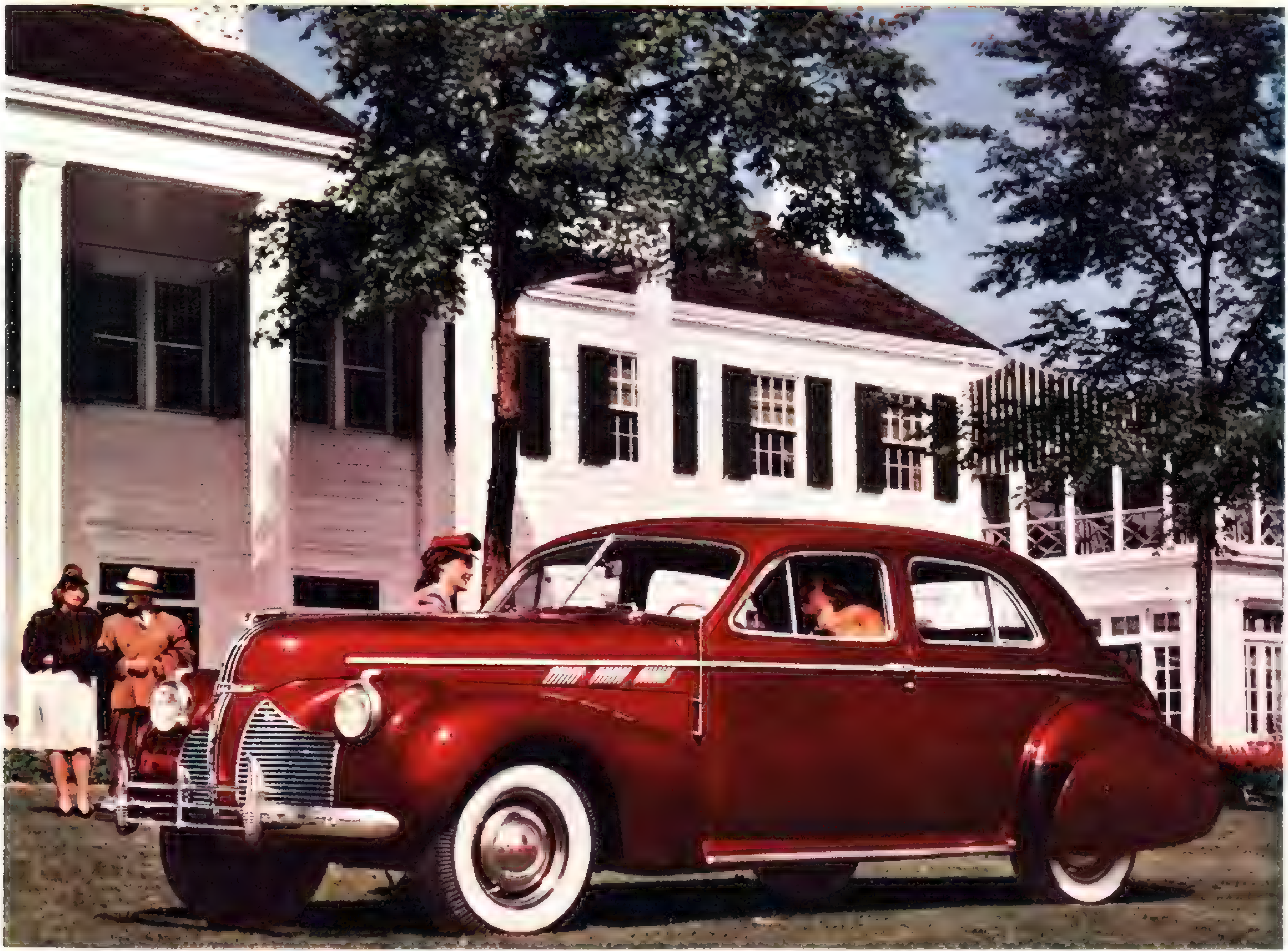
Here is the ideal gift for friends to whom you would like to present a lifetime of comfort. DO/MORE TRIPLE FEATURE CHAIRS offer definite advantages: (1) They include an "exerciser" back, (2) They give greater comfort by helping correct improper sitting posture, (3) They help busy men to relax. Friends will never cease thanking you for this exceptional gift. Call local Domore agency or wire collect for gift information.

DOMORE CHAIR CO., 1209 Franklin St., Elkhart, Ind.

DO/MORE



Here is a "Close-up" of the *Style Setter* for 1940



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY GRANN, TAKEN AT OAKLAND HILLS COUNTRY CLUB, BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN

*Illustrating Torpedo Eight 4-Door Touring Sedan, $1072**

THE NEW *Pontiac* TORPEDO EIGHT

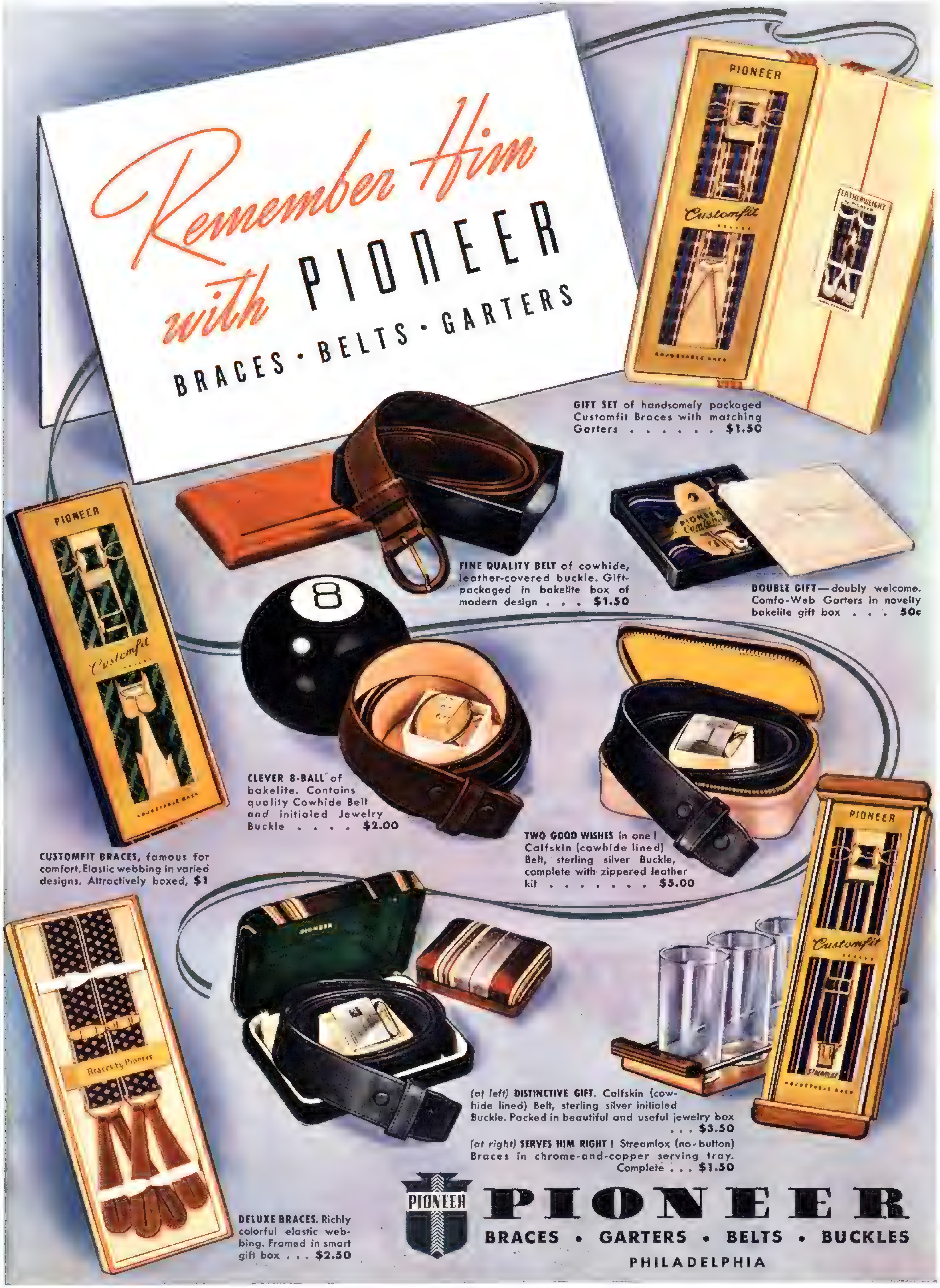
PRESENTING A TOTALLY new conception of high-styling in the field of motor car design, the Pontiac Torpedo Eight is a thrilling invitation to all lovers of the beautiful.

Here are seventeen feet of blue-blooded distinction—long, low and superbly lithe . . . with a front end like some gigantic jewel out of Tiffany. Here are interiors equally unique in restrained richness, created about a glamorous new instrument panel highlighted in plastic and chrome. Here, in brief, is the luxury of the perfect gem in the perfect setting—radiant style wedded to superb performance.

For Pontiac designers—inspired by the enthusiasm of owners for Pontiac's remarkable eight cylinder power plant and famous trouble-free chassis—created the Torpedo to be the *first and only fine car* wherein luxury is divorced from extravagance! The Torpedo is the largest and most powerful Pontiac ever built. On the basis of what it *is*, what it *does*, and what it *costs*, it should be seen and driven by everyone accustomed to the best.

$1016 *and up for Torpedo models *delivered at Pontiac, Mich. Other Pontiac prices start as low as $783. Transportation based on rail rates; state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment—white side wall tires and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. General Motors Terms to suit your purse.*

PONTIAC FOR PRIDE AND PERFORMANCE



Remember Him with PIONEER

BRACES · BELTS · GARTERS

GIFT SET of handsomely packaged Customfit Braces with matching Garters $1.50

FINE QUALITY BELT of cowhide, leather-covered buckle. Gift-packaged in bakelite box of modern design . . . $1.50

DOUBLE GIFT—doubly welcome. Comfo-Web Garters in novelty bakelite gift box . . . 50¢

CLEVER 8-BALL of bakelite. Contains quality Cowhide Belt and initialed Jewelry Buckle $2.00

CUSTOMFIT BRACES, famous for comfort. Elastic webbing in varied designs. Attractively boxed, $1

TWO GOOD WISHES in one! Calfskin (cowhide lined) Belt, sterling silver Buckle, complete with zippered leather kit $5.00

(at left) **DISTINCTIVE GIFT.** Calfskin (cowhide lined) Belt, sterling silver initialed Buckle. Packed in beautiful and useful jewelry box . . . $3.50

(at right) **SERVES HIM RIGHT!** Streamlox (no-button) Braces in chrome-and-copper serving tray. Complete . . . $1.50

DELUXE BRACES. Richly colorful elastic webbing. Framed in smart gift box . . . $2.50

PIONEER

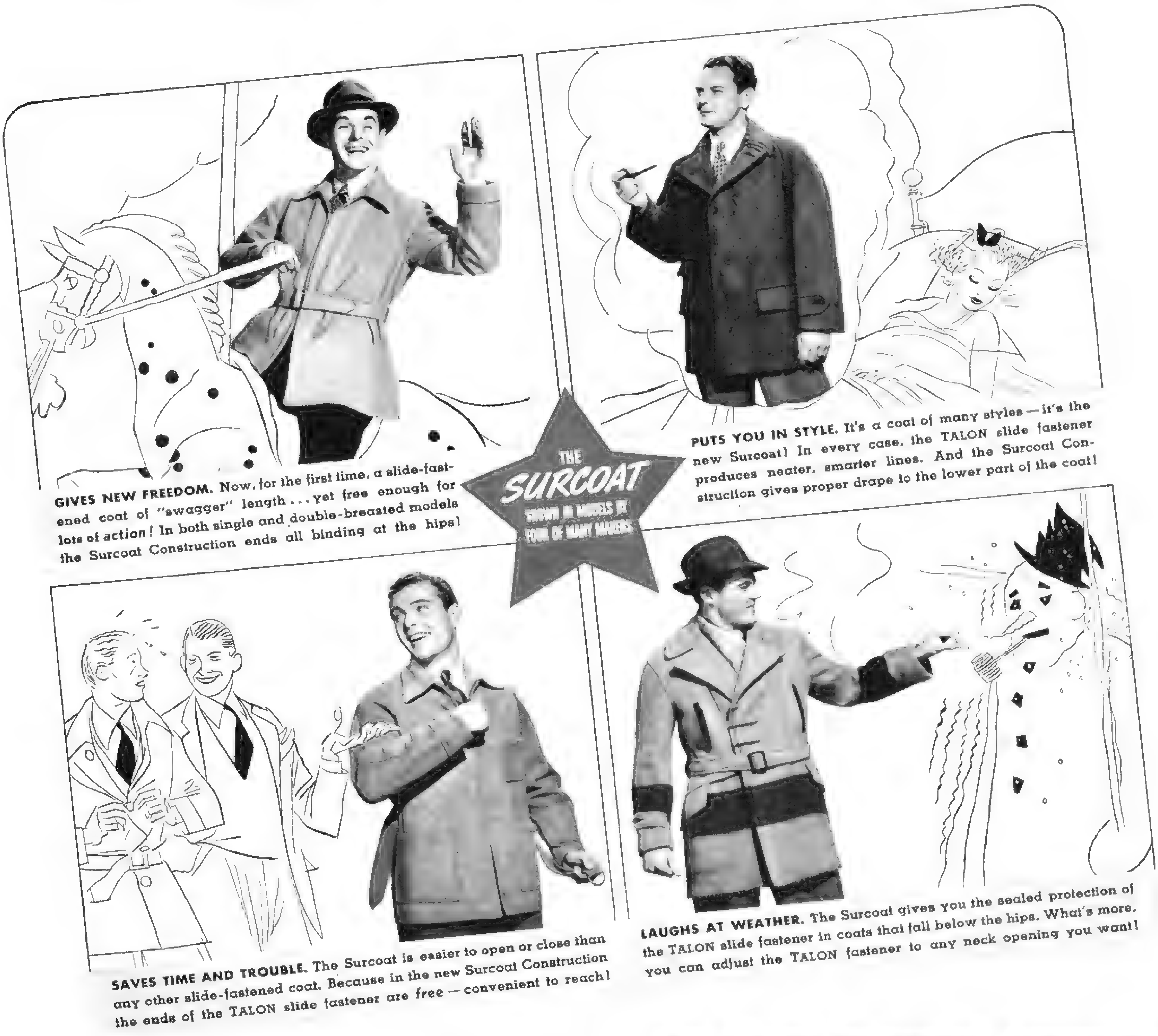
PIONEER

BRACES • GARTERS • BELTS • BUCKLES

PHILADELPHIA

The COAT that does you FOUR FAVORS!

It's the SURCOAT . . . a new kind of coat . . . with all the style of a top-coat plus the freedom of a jacket . . . a combination never before achieved! A coat for hard swinging sportsmen, well dressed spectators, for all informal wear. Less than a year ago it was *unknown*—now SURCOATS are being worn by hundreds of thousands of men. See the latest models today at men's and department stores. SURCOATS come in fabrics, leather and knit goods for all seasons . . . styles for each and every taste. Read below how a new invention* and the TALON slide fastener made this unusually successful new SURCOAT possible!



GIVES NEW FREEDOM. Now, for the first time, a slide-fastened coat of "swagger" length . . . yet free enough for lots of *action!* In both single and double-breasted models the Surcoat Construction ends all binding at the hips!

PUTS YOU IN STYLE. It's a coat of many styles—it's the new Surcoat! In every case, the TALON slide fastener produces neater, smarter lines. And the Surcoat Construction gives proper drape to the lower part of the coat!

SAVES TIME AND TROUBLE. The Surcoat is easier to open or close than any other slide-fastened coat. Because in the new Surcoat Construction the ends of the TALON slide fastener are *free*—convenient to reach!

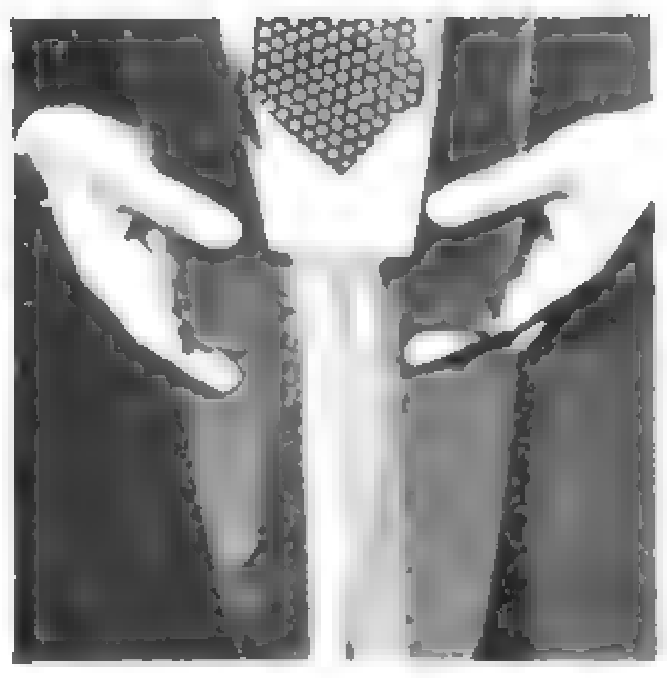
LAUGHS AT WEATHER. The Surcoat gives you the sealed protection of the TALON slide fastener in coats that fall below the hips. What's more, you can adjust the TALON fastener to any neck opening you want!

ALWAYS "TAKE A SECOND LOOK" WHEN YOU BUY A SURCOAT

You may run across a coat that—at first glance—*looks* like a Surcoat. But "take a second look."

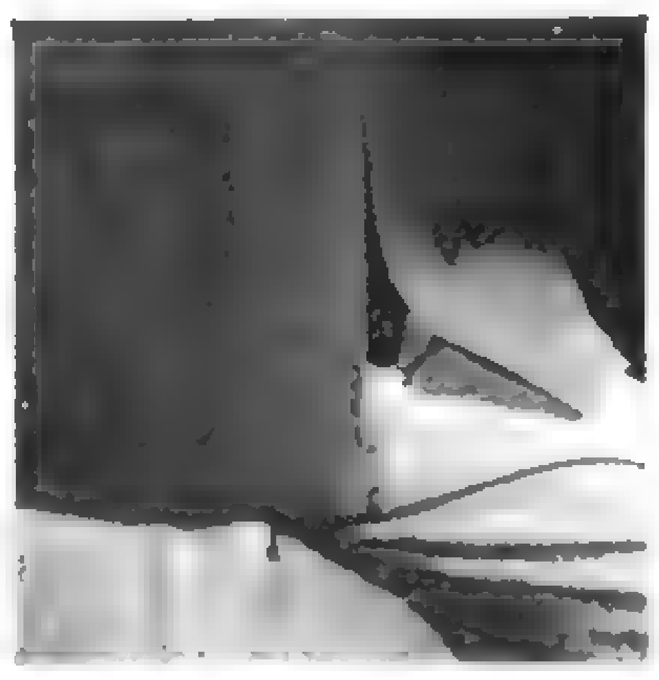
For, as the pictures at the right show, the Surcoat is constructed in a special way—*patented by TALON, Inc.*

To be sure you get the genuine Surcoat, look first for the "free end" construction at the bottom of the fastener. It's the only construction that makes a slide-fastened coat of this length practical and comfortable. Then "take a second look" for the trade mark "TALON" on the fastener.



*Patented Surcoat Construction—Note "free ends"

. . . that make it easy to assemble TALON fastener



. . . and give proper drape to the lower front of coat.

TALON SLIDE FASTENER • MADE BY TALON, INC. • MEADVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

"HAWKINS, ANOTHER CALDWELL'S HOT SPICED RUM"
"VERY GOOD SIR"

Hawkins knows how to make the best hot, spiced rum—
1 jigger Caldwell's Old Newburyport Brand Rum; 2 or 3 teaspoons Sugar; teaspoonful of Butter; half teaspoon Mixed Spices (Powdered Cinnamon, Cloves); Use 5 oz. toddy glass; melt sugar with hot water, then add butter, spices, rum. Fill glass with hot water and stir gently until smooth. Sprinkle nutmeg on top.
Send for "HERE'S HOW" FREE Recipe Booklet

CALDWELL'S
Old Newburyport BRAND
RUM
100 PROOF
FAMOUS SINCE 1790
A & G. J. CALDWELL, INC., NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

● YULE TIME IS
● GAY TIME AT—
● **LEON & EDDIE'S**
● 33 W 52 Never A Cover Charge
● **EDDIE DAVIS**
● Plays Santa all Nite

NEW Jiffy Jigger TRADE MARK REG
Says "when"
● Automatically measures one ounce. Fits quart or pint bottles. Colors: blue, red, ivory, green, orange, orchid.
★ A PERFECT CHRISTMAS GIFT
At leading Department Stores ... or send direct $1.00 POSTPAID
JIFFY JIGGER MFG. CO.
15 S. E. ELEVENTH, PORTLAND, OREGON

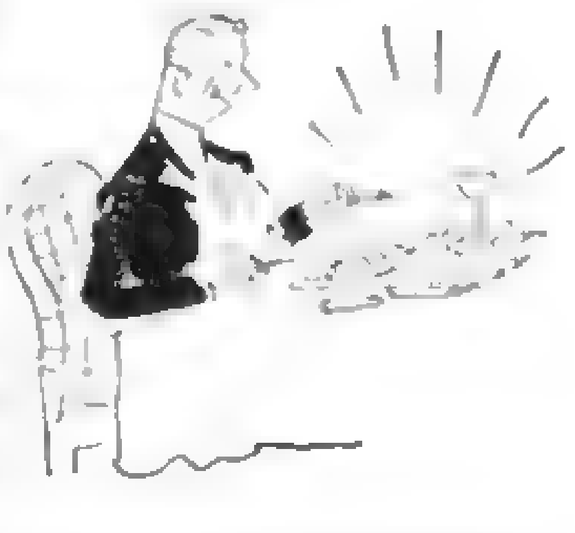
Rare Wines • Unique Cuisine
CAVIAR RESTAURANT
18 EAST 49th ST.
New York

Vincent Astor's sweet inn, the St. Regis, of which Gaston Lauryssen is keeper, has had an interesting switch of Maisonette climate. Where Imperial Russia used to hold court, we now have paradisic Hawaii—bamboo fronds, poi bowls, hula belles and all. Elmer Lee and his imported quintet purvey the melodies you languor to, you old lotus-eater, you. Clara Inter ("Hilo Hattie") interjects comedy. Upstairs, the lordly Iridium Room, with Charles Baum back again as maestro and virtuoso, has settled the question of ice show vs. floor show by offering both—performed by a versatile-footed troupe of Hollywoodsies.

The chef of the International Casino is aggrieved. "We prepare ze elegant food, served hot. And ze patrons, all zay do is look at ze beautiful girls! Mon dieu!" Actually, that's only the half of it—for besides the cohorts of pulchritude, there's an array of star talent, including the phenomenal Remos Midgets, all calculated to hold knives and forks spellbound.

A couple of pages of the Social Register are to be seen tabled any noon or evening you drop in at Tony's Trouville (112 East 52nd). Cuisine and service have something to do with it, but the establishment itself even more so—nice people go there because nice people go there. As velvet, there's Cubaning by guitar gal Gloria Esteves (comely); Bunty Pendleton perts at the piano after dinner; Arthur Humby and Duke Smith team up in ditties, and Alex Fogarty is in fettle at the keys during cocktails.

The 65-story elevator ride is the least part of the lift you get when you visit the Rainbow Room. The whole spirit of the place is strictly a-a-ah! And this season the music and entertainment seem extra-extra, though batonist Ben Cutler, elite's Eli pigskinner and thrush, and dapper, curvetting Eddie LeBaron, his alternate on the podium, modom, are returned favorites. Certainly this glitter cabin has harbored nothing quite so colorful as the Balinese dancing and posturing of Jack Cole and two gels. When he and one of the latter stage a rhumba, it shows what the simple Cubans might do if properly acquainted with Greek culture.



Sturgeon eggs, an untried mystery to some, are practically breakfast food to Antoine Dadone who humors his mania for choice delicacies (he was a chef under Escoffier at the Savoy in London) by operating the Caviar Restaurant, 18 East 49th. This place is adorned with a simulated grape arbor and a good-looking Bar as you enter, but they're minor considerations to the boss. He's all zealed up over terrapin, smoked turkey, Virginia and Parma hams, and the birds that men go gunning for. In his estimation, flavor is something holy. As a result, his provender ranks with the best obtainable anywhere on earth. (If you doubt us, try it yourself and see if we're exaggerating.)

It pretty nearly calls for a cordon of cops to brush the Ramona fans off that lady's piano, the way she's leading her Men of Music—and her public—at Leon & Eddie's. You'd think she was the female Eddie Davis.

Rural high jinks of a hearty, lusty sort can be counted on, as has been the case these nine years, down at the Village Barn, 52 West Eighth Street. City sophisticates who go there to eat, drink, and spectate find themselves coaxed by Pappy Below, overalled master of informality, into joining in the square dances, the spud olympics, and what the British call "the game of Musical Chairs." Incidentally, there's Howard Woods' orchestra for hoofing and quite a spirited floor show which varies the corny with the hot.

Now He'll Smoke That Aromatic London Dock Tobacco!

Play Santa With this Smart Art Glass GIFT HUMIDOR

London Dock
Aromatic Mixture

Watch any pipe smoker register pleasure when he unwraps this gift. A full pound of *America's finest aromatic tobacco* in a handsome, amber glass humidor with special moistening device. Both at the regular price of the rich and fragrant tobacco alone............$3.00

At your tobacconist, or postpaid from Christian Peper Tobacco Co., 128 Delmar, St. Louis, Mo.

The Glass Hat
Completing its second sensational year. Luncheon, cocktails, dinner or supper. Dine and dance in smart surroundings. Popular circular bar.
HOTEL BELMONT PLAZA
Lexington Avenue at 49th Street, New York

CAFÉ Louis XIV
NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT
LUNCHEON PRIX FIXE $1.50
PRE-THEATRE DINNER $2.00
15 WEST 49th STREET, IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER

JACQUES
French Restaurant
WHEN IN CHICAGO
Try Our Tasty Dishes
900 N. MICHIGAN

Ocean-Clear LOBSTERS

World's Largest Distributors of
LOBSTERS
CONSOLIDATED LOBSTER CO., INC.
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

just a *New* Christmas custom . . .

give her

*Playtex** make-up capes

If she laughs at lipstick, murmurs at make-up, shudders at silk stockings . . . skip it, our friend . . . you're in the wrong advertisement. Better buy her a plum pudding! But if she's a modern girl . . . your gift search is at an end . . . for Playtex Make-up Capes are a new Christmas custom that shows her you know your way around. She'll slip this grand idea over her pretty shoulders countless times a day to protect her dress when she powders her nose or combs her hair. Made of sheer liquid latex, with a little swing pocket to hold puff, lipstick, etc. And . . . have you an office full of girls, or a note-book crammed with lady friends? Well, Playtex Make-up Capes come in heavenly blue, shell pink, daffodil yellow, and gardenia white. With the convenient coupon below, you may order one or several dozen.

Gift packaged expressly for her, $1.00

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION, 350 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

International Latex Corporation, Empire State Bldg., 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. Please send me the following quantity ☐ of *Playtex Make-up Capes* at $1.00 each, gift packaged. or 1 doz. (12) ☐ 2 doz. (24) ☐ 3 doz. (36) ☐

white ☐ pink ☐ blue ☐ yellow ☐

☐ check ☐ money order ☐ cash for $ is enclosed

Name...

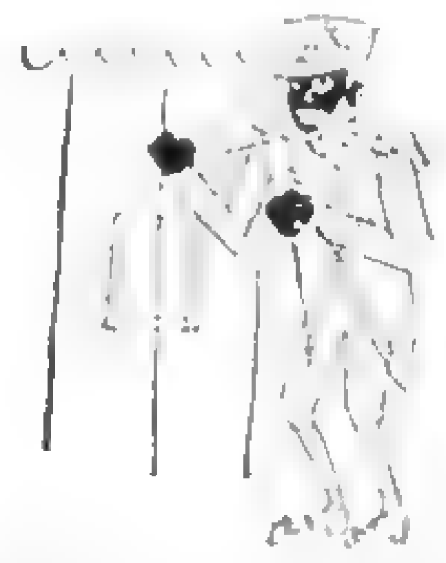
Address...

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright 1939, Int'l Latex Corp'n.

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

Down across from the depot, the Statler-stately Hotel Pennsylvania has broken out with a Café Rouge, consisting of its handsome Renaissance dining room re-splendored with new color and lighting effects and with musical come-hither furnished by Artie Shaw. Just 500 can squeeze in.

It's a treat and a privilege to be welcomed by the delightful old Negro retainer in knee breeches, Samuel Walker, who is your first greeter at Jack Dempsey's (50th and Eighth Ave.). He's almost as unique as his massa. As regards mere food, old timers comment on the similarity between the steaks and filet mignons served here and those of blessed memory at the old Hotel St. Denis; which is more than a coincidence, because Jack's partner, Jacob Amron, was owner and operator of that food-famous hostelry and hasn't forgotten anything. In fact, genial as Jack's aura is, you're not asked to subsist on it: this happens to be a bang-up restaurant.

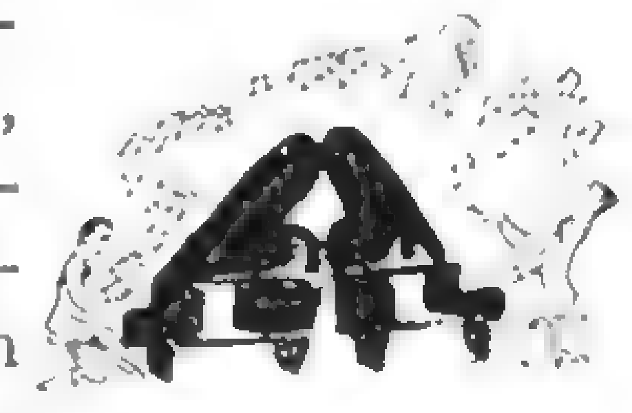


That blasted thing called charm is to be found aplenty at the small, *intime* Meadowbrook (52 East 55th) with rotund Carlo diagnosing your needs sympathetically. In case the person who is to join you for lunch or dinner is late, there's a soothing little waiting room equipped with bar. Eats are upstairs and they run to such trove as Brook Trout Amandine, Veal Kidney Bordelaise, and Golden Gnocchi à la Romana. Wine resources are wide and deep as you wish.

Violin beguiler Eddie Varzos and his bandsmen are putting melodies in circulation at the Café de la Paix of the St. Moritz-on-the-Park. Not to be too local in a place which boasts a Round the World Bar, the entertainment includes also a magnetic miss from Mexico, Marissa Flores, who dances and dramas, and a blonde looker from the St. Louis Opera with a voice twice her size. The Three Idlers (guitar, violin, mandolin) are busy betweenwhiles, and maître Nino is full of good suggestions as to nourishment.

"Good evening, Commodore!" (it is then 2:10 A.M.) says the doorman of Bill's Gay Nineties, 57 East 54th, as we disembark from our taxi and barge through vest-length swinging doors into the Bar, jammed with dry antiquarians lapping up Americana. Upstairs in the lamp-lighted grill room, rafters from the old Vanderbilt mansion resound to the strains of "Daisy, Daisy" emitted by the Gay Nineties Quartet with Gus Wicke as underpinning. It's a wonder the Police Gazette prints and the framed flag from the battleship *Maine* don't tumble off the walls, such is the fervor with which consumers join in with performers. One set of the latter is worn out every quarter hour and another shift takes over. But the jocund sitters stay and stay.

Sundown and evening thirsts in the region where lower Fifth Ave. goes Greenwich, find pleasant slakeage at No. 1 Bar, corner of Eighth Street. Divertissement is supplied by twin-grandsters Earl Fox and Bobby Tucker, with Sally Evans and other vocalists interspersing. Hazel Webster plays at cocktail time, and the Haywood Boys, fresh from Purdue, swing-sing. Tables are numerous yet scarce.



Impressive African golf implements are the decorative note at Dame Susan Palmer's new Seven Eleven Restaurant and Bar (located in the flank of 711 Fifth Ave.), symbolizing the luck that rolls your palate's way when you order any of the specials—Charcoal Broiled Spareribs, Charcoal Broiled Chicken Lobster, Palmer's Special Hamburger, etc. As bonuses you get an appetizer, hot breads, relishes, bowl of swell-mixed salad, coffee. Pies are noble. An electric organ covers up gluttony sounds.

BY APPOINTMENT
BOOTH'S HOUSE OF LORDS
THE WORLD'S FINEST DISTILLED DRY GIN
Imported from England—of course!
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
86 PROOF
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK
Sole Distributors for the United States

Now In Its THIRD Year!
Hawaiian Room
Hundreds of thousands have enjoyed the famous native music and dancing at this unique restaurant and its popularity is ever increasing!
You'll like stopping at this friendly hotel! Personalized service—convenient location.
HOTEL LEXINGTON
Lexington Ave. at 48th St., New York
Charles E. Rochester, Vice-Pres. & Mng. Dir

Internationally famous for its Fine Food and Italian Delicacies
ZUCCA'S
SINCE 1916
LUNCHEON-COCKTAILS-DINNER
118 W. 49 Bryant 9-5511

SMART ENTERTAINMENT
SUPERB DINNERS
DELIGHTFUL DANCING
MIKE FRITZEL & JOE JACOBSON'S
CHEZ PAREE
CHICAGO

Persian Room at the Plaza
EDDY DUCHIN
PAUL DRAPER
JANE PICKENS
AT DINNER AND SUPPER
Eddy Duchin at Saturday Cocktail Dansant
Paul Draper at Sunday Cocktail Dansant
THE COCKTAIL HOUR
Dancing Daily and Sunday
Nicholas D'Amico
and his Orchestra
Persian Room at the Plaza
FIFTH AVE. AT 59th ST. • NEW YORK

CURTAIN DINNER
7 to 8:30 nightly
Before the Theatre
Dinner from $1.75
No couvert or minimum
Netherland Bar...Open Daily
The SHERRY NETHERLAND
FIFTH AVENUE AT 59th STREET
Where the Park begins

PAUL WHITEMAN
and his Orchestra
with his All Star Show
nightly in the new
TERRACE ROOM
HOTEL NEW YORKER
34th Street at Eighth Avenue, New York

DIVAN PARISIEN
Le Restaurant Par Excellence
CUISINE FRANCAISE
FAMOUS FOR CHICKEN DIVAN & SPECIAL SALAD
FINEST VINTAGE WINES and LIQUEURS
17 EAST 45th STREET • MU 2-9223

CONVENIENCE: Val-A-Pak has separate compartments for shirts, underwear, pajamas, etc. Everything orderly and easily accessible.

ECONOMY: Val-A-Pak soon pays for itself by saving pressing bills. Suits hang on regulation hangers, air-cushioned against wrinkling or mussing.

The Greatest Gift Value You Can Get or Give this Year

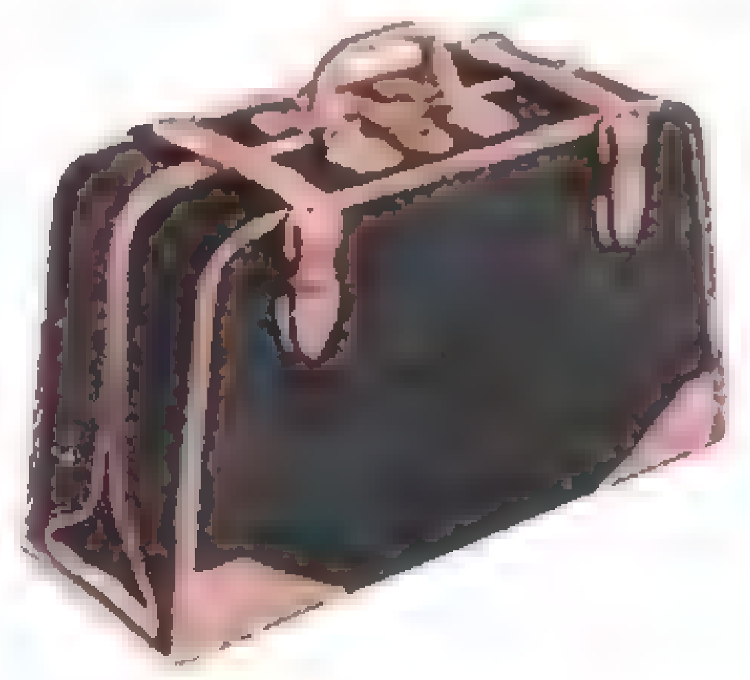
● This smart modern bag is, in reality, a roomy clothes closet in which suits travel wrinkle-free and in perfect press. ● Especially designed compartments or pockets for every item in your wardrobe . . . even places for wet toilet tools and soiled clothes. ● Everything ready-to-hand when wanted—no fumbling for "bottom-of-the-bag" things as in old style hand luggage. It is a traveling clothes-closet and bureau combined. ● *It's a grand gift.*

For Men from $10 to $65. And now for women $15 and $20. At good luggage, department and men's stores.

PRICES WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER SLIGHTLY HIGHER

ATLANTIC PRODUCTS CORP. • TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

The Knockabout model made of black or brown, baby-walrus grained debuffed cowhide with top grain leather trim. **$17.50.**



A model well suited for those who use the skyways. Light in weight but sturdy. Brown, black, blue or green canvas with London tan leather trim. **$20.**

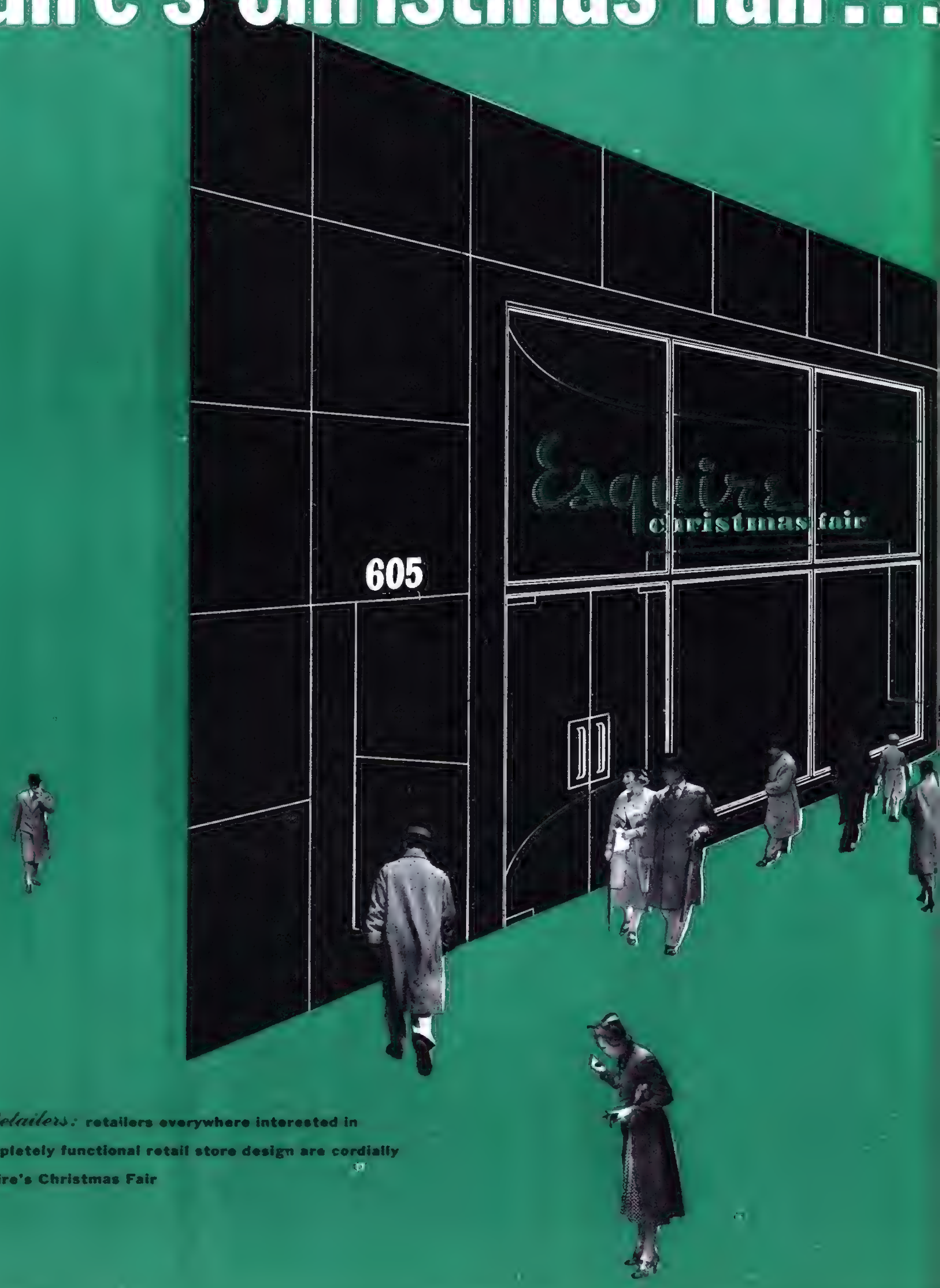
Analine leather synonymous with fine British luggage is used in the "Bond Street" model. Available in the popular sun tan shade. . **$40.**

Wrinkleproof

VAL·A·PAK

THE TRAVELING CLOTHES CLOSET

streamline your christmas
esquire's christmas fair...


605
Esquire
christmas fair

Invitation to Retailers: **retailers everywhere interested in the last word in completely functional retail store design are cordially invited to visit Esquire's Christmas Fair**

gift shopping...by visiting
605 fifth ave. new york city

between 48th and 49th streets

The kind of throngs you will mingle with at ESQUIRE'S CHRISTMAS FAIR are like those at an Ivy League or Big Ten football game. Happy, intelligent, care-free . . . in short, experts in getting the very most out of life.

You will have fun along with them. For here is the most amazing "shop" that you have ever seen. You stroll in through ESQUIRE'S Herculite (solid glass) doors and you are promptly handed one of ESQUIRE'S ingenious Christmas Check Charts.

Your "Christmas" feet sink into luscious, soothing carpet, your eyes roam delightedly over an exposition, an exhibition, a comprehensive collection of gift ideas . . . fine-tooth-combed from everywhere, and segregated, classified and concentrated for easy selection.

You buy nothing . . . because the big idea of ESQUIRE'S CHRISTMAS FAIR is to enable you to organize your entire Christmas shopping at one fell swoop . . . to arm you with lists of retail stores in both New York City and elsewhere . . . where you may buy what you have seen.

You make note of all these things on your Check Chart. You are guided through all this glamour by one of ESQUIRE'S intelligently courteous and specially uniformed-for-the-occasion attendants. You solve all your gift problems in a new and modern way.

For, this new kind of "sight-seeing tour" under the auspices of ESQUIRE . . . really something new under the sun . . . saves your time instead of squandering it . . . and will completely delight you with the thrill of a brand new experience.

Take this as your cordial invitation to have yourself a time . . . from now until Christmas.

WHO MADE THIS MODERN "STORE" . . . Esquire's Christmas Fair . . . the model gift service shop at 605 Fifth Avenue (between 48th and 49th Sts.), New York City . . . was planned for ESQUIRE, The Magazine For Men, by Robert Heller, industrial designer . . . who has used the following modern materials and resources:

high pile carpets . . . **L. C. CHASE & COMPANY**

Pittco front and Herculite doors . . . **PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY**

illumination . . . **CENTURY LIGHTING, Inc.**

wall materials . . . **MASONITE CORPORATION**

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

William Hazlett Upson

The author of *Mr. Pratt and the Christmas Spirit*, William Hazlett Upson, will be remembered for the "Alexander Botts Earthworm Tractor" stories. He also wrote *Me and Henry and the Artillery*. Mr. Upson served with the 13th Field Artillery, 4th Division, A.E.F., 1917-18. He saw service at St. Mihiel and the Argonne and was a member of the Army of Occupation in Germany. He is a graduate (1914) of Cornel Agricultural College.

•

Born at the outbreak of the last war in Berlin, Ernest J. Borneman studied history of art, literature, and music in Germany while earning his living as free-lance journalist and script writer for documentary films. When the Nazi régime made continuation of his work in Germany impossible, he moved to London, working as London correspondent to a couple of film trade journals. He joined Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s. British movie company, Criterion Film Productions Limited, as scenario reader in 1936. His first novel, *The Face on the Cutting Room Floor*, was published by Gollancz in 1937, republished in a cheaper edition by Cherry Tree Novels this year. He is now preparing a history of American Negro music, to be published by E. P. Dutton, and a history of the London Underworld, from the Restoration to the Regency—of which *Royal Art of Cocking*, page 79, forms one chapter.

Ernest J. Borneman

•

George Slocombe, author of *Seven Men of Rouen*, page 51, lives in the little village of Les Andelys, in France. His wife is Russian and they have two bilingual (French and English) daughters, one of whom is a fashion artist, traveling (or she did during peace times) between New York and Paris. When we last heard from Mr. Slocombe he had just finished a book on Paris painters which he thought of calling *Adventures in Art*. He said: "In between sharing the general anxiety at the international situation, I am beginning a play, painting a little, writing an occasional short story and composing verse in the moments of insomnia which seem to increase with the approach of middle age."

•

Another Esquire discovery is Guido D'Agostino (remember *Tonight or Never?*) who lives in Westchester County and spends his spare time hunting and fishing. He was born in Greenwich Village, New York. And he says he has worked at everything from helping to excavate the 8th Avenue Subway to writing copy for advertising agencies. He writes novels—not—so far—for publication.

Guido D'Agostino

•

Blues Are the Negroes' Lament, by E. Simms Campbell, is a chapter of a book called *Jazzmen* which Harper's will have published by the time you read this. The book will contain discussions by several authorities on the various aspects of jazz.

•

Paul Hyde Bonner studied singing with Giuseppe Campanari in New York, and later in Italy, continuing his instruction at Milan. He made an audition at La Scala in the spring of 1914. But at the beginning of the Late Unpleasantness, all contracts were off, so he returned to this country, and when the USA joined the War, he promptly married and enlisted. He never sings now except while drinking. He did a turn as vice-president of Stehli Silks, later grabbed his wife and four sons and set out to see the world. On his return to this country, he settled down to free-lance writing. Just now he's in Santa Fe. His contribution to this issue is *Goodbye to Good Manners* on page 114.

•

Jingle Bells as used on the cover is from the M. Witmark & Sons publication, *Christmas Music*, and has been used with their permission.

•

Credit for the color photographs in the gift pages goes to Leon De Vos. His interest in photography first evinced itself when he was fourteen. He sold a Liberty Bond (bought with his own savings) to buy an early Eastman camera, and was promptly thrashed by his Reverend father. He earned his way at Blair Academy, in addition to firing furnaces, by taking pictures of teams, fraternities, etc.; but he took French leave, after a dispute with one of his teachers, and took a job as seaman of an oil tanker to South America. He had a lot of odd jobs after that aviator, laborer in the cotton fields, and railroad brakeman to name a few—all the time taking pictures as a hobby. Finally he came to New York with $2 in his pocket, and having sold his camera, became a streetcar motorman for awhile. When he showed Nicholas Haas samples of his work, he was promptly hired as a photographic assistant, and after a year and a half working with Haas, De Vos went into business for himself. Now he's a noted color photographer and says that he couldn't do a thing without his wife, who assists him actively in his business and is largely responsible, he feels, for his success.

Leon De Vos

•

The collection of Greetings, shown on page 66, will be on display at Lord and Taylor's, in New York, during the Christmas season.

Philip B. Sharpe

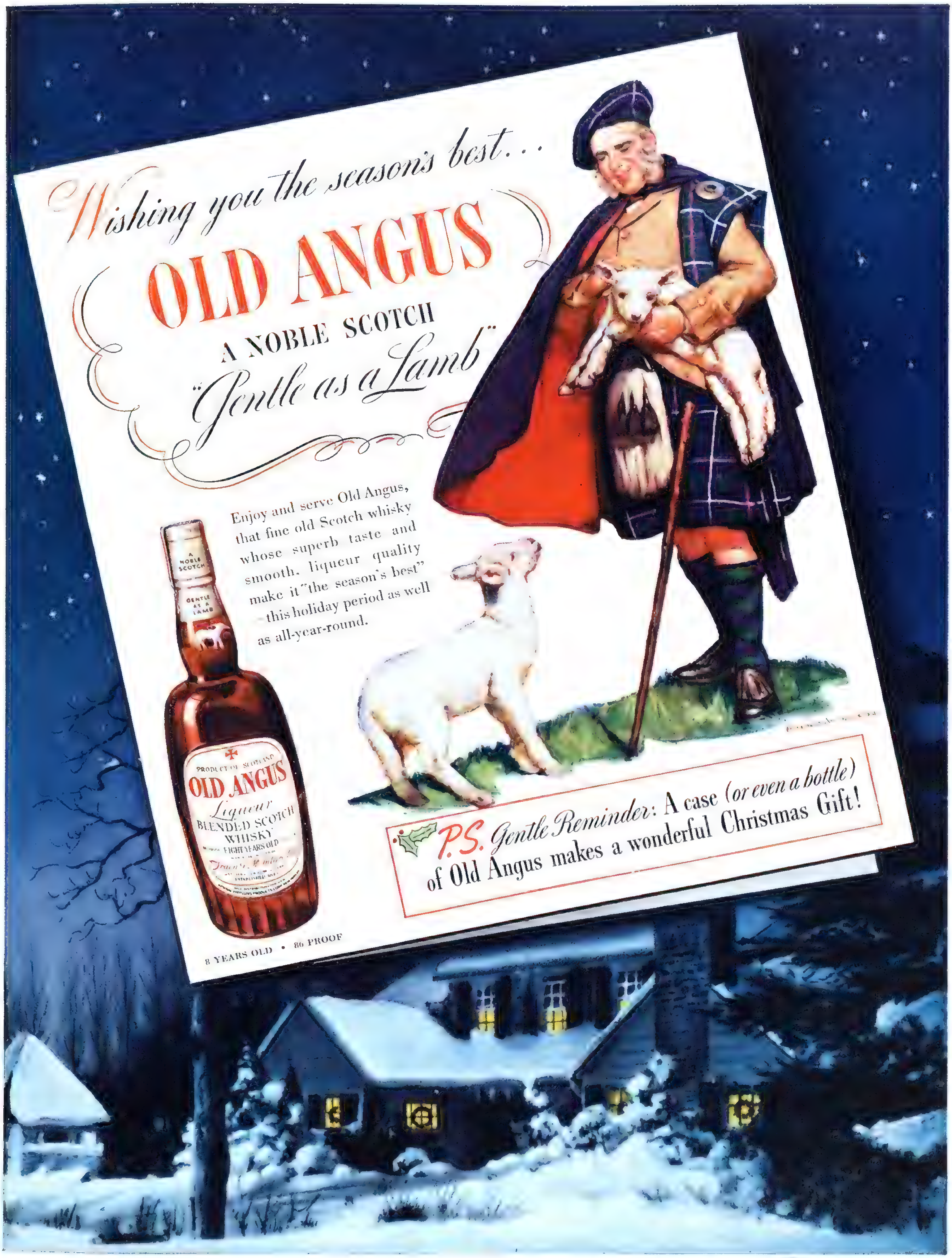
Philip B. Sharpe has shot every caliber of modern firearm sold in this country—as well as some obsolete ones. He began his career as a firearms writer some twenty years ago. He is also a firearms technician and the development of the world's most powerful handgun cartridge, originated in his laboratory. He is the author of *The Complete Guide to Handloading* published by Funk and Wagnalls and *The Rifle in America*, published by William Morrow.

•

Robert Heller, 34-year-old industrial designer and store architect, designed Esquire's Christmas Fair, the all-glass-front exposition service store at 605 Fifth Avenue, New York. Heller was born in New York, had his early schooling abroad, then attended Princeton, and returned to Europe for more extensive foreign travel. He has headed his own organization for the past ten years, and his most recent work includes the re-designing, in New York, of Bloomingdale's street floor and the designing of streamlined delivery trucks for Kaufmann's in Pittsburgh. He has also created such varied products as railroad trains, bathroom scales, industrial tool equipment, drink mixers, luggage, electrical appliances, heating units, refrigerators, furniture, packaging and toys.

Continued on page 44

Robert Heller


A NOBLE SCOTCH
GENTLE AS A LAMB
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
OLD ANGUS
Liqueur
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
EIGHT YEARS OLD

Wishing you the season's best...

OLD ANGUS

A NOBLE SCOTCH

"Gentle as a Lamb"

Enjoy and serve Old Angus, that fine old Scotch whisky whose superb taste and smooth, liqueur quality make it "the season's best" —this holiday period as well as all-year-round.

8 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF

P.S. Gentle Reminder: A case *(or even a bottle)* of Old Angus makes a wonderful Christmas Gift!

COPYRIGHT 1939 • *NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION* • *NEW YORK, N. Y.* • *YOUR GUIDE TO* *GOOD LIQUORS*

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Martin Panzer

Reading from left to right: Carolyn Stefanie and Martin (*Father Knows Better*) Panzer. Papa Panzer says: "I am a discovery of Esquire, 1935. Age 34. Born Paterson, N. J. . . . Married to the mother of Carolyn Stefanie. Since being discovered, have been unable to work, frittering away most of my time editing magazines and writing for magazines and reading magazines. Have no hobbies other than breeding tropical fish, saving front pages, stamps, pamphlets and the world. Am disillusioned weekly but still plenty naïve. *Father Knows Better* is my first scientific opus."

•

Raymond R. Camp does a daily column on *Wood, Field and Stream* and is hunting and fishing commentator of the National Broadcasting Company, with a fifteen-minute program on the Red Network each week. He says: "I'm more interested in hunting and fishing today than I was when I took over the job, and during the course of a year's 'work' I hunt and fish from Canada to the Bahamas, with an occasional flying trip to Bermuda for Wahoo and Cuba for Tarpon. Married a girl who thinks nothing exists south of Connecticut, and refuses to learn which end of a gun makes the noise. I have written a little fiction and an appalling amount of fact. I am a light tackle addict, on the matter of salt water fishing; stubbornly refuse to use anything but a fly rod for fresh water fishing, and am convinced that the slightly known *Ouananiche* from the cold waters of Lake St. John up in Quebec is the gamest fish that swims. Am convinced that there are no more than four 'good' grouse dogs in the country. My 'outside' interests are horses, dogs and Egyptology." His most recent book is *All Seasons Afield*, published by Whittlesey House. *You Can't Roast a York Round* marks his first appearance in these pages.

Raymond R. Camp

•

John Kobler, co-author of *Ladies in Luck*, has appeared twice before in Esquire—last May with *Hicks, fin de Siècle Pirate* and a spell before that with *Murder is a Minstrel*. He specializes in crime fiction—for the pulps mostly, and says his crime museum has gained him the reputation among his friends of being an eccentric, if not a mild paranoiac.

John Kobler

The by-line beneath *The Potato-Elf* reads Vladimir Sirin, but the author's real name is Vladimir Vladimirovitch Nabokoff. Most European critics consider him the most outstanding writer whom Russia (meaning both Soviet and Emigré Russia) has produced during the last year. Some of his poetry, short stories and novels have been published in French and German. His grandfather, a prominent liberal statesman of Alexander II's school, was for a long time Russia's Minister of Justice. His uncle held the post of the last Imperial Chargé d'Affaires in London. Finally, his father, who was tragically killed in 1922 in Berlin by a bullet fired by a Russian monarchist at Professor Milyukoff—a leading figure of the Karensky régime, was one of the most brilliant representatives of the liberal opposition to the old régime in the pre-revolutionary years. Sirin left Russia at the age of sixteen and has since lived in England, Germany and France.

Though a native of Wheeling, West Virginia, Frank Jerome Riley is a member of an old New York family. His grandfather was Patrick Chauncey Riley, Brooklyn's political overlord in the days of New York's Boss Tweed. He worked for years as reporter and editor of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* where, at 14, he met Bill Porter, and the two became fast friends. Later he lived with Porter from time to time down on Manhattan's Irving Place, when Porter as O. Henry became famous as the master of short story writers. He has a half-dozen of Porter's original scripts and would like to convert the old Irving Place house into an O. Henry memorial literary shrine. For a spell he worked on the *New York Times* whose Louis Wiley once described him as "that unpredictable, rebellious Riley, who knows at once more disreputable and reputable people than any other newspaperman in the world!" He lives in New York now, devoting most of his time to fiction and feature writing.

Frank Jerome Riley

Michael MacDougall

Michael MacDougall, who collaborated with John Kobler in writing *Ladies in Luck*, sent us an action shot of a bridge game. But we airbrushed the ladies out of the picture, not because we're misogynists, but because we were afraid they might, in view of the accompanying story, sue us for libel. *Ladies in Luck* is on page 61 of this issue.

•

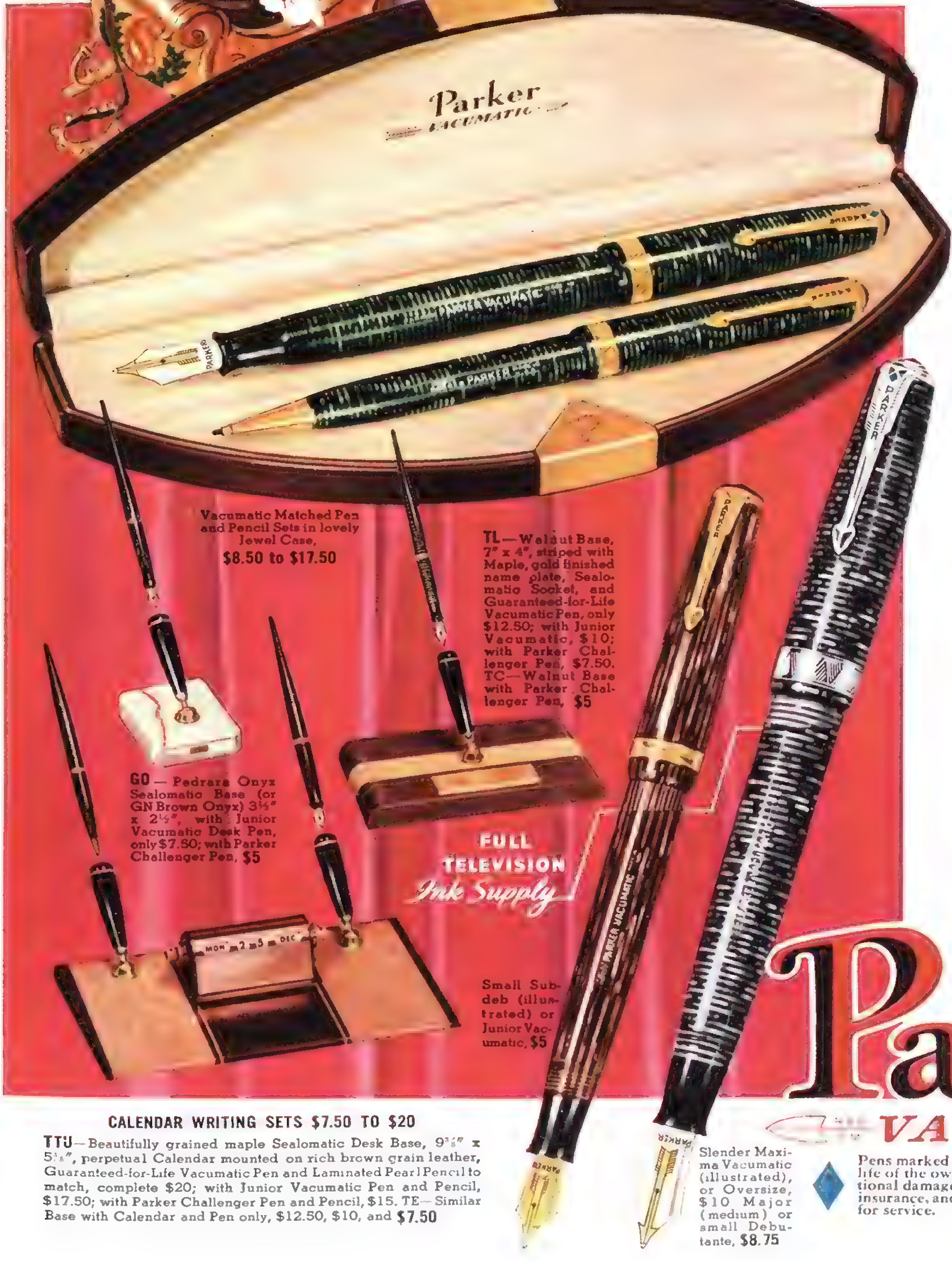
James A. Cowan admits that to mention his birthplace sounds like a gag: he was born thirty-seven years ago in a small Canadian village called Shakespeare which is not on the map, but which is near Stratford, Ontario, and a river called the Avon. Cowan says: "After some time at the University of Toronto, I got out into the so-called world during that happy period when all that it was necessary to do in order to get a job was to go practically anywhere and ask for one. I took a number of these for no better reason, as far as I can judge now, than to see what was going on. My several years of newspaper work were chiefly with the *Toronto Star* and from this I contracted the staunch and stereotyped belief, common to the trade, that newspaper work is a terrible way to try and earn a living but that there is nothing else that can compare with it. Previous to this, I did walk-on parts and less with a stock company. The actors seemed to have an incredible interest in press notices; they took their reward part in cash and part in press clippings. Then there were always bored and slightly supercilious citizens standing around smoking cigars. I found out that these men were managers, agents and such-like who were never mentioned in the papers and so had to get their returns all in money. But by the time I got into this side of the theatre, the road was starting to die. I went into publicity and public relations work, chiefly technical and industrial; also sporadic bits of magazine writing, usually articles and features. On the theory that the proper Canadian winter resort is the immediate vicinity of the Arctic Circle, I went to the Northwest Territories a year ago to see if I could prove this and would do so every winter if I had the time and money." His current story is *Lovey Flies Out the Window*.

James A. Cowan

Gorgeous Gifts

HI! DASHER, DANCER, PRANCER AND VIXEN,-- HI! COMET, CUPID, DONDER AND BLITZEN,-- DRAW RIGHT UP HERE TO THE PARKER PEN COUNTER; THIS IS OUR FIRST STOP!
The Blue Diamond mark on the Arrow clip means Guaranteed for Life

GUARANTEED for LIFE
by Parker
Gifts that will do you credit for Life!



Vacumatic Matched Pen and Pencil Sets in lovely Jewel Case, **$8.50 to $17.50**

TL—Walnut Base, 7" x 4", striped with Maple, gold finished name plate, Sealomatic Socket, and Guaranteed-for-Life Vacumatic Pen, only $12.50; with Junior Vacumatic, $10; with Parker Challenger Pen, $7.50. TC—Walnut Base with Parker Challenger Pen, **$5**

GO—Pedrara Onyx Sealomatic Base (or GN Brown Onyx) 3½" x 2½", with Junior Vacumatic Desk Pen, only $7.50; with Parker Challenger Pen, **$5**

Small Sub-deb (illustrated) or Junior Vacumatic, **$5**

CALENDAR WRITING SETS $7.50 TO $20

TTU—Beautifully grained maple Sealomatic Desk Base, 9⅜" x 5⅝", perpetual Calendar mounted on rich brown grain leather, Guaranteed-for-Life Vacumatic Pen and Laminated Pearl Pencil to match, complete $20; with Junior Vacumatic Pen and Pencil, $17.50; with Parker Challenger Pen and Pencil, $15. TE—Similar Base with Calendar and Pen only, $12.50, $10, and **$7.50**

Slender Maxima Vacumatic (illustrated), or Oversize, $10 Major (medium) or small Debutante, **$8.75**

Yet—figured on Official Life Expectancy Tables of leading insurance companies—the incredible Parker Vacumatic costs less than even the poorest pens!

To be a Prince of Givers or a gracious and bountiful Lady, give the only Pen of its kind in the world—the luminous, laminated Pearl Beauty Pen that the whole world idolizes!

That means the one and only Parker Vacumatic—rated by "Esquire Magazine" among its top-flight gift selections. Not some "near-vacumatic," not some so-called "vacumatic type," or any second best. Give the original, patented Parker Vacumatic. Then no one will be disappointed.

Its Non-breakable, full Television barrel shows the level of ink *at all times*—you SEE when it's running low, so it won't run dry. It is gracefully streamlined to fit the fingers and banish bulge from pocket or handbag, yet it has nearly twice as much room for ink, due to 14 fewer parts. No rubber ink sac, no lever filler, no old-time piston pump—only a simple Diaphragm—a basically better, patented self-filling principle.

Its point is the most responsive your hand ever wrote with—14K Gold, coated with precious Platinum and tipped with silken-smooth Osmiridium. Even a railroad spike can't endure the devastating acid in ordinary inks that the Parker Vacumatic defies.

Here is pen perfection Guaranteed for Life by Parker's Blue Diamond mark—with no coddling asked or expected! Let nothing stop you from getting the genuine. All good pen counters have it in pocket and desk set styles.

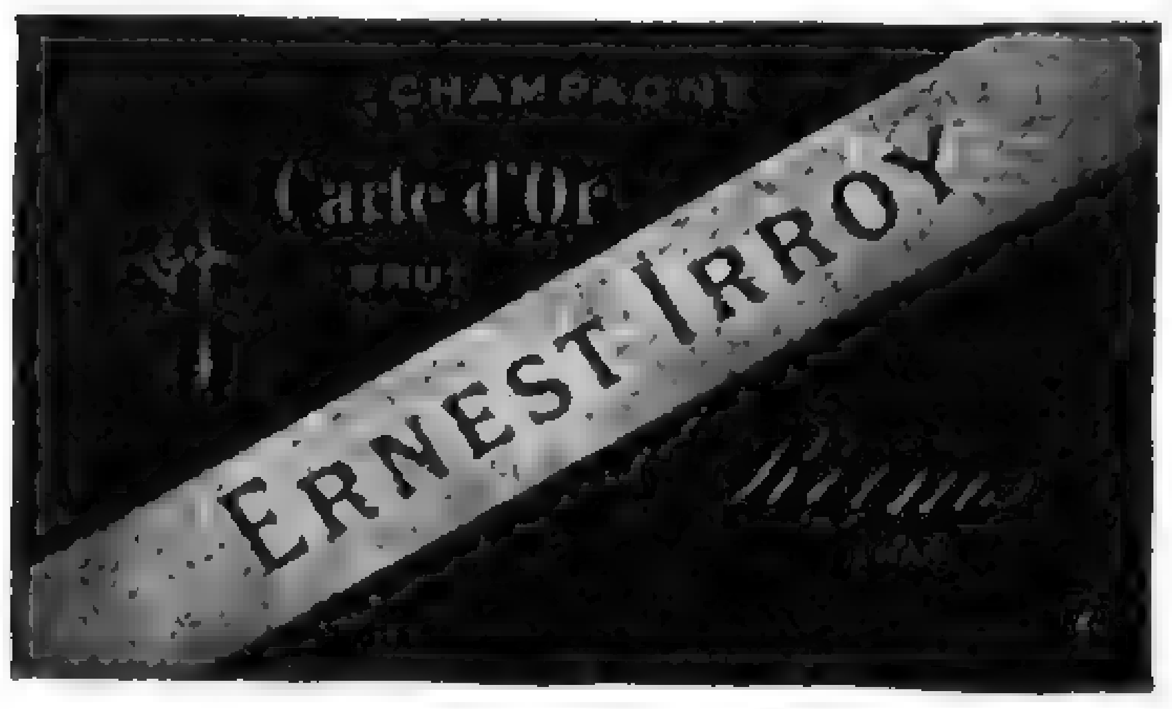
The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories: Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

GUARANTEED FOR LIFE ◆
Parker
VACUMATIC

◆ Pens marked with the Blue Diamond are guaranteed for the life of the owner against everything except loss or intentional damage, subject only to a charge of 35c for postage, insurance, and handling, provided complete pen is returned for service.

ALL POINTS 14K GOLD

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE



1928 BRUT
The Tops
NON-VINTAGE BRUT
For Big Parties
Frank Schoonmaker & Co., Inc.
17 East 42nd Street, New York
CHICAGO DETROIT
Write for our catalog

18 Club
JACK WHITE
FRANKIE HYERS
PAT HARRINGTON
AND ALL THE GANG
3 SHOWS NIGHTLY
11:30 1:15 3
18 W. 52 ST. EL 5-9858-8705

PORTOROSE
10 E. 52 St. El 5-9144
Famous Cuisine Intimate Atmosphere
Mallard Duck a la Presse All Game in Season
Luncheon $1.00 Dinner $2.00
Cocktails 4:30-7:00 Hot Hors d'oeuvres

MADE TO COMPETE
with England's Finest
$12.50 PIPES
New!
the Drury
John Surrey's perfect Corsican briar—product of exacting craftsmanship steeped in pipe making tradition.
Lustrous plum colored finish, hand etched, following the natural grain contours. Finest para hand-cut vulcanite stem. Sterling silver band. Boxed and gloved individually.
$5.00 Post Paid

A Man's BEST Gift
Available in the following shapes:
14 17 20 21 31 24
Send $5 and indicate by number shape desired.
JOHN SURREY, LTD.
72 Nassau St. Dept. 20 New York City

Whether New York's aureate aristocracy adopted Gene Cavallero, or he them, the fact remains that the Colony Restaurant (61st and Madison) continues to be their regular boarding-house. Any time fames and fortunes partaking of rations tot up to less than a pyramid of Cheops, it is an off day with exemplary Gene feeling he isn't fulfilling his mission. Décor remains simple and unassuming, lest it obtrude. Eats, bottled goods, and attentions are cream of the cream. No paupers need apply.

That twin-peaked "Magic Mountain", the Waldorf-Astoria, is so becaverned with glamour Rooms and glitter Bars, a pleasure-benter hardly knows which to start with, and heaven knows when he will finish. If his timbers crave shivering, Benny Goodman will lure him to the Empire Room. If he's out for ermined éclat, the Hispanic Sert salle is his meat, sauced with Cugat tone colors, and top name entertainment. And there's a whole boulevard of Bars of Peacock-Alleyed distinction—with a special stag bar down below for artful dodgers. Amateur vikings feast and quaff in the Norse Grill—high-ceiled, doughty-beamed, vasty yet friendly. You'll find it in the norse-east corner. No music here, but bona fide Waldorf victuals.

Possessing what seem like the hallmarks of a honey, the new Harlequin Room, 12 East 60th (appurtenance of Hotel Fourteen), has plunged social for luncheon, cocktails, dinner, and supper in a mood of variegated pastel modernity, with Jack Kerr, snitched from London's Ciro's, chumming evenings at the infant grand. Ambassadorial maitre Mario supervises the foie gras, Champagne, and pheasantry, and manager Steve Crean bobs in to greet friends gained at the sundry noted hostelries he's conducted.

Although it's now a twelve-month since Billy Rose unveiled his sparkling equine footgear in the giddily bedizened basement of the Hotel Paramount, the situation there hasn't quieted down a whit. If anything, it's mobbier, with epidemics of stomach laughter over the modes and mincings of yore. Gals are plentiful, and their costumes reasonably so. Comedians are immense. And Noble Sissle turns on the heat the way he can. Particularly gladsome it is to see seventy-one-year-old Joe Howard, composer of "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now," in prancing fettle, leading community singing and stopping a mighty hard show to halt. Evidently Mr. Rose doesn't really need a tank to keep splashing—a mere Diamond Horseshoe will do.

Féfé's Monte Carlo of the visions again has Ted Straeter serving the tunes . . . Tooth treat: Filet Mignon Bouquetiere (fresh veggies) at the Divan Parisien, 45th twixt Fifth and Mad . . . Salaams to El Chico (80 Grove St.) whose imported floor talent includes the most delightful Spanish dance couple these eyes have envied; also, a Mexican song minx who's some invasion . . . Fowl play at Zucca's (118 West 49th): Chicken Cutlet Piemontaise—plump breast sauté in butter, served with lemon and devoured with avidity . . . You can bowl your own salad at Chevalier's (53 East 54th) with every fixin' your art requires . . . Devastatingly clever, those ditties that Spivy sings at Tony's, 57 West 52nd . . . The Stork Club has redecorated again, hardly skipping a beat of the dance music . . . Guinea hen meets truffles at Marnel's (131 East 47th) and what a tryst *that* is! . . . Dario and Ramon are dancing fathers of the new smash La Martinique, exotic atmosphere institute, at 57 West 57th, with Latin stars performing . . . You wouldn't recognize the new El Morocco, the way it's been peach-glowed, with the bar done in pigskin. But the celebs are the same as ever.

THE INIMITABLE
DWIGHT FISKE
IN HIS STORIES AT THE PIANO
AFTER THE THEATRE in the Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar
EMILE PETTI
and his Orchestra
THE COCKTAIL HOUR

DANCING Daily and Sunday and after the Theatre
SNACK BAR Luncheon and Dinner Daily and Sunday
MARION COOLEY'S SUNDAY NIGHTS
SAVOY ROOM • Buffet Supper • Dancing
SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE • 58th TO 59th STREETS

Famous Rum Drinks
HAWAIIAN BAR
ALEXANDRA
FOR MEN WHO PREFER DINING TO EATING
8 East 49th. Plaza 3-1542

CASTLEHOLM
MOST POPULAR SWEDISH RESTAURANT
344 W. 57th St. (Tel. Cl. 7-0873)
LUNCH FROM 60c DINNER WITH SWEDISH HORS D'OEUVRES FROM $1.25
Cocktail Lounge . . . Dancing . . . No Cover . . . No Min.

MYERS'S RUM
"Planters' Punch" BRAND

100% Fine Old Jamaica
All 8 Years Old —97 Proof
Free Recipe book from
U. S. A. Agents
R.U. Delapenha & Co., Inc.
New York
Dept. F6

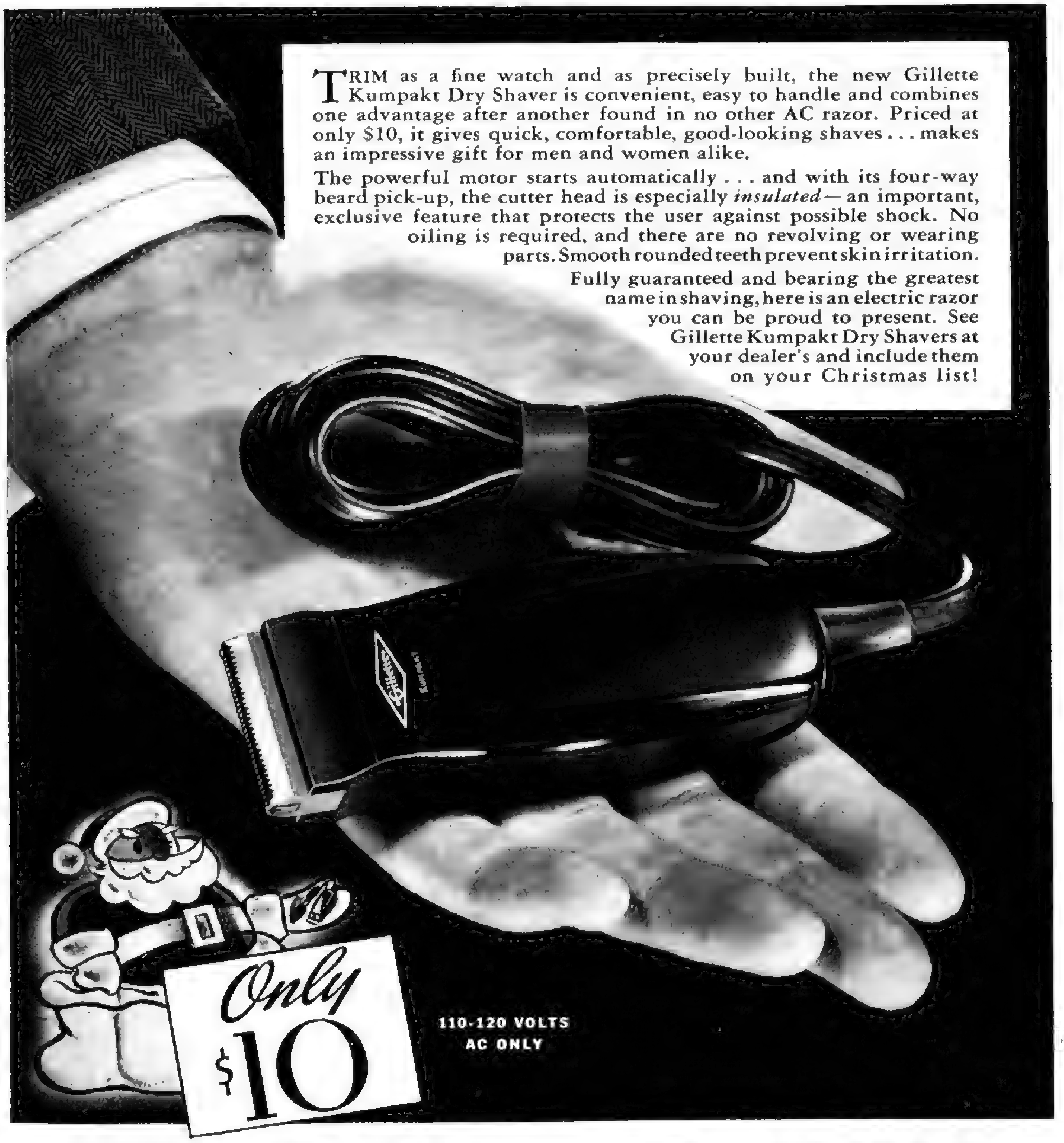
THE ARISTOCRAT OF CHICAGO'S RESTAURANTS
The Colony
744 N. RUSH • DEL. 2666
Now! CROSS & DUNN
SONNY GOLDSTONE Managing Directors NICHOLAS DEAN

15th
of every month is the day to look for the new ESQUIRE on the newsstands

TWO CHRISTMAS GIFTS SURE TO WIN THE HEARTY THANKS OF ANY MAN

Neat... "Feather" - Light... Easy-Shaving

New Gillette Kumpakt Dry Shaver!



TRIM as a fine watch and as precisely built, the new Gillette Kumpakt Dry Shaver is convenient, easy to handle and combines one advantage after another found in no other AC razor. Priced at only $10, it gives quick, comfortable, good-looking shaves . . . makes an impressive gift for men and women alike.

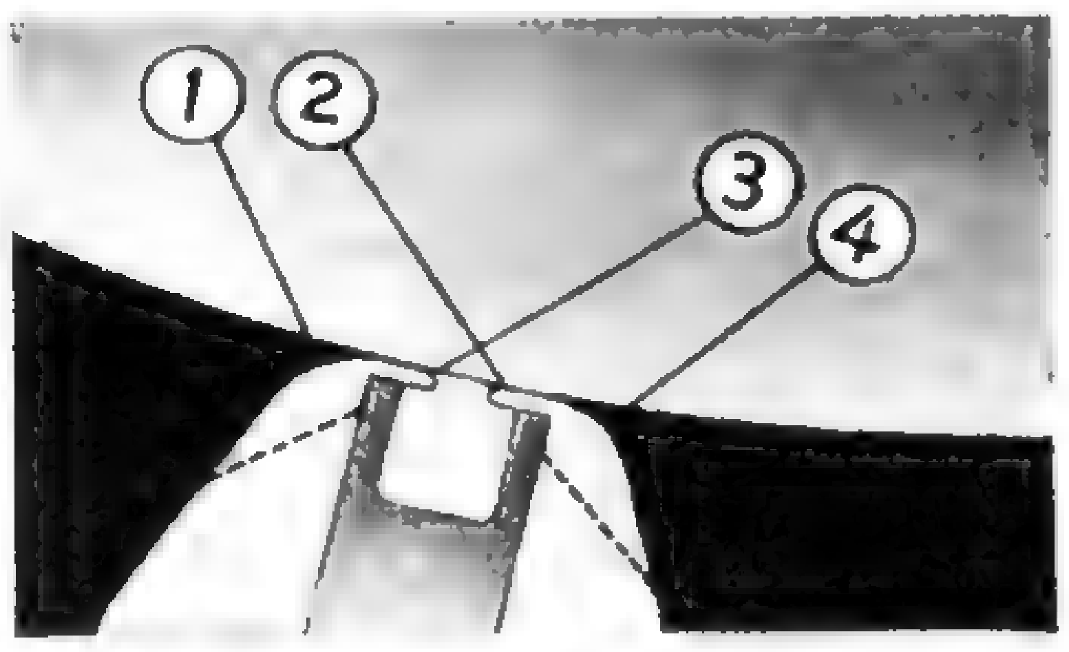
The powerful motor starts automatically . . . and with its four-way beard pick-up, the cutter head is especially *insulated*—an important, exclusive feature that protects the user against possible shock. No oiling is required, and there are no revolving or wearing parts. Smooth rounded teeth prevent skin irritation.

Fully guaranteed and bearing the greatest name in shaving, here is an electric razor you can be proud to present. See Gillette Kumpakt Dry Shavers at your dealer's and include them on your Christmas list!

110-120 VOLTS
AC ONLY

NEAT... COMPACT... vest-pocket size! The new Gillette Kumpakt Dry Shaver is powerful, efficient... yet is just four inches long, weighs only six ounces without cord and nestles in your hand like a friendly pipe!

EASY SHAVING! Experienced electric razor users say this new Gillette Kumpakt is handier... more efficient... shaves every part of the face quickly. *Exclusive* insulation of cutter head protects you from shock.



DOUBLE-ACTION head feeds whiskers to the cutter at four points. Even short hairs lying flat against the skin are sheared off close. The cutter bar makes 14,400 one-way strokes per minute. No revolving parts. Razor never needs oiling.

Aristocrat Of Gifts . . .
The Gillette DeLuxe Dry Shaver only $15

AMONG electric razors, the most distinguished gift of all is the Gillette Deluxe Dry Shaver. And *now* you can buy this fine, $20 precision instrument for only $15 . . . a saving of 25%. The Gillette Deluxe not only combines advantages of other electric razors, but has exclusive features that make dry shaving quicker and easier than ever before! Goose-neck construction lets you shave with your arm in a perfectly natural position. Gillette's exclusive cutter head has no equal. Operating on either AC or DC circuits, the powerful motor never falters . . . and "Elim-O-Stat suppresses radio interference". The attractive all-steel case, with non-breakable mirror and wall-bracket is a convenience men appreciate. So, choose the "aristocrat of gifts" . . . ask your dealer for the Gillette Deluxe Dry Shaver at the low price of only $15!

110-120 VOLTS
AC OR DC

PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

BENNY GOODMAN
King of Swing, has returned to
The Informal
EMPIRE ROOM
Dinner and Supper Dancing
(Entrée selected
determines cost of dinner)
Couvert after 11 P.M., $1.00
Friday and Saturday, $1.50
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

1.95

Give her a compact with your picture on the cover

One way to be sure that she'll never forget your face! Just send us a snapshot or negative of yourself, and we fit it into the frame top of the compact. Large loose-powder compacts with gold colored backs, the border around the picture in white enamel. One week delivery. STREET FLOOR

ALSO AT OUR BROOKLYN STORE

Oppenheim Collins
33 WEST 34th ST.—NEW YORK

THE DIFFERENT GIFT!

The
ELEPHANT BAR
Most Unusual Liquor Dispenser Ever Created!

- Cleverly serves drinks from his trunk . . . if you know the secret of pressing the glass against a tiny, hidden valve at the tip. Draw glass away and flow stops automatically without a bit of drip. Mystifies and amuses guests for hours. Unbreakable metal. Glass lined interior holds a fifth. Stands 10 inches high on solid Walnut base. Because it is handsome, secret in action, and lends distinction to his hospitality, he'll enjoy THE ELEPHANT BAR for years to come. Neatly boxed, $9.50, express prepaid. Two for $17.00. Order today!

DE LACY DIST. CO., 720 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
I'd like The Elephant Bar in finishes checked: ☐ English Bronze (as illustrated) ☐ Modern Chrome ☐ Copper. I enclose $9.50 $17.00 for two. Check or money order.

Name____________________

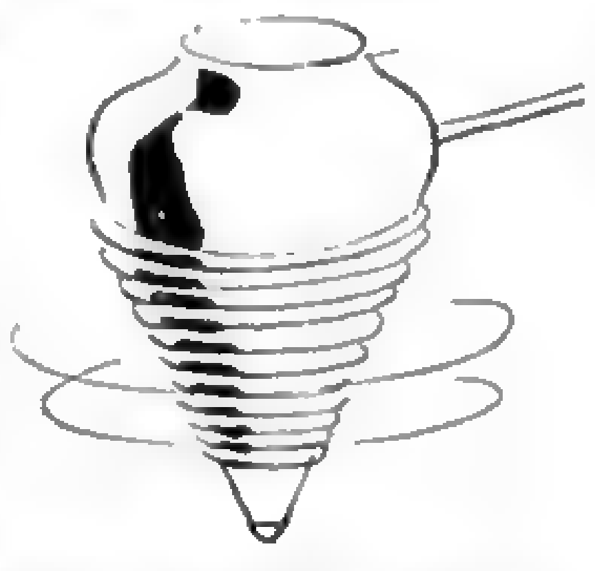
Address____________________

Nicholas Matthey, formerly of the Maisonette Russe, is conducting his *Tzigane* at the Casino Russe (157 West 56) currently. There may be better gypsy music around, but don't think you'll have an easy time finding it. Also in keeping with the Russian atmosphere of this branch of 57th Street's famous Russian Tea Room is the show including Marusia Sava, blond *chanteuse*, the deepest of bass singing by S. Slepoushkin, fancy goings-on with flaming knives by one Yasha Nicogosoff, and many other features as typical of the country as Vodka. The big bump of the evening comes when the entire company assembles for the wildest of quartette singing imaginable, nobly supported by the guitaring of Kola Negin, who emsees the show. And the *Shashlik* here is of the Karsky, rather than the usual Caucasian, variety. To the initiated, this means *shashlik* made from saddle of baby lamb instead of the customary leg of same. It is pickled in lemon, salt, pepper, onions, etc., and broiled over charcoal to make it a succulent sensation for impressionable palates.

Bud Freeman of the amazing tenor sax is wrangling jazz in the grand manner out of his Summa Cum Laude band down at Nick's (Seventh at Tenth). Incidentally, there is a vicious rumor being kicked around that Maxie Kaminsky, Bud's trumpet player, is taller when he sits down than when he stands up.

The chef at Passy (28 E. 63) waxes weary whipping up works of terrapin artistry to titivate the effete Park Avenue appetite. Seafood a la Francaise at this epicurean art gallery presents a perfectly accurate preview of the happy place where we're all going if we are very good little boys and girls—we hope. And the service—Hollywood never created a more impeccable headwaiter than Passy's Olesen!

One doesn't very often see a real, honest-to-goodness night club run by two girls. For this reason, among others, the Sisters Stephens are quite unusual young ladies. A while back, when they were hat check girls, the dear lasses conceived the idea for the Whirling Top (3 E. 52)—and a good thought it was, too. The place is doing nicely, thank you, what with George Morris and his men dispensing dance rhythms of a distinctly superior sort, the fond ministrations of Bar General Harry Nolan, and the atmosphere of relaxation that descends like a comforting mantle when you walk in. The entertainment is of the intimate sort. The number present at dinner time is an eloquent testimonial for the cuisine as supervised by les demoiselles Stephens.



Radio favorite Pat Rossi, glamour gals Ruth Manners and Anne Hudson, and other headliners, too, too numerous to mention are carrying on a name dear to the hearts of the old vaudeville lovers at Pastor's (130 W. 3rd). Raymond and Caverly, zany old time comics, and Jeanette Dupré, "Sweetheart of the Nineties" are reminiscent of the heyday of variety entertainment, when Tony Pastor was known as "The Father of Vaudeville." Not the average Village jernt you expect to find in this neighborhood.

It might be worth going down to The Village to hear some real, unadulterated blues as played by pianist Hodes at The Pirate's Den (W. 3rd near Macdougall) if they'd only put some lights on so that one wouldn't trip over the furniture . . . A goodly quantity of barroom equestrians are riding those saddle bar stools at Jack Delaney's (72 Grove St.) . . . In these days of varying monetary standards, the solid gold buttons on the Austrian general who acts as doorman at Hapsburg House (313 E. 55) become all the more interesting . . . Bob Birch's Westchester show place, the Studio Club, (7 Brookdale Place, Mount Vernon), offers organ music and contemporary art exhibitions as worthy adjuncts to its very fine cuisine.

RESERVED:
13 ACRES FOR GAY RESORT LIFE . . . RIGHT IN HAVANA

A resort within a resort! Brilliant center of Havana's activities, magnificently located in a luxuriant tropical garden overlooking the ocean. Sparkling salt water pool, fine tennis courts. Open air terraces for dining and dancing, including *Aire Mar*, the Island's smartest new supper club. The largest Hotel in the tropics . . . 549 delightful rooms, each with private bath.

Outside Room with Bath, $5 a day up (Basis 2 in a room)

Apply to your TRAVEL AGENT; *to Resident Manager, or to New York Booking Office, 17 East 42nd Street (VA. 6-4131).*

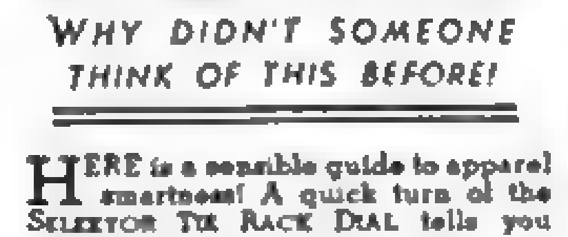
Hotel
NACIONAL
de Cuba
HAVANA

For eleven long years, one of the greatest vintages ever produced by Pol Roger has been slowly maturing in the deep crypts of Epernay. Today it is at its peak and available in America.

WE PROUDLY ANNOUNCE
Pol Roger
CHAMPAGNE
1928

BY APPOINTMENT

Also **POL ROGER** Brut Special 1926
POL ROGER Dry Special
SOLE AGENT: HENRY RATHEMACHER, N. Y.



WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE THINK OF THIS BEFORE!

HERE is a sensible guide to apparel smartness! A quick turn of the SELEKTOR TIE RACK DIAL tells you authoritatively which tie and shirt are *exactly right* with every suit in your wardrobe. Easy as dialing your radio.

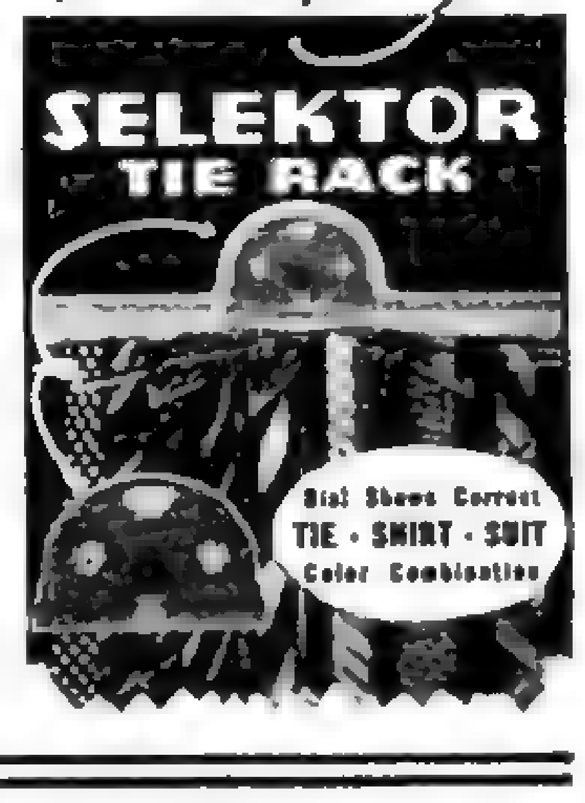
Highly Plated Bars hold up to 60 ties conveniently spaced, without wrinkling. Moderne two-tone Plywood frame fits snugly on closet door or wall.

A Truly Appreciated Gift!
Attractively Packaged
$1 at Leading Department Stores . . . Apparel and Haberdashery Shops

If your favorite shop cannot supply you, send to us direct. Please mention dealer's name

NU-DELL MFG. CO., 501 W. HURON ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.

"Solve your Man's Gift Problem" with



LORD CALVERT

the Gift for those who appreciate the finest

In the Richly Distinctive Gift Package

For friends you esteem most highly, we suggest you give Lord Calvert . . . a gift that honors the sender as fully as it pleases the receiver.

☆

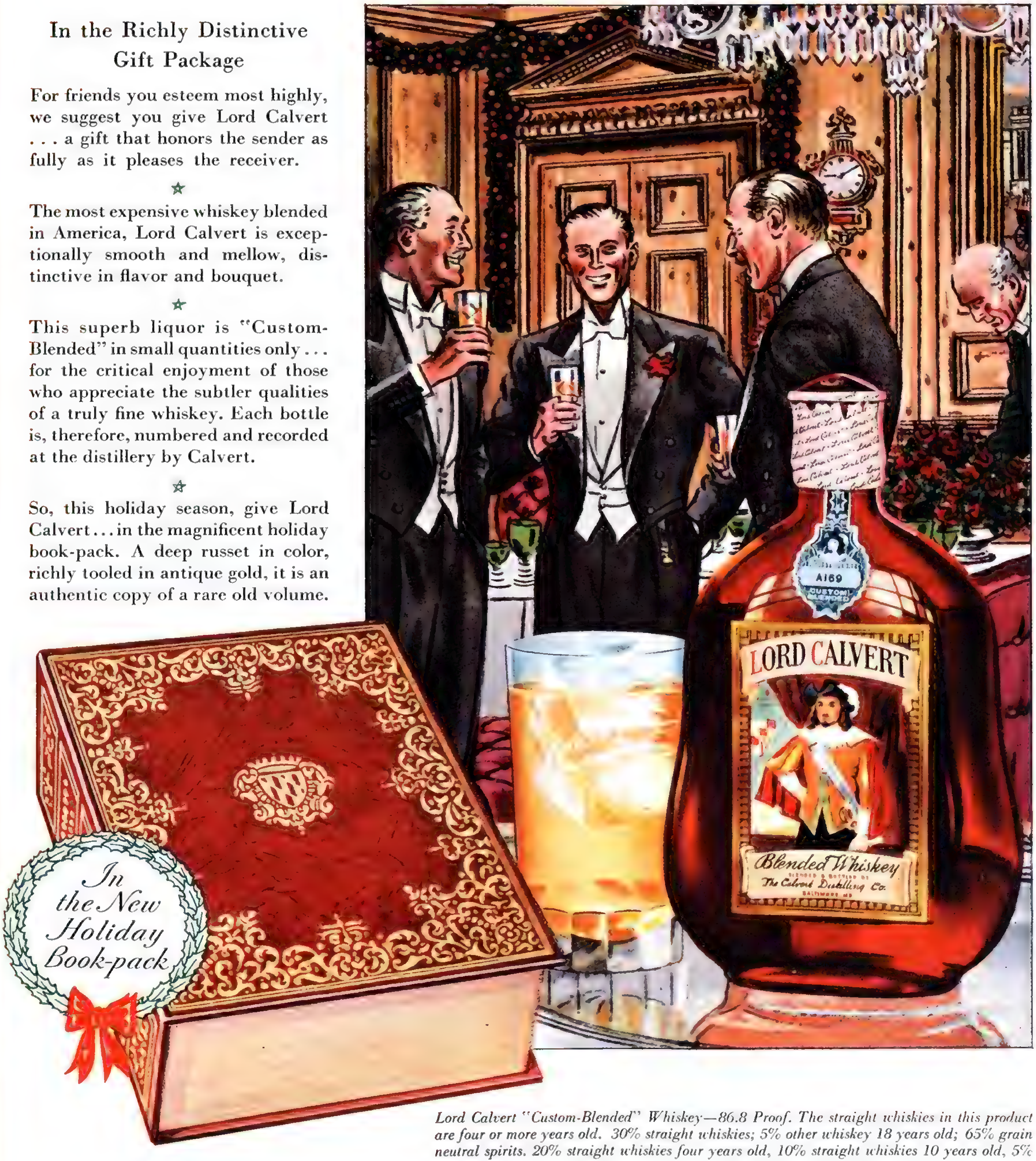
The most expensive whiskey blended in America, Lord Calvert is exceptionally smooth and mellow, distinctive in flavor and bouquet.

☆

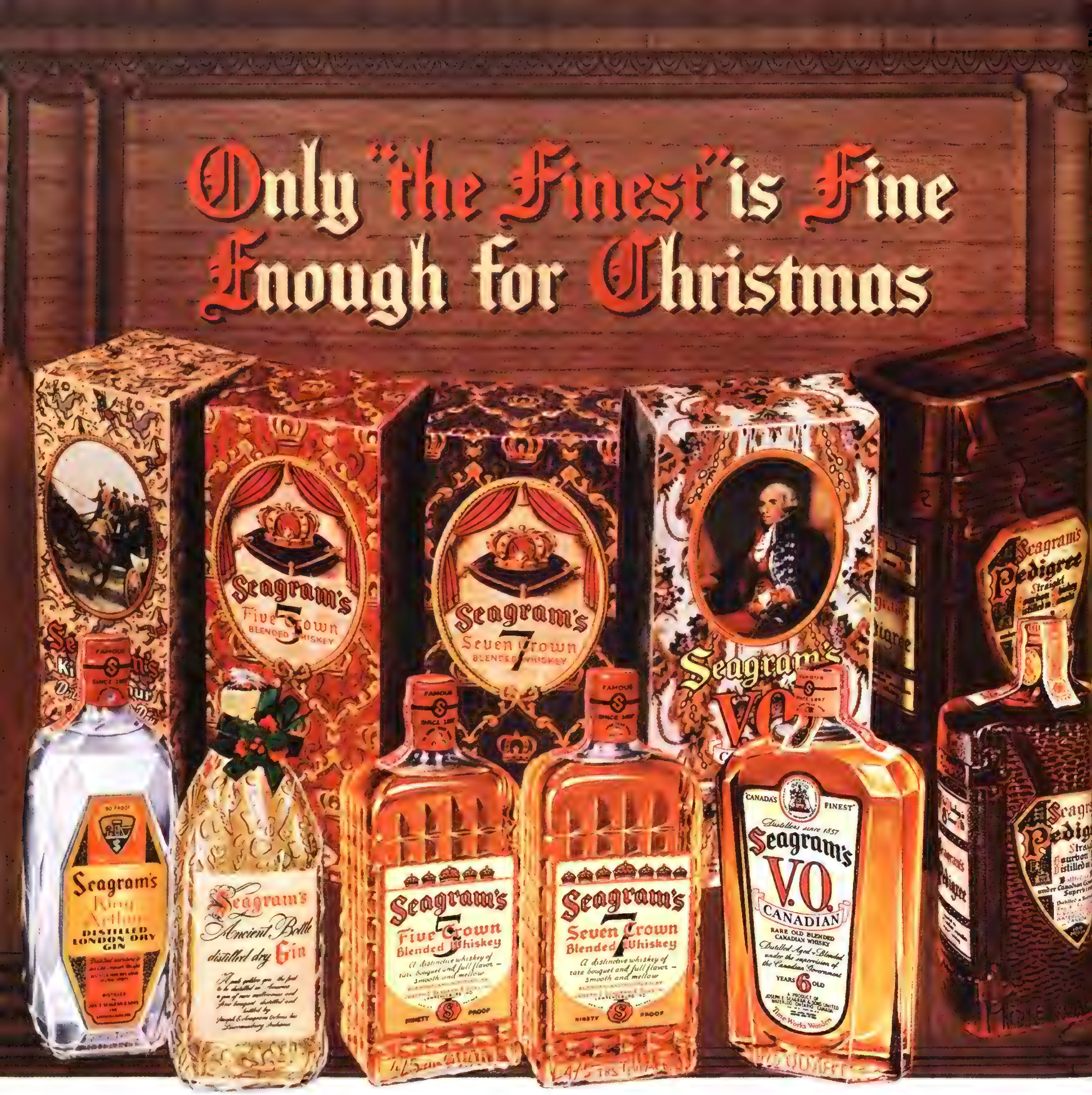
This superb liquor is "Custom-Blended" in small quantities only . . . for the critical enjoyment of those who appreciate the subtler qualities of a truly fine whiskey. Each bottle is, therefore, numbered and recorded at the distillery by Calvert.

☆

So, this holiday season, give Lord Calvert . . . in the magnificent holiday book-pack. A deep russet in color, richly tooled in antique gold, it is an authentic copy of a rare old volume.



Lord Calvert "Custom-Blended" Whiskey—86.8 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are four or more years old. 30% straight whiskies; 5% other whiskey 18 years old; 65% grain neutral spirits. 20% straight whiskies four years old, 10% straight whiskies 10 years old, 5% other whiskey 18 years old. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.


Only "the Finest" is Fine Enough for Christmas
Seagram's King Arthur Distilled London Dry Gin
Seagram's Ancient Bottle distilled dry Gin
Seagram's Five Crown Blended Whiskey
Seagram's Seven Crown Blended Whiskey
Seagram's V.O. Canadian
Canada's Finest
Seagram's Pedigree

All These Seagram Products are Beautifully Encased in Special Christmas Packages Reproduced from Luxurious Antique Tapestries and Modern Brocades

Very Rich
SEAGRAM'S KING ARTHUR DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
"America's Richest" Gin. In cocktails, tall drinks or even straight, this "soft-stilled" gin is super-smooth and mellow. Stays rich to the last drop. Distilled from American Grain. 90 Proof.

Mild and Mellow
SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE DISTILLED DRY GIN
"The World's Finest". Pale golden in color. Mild as a vintage sauterne. Makes the smoothest Martini you've ever tasted. A magnificent gift. Distilled from American Grain. 90 Proof.

Milder Flavor
SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY
"America's Finest" "all purpose" whiskey — for smooth highballs or cocktails. An extremely popular Christmas gift. Deliciously mild — with a pleasingly delicate flavor. 27½% straight whiskies. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

Richer Flavor
SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY
"America's Finest" rich whiskey. An ideal gift for the man who likes a light bodied whiskey with rich, full rounded flavor. Specially fine for mixed drinks — or with soda. 40% straight whiskies. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

Extremely Delicate
SEAGRAM'S "V.O." BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY
"Canada's Finest". Most delicate of all whiskies. For the man who appreciates rare old Canadian Whisky. Lighter tasting, we believe, than any Rye, Bourbon or Scotch of any age. 86.8 Proof. 6 years old. A masterpiece of the blender's art.

Hearty and Robust
SEAGRAM'S PEDIGRE
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY
Distilled in Canada. "C
ada's Finest" bonded w
key. For those rugged i
viduals who prefer a
and hearty drink. 8-year-
bottled-in-bond under
nadian Government su
vision. 100 Proof.

Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Executive Offices: New

Say Seagram's and be sure of "the Finest"

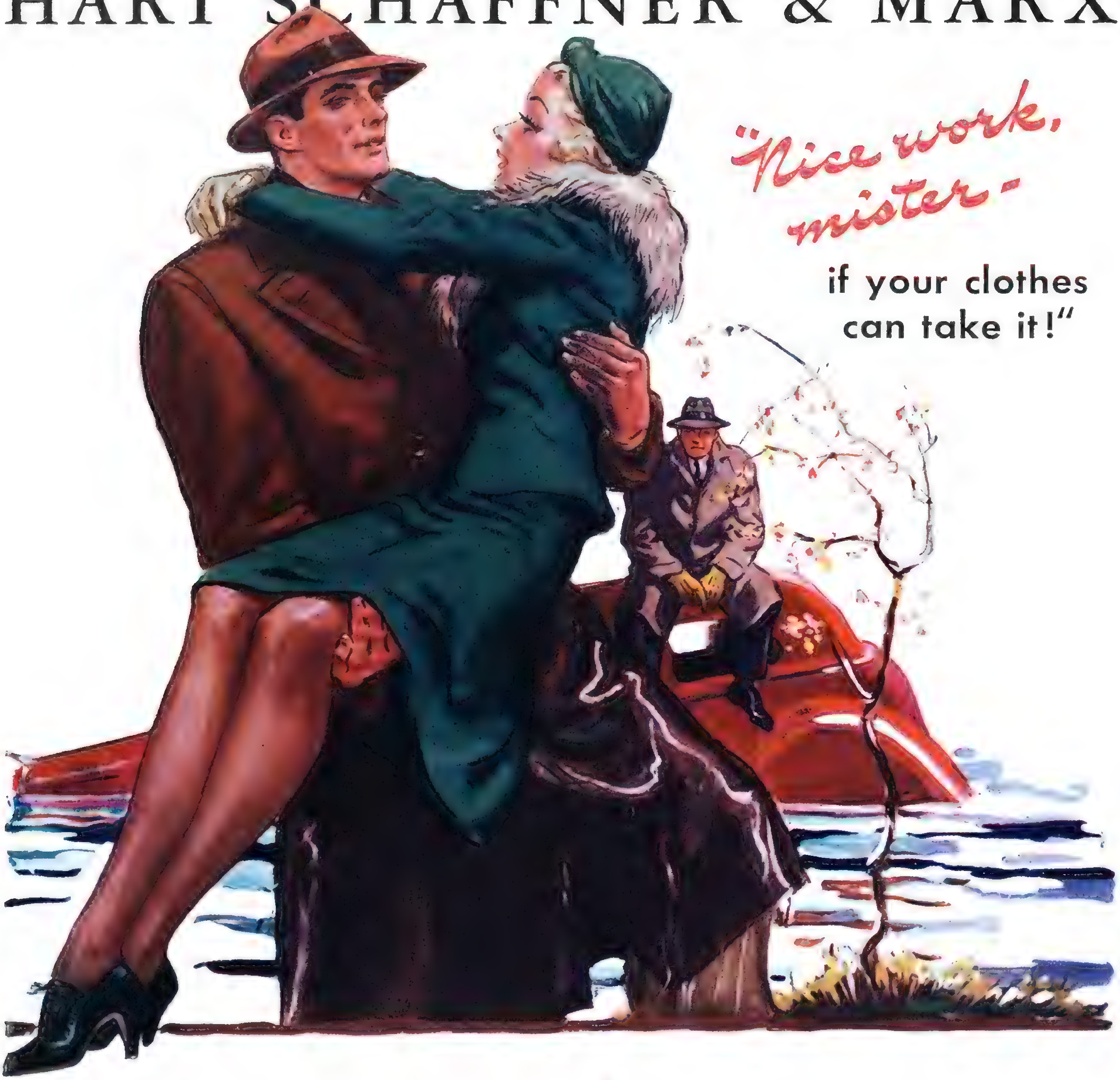
"Come Landlord fill the Flowing Bowl"

The above painting was inspired by an old English verse, composed by John Fletcher, a contemporary of Shakespeare. This hearty old melody is still sung today as a popular expression of good fellowship and good cheer.

Giving or serving Seagram's at this season of the year is not only a gracious compliment—but an unquestioned reflection of your own good taste. For 82 years, ever since 1857, the name "Seagram" has been a hallmark of quality, a symbol that stands for "the finest".

"The Finest" Stores and Bars are Featuring the above Seagram Display during the Holidays · Look for it

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX


"Nice work, mister—
if your clothes
can take it!"

. . . but, what happened?

HE: Your boy friend skidded into the pond. I fished you out. Lucky me.

SHE: *Lucky? What if you've ruined that good-looking coat?*

HE: Why, bless you, beautiful—that can't be.

SHE: *No?*

HE: Naw—'cos this is a RAREPACK!

SHE: *Rarepack . . .*

HE: It's made of alpaca and guanaco and mohair wool fibers—171,351,936 of them.

SHE: *You don't say! Im-a-gine, anyone being able to count that high!*

HE: Yep—there are 25,184 of 'em to the square inch in a Rarepack.

SHE: *Great day! And it's* so *handsome.*

HE: Yeah—easy-to-wear, too—and it's as light as carryin' you in my arms! Incidentally, what are you doin' tonight?

SHE: *Well, I may be warding off pneumonia—but you might call Metropolitan 2-5184 and find out!*

RAREPACK'S *a stout fellow!* Nothing—from high water and high winds, to sub-zero blasts, can faze this great coat. That, as the chap above has so numerically pointed out, is because Rarepack is by far the most tightly packed hair-type coat made—and this construction means snug warmth, comfortable, "easy," shoulder-lightness and long, sturdy wear. Added to such comfort, of course, is the smartness that any garment from the shops of Hart Schaffner & Marx always assures.

Your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer has Rarepack for you—in the pattern and color you like best—at a price that's as attractive as the girl in green who drew your attention to this advertisement in the first place!

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A Small Thing to Look For . . . A Big Thing to Find

The Seven Men of Rouen

There was something strange about the wooden-legged men, that made him return to the little wineshop

by GEORGE SLOCOMBE

• FICTION •

Ships were unloading on the quays as Clare Murphy and his wife drove into Rouen. The transporter bridge made an arch over the river like a rainbow bent in two places and the clouds hung low over the hills as they always hang low over Rouen. Clare followed the wide cobbled quays, turned right at the rue Jeanne d'Arc and drove through streets which became narrow and narrower until they came at last to the old marketplace. He parked his car as usual in front of the little wineshop which faces the statue of Joan. The wooden-legged park attendant came forward, and stood with his worn cap in his great gnarled hand until they had closed and locked the doors of the car, shaken the wrinkles out of their clothes, set their hats at the jaunty angle of adventure, looked once critically and appreciatively at the familiar landmarks of the place, and stepped out carefully over the worn, uneven flagstones to the dark, arched door of the Couronne.

They had left Paris late in the morning, and they were hungry. Louella sank into a chair from which she could look through green-paned windows into the market bustle of the square and sighed with happiness. "I want," she said, "nothing but that fish they cook here with mussels and mushrooms and truffles and cream. I couldn't eat a thing more."

Murphy looked at her reminiscently. "Sole Normande!" he said. "You shall have it. You will also eat a chicken roasted before a fire of apple boughs, several pounds of pommes soufflées, a half a Camembert cheese, and maybe a crêpe Suzette or so. There are also some very good-looking Doyenne de Comice pears if you still feel hungry."

Louella screamed in indignation and delight. "Do you want me to lose my figure?"

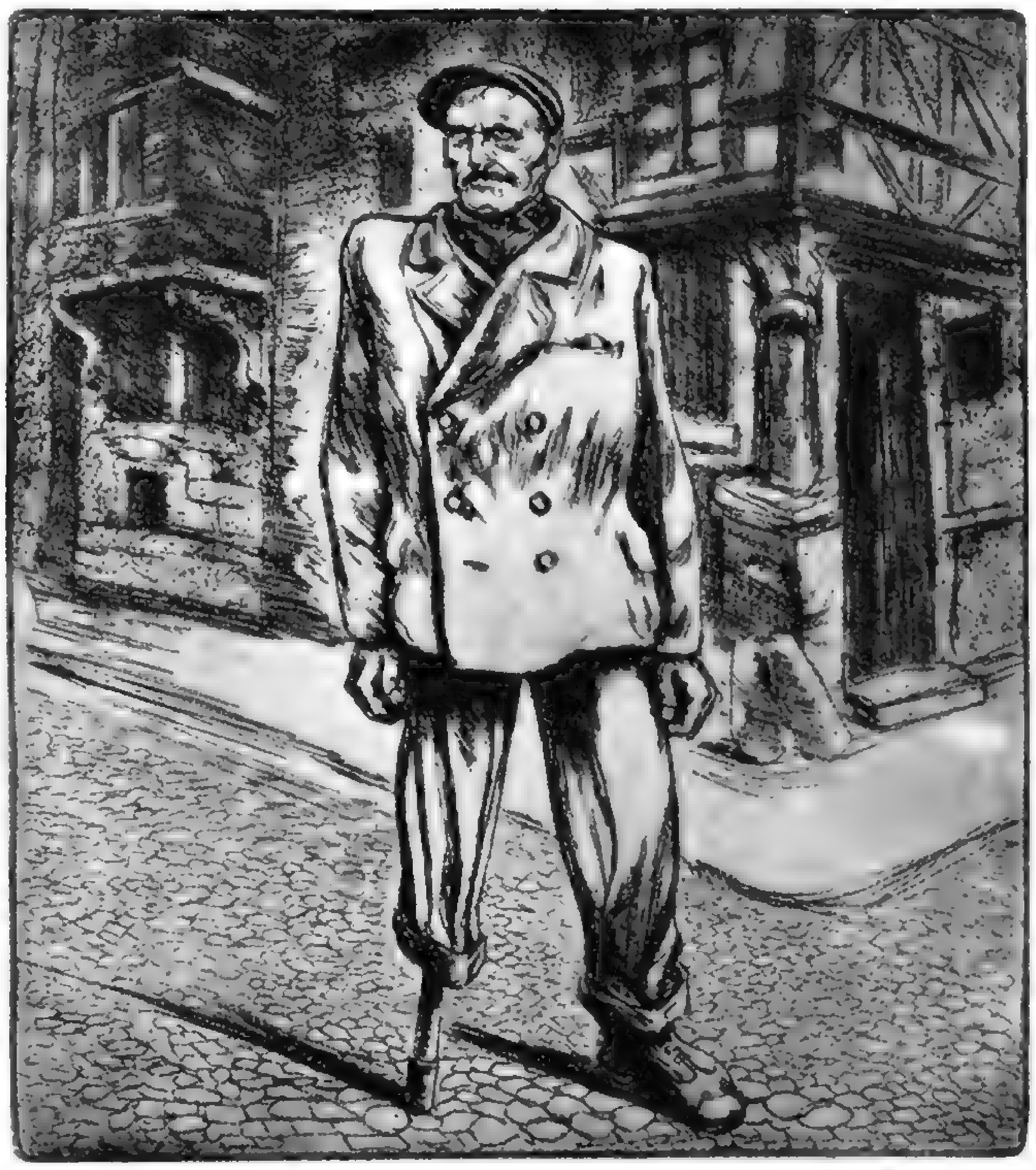
"You've lost it," said Murphy ungallantly. "But you are very beautiful all the same."

The patron himself took the order. Louella protested, in a tone of outraged but helpless virtue, at the enormity of the repast, then suddenly smiled at the patron. The patron, who had seen many women surrender in his time, and not merely to gastronomic temptations, smiled back in perfect comprehension. "Madame will have no regrets."

Louella had none.

They drank a Meursault with their fish and a red wine of Bordeaux with the poulet à la broche. The wine was good but not too good. If instead of chicken Murphy had chosen, as he had once been tempted, a canard Rouennais, the wine would have been a better one. But he knew enough to content himself on modest occasions with something less than perfection. This was not yet the day for perfection. But it would come.

With their coffee, nevertheless, Murphy commanded a Calvados irreproachable in age, maturity and subtlety. They drank each a glass, and then Louella subsided into rapt contemplation of the smoke rings from her cigarette. Clare ordered a second glass and then proceeded to ruminate blissfully.



ETCHING BY WILLIAM SHARP

Afterwards, as was their wont on such visits, they walked through the market, priced the meat, fish and fruits on the stalls, gazed at the carved stone panels of the meeting of Henry the Eighth and François Premier on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, went into the dim coolness of the cathedral, threw coins into the cap of the unshaven beggar at the door, and as they emerged into the sunlight blinked up at the incomparable stone façade which Claude Monet had painted tirelessly from the window over the clothing store across the street.

Then, weary with the fatigue and complacent with the satisfaction of tourists they went back to the marketplace and found their car. The square was empty now and silent. The wooden-legged man shuffled forward from the doorway of the little wineshop, took off his worn cap and held it meekly in his brown gnarled hand as they got in. Clare dropped a coin into the hat and smiled his thanks. The man had soft brown eyes like a retriever dog. "Merci, Monsieur," he said, and stood cap in hand until they drove away.

The road to Paris followed the river and every few miles along its course the river was gay with a procession of brightly painted barges, red and blue and black, on which the washing of the bargees and their women fluttered like pennants. The barges moved swiftly with the current, sometimes under their own power, sometimes towed by a steam tug or by another barge. Children ran up and down on the decks of some of the barges and shouted and waved their hands to the passing cars. Louella waved back.

"No other river," she said, "has such pretty barges."

Clare grunted for sole reply.

"Do you know," confided Louella, "I believe I've had too much good food."

But she made this admission unreproachfully, and continued to watch the river and the barges and the poplars and willows on the long green islands which lie in the Seine between Paris and Rouen like a rope of emeralds.

Suddenly she said:

"What are you thinking of, Clare?"

He did not seem to hear her, and she repeated the question a trifle impatiently.

He answered defensively. "Nothing."

"Don't be silly. I always know when you are thinking hard. What is it, darling?"

He allowed two cars to overtake them, and frowned at the long straight road over the hills which dip into Gaillon, where the sister of Henry of Navarre was born. Then he said reluctantly:

"I was only thinking about that man in Rouen."

"What man in Rouen? Do try to be more explicit, darling."

"The man with the wooden leg at the parking place."

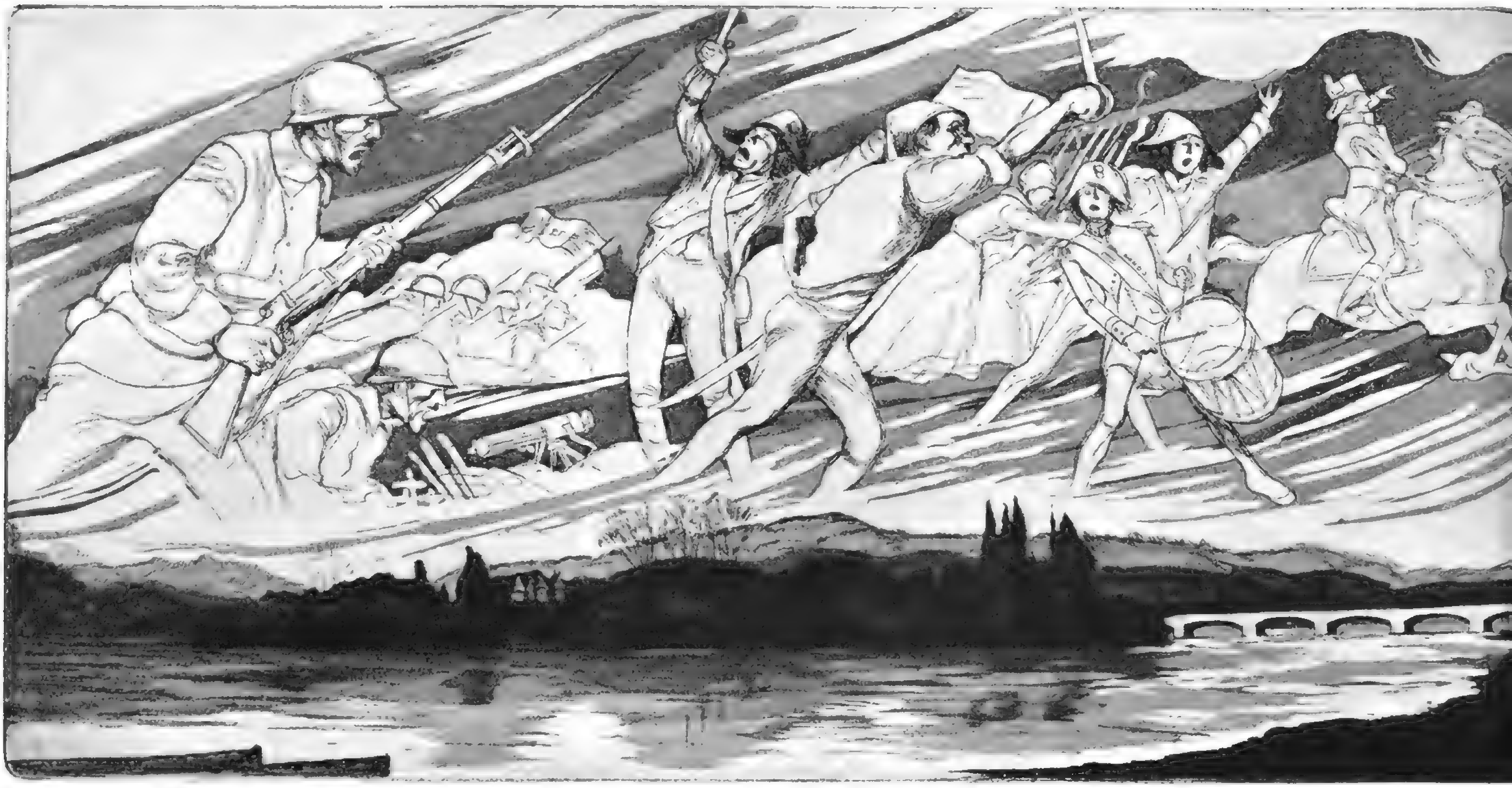
"Well, what about him?"

"I was just thinking that the second wooden-legged man was not the same as the first wooden-legged man."

Louella made an elegant sound expressive of mild derision. "Darling," she purred, "you must have drunk too much Calvados."

"Perhaps I drank too much Calvados, but I'm neither drunk nor crazy, and I say that the first wooden-legged man was not the

Continued on page 52



AQUATINT BY WILLIAM SHARP

same man as the second wooden-legged man."

"Then there must have been two of them," said Louella concisely, and for the remainder of the journey into Paris she closed her eyes with the air of one who has found the world too complicated.

* * *

The Murphys had spent the winter and spring in North Africa. They had been married five years and neither of them had been married previously. They were still interested if no longer excited by each other. They found their own company on most occasions agreeable enough to dispense with that of others. They liked travel, life in small hotels and in small crowded countries, the pitfalls of foreign languages, foreign food and drink and foreign customs. In some of these distractions, Clare had more than a mere traveler's interest, being occupied in writing an anthropological study for a research foundation. During the past year they had wandered together through the villages of the High Atlas, shared the fleas, the rancid butter, the goaty mutton and the mint tea of Arab and Berber, washed the astonishing blue eyes of light-skinned Berber children in vain struggle with flies and dirt, and generally indulged the pure, if irritating instincts of the explorer, the social worker, the missionary and the philanthropist at all times and everywhere. And now they were in Paris living in two rooms at the top of an old hotel on the Ile Saint Louis, and Clare, in the long intervals between his attempts to concentrate on his report on the customs and feuds of the blue-eyed populations of the Upper Atlas, could resume his pre-graduate habit of drinking wine with the blue and brown and grey-eyed folk of Gaul.

After his return from the trip to Rouen Murphy found it harder and harder to stick to his typewriter. The small neat pile of typewritten sheets which he had begun in Morocco and hoped to finish in Paris remained distressingly small. Between him and the virgin page intruded with irritating frequency the memory of a man with the worn cap of a sailor held in a brown hand, a man with soft brown eyes in a tanned and lined face, who walked with a stick and whose steps made separate sounds upon the stone flags of the marketplace in Rouen, a soft sound for the leg which was whole and a harsh ringing sound for the leg which had been lost.

One day, therefore, when Louella was busy bargain hunting in the Marché aux Puces, Clare Murphy got into his car and drove back to Rouen alone. Once he was on the road through the Seine valley he forgot the object of his journey entirely. He found himself thinking of the Berber children. In Mantes, where he stopped to look again at the cathedral outside which William the Conqueror had lost his life, thrown from a horse, scorched by embers from the burning town, he began to remember Louella, decided that he was still in love with her, and that he missed her badly.

He thought of Louella all the way across the hills into Rouen, then promptly forgot her for a while. It was a fine clear day and for once the clouds which eternally threaten the city were absent. The sun sparkled on the river, on the bridges, on the ships loading and unloading, on the bright red filling stations, on the rectangular steel rainbow at the end of the town. Over the brown tile roofs rose the copper green spire of the cathedral and the square rosy greyness of its stone towers. With a sudden sensation of freedom and happiness Clare drove into the old marketplace and backed into the space before the little wineshop, which faces the site of the stake and the faggots upon which Joan was burned.

The park attendant came out of the wineshop, making that queer one-legged sound upon the stone steps and the worn cobbles. Clare looked at him in silence. He was a lean man with a brown lined face and a scar on one cheek. He came to a halt and leaned his weight on his sound leg, then took off his black sailor's peaked cap, and bowed.

"Bonjour, Monsieur!" he said.

Clare saw that his eyes were grey. It was the first wooden-legged man, not the second.

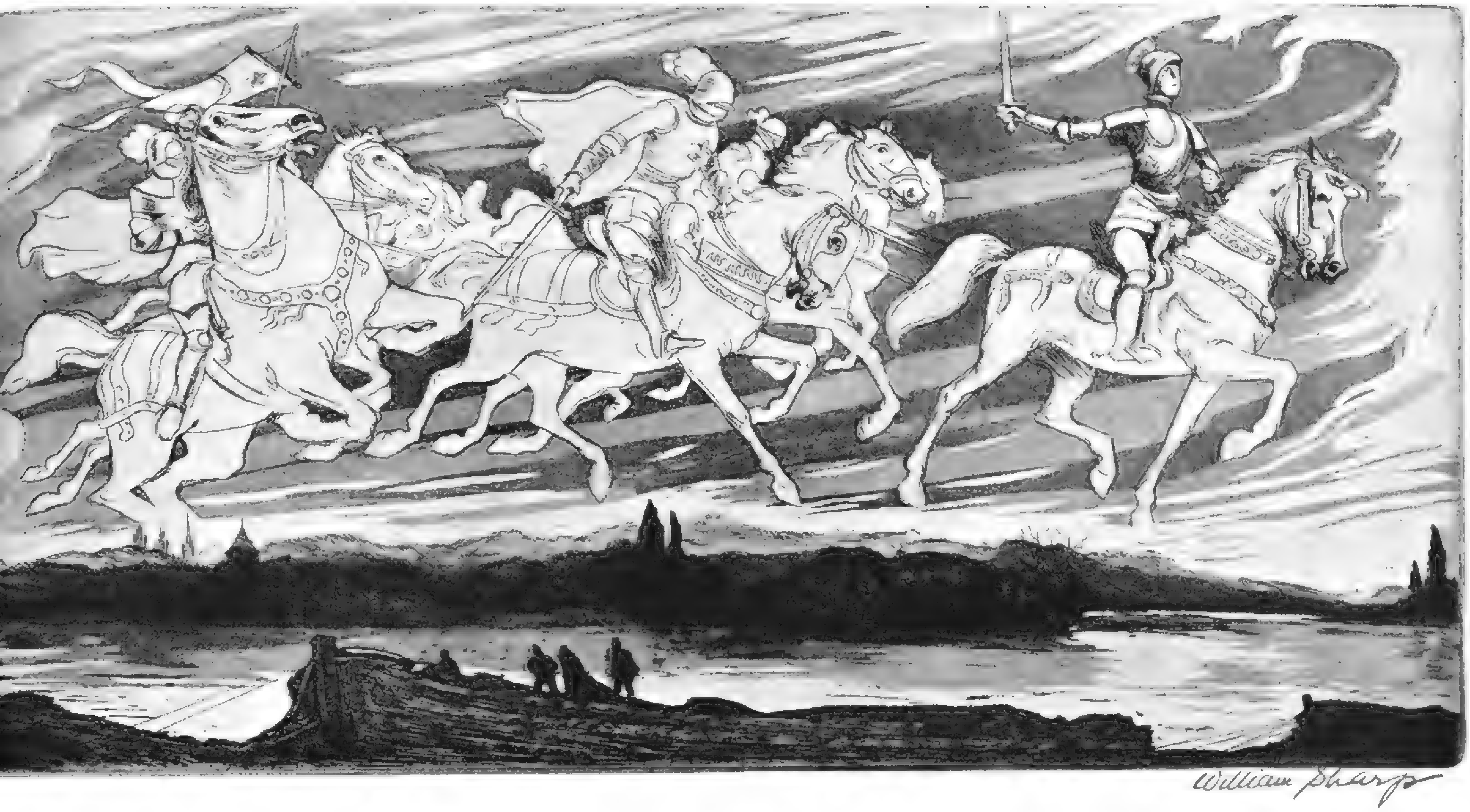
"Louella," said Clare, "was right. There are two of them."

Unaccountably relieved in his mind, he went into the Couronne and ordered his lunch: a modest repast beginning with a pâté de lièvre and continuing with a grilled lamb cutlet, to wind up somewhat unsatisfactorily with a salad. He hated salads since he had lived in Arab countries. Herbs, he reflected, were meant to be eaten dry and not in the green state. He drank a whole bottle of wine. If Louella had been with him his share would have been two-thirds. He tried to counter this excess by drinking only one glass of eau de vie. He now began to miss Louella badly.

When he left the restaurant the sun was hidden. He wandered unhappily about the town. The marketplace was empty and the marketstalls covered with boards. The narrow streets were grey, and the sky above them low and threatening. The old Bourgthérolde house with the marvelous bas reliefs of the Pageant of the Field of Cloth of Gold was closed. He walked under the great gilt clock in the rue de l'Horloge and found his way to the cathedral. The streets, usually so full of people in gay and noisy progress, were dull and empty. The cathedral was dark, the rosy grey tower of stone now merely grey, the blue windows at the far end without life, the unshaven beggar irritating. He decided suddenly that he would go back to Paris and take Louella to the theatre.

His was the only car parked outside the wineshop when he returned to the old marketplace. He unlocked the door, started the motor and was about to drive away when he heard a voice say softly, "Bonjour, Monsieur!" and the wooden-legged park attendant appeared at the door.

Clare felt in his pocket for a coin, found it



William Sharp

and dropped it into the outstretched cap, worn and soiled, the peaked cap of a sailor. Then he looked into the man's face. It was a brown face, lean and lined, but the eyes were neither grey nor brown. They were blue. It was a wooden-legged man he had never seen before.

"My God," said Clare, "there are not two but three of them!"

The third wooden-legged man stood waiting for him to drive away, still holding his cap in his hand, and standing so that his weight was borne by his sound leg. He had uttered a polite "Merci, Monsieur!" when Clare had given him the coin. He now said nothing, but waited for him to depart.

Clare threw in the clutch and drove out of the marketplace. There were no other cars in it. As he turned into the road leading to the river he saw, out of the tail of his eye, the figure of the wooden-legged man shuffling down the stone steps into the wineshop. The marketplace was now empty.

* * *

He had driven past two of the Rouen bridges and was in sight of the green hills outside the town before he remembered that Louella would not be at the hotel when he returned. She was dining with her mother that night. Clare cursed the situation eloquently but impotently.

To add to his wrath, it was beginning to rain. The night had fallen early. He hated driving alone in the rain. He was thinly clad, and the air was cold with a keen autumnal chill. He began to regret the scruple which had forbidden him the second glass of apple brandy. Suddenly he thought of the wineshop. It would be warm and bright inside. There would be a zinc bar and a low roof with dark rafters and old oak tables worn smooth by many elbows. He turned the car round and drove back, feeling foolish but defiant.

There were lights in the windows of the wineshop, although the marketplace was cold and silent in the dark and falling rain. He switched off his motor and slid almost noiselessly to a halt before the two stone steps. Then he got out of the car and went into the *bistrot*.

As he had anticipated, the place was light and warm, with an encouraging smell of roasting coffee, alcohol, scaferlati and spilt wine. There was a low roof with dark beams, and the plaster between the beams was the color of old ivory. There were small oak tables in front of a long bench covered with worn black oilcloth, and there was a bright zinc bar covered with bottles. At the zinc bar were standing three men. They all had lean brown faces and brown gnarled hands. They all wore black sailor's caps with a shiny black peak. And they all had wooden legs.

Clare sat down at one of the oak tables against the oilcloth-covered bench and ordered a glass of Calvados. Then he looked carefully at the three men.

They also were drinking Calvados in small glasses. He recognized the first man with the grey eyes. He recognized the second man with the brown eyes. But the third was a wooden-legged man he had not seen before.

The apple brandy burned Clare's throat, but he felt a chill run down his spine as he looked at the three men. Each of them stood with his weight on the sound leg, and sometimes they swung their wooden legs idly in the air. They kept their sailor's caps on their heads. And once, when one of them, who was addressed by his companions as Gaston, pushed back the peak of the cap to scratch his head, Clare saw that the scar which covered his cheekbone ran up over the temples.

Behind the zinc bar stood the owner of the *bistrot*. He was a little man with a round red face and a bald head. He wore a blue apron and his shirt sleeves were rolled up above his elbows. At a summons from Clare, he poured out another glass of Calvados and brought it to the little oak table.

Gaston was speaking now. Clare listened carefully but did not understand all that was said. He spoke in a Norman dialect. The names of the other two wooden-legged men, Clare found, were Marcel and Pierre. The men seemed to be quarreling, but over what Clare could not at first comprehend. Then he caught references to "la guerre" and "la Marne," and he guessed that the men were fighting their battles over again.

Suddenly there was a noise of footsteps on the stone steps outside the café, the door was pushed open, and other men entered. The wineshop was all at once full of dark figures of men with black cloth caps with shiny peaks, whose feet made alternately a muffled and a ringing sound upon the stone floor.

"Bonjour Désiré!" said Gaston and Marcel and Pierre to the first of the newcomers, and Clare looking at Désiré, saw the man with the blue eyes who had stood hat in hand before his car on his departure from the old marketplace earlier that day.

"Bonjour Paul!" said Gaston and Marcel and Pierre to the second of the newcomers, and Clare looked at this man but did not recognize him, for he was a fifth wooden-legged man and he also wore a cloth cap and had a brown lean face and he also had grey eyes like Gaston.

"Bonjour Octave!" said Gaston and Marcel and Pierre to the third newcomer, and Clare saw that Octave was the sixth wooden-legged man in the wineshop, brown and lean and tired looking like the others, and with brown eyes like Marcel.

But to the last of the newcomers, who was the seventh of the wooden-legged men, Gaston and Marcel and Pierre said nothing, and Clare saw that the seventh man was younger than the rest and shy looking, and that he did not join in the conversation at the zinc bar but stood looking down abstractedly at

Continued on page 54

his little glass of Calvados and turning it round and round in hands that were less knotted and worn than the hands of the other men.

With the arrival of the other wooden-legged men the quarrel between the three at the zinc bar had been forgotten but soon it seemed to Clare that it was being revived and now the other men joined in it. They spoke quickly in their Norman dialect and used many oaths that were familiar even to Clare and they emptied their glasses hastily and ordered them to be refilled. But the seventh man took no part in the quarrel and stood moodily over his glass and said nothing.

And Clare also stared moodily into an empty glass and thought of Louella and wished she were there with him instead of dining with her mother in a Paris hotel. The wineshop was warm and noisy and filled with tobacco smoke and his head had begun to ache and he remembered that he was hungry and that Paris was nearly two hours away and that he wouldn't see Louella until nearly midnight.

Suddenly there was a lull in the rough argument at the bar and he looked up from the table and saw that a girl had come in and was drinking with the wooden-legged men. She was a thin young girl with red hair and she wore a green frock. In the light from the yellow electric globe over the bar her eyes seemed green too, but perhaps it was only the reflection from the bottles of green and yellow and red liqueurs on the shelves against the fly-spotted mirror.

"What a lot of *bêtises* you talk, you men!" said the girl calmly between sips of the apple brandy.

"What do you know about our *bêtises?*" demanded the man who was called Gaston.

"More than you think," said the girl derisively.

"Bah," said Marcel, "she has never been in a war."

"She has never had to fight for her life," said Paul.

"Except with an agent de police!" jeered Désiré.

"She has never lost a leg," complained Octave bitterly.

"Or been buried alive," added Pierre.

"Or lain out all night in a shell hole full of stinking water," completed Gaston.

"Drink this my girl!" adjured Marcel loftily, and pushed his glass towards her. "Leave serious argument to people with more experience of the world."

The girl took the glass and emptied it. Then she tossed her red head and her green eyes flashed.

"Listen, you men," she said contemptuously. "I don't need to learn about fighting from you. I have fought whole armies, and I was a woman and alone, whereas you were men and there were many of you. And if you have left limbs in far places I have left my body also. The dust of it is scattered even now, for they threw it on the waters of the river and it was carried out to sea and the seven seas beyond."

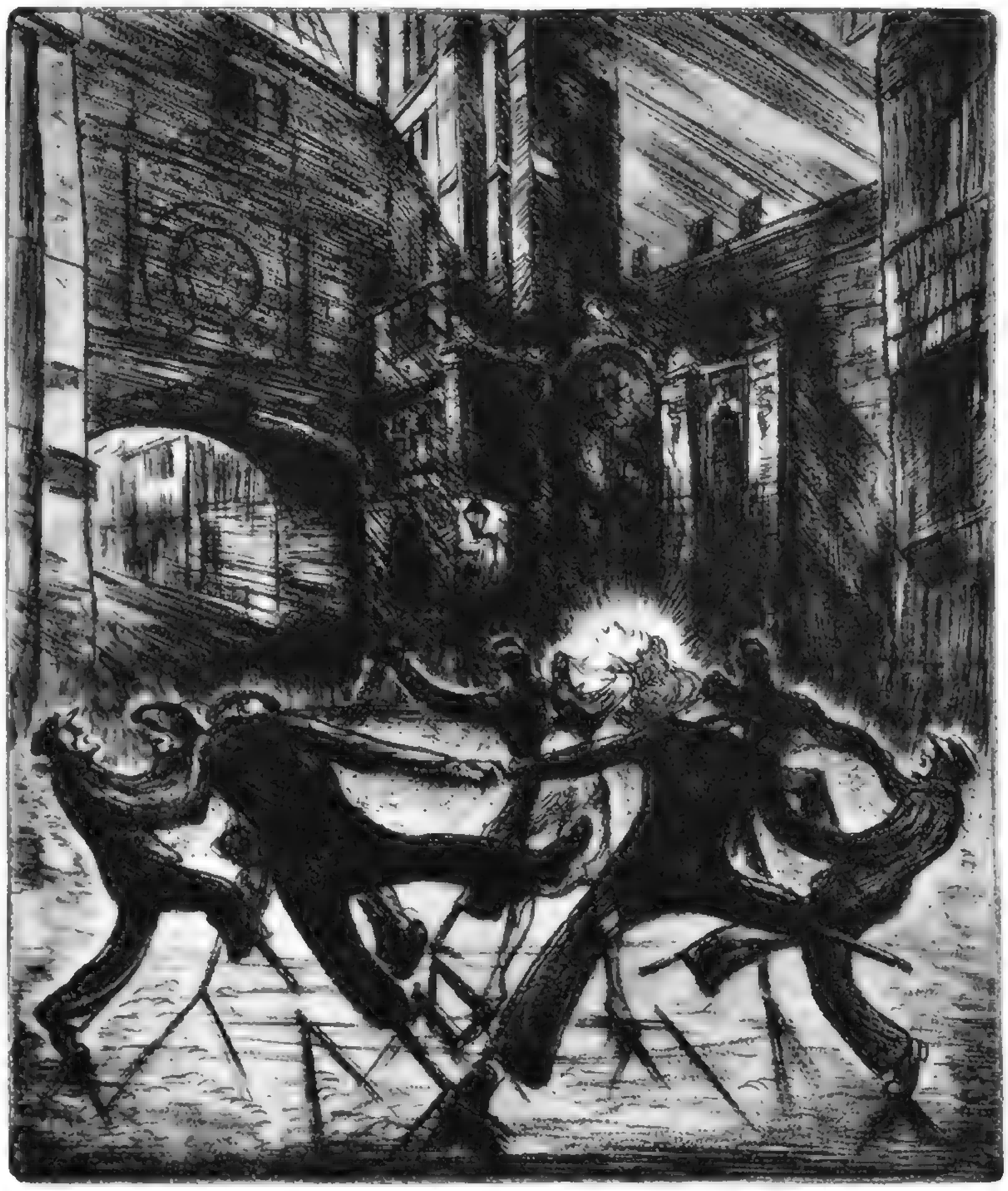
And at this the seventh wooden-legged man looked up suddenly from his empty glass and would have spoken for the first time, but the other six men laughed so loudly that the wineshop shook to its rafters.

"She is crazy!" said Gaston and turned to the landlord to have his glass refilled.

"She is laughing at us, the green-eyed witch!" said Marcel.

"Aye, she is pulling our legs," said Désiré with a throaty chuckle.

The girl only smiled and shrugged her shoulders. Then she turned to the youngest of the wooden-legged men and in a voice which fell like a trumpet of silver upon the sudden lull in the place she said to him:



ETCHING BY WILLIAM SHARP

"Come, Céleste!"

And without waiting for the seventh of the wooden-legged men to answer she ran out of the wineshop and up the stone steps into the square. Through the open door Céleste ran after her and it seemed to Clare Murphy that for the first time his steps, neither that of the sound foot nor that of the wooden one, made a sound upon the stone cobbles.

The other wooden-legged men stood gaping, then one of them cried, "After them, boys!" and each dropped his glass and ran out into the square, and Clare after them.

The rain had ceased and the moon had come out behind the clouds and shone like a great yellow mound of Normandy butter behind the tower of the cathedral which is called the Tour de Beurre. In the middle of the marketplace was the girl and the moonlight gleamed on her red hair and in her green eyes and round her were the wooden-legged men. Their hands were joined and they were dancing in a round dance, and the legs which they had lost made a sound like iron upon the cobbles of the square.

In the midst of them stood the girl and the girl seemed to Clare to be singing and the sound of her voice was like silver but the only word that Clare Murphy could distinguish was the word "*Jésus*" repeated over and over again and then the word "*France.*" And the wooden-legged men danced around her in a circle and now it was the turn of Clare to stand and gape.

When the song ended the dancers halted, and suddenly the great ringing sound of their iron-ferruled legs ceased and there was a silence in the square and in the middle of the silence the girl broke through their ranks and ran on light feet out of the marketplace towards the road which runs down to the river, and the young man, Céleste, ran after her. And when the other wooden-legged men would have followed her, and Clare with them, she had vanished, and they saw nothing but the reflection of the moon on the river and the green spire of the cathedral and the grey tower of the Tour de Beurre rising above the roofs of Rouen.

* * *

In the silence Clare went back to the wineshop to pay his reckoning and he heard the sound of iron-ferruled steps behind him. When he had settled with the owner of the *bistrot* he looked at the zinc bar and saw but two wooden-legged men standing there. One of them was the grey-eyed Gaston and the other was the brown-eyed Marcel. They had begun to argue again, and when one of them pushed back the peaked sailor's cap to scratch his head Clare saw the long scar running up over the temples.

"Where are the others?" Clare asked.

"What others does Monsieur refer to?" inquired Marcel politely.

"The men who were with you. There were seven of you."

"Monsieur is mistaken. We are but two," said Gaston.

"But Octave—where is Octave?"

"There is no Octave," said Marcel, "but my father's name was Octave. And he is long dead. He was killed at Sedan."

"And Pierre and Désiré and Paul?" demanded Clare. "What has become of them?"

"Pierre and Désiré were with me in the regiment," said Gaston. "They lie in the Argonne."

"And Paul," added Marcel, "was killed on the Marne."

"And the young man, Céleste," said Clare. "Is he dead too?"

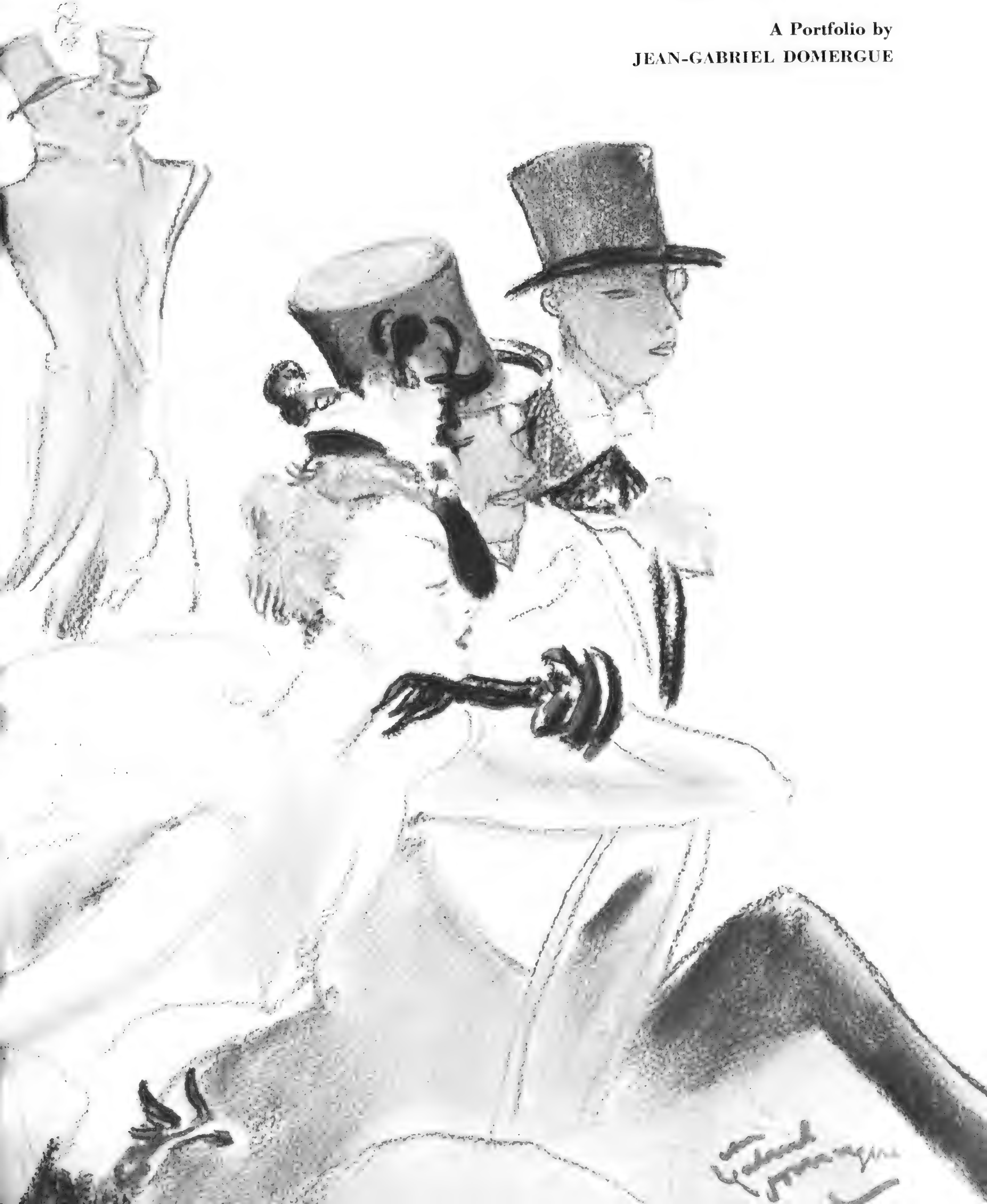
"Nay, I know of no Céleste," said Marcel.

"Perchance," said Gaston eagerly, and in his voice was great love and pride, "Perchance he speaks of the little Céleste, my son. My son who is not yet old enough to fight." #

The World of Pleasure

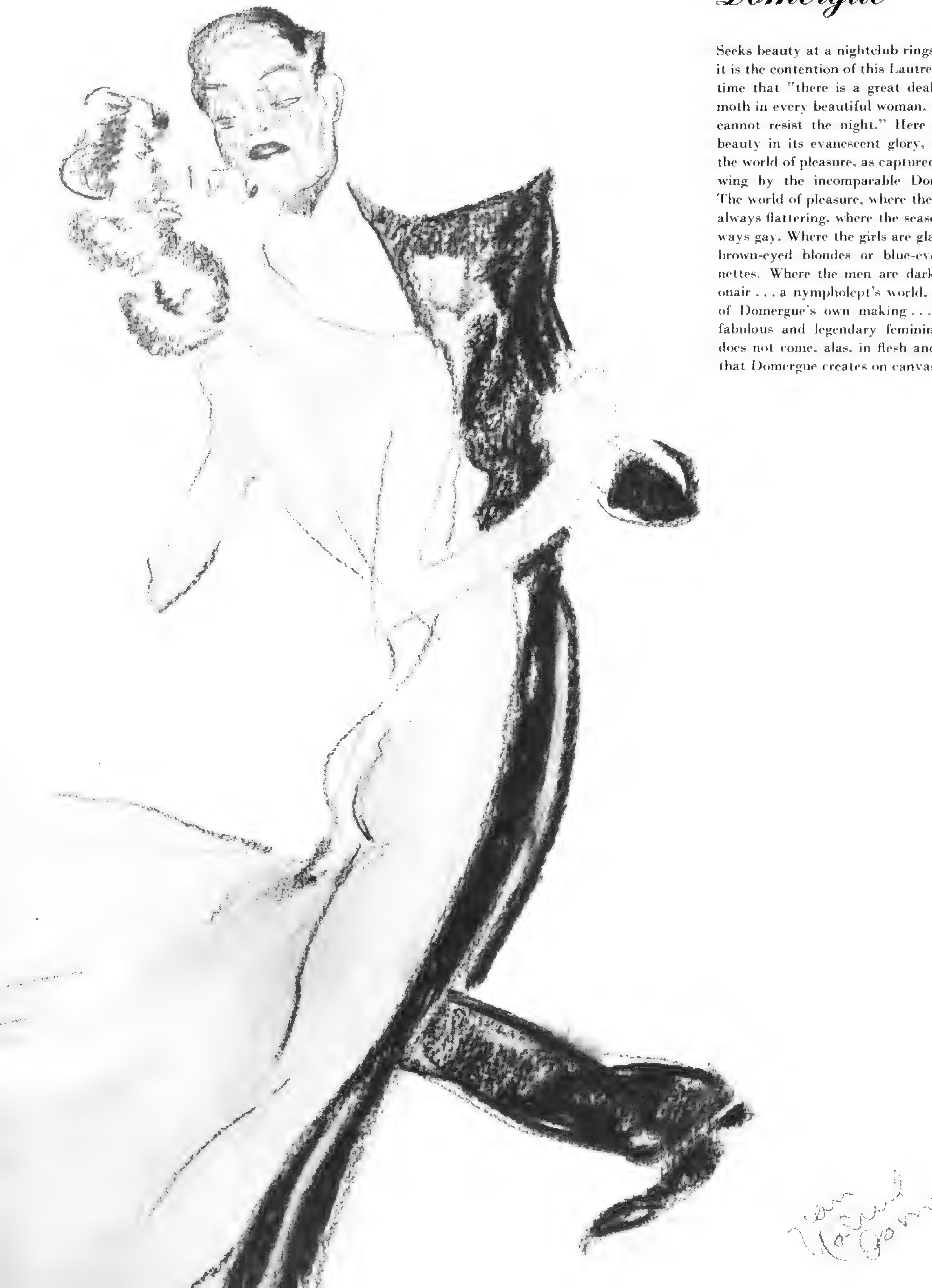
(Le Monde où l'on s'amuse)

A Portfolio by
JEAN-GABRIEL DOMERGUE



Domergue

Seeks beauty at a nightclub ringside, for it is the contention of this Lautrec of our time that "there is a great deal of the moth in every beautiful woman, and she cannot resist the night." Here then is beauty in its evanescent glory, lighting the world of pleasure, as captured on the wing by the incomparable Domergue. The world of pleasure, where the light is always flattering, where the season is always gay. Where the girls are glamorous brown-eyed blondes or blue-eyed brunettes. Where the men are darkly debonair . . . a nympholept's world, a world of Domergue's own making . . . for the fabulous and legendary feminine glory does not come, alas, in flesh and blood, that Domergue creates on canvas.



Ladies in Luck

Ever since bridge-sized cards came in, milady has been right in there, cold-decking with the best of them

by MICHAEL MacDOUGALL & JOHN KOBLER

• ARTICLE •

You know Sylvia Loomis. You've seen her pert profile in the rotogravures. You've read her bright cracks in the chitchat columns. Sylvia was a café society knickknack. A divorcée three times over, red-thatched, green-eyed, slim, sleek and brittle, she looked thirtyish by night, a doubtful forty-five by day. Only nobody saw her by day. Gowned by Schiaparelli, dripping skindeep culture, she had a pretty head for liquor and a set of morals that would never have copped a purity prize. But make no mistake about her brain. It was as keen as a cut diamond—and twice as hard.

At one time Sylvia was popular in contract bridge circles. She played nearly every night at stakes ranging between a cent and ten dollars a point. Her winnings kept her in modest luxury. For the record: better than two thousand dollars a week. Most of those cosy games, to which many a glamor-glitterite contributed, took place in her natty Park Avenue duplex. Sylvia didn't invite her guests. She issued command summonses. You can get away with that sometimes when you serve generous quantities of vintage champagne and sparkling talk.

One little item about Sylvia (or had you guessed?): Those terrific hauls were not entirely the rewards of honest skill. Fact is, Sylvia commanded the sweetest repertoire of big-time sharper's tricks this side of Monte Carlo—so sweet that she needed no confederate to win at bridge. I know. My business is spotting cheats. A consistent loser, grown leery, retained me to investigate the lady. I watched her. I saw her cold-decking, second-dealing, using punches, strippers and other cute gimmicks with the artistry of a past master. At the psychological moment I pounced.

For many reasons a cheat's victims usually shun publicity. Sylvia's downfall was very quiet, very discreet, without benefit of police. She simply departed for points unknown; her former haunts knew her no more.

You can spare your sympathy. The lady took with her into exile a tidy nest egg, there being no way to recover the money without a messy public scandal.

Multiply Sylvia by thousands and you have a rough estimate of the latest wrinkle in high-powered swindles: the female sharper. A phenomenon of comparatively recent growth, she is twice as deadly as the male of the species.

I'd been in this screwy business quite a while before I realized that card sharping was no longer strictly a man's racket. Curiously, it was the card manufacturers themselves who innocently opened the door to these larcenous ladies some twenty years ago when they introduced the new bridge-size cards. You see, milady's flippers, though naturally deft and supple, were too small to manipulate the old poker-size decks. As for respectable whist-playing ladies, they could barely handle those outsize pasteboards. They clamored for smaller ones and the manufacturers gallantly (and shrewdly) obliged with the first reduced deck, the "French Deck." A shrinkage less than a quarter of an inch, but it was enough to encourage the feminine invasion of yet another masculine pursuit.

Previously the role of women in card sharping had been confined to playing lure or decoy for the men. Typical setup: On a New York-Buenos Aires liner two sharpers—not major leaguers, but plenty seasoned—spot a lone showgirl. She's en route to a cabaret booking. They approach her cautiously, sound her out. "How would you like to make traveling expenses?" "Me? Who do I have to kill?" "Tsk, tsk, sister, what kind of talk is that? See that old bird? Well, he's well-heeled. Now all you got to do is play up to him, get his confidence."

As simple as that. By nightfall the eager prey is buying her drinks and suggesting that well-known moonlight promenade on A deck. Per instructions, she steers him toward a deck of a different color. The bait? Perhaps a tête-à-tête in her cabin. But—surprise, surprise!—who should be there ahead of them but our two knights of the green baize quietly playing pinochle. Matter of fact, they turn out to be the lady's brothers or cousins or something.

From this point it's a hop-skip-and-jump to a friendly stud poker session and we'll draw the curtain on the horrible slaughter which follows.

That was how your average ocean-going sharper operated. The top-notchers, however, preferred to work the subtler society angle. Here the lure is a regular fixture of the mob. She occupies a first-class suite, sports swank clothes, sparklers, furs. Her sponsors spread the glad word that Lady Ponsonby-Cavendish is aboard, traveling incog. The lure has to be a finished actress, adept in the lorgnette leer and the glance snooty.

Pretty soon Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Jones, *nouveau riche* and naïve, are hankering to meet her ladyship. Who knows—maybe she'll invite them to her ancestral estate in dear old Sussex? They try all the gambits. At first Lady Ponsonby-Cavendish plays hard-to-get. Later she thaws.

Her favorite pastime? Why, bridge, of course. "I simply adore the game, my dears, though I scarcely know one card from another. But my cousins, Reggie and Algernon, are traveling with me and they're dreadfully keen."

The lure is by no means extinct. She still infests liners and hotel lobbies. But many onetime lures have gone into business for

Continued on page 254

U.S. MAIL
U.S. MAIL

"Merry Christmas!!" "Same to you!!"

Return of the Magi

As the Wise Men journeyed home, they feared neither thieves nor wolves but rode on, resplendent in royal raiment

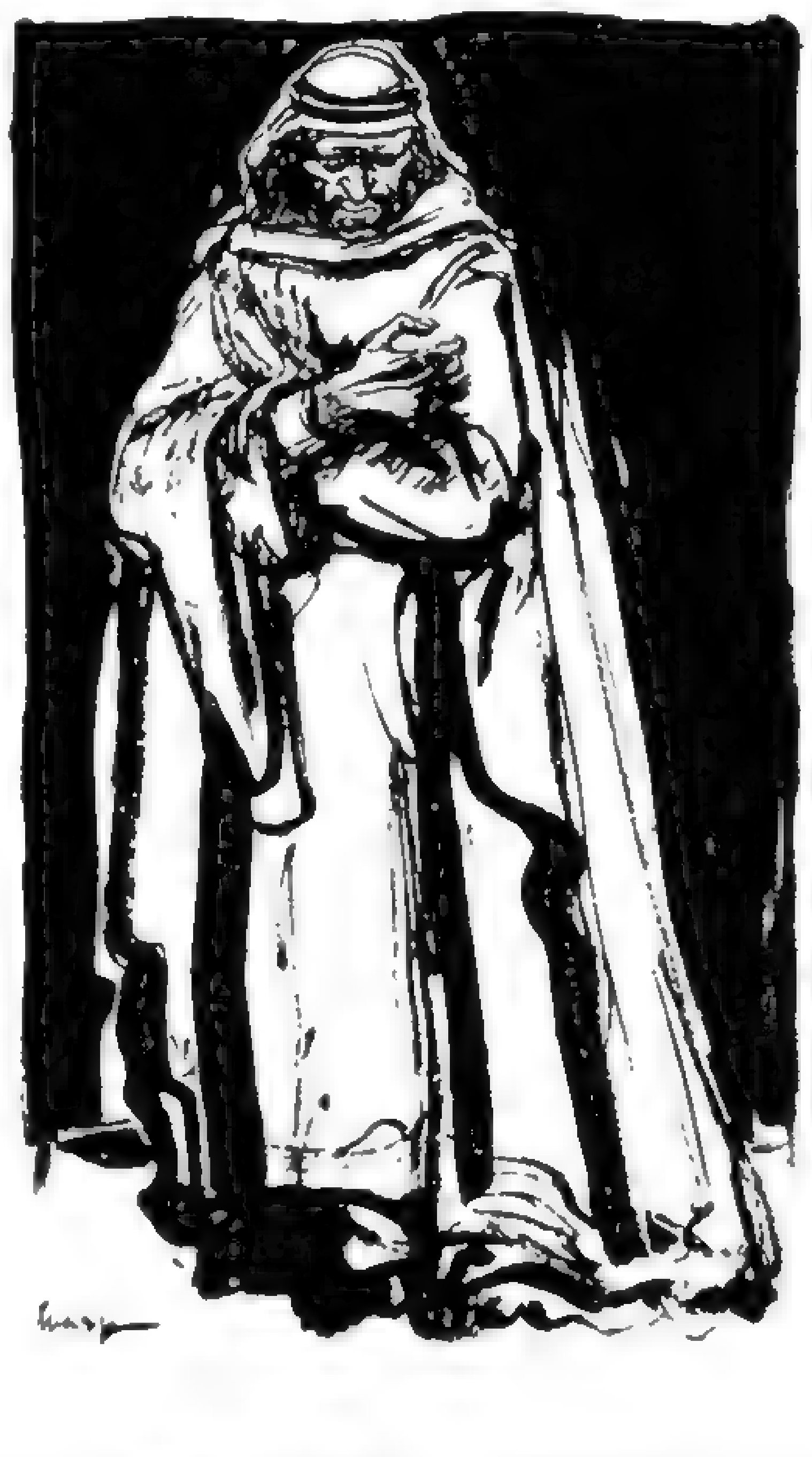
by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

The enchantment was over. No words had been spoken. All three drew their silken robes about them and departed. But hardly a dozen steps had been taken when they suddenly stood still and looked at each other. Yes, it was true. It was more than true. The guiding star had shown the way. Destination's end was here in Bethlehem.

The Child had accepted the gifts, and in return He gave them a small stone the meaning of which was not very clear. Exaltation and enchantment enveloped the scene, and now, only a dozen steps away, they were back on the rim of that desert—hard, burning, shifting, cruel, desolate; a place of cunning, sly wits, plots, robberies, murders—that desert which they knew as their world. Into this world they were born and in this world they must some day die.

For a moment they had completely forgotten the existence of those things which usually filled their lives. They had forgotten the number of date palms that each owned, the number of fresh water wells, the herds of cattle, the names of the tribes which paid them tribute, the boundaries of their domains, and even the number of their children, the sick ones, and the women. All this for a brief interval they had forgotten. And even the rich caravan that was soon to arrive from Persia, laden with heavy treasure: gold, jewels, silk brocades, royal garments, carpets, ivory, silver daggers from the Indies; onyx, pepper from the distant East, and other valuable spices. And not alone the rich caravan, but for that brief interval they had even forgotten the great and mighty Herod himself.



And only now, as they stood facing each other, a dozen paces away, did the words of Herod repeat themselves in their minds: "Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found *him*, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also." They recalled a sharp glisten in Herod's eyes, a quick dagger glance from his envious dark eyes.

"We have searched and we have found," said Gaspar. It was he who had brought gold, and in his hand he now held a small stone.

"And now?" inquired Melchior, who had brought the precious and most fragrant frankincense.

"Now we have seen. We have seen with our own eyes," replied Balthazar, who had journeyed many desert miles carrying a small casket of healing myrrh.

"Yes, with our eyes," repeated Gaspar.

"But now?" inquired Melchior.

"Now, one thing is certain. We must steal away," said Balthazar. "We dare not return the way we came, for the dark King Herod would inquire and we would be compelled to reply. We did not promise to return to Herod and are free to return by any desert route we may choose."

"He will send men to search for us," said one.

"The desert is wide, and a gentle breeze from heaven blows away all footprints," replied Balthazar.

"Herod rules only in the West, while we govern lands in the East. I do not fear him," said Gaspar.

"Neither do I," announced Melchior.

And Balthazar joined in: "No, not Herod. I do not fear him for myself or for my people. But his black head would bow to no child, and were we to return to him, and announce that our journey ended in Bethlehem, then he would send his bowmen and spearmen and slay every new born."

"Herod worships only Herod. He is mighty and will allow none to rise to cast a shadow over his dark glory," said Melchior.

"Herod is mighty," spoke Gaspar boldly. "But I fear him not. Come, we shall return by any route we choose." The stone that was in his hand he placed securely in the folds of his tight girdle. He led the way and the other two followed.

As they passed through the narrow streets of the little village, dark and curious eyes of women peered at them. From behind latticed windows they watched them pass, and they could see from the color and stamp of their robes that these three had come from places far in the distant East. For some strange reason they had arrived. And now, content, they were departing.

The servants and camels of the Magi were waiting at the wells. Young boys and girls stood about and gazed at the curious saddle rugs and eastern bridle ornaments on the kneeling camels.

The three lost no time, but mounting their beasts quickly they gave the signal for departure. The camel drivers, guides and servants also mounted, and the long line of over twenty in single file were soon threading their way among the low hills bordering on the great open desert.

"This is the place, master," said one who, riding in the lead, had now halted his camel.

"What place?" inquired Gaspar.

"Here at the edge of the desert we stopped and you removed the coarse garments you wore on the journey and put on your turban and rich vestments."

"True. This is the place. But now I think we may go on as we are."

"But the desert is filled with robbers, and seeing three at one time dressed in royal robes . . . They might believe we carry great treasure, and we are no match for those large roving robber bands."

Melchior and Balthazar had by this time come abreast with Gaspar, and they heard the words of the guide.

"There is no need for us to disguise ourselves," said one.

"Let us ride on," said the other. And with these words they left the low hills and entered upon the great open desert.

As evening folded darkly over them, the long line drew closer together.

"This road is little traveled," said the guide. "And here we are certain to encounter hungry tribes as hard as the rocks they call their home. They have shifting eyes and picking hands. They respect no person, no law."

"Let us go on," said Gaspar.

"There are jackals and wolves that follow in one's track to chew at any fragments left behind, and sometimes they have been known to gather in packs and . . ."

"Let us go on," said Melchior.

"And often in this wilderness . . ."

"Fear not," said Balthazar. "Soon the full moon will light our way. Let us go on."

On the evening of the third day, the guide riding ahead suddenly turned about and shouted: "They are waiting for us. A hundred strong!"

The line halted, while the three Magi removed their turbans and unwound the long cloth. Concealed within each turban was a golden crown. Placing this on their heads and throwing the long cloth carelessly over the necks of their camels, they rode boldly ahead.

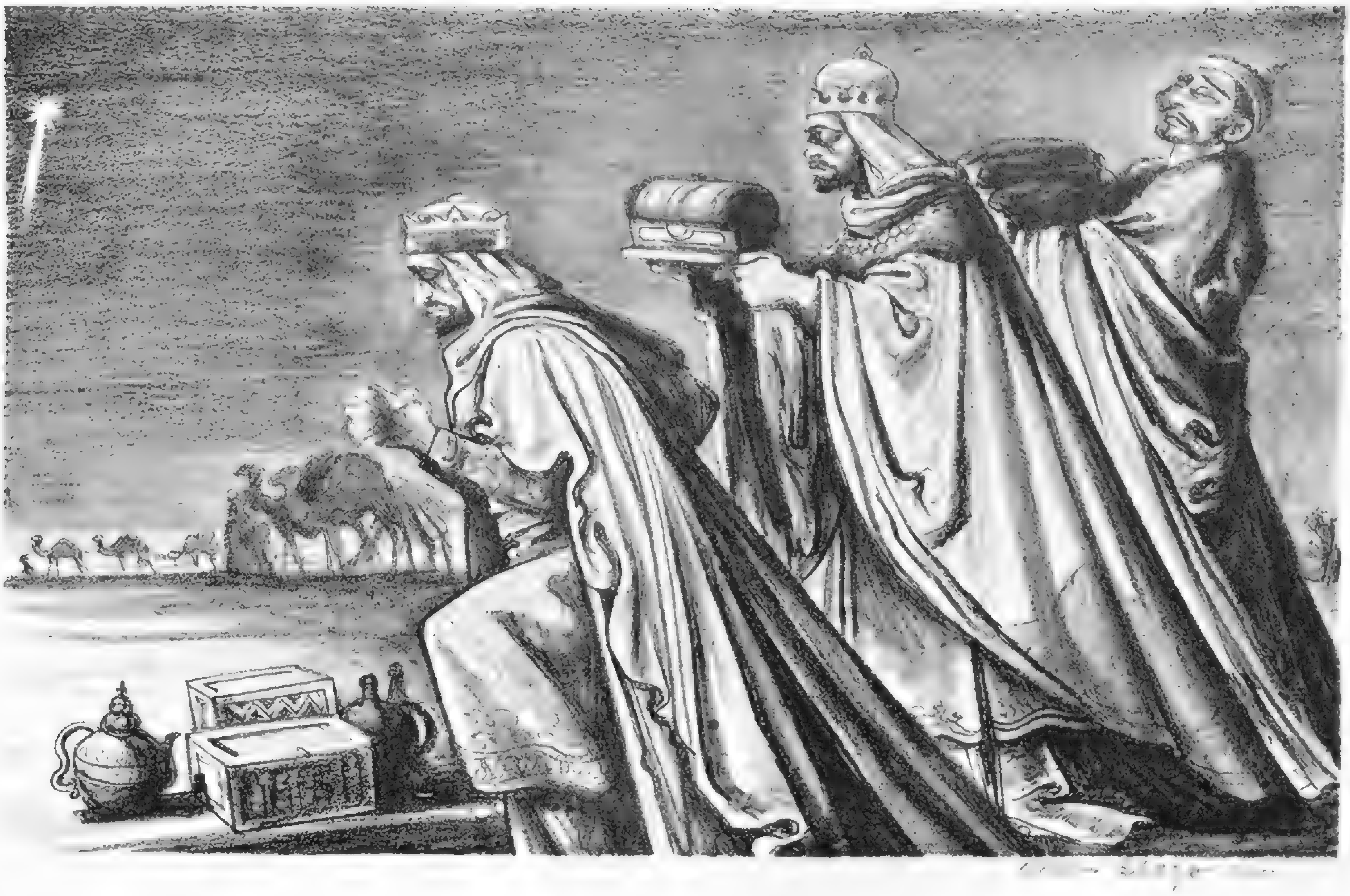
The three kings now rode abreast, and the others followed them. Their crowns sparkled in the evening light. But the robber chiefs rushed forward to meet them.

"Halt!" cried some of the robbers.

The three rode forward with little regard to this command.

"Halt!" they cried again.

The disheveled crew about their leaders placed their hands upon their daggers. Their eyes gazed upon the three sparkling crowns,



LITHOGRAPH BY WILLIAM SHARP

and in another moment a clash seemed inevitable. But suddenly a dazzling light encircled the three crowns, and the awed robbers dismounted and bowed low to the ground.

"*Salaam aleyk!*" they cried in the words of the desert. "Peace be with you."

"We would respond to your words of peace," called Gaspar loudly, "if you were men of good will."

A sudden fear had taken hold of the desert ruffians. The whole hundred trembled on the ground as the small caravan, headed by the three crowned leaders, passed by.

For three days more they journeyed through the desert wilderness, and on the fourth day they were met by the swift out-riders of the great Persian caravan. They greeted the kings with great reverence. Some rode speedily back to inform the caravan of the approaching kings; the others proceeded along in two protecting flanks to guide the way.

With the news of the approaching kings, the great caravan halted. They spread their carpets and untied the burdens of treasure. They also set up a tent and awnings to provide comforting shade. The leader of the caravan put on his rich robes and came forward to pay his respects to the kings.

"*Salaam aleyk!*" he called when he saw them approach. He kneeled and bowed on one of the great rugs spread in the path.

"*Aleykom es-salaam,*" they replied, and dismounted.

"We come from the East," said the merchant, "as you approach from the West. This is a happy meeting indeed, for it allows us to pay our respects to you and thank you in person for the many courtesies we have had while passing through your lands."

"With peace you may travel through our lands at any time you desire," replied Gaspar.

"We have spread our wares before you so that you may see our treasure and select, each of you, something as a token of our esteem."

"You owe us no tribute."

"True. But you have our gratitude, and our hearts would be pleased if each of you could find something which you would take back with you as a little reminder of our desert meeting."

They walked along the line of rich carpets.

"Here are objects in silver," spoke the caravan master. "And here are small objects worked in gold. Here are several pieces of Persian glass, and on this side we have laid out the ivory. Here on this white shawl are the jewels, and yonder are the woven stuffs and silken garments. Everything is before you. Nothing has been concealed. The boxes have silver daggers, and the bundles by the tent contain spices; these we have not opened, but all awaits your choice."

In contrast to the rude, empty desert about them, this sight was dazzling and magnificent. The three kings walked through this corridor of treasure and then came back slowly. They whispered a few words to each other.

"Forgive us, Ben Alem," spoke Gaspar, "but somehow or other, while everything you have is most beautiful, still worldly goods are not in our minds. We mean no offense, but we have been to the West, and now we are going home."

"And in the West have you seen anything which could rival this sight now before you?"

"Yes, we have."

"In Herod's palace?"

"No, not in Herod's palace. Elsewhere."

"Much greater?"

"Yes."

After a brief silence, Ben Alem said: "Some refreshments we have prepared in the tent, if it may please you."

They entered under the shade of the awning, and the servants poured each a cup of wine.

After thanking the caravan master once more they made ready to depart.

"Perhaps one of these rugs might please you," he said anxiously. "You are more than welcome to them."

"May you journey in peace," replied Gaspar. "Warn your men to proceed cautiously, for many robbers are gathered together in the lava rocks."

"We are prepared for these desert emergencies," replied Ben Alem. "We are prepared for many things, but not for the news of a greater treasure than that which we now bring."

Gaspar laughed. "Yes," he said finally. "When you arrive at the fertile valley you will hear of a young Child, and you, too, will journey to the door of the house and worship Him."

With greetings, salutations and words of cheer they departed.

The great Persian caravan gathered up its treasures, and when everything was secure they too started onward. But the master Ben Alem scratched his head and mumbled to himself: "A great treasure, greater than everything. What can it be? And in the end it's only a child. And if it's a child, then where's the treasure?"

The three Magi rode on proudly. They rode through the great sand dunes, through the hard gravel country until they reached the long range of red granite rocks. Then they came to soft grazing lands, where fresh water streams sparkled in the sunlight. Mounting

Continued on page 258

Stay As Irrational As You Are, Girls

God save us from that unnatural monster, a woman who speaks with logic, and without exaggeration

by PARKE CUMMINGS

• SATIRE •

A FAMOUS French general—Frenchmen are always saying bright things—once remarked: "All generalities are false—including this one." No woman- I'm going to generalize too believes this. Or if she does believe it, she doesn't give a damn. Women live by generalities and they think in extremes. Yes, I know this isn't a revolutionary theory, but I am just getting in my groundwork. They do so, I imagine, because they are more vital, more intense than men who also generalize a good deal, but less, on the average, than women. With women, life is black or white. Things are eternally true or irrevocably false. Sue Brown is either the loveliest thing you ever laid eyes on or homelier than a mud fence. A certain husband *always* spills his soup or rare precious jewel -he *never* does. Weather to a woman is the *worst* she has ever seen or the *most wonderful*.

Fine gradations mean nothing to the average woman. She lives in a world where everything can be divided into two clear-cut classifications the best imaginable, and simply foul. Don't delude yourself that women swear less than men because it is unladylike. They swear less because profanity is too flabby, too wishywashy. A man says: "That was a damn good meal," or even, "That was a goddam good meal." Weak stuff. Too indefinite. A woman says: "That was the best food I ever put in my mouth." Now that's *saying* something. A man mutters: "That was a hell of a blankety-blank-blank trick to play on a pal." A woman's reaction is: "That was the cattiest trick I ever heard of in all my life." A woman knows that one good feminine superlative can take on ten masculine oaths, and put them flat on their backs inside of a minute.

For a long time I used to fret and chafe at Woman's insistence on thinking in terms of either 100% or 0% and never 50%—or even 60% or 40%, but I have given that up. At the ripe old age of thirty-six I have concluded that if God intended men and women to look different, He also intended them to talk and think differently. I think it is all for the best, adding variety to a world which needs all it can get these days. What prompted my decision was a little reflection on what women would sound like if they attempted to be dispassionate, and emulate men— or at least that relatively small segment of men who go in for "sound" thinking and "considered" judgments. Let us imagine ourselves, pal, at a cocktail party, overhearing something like this taking place between the cute little blonde and the willowy brunette over by the canapés:

"Honestly! That hat of Julia's! It's the ugliest—"

"Now wait a minute, Claire. I hold with Voltaire that 'if you wish to converse with me, first define your terms.' Now just what do you mean by ugly?"

"Well, the opposite of beauty, of course."

"Good, and now let us get in some necessary groundwork by defining beauty. Do you hold with such as Plato that beauty is an absolute, something that is eternal, and immutable, a quality that is intuitively perceived by all people of whatever station, or, like Anatole France and Croce, do you derive from Rousseau, and take the relativist position that there are no eternal verities and that beauty is merely a matter of personal tastes?"

"Well, Sarah, I—"

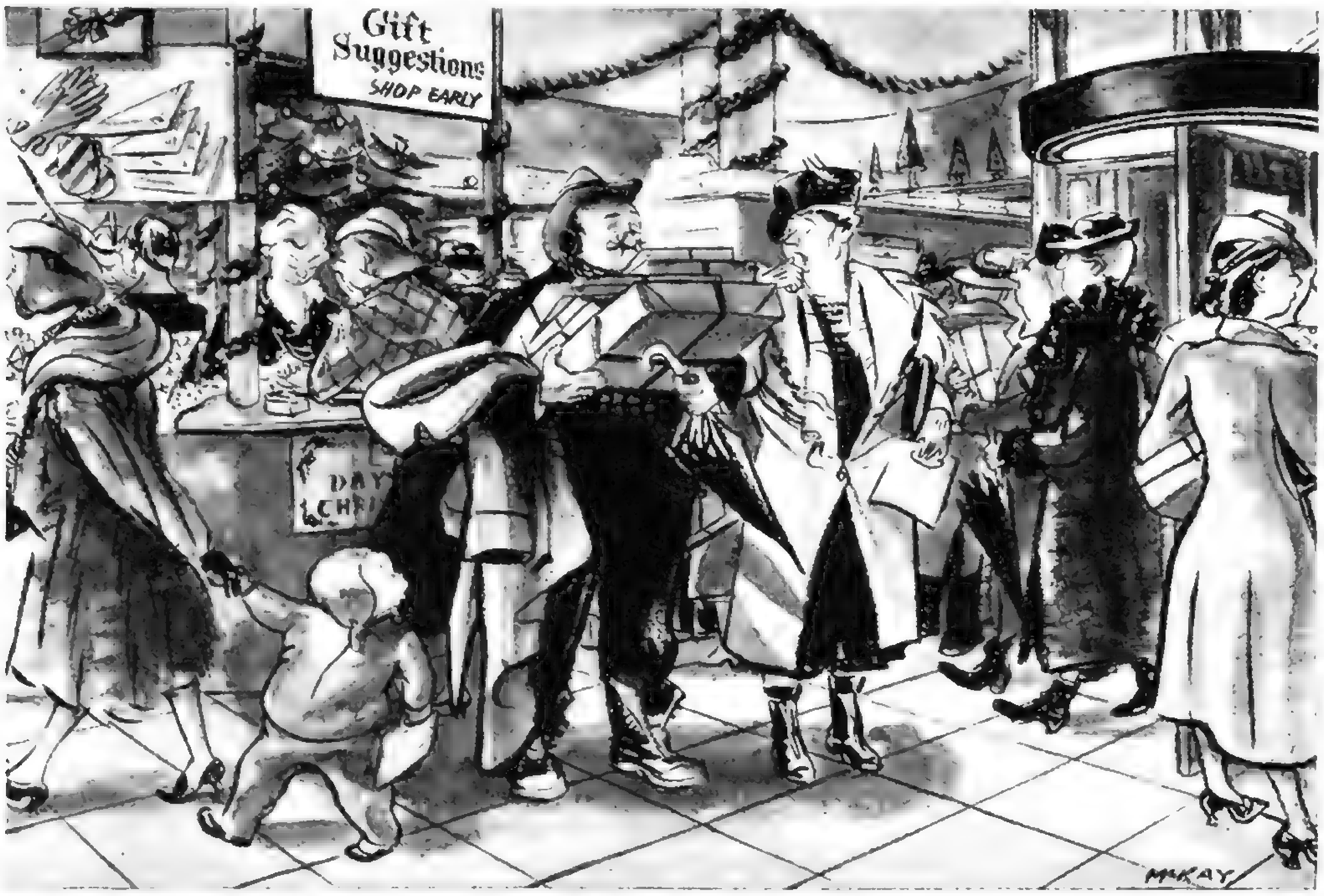
Listening in on that salvo of five-dollar words and ten-dollar abstractions, do you and I linger in the vicinity, hoping to get in a word and eventually to work up a date with the pretty creatures? We emphatically do not. We grab a canapé, and slink noiselessly away, wondering if the pair of stunners on the sofa are dishing out any dirt worth absorbing. Wrong again. We hear the girl in the shell-pink outfit intone: "Well, personally, I feel that a great many factors have to be taken into consideration before one can make such a statement, because the problem is a very complex one that the layman fails—"

Another hasty retreat. Are we listening to a cutie who should be able to shake a mean rhumba or a Harvard professor embarking on a bullet-proof redefinition of democracy or undistributed profits? I have nothing against Harvard professors talking like that, but the prospect of a world crammed with beautiful women adopting the same lingo fills me with increasing terror, the more I think of it. And anyhow these very balanced-thinking and cautious-stating professors were probably reared by mothers who declared them the best boy in the world on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the worst boy in the world on Tuesdays, Thursdays, or Saturdays—and never any sane, reasonable halfway-between. My private opinion is that the masculine surrealists, the religious fanatics, the faddists, cranks and crackpots have been brought up by those rarities of rarities, sound-thinking women, just as ministers' sons frequently turn out to be hell-raisers. The reaction is inevitable.

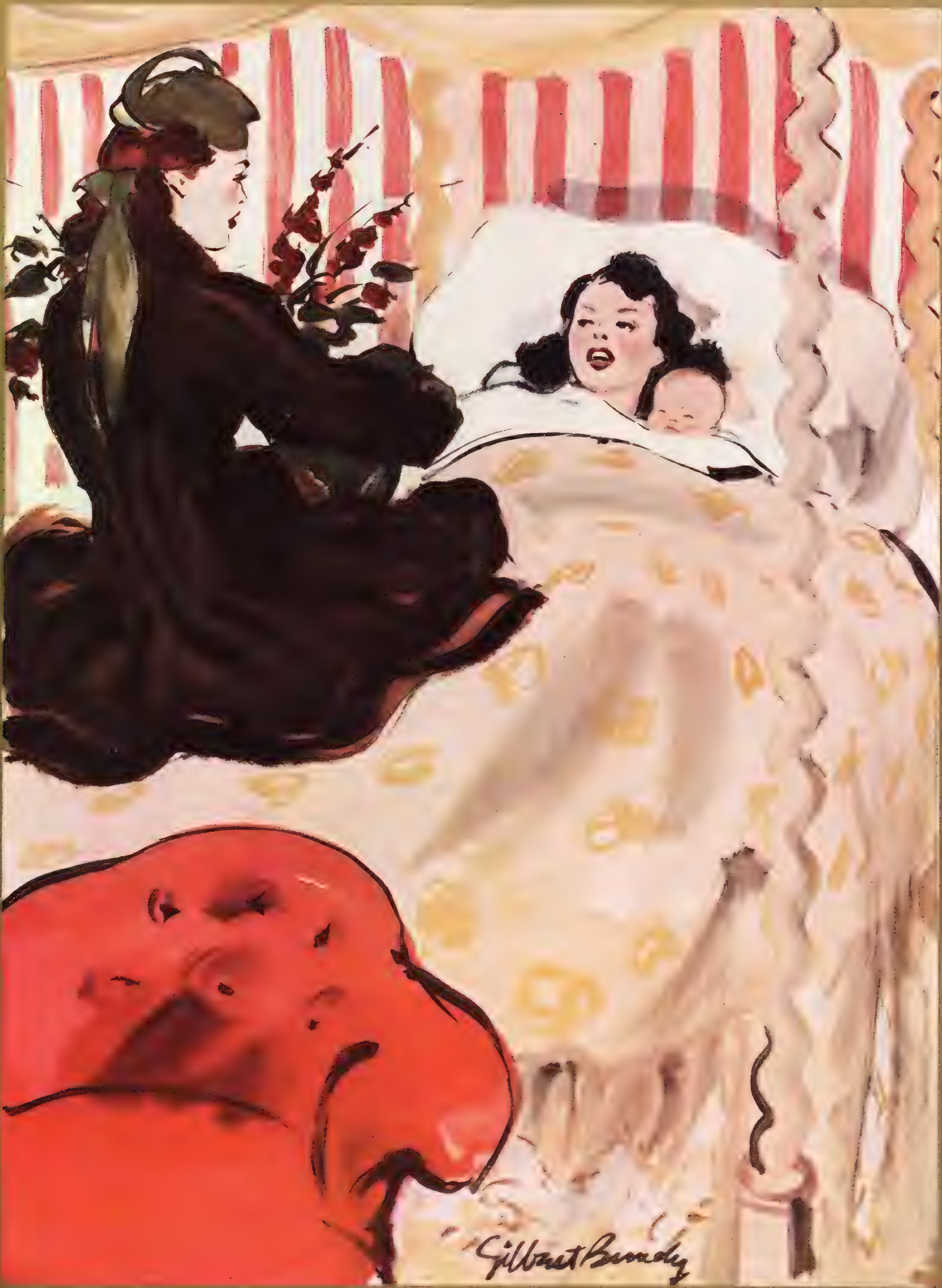
Dismayed, but not yet discouraged we edge up to another feminine discussion—on the niftiest crooner on the air, we now firmly hope. But no. They are arguing about automobiles: "I'm sorry I don't agree with you, Cora, because I happen to drive a *Heptagon* myself. Last month I drove it two thousand miles, and I've carefully tabulated the gasoline consumption. I used exactly a hundred and eleven gallons which figures out to a little better than eighteen "

Rubbish! Who wants a date with a girl who associates gasoline consumption with automobiles? It's unfeminine, indecent. The

Continued in center of page 246



"We've still got to get the dog's present to the butcher!"


Gilbert Bundy

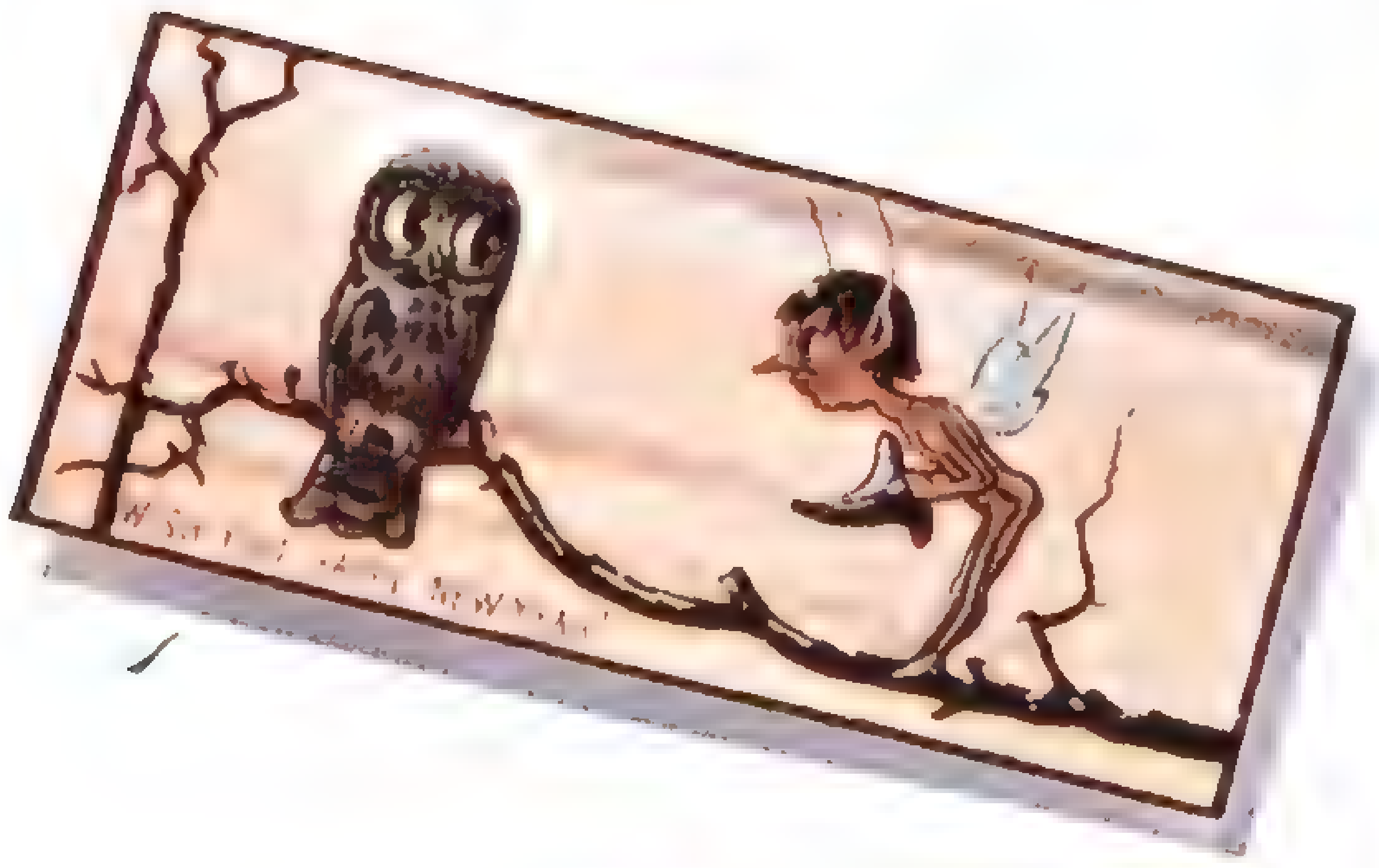
"It's the same every Christmas—he never gives me anything I want"

Oldfashioned Christmas

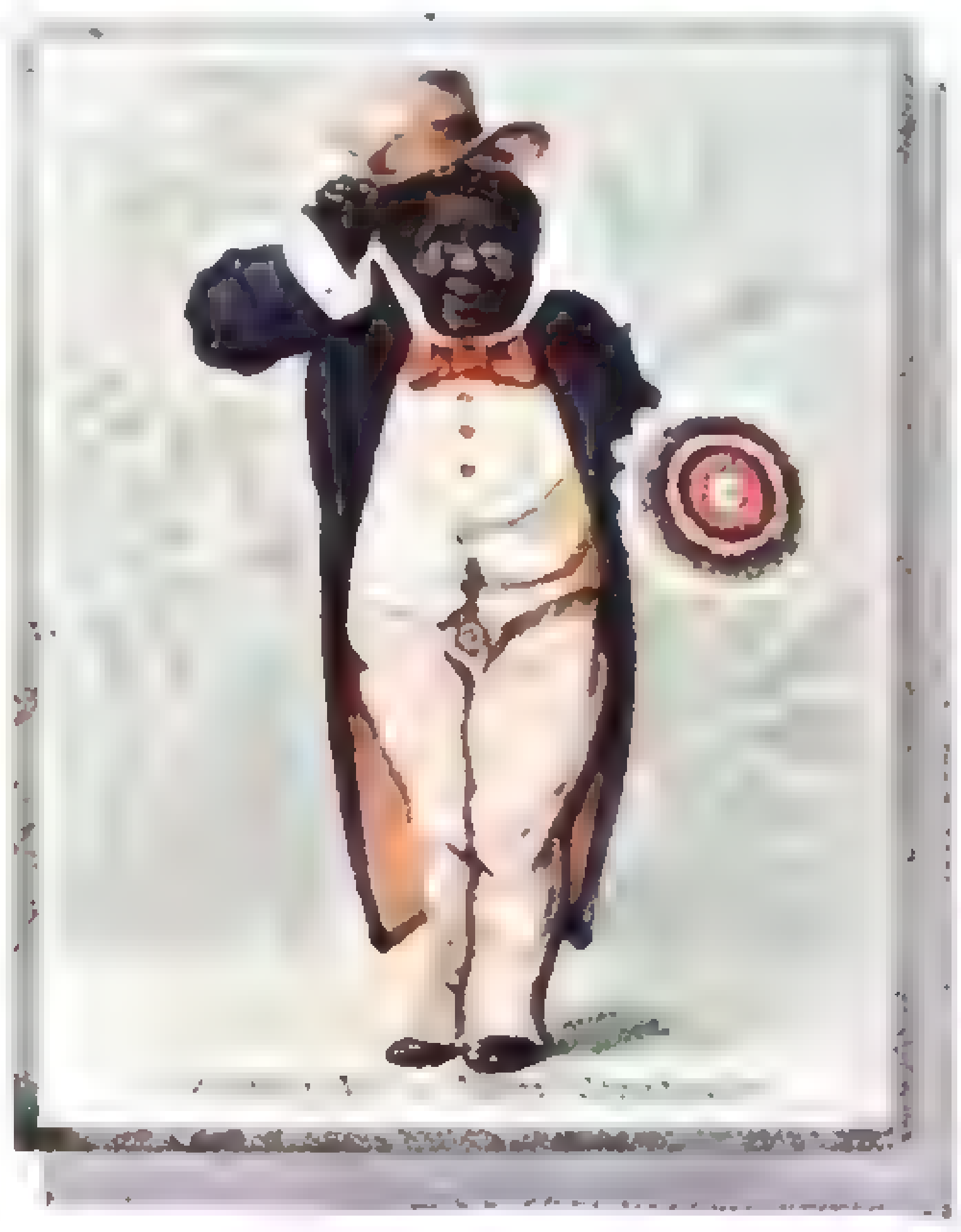
The first American Christmas card appeared in 1875. It was the work of a reformed chromo painter named Louis Prang. On these two pages are some cards from Prang, some from eminent imitators. They are all from the private collection of Dorothea Lawrence, the concert and opera singer. All cards on this page represent the type of thing grandpa thought was funny; on the opposite page all he thought was beautiful.

1. This is really *youth* saying "Happy New Year" to *wisdom*. 2. The type of card popular in the great Minstrel era. 3. Animal subjects, such as these, were always popular. 4. Bird and gnome—two more favorites. 5. The North Pole greeting the South Pole, representing a complete turning of the earth in one year. 6. A card by De La Rue, famous French-American printer, circa 1880. Cards 7 and 8 show the English influence on the "comic" Christmas cards. All cards on this page, except number 2, by Louis Prang.

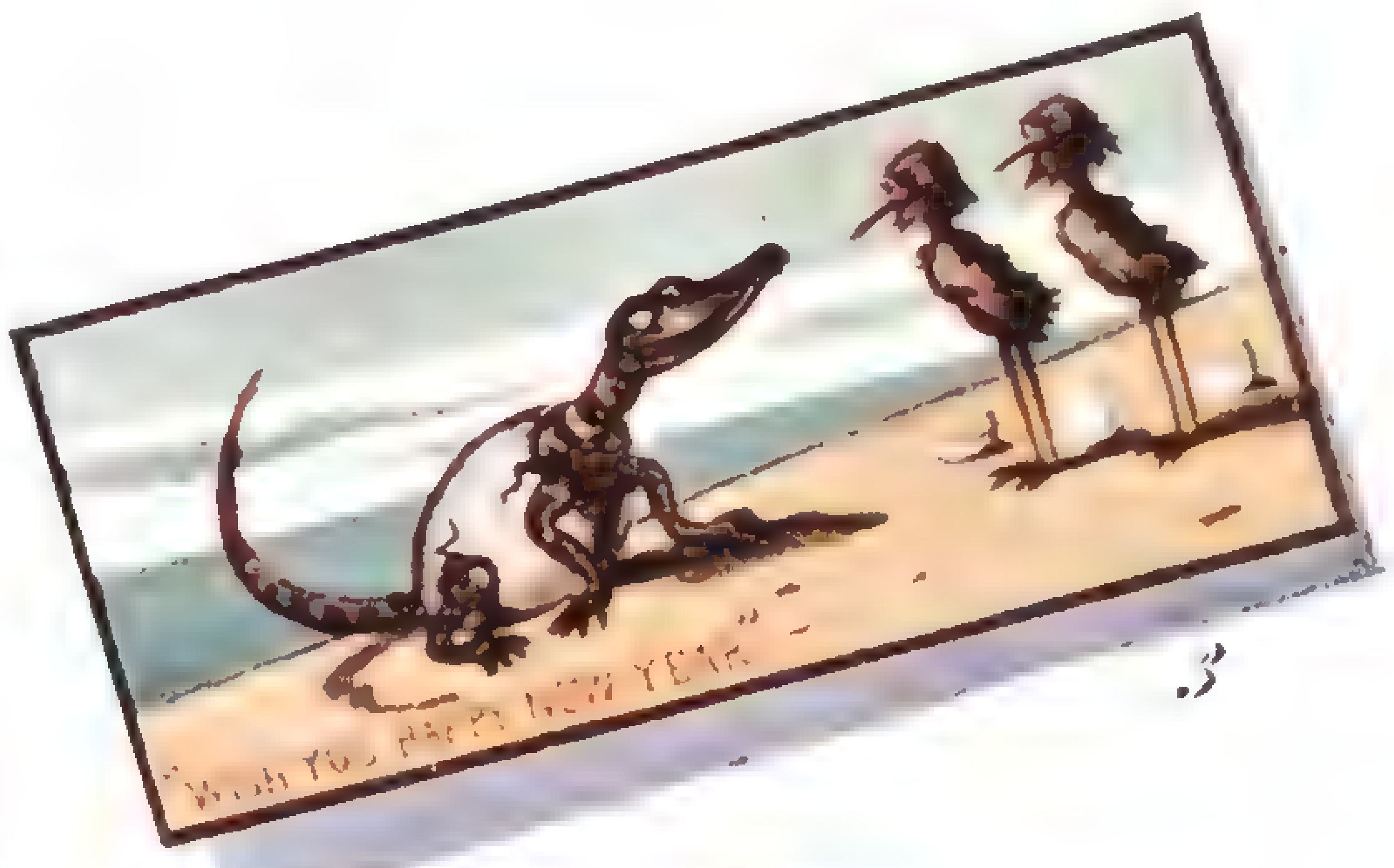
Card 9 is another Prang. Card 10 is one by the famous Raphael Tuck of England. It is fringed with real silk. Card 11 ("A Joyous Christmas") made grandma weep. The fan card (12) was a popular type of the 80's. Its fringe is silk and its figures impeccables from the *haut monde*. Card 13, also with silk, opens and closes like a book. Card 14 is a specimen of the gaudier type of thing attempted by Prang's imitators. But the bird card (15) is pure Prang. As religious subjects were tabu until the 20th century, birds, flowers, pretty girls, and pottery were the stock in trade of the early Christmas cards in America.



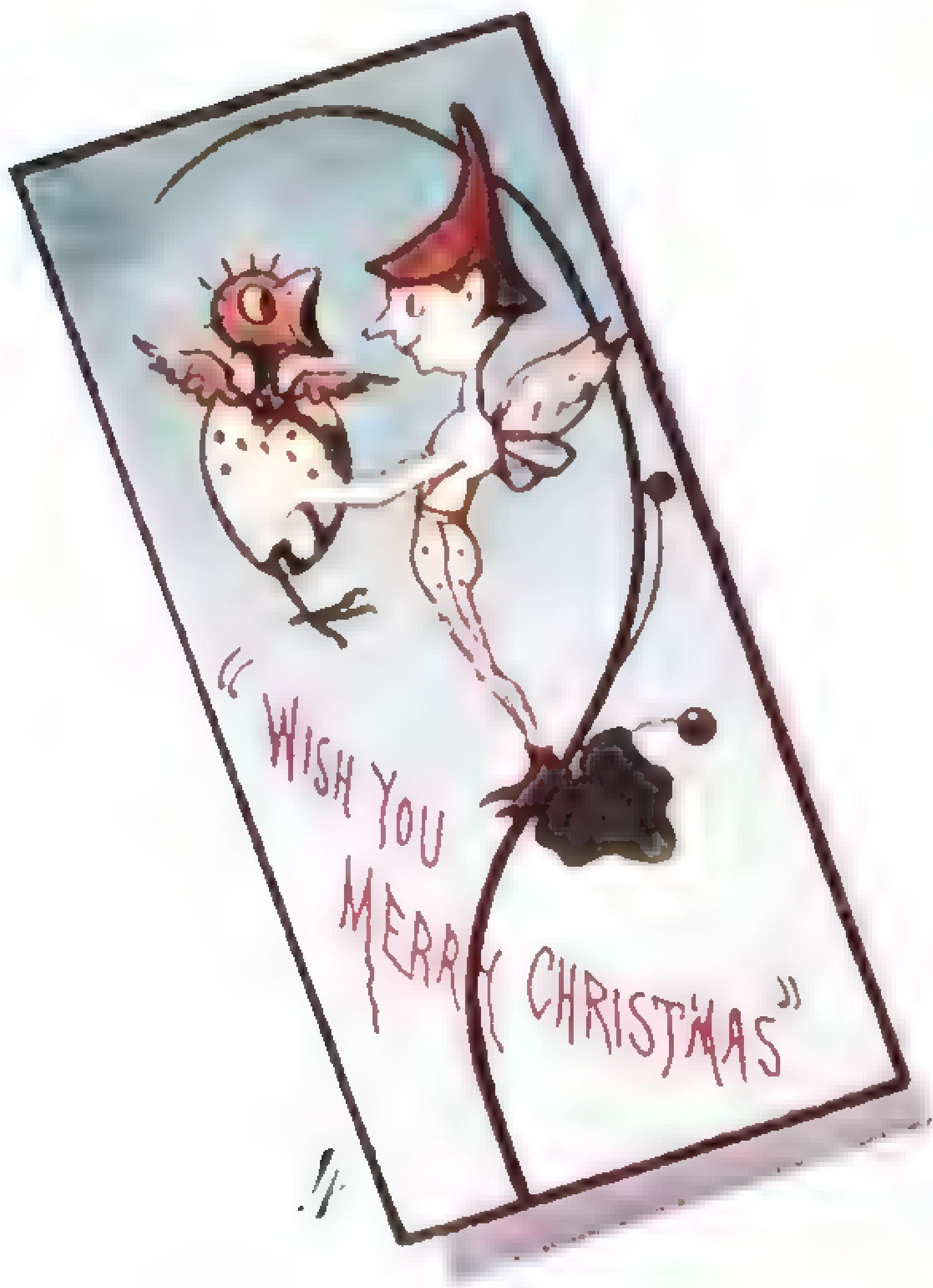
1



2


Wish You A Happy New Year

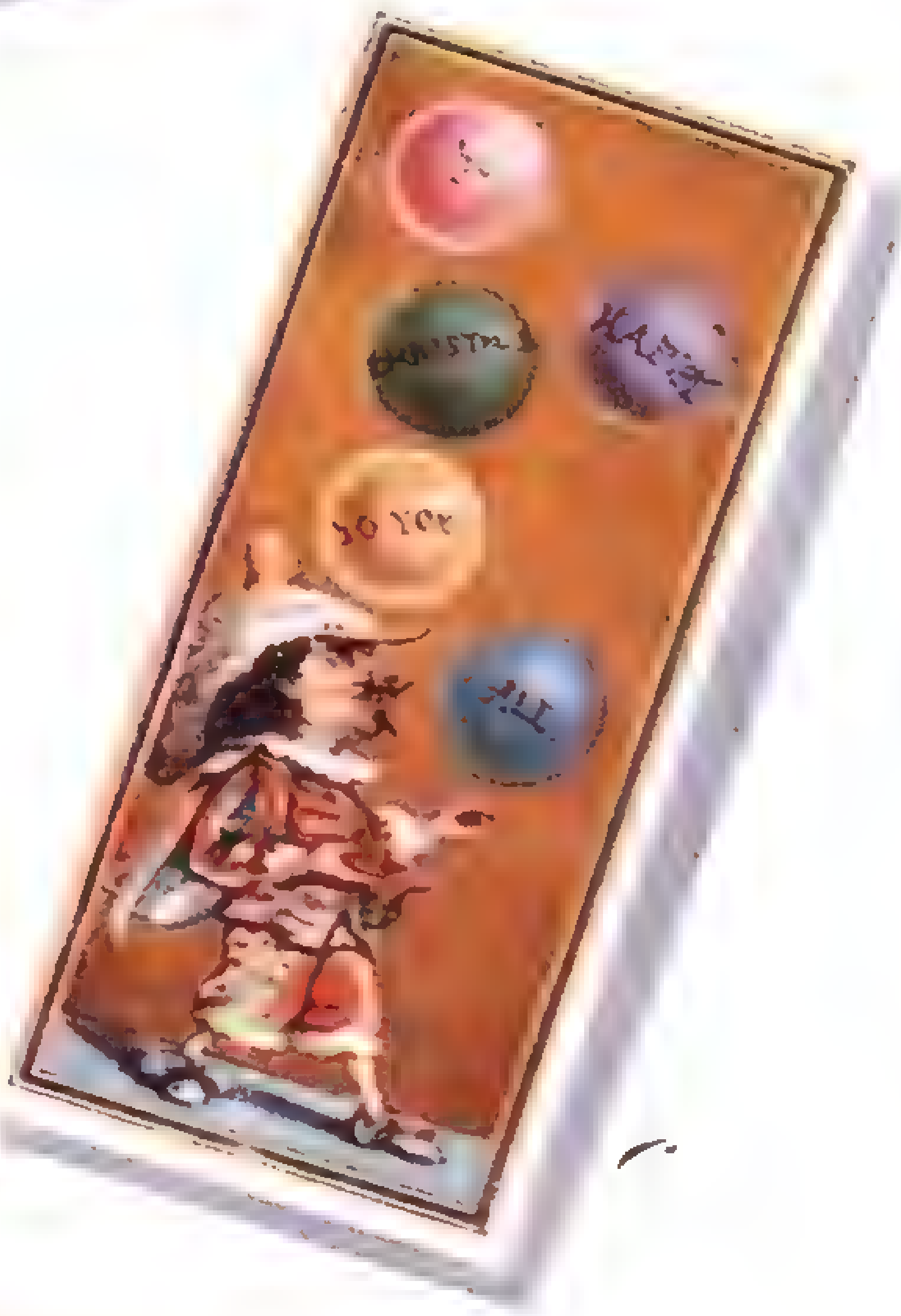
3



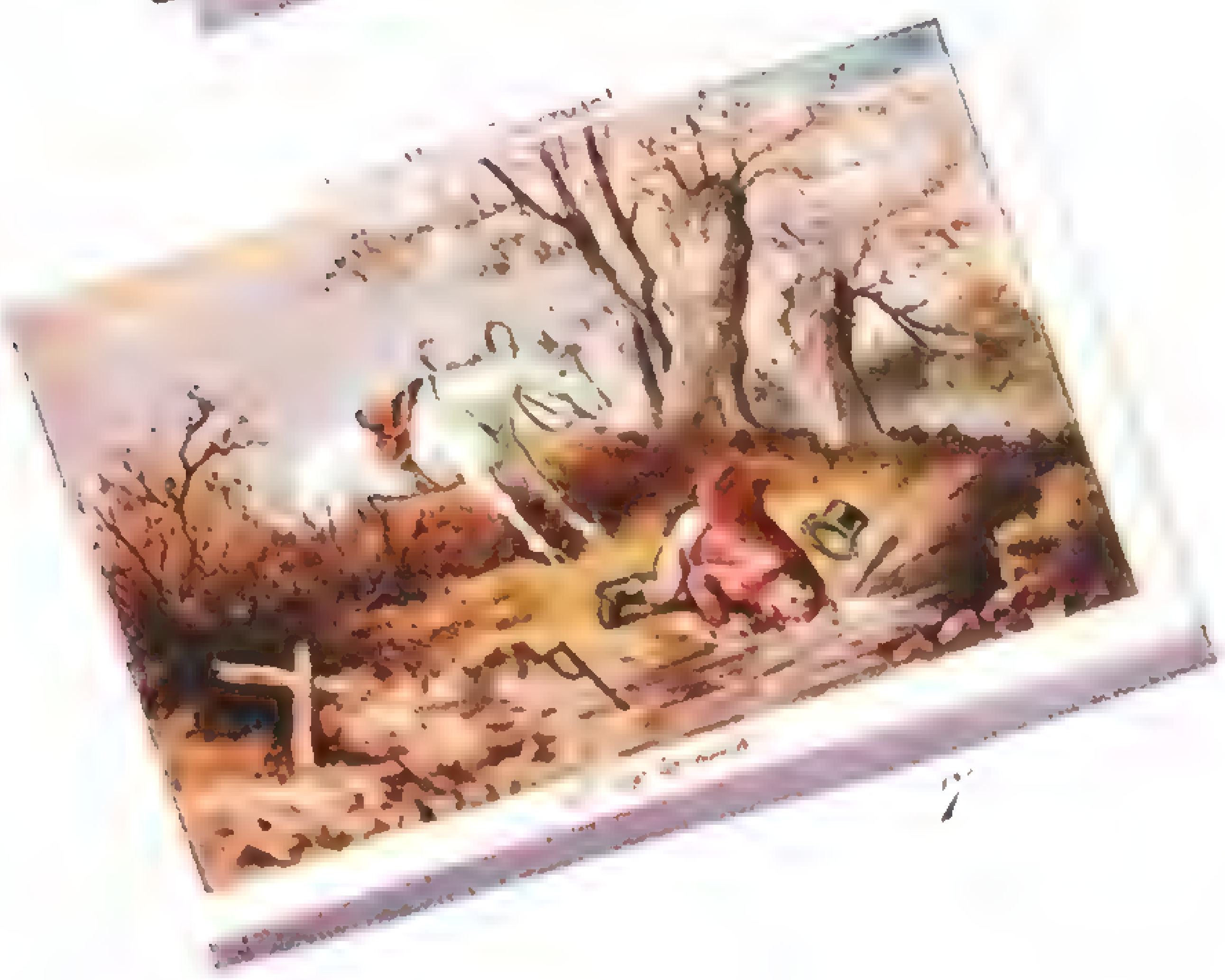
4

Wish You All A Merry Christmas

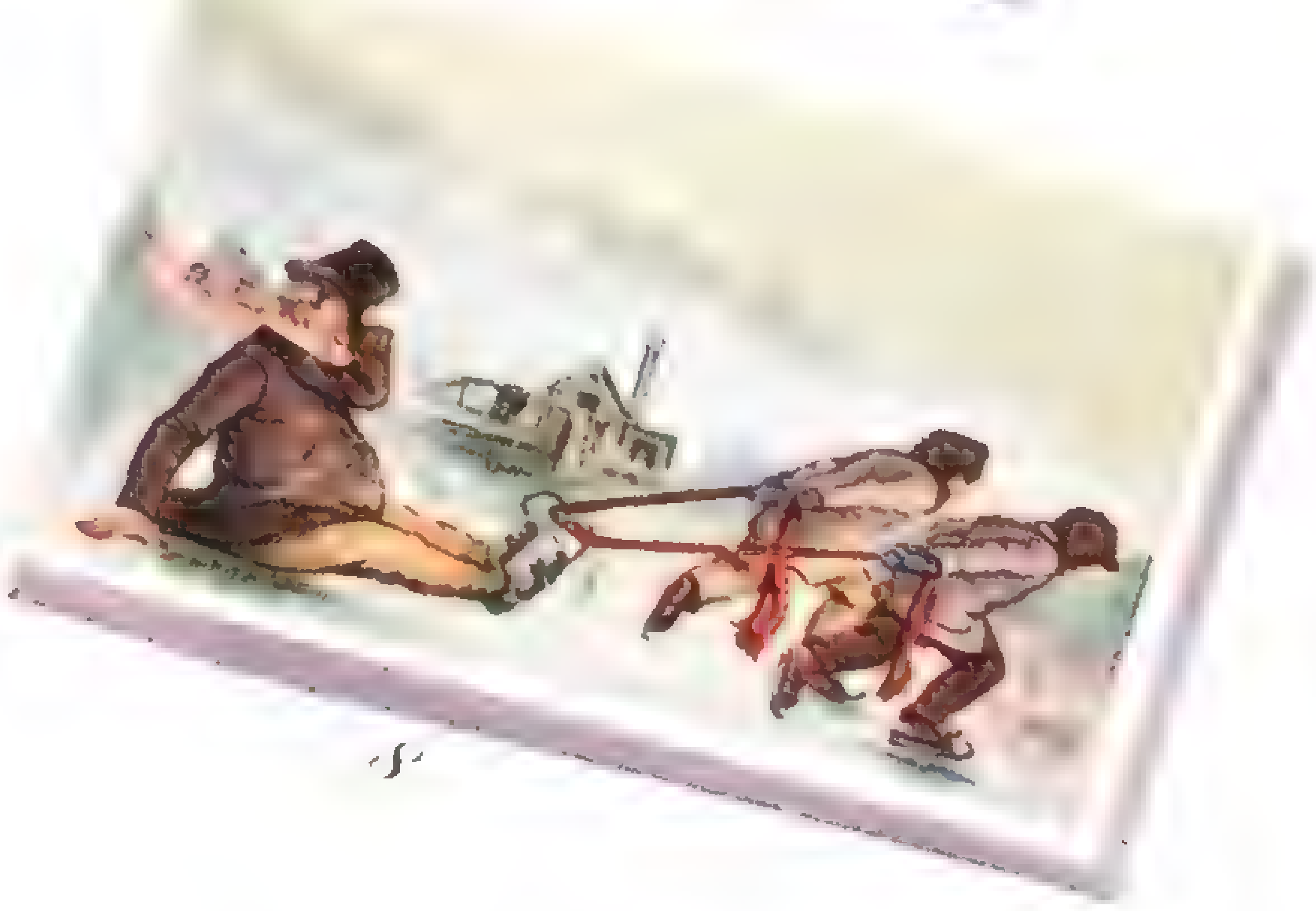
5



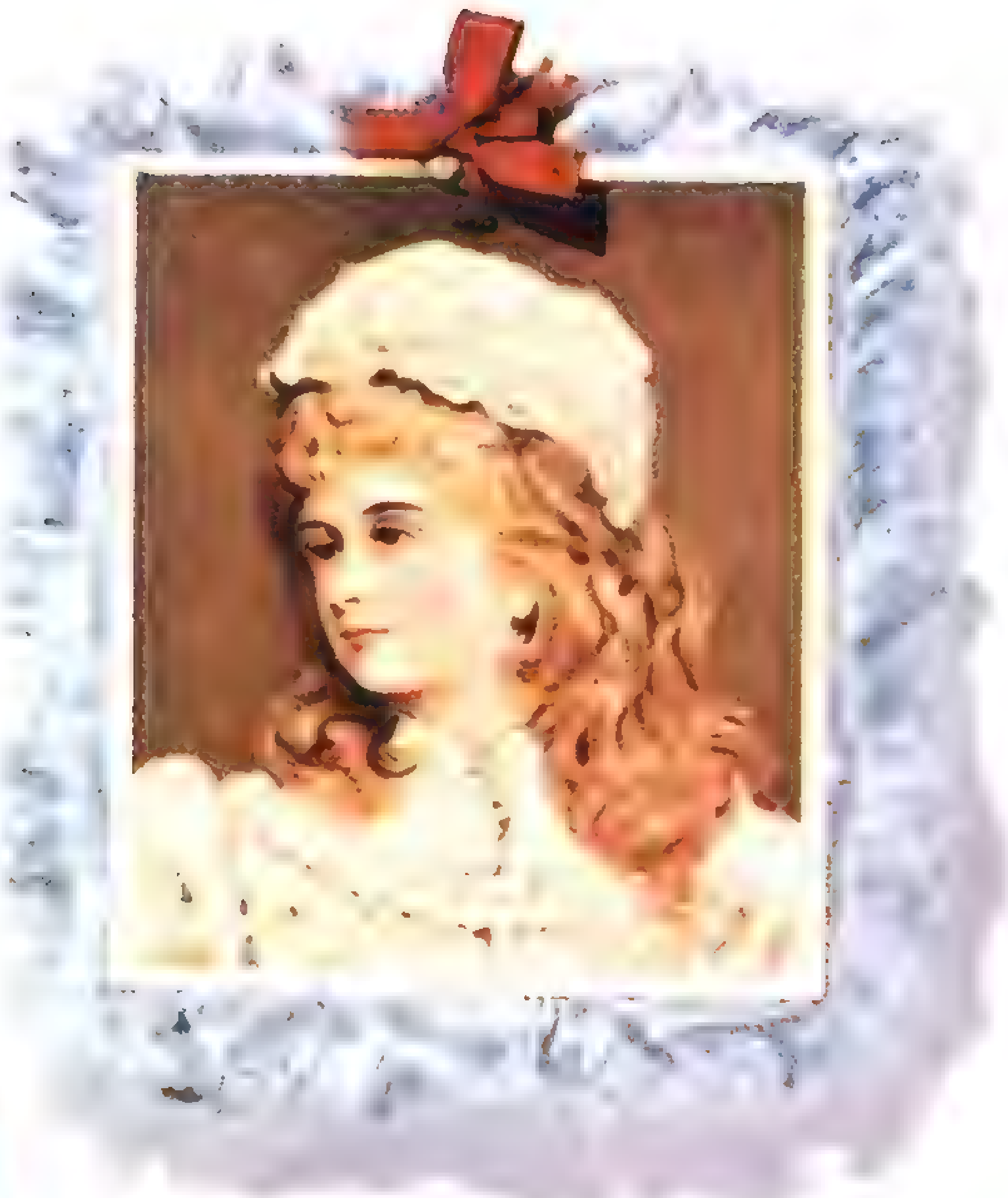
6



7

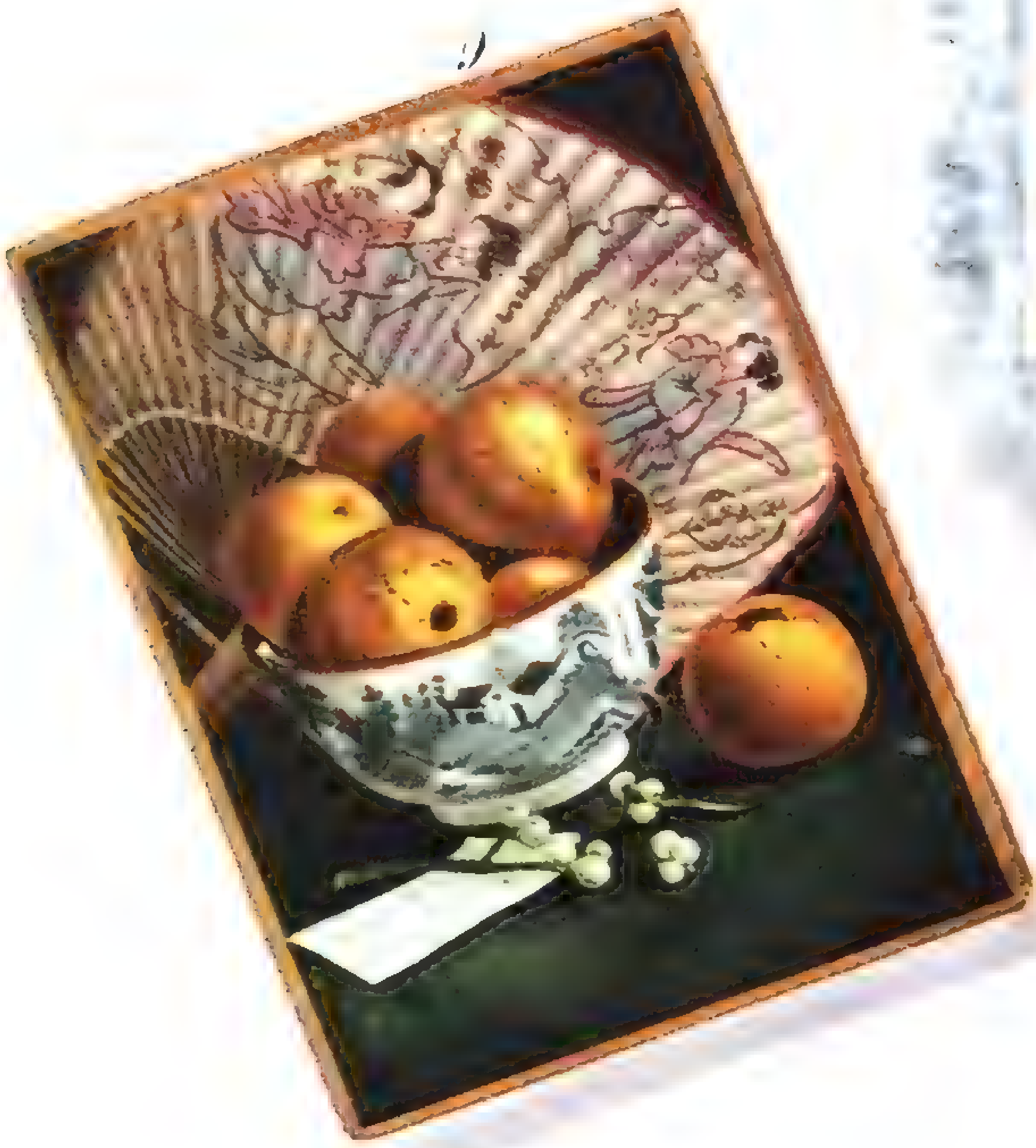


8

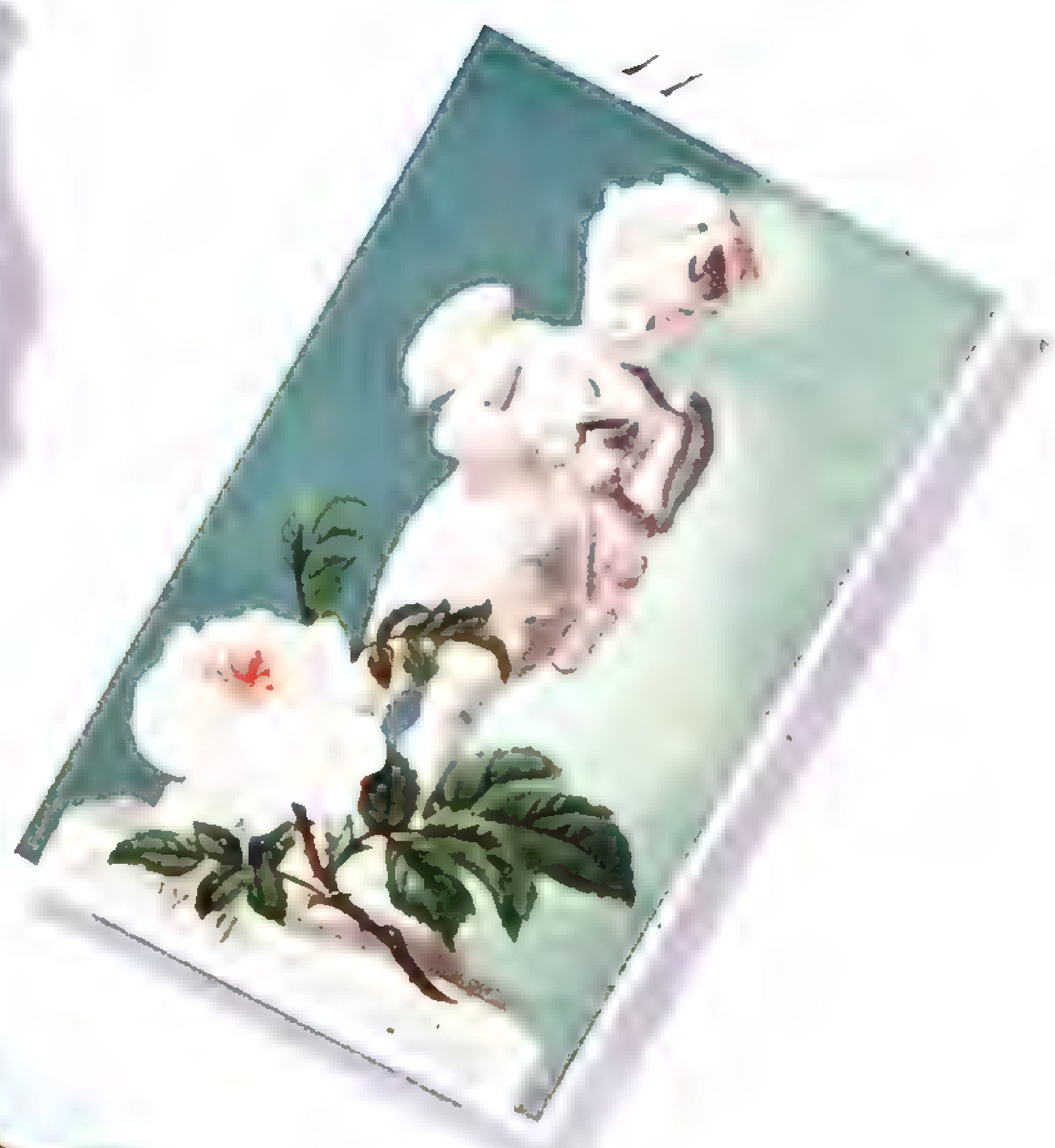


10

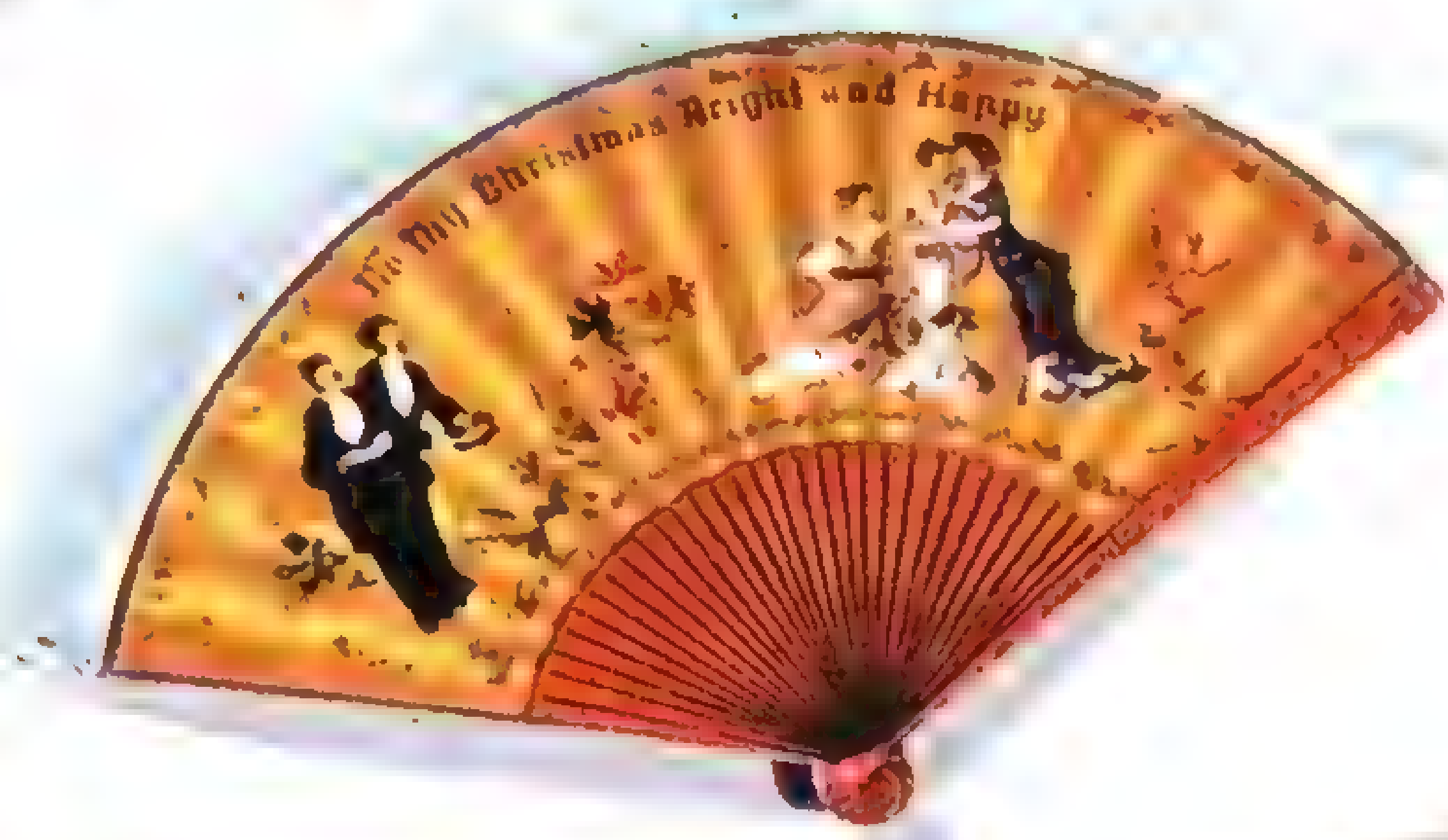
9

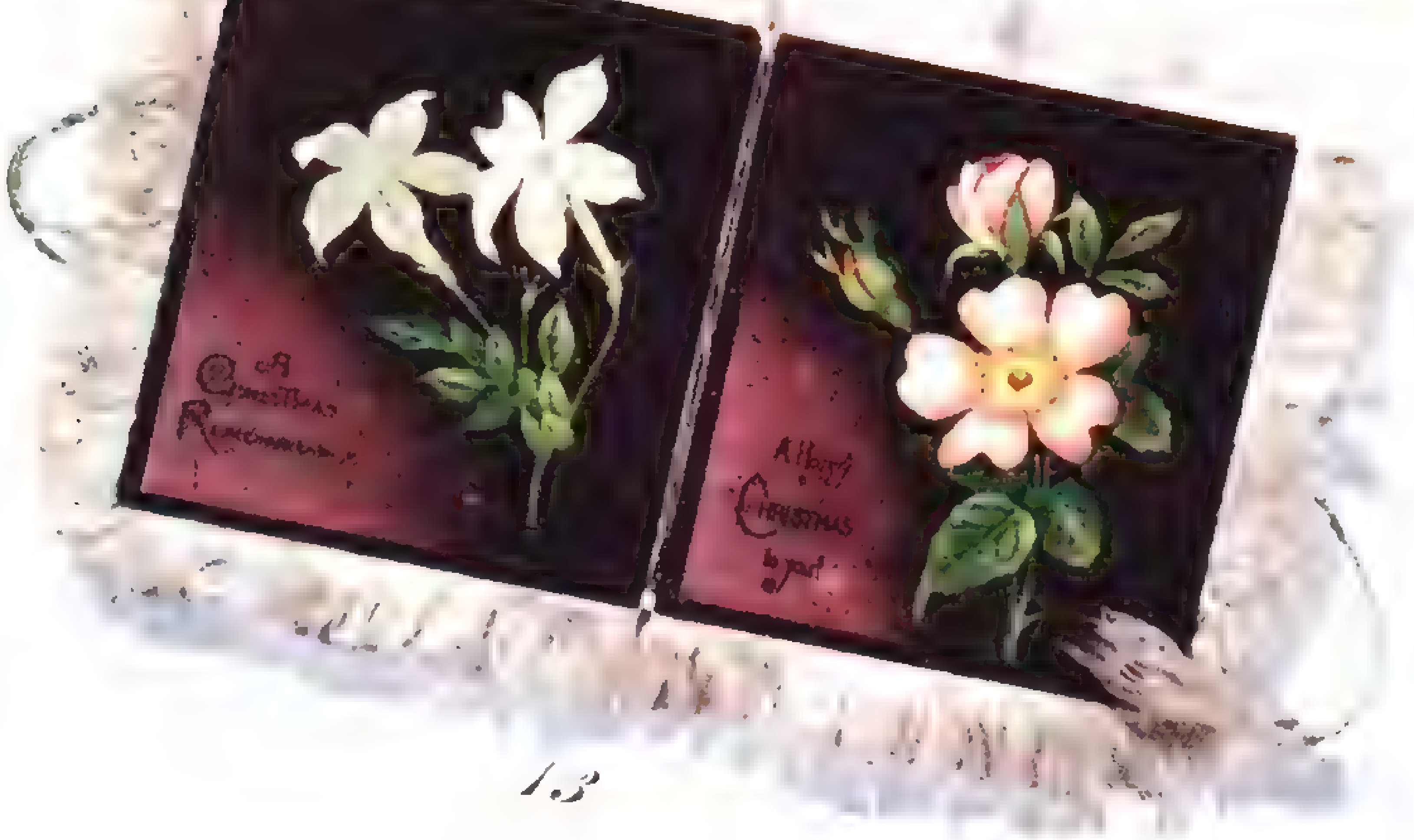


11

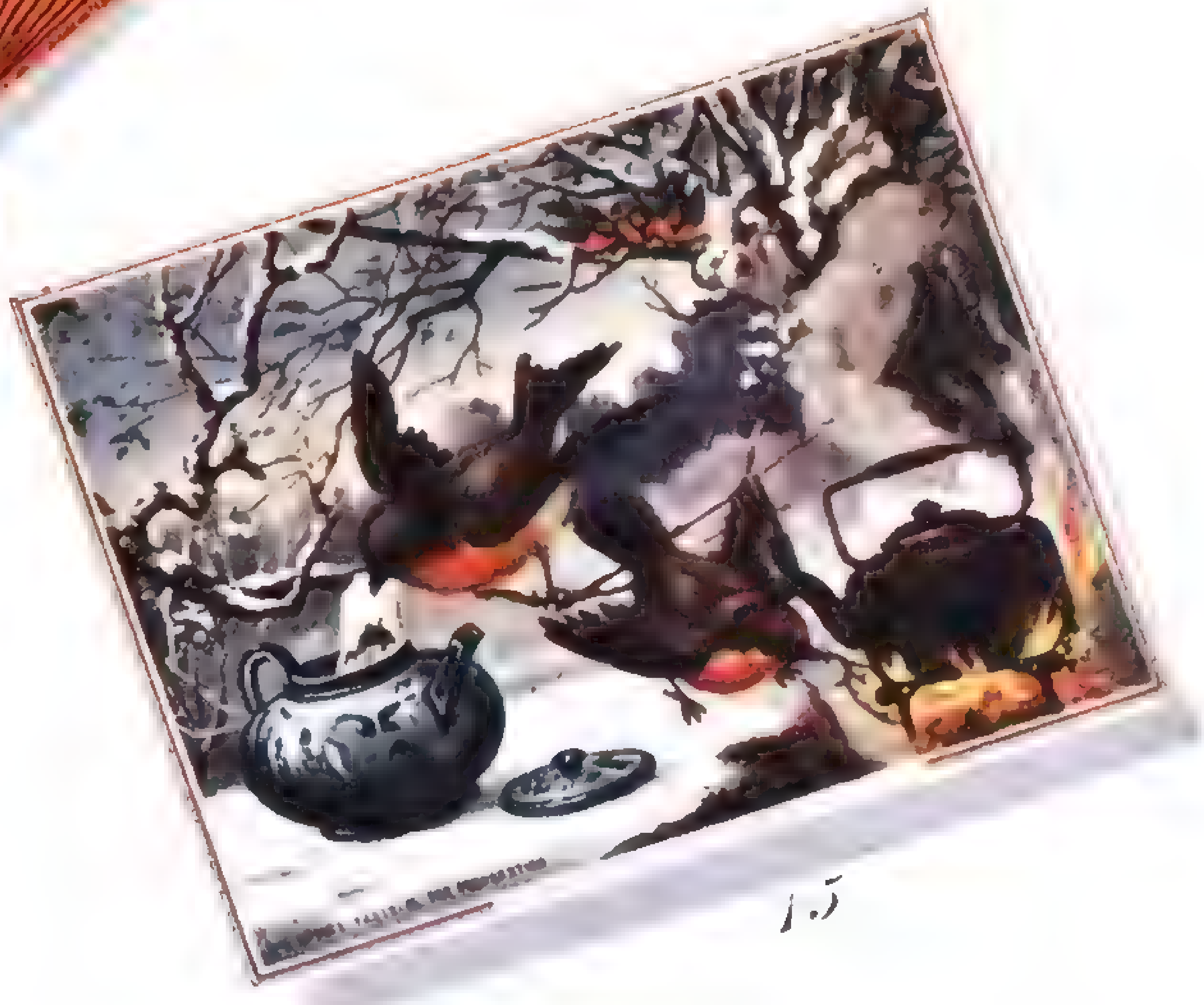


12


Be My Christmas Bright and Happy

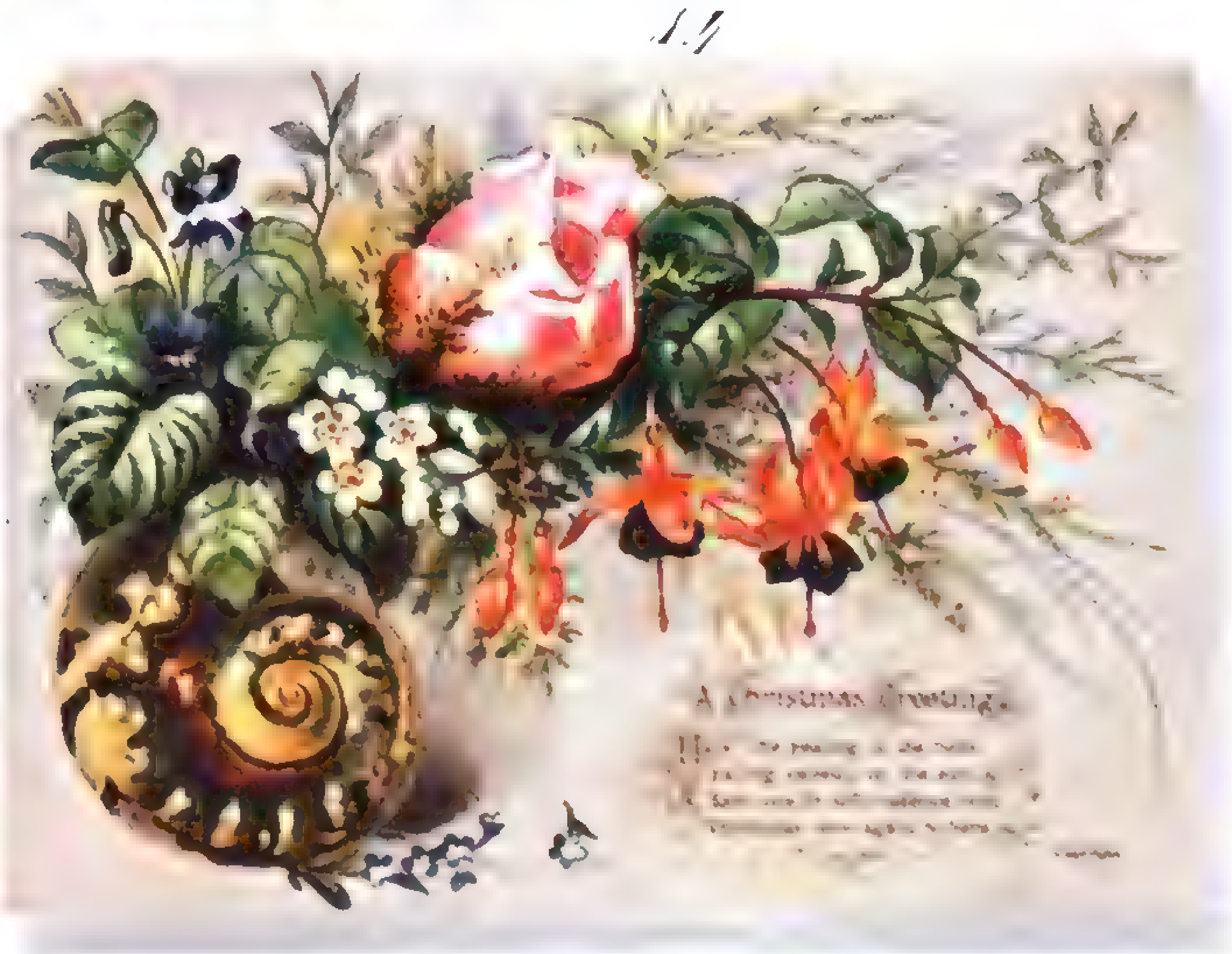

A Christmas Remembrance
A Merry Christmas to you

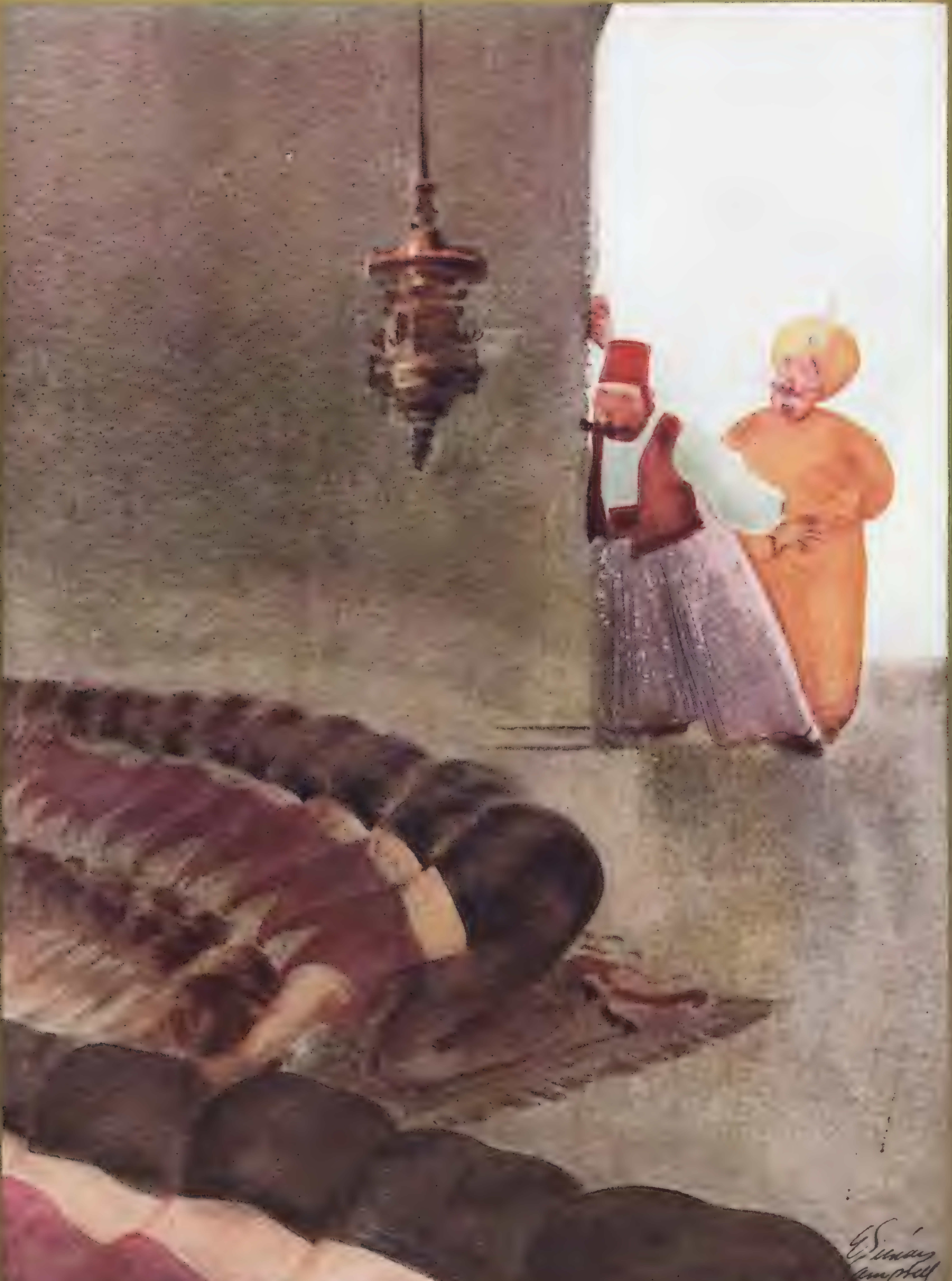
13



15

14


A Christmas Greeting


E. Simms Campbell

"Good heavens, Sultan! What a beautiful prayer rug"

The French Are Polite

When visitors complain of French rudeness, it's the old story of the pot calling the kettle black

by FRED C. KELLY

• ARTICLE •

In a recent issue of Esquire appeared an article by a man who sought to prove that the French people are extraordinarily mean and impolite. He told of personal experiences at several French libraries in Paris and other cities where he was treated with great discourtesy. It seemed to me that he also told between the lines much more than he intended. He made it fairly evident that he must have a personality that can arouse to impoliteness even a Frenchman. If there is one place in France where a disagreeable or unobliging employe would soon stir a clamor for his removal, it would be in a public library. Not even in a café or restaurant is a Frenchman more insistent on friendly, tranquil atmosphere than in a place where he can browse over books.

In either a library or a bookshop a Frenchman demands hospitality and likes to be encouraged to do about as he pleases. One may spend hours in a Paris bookshop—not to mention the outdoor stalls along the Seine—reading books old or new and never once will a clerk come up and say the French equivalent of "may I help you?" as a hint that the reader should make a purchase. So long as the potential customer does not try to cut the pages he has no reason to feel that he isn't welcome.

Nor need he feel any compunction about asking to see a book not within his reach, and then examine it to his heart's content.

About all that the bookdealer asks is that the visitor show the simple and most casual amenities by saying good morning when he comes in, and good-bye, or thank you, when he leaves. He thinks politeness should not be all on one side. Without extreme provocation no Parisian bookdealer would be insulting. If this is true in a place where books are on sale, it is even more true in a free library. Every Frenchman who goes to the library would see to that.

The truth is that attendants in representative libraries of France are not only courteous, but go out of their way to be obliging. In the Bibliothèque Nationale, a year or two ago, an assistant librarian came to the desk where I was writing to inquire if I wouldn't like to work in a little room off by myself. I had no pull of any kind. The man simply saw an opportunity to offer hospitality to a stranger.

I have heard plenty of stories about American tourists insulted in France and I have even taken the trouble to investigate some of them. My researches have led me to believe that any American, or other foreigner, insulted in France *should* have been. But I have witnessed episodes where I hoped a tourist would get his deserts and was somewhat disappointed when a Frenchman in return showed only patience and tolerance. August, 1938 I was staying at a small hotel on the rue de Ponthieu in Paris just before the Munich crisis. The only clerk on duty was listening at the phone to a news broadcast, when an American guest came up to tell him in a hurt tone that there were no towels in the washroom downstairs. Inasmuch as all Paris was fearing that bombings might begin within a few hours, the clerk, a particularly obliging chap, did not instantly turn away from the phone. The news then was fairly important to him. Maybe his curiosity was justified. But the guest made no allowance for that. He snapped his fingers and yelled: "Hey there, how about a little service here!"

Even then the clerk did not tell the guest what he was. So I took the liberty of doing so.

It is people like that guest who come home and tell about the shortcomings of the benighted "foreigners" in whose country they have been. They are the same folk who go into a French shop and inquire cockily: "How much would it be in *real* money?"

In the course of frequent stays of a few weeks or months in France during a score of years not only have I never been insulted by a French person, and never received treatment that could be called discourteous, but I have seldom gone through twenty-four hours without accidentally finding a heart-warming example of human kindness and consideration. This can't be because anything about me inspires people to be unusually "nice." On the contrary, I am considered a somewhat brusque old codger. My friends say I'm much too outspoken and tactless. Surely If I can get along agreeably with the French it must be only because they are naturally well-disposed toward *anyone* who shows just a reasonable degree of decency.

Here are a few experiences that happened all within a week or two: One evening I was hunting for a man who lived on a short street near the Place Bastille. The street number I sought was 55 but the street ended at a number in the 40's. Wondering if I could have misunderstood the name of the street when I got the address over the phone, I stopped at a near-by bar to inquire if there was any near-by street with a similar name. No one knew of any but everyone seemed anxious to be helpful and I had to answer innumerable questions about how I had got the address. We all groped for a possible explanation to the error. Finally I gave up the quest and had walked a few hundred feet away when one of the men who had been seated in the bar came running after me.

"I have just thought to myself something," he said. "It happens at times that a man will repeat over the phone a number for emphasis. Your informant probably said number five and then repeated it to make sure you understood. He said five and again five and you, monsieur, thought he meant fifty-five,

Continued in center of page 256

SEE SANTA CLAUS
McKAY

"I just thought I'd wear it the first day as a protection against kids that didn't get what they asked for last year!"

The Potato-Elf

Others were allowed to use that sunny day but God gave it especially to Fred Dobson, a dwarf in mouse-colored spats

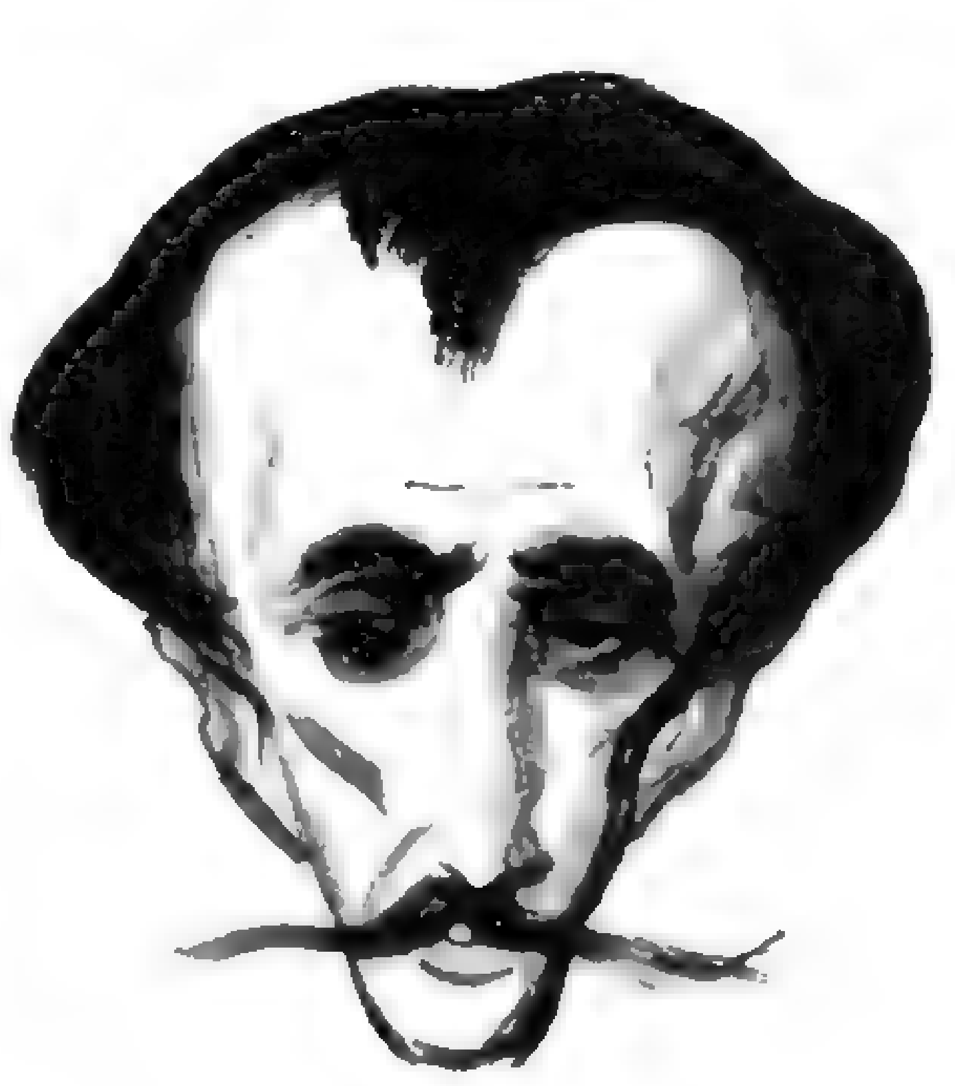
by VLADIMIR SIRIN

• FICTION •

His real name was Frederic Dobson. When he told his friend the magician something of himself, he said:

". . . There was no one in Bristol who didn't know Dobson, the tailor for children's clothes. He was my father. I feel proud of that fact only out of stubbornness. I might add here that he drank like a fish. Once, not long before I was born, my father, who was staggering with drink, put a wax figure that had a silly, cherub-like face and was dressed like a sailor, in my mother's bed. The poor thing escaped having a miscarriage only by a miracle. . . . You understand, of course, that I know all of this only by hearsay, but if the good people who informed me were telling the truth, here is the secret reason for me . . ."

And Fred Dobson suddenly, and with slow, gentle resignation made a little gesture with his tiny palms. The magician with his usual dreamy smile, stooped over and picked him up, and with a sigh put him on the top of a cabinet where the Potato-Elf obediently rolled himself up, began softly to sneeze and make a little whimpering noise.



He was twenty—he weighed about sixty-five pounds. He was only several inches taller than the famous Swiss dwarf, Zimmerman, who was called Prince Balthazar. Like his colleague, Zimmerman, Fred was very well built, and with the exception of the wrinkles on his round forehead and about his squinted eyes, and with his painfully tense air of seeming to have resisted growing up, the dwarf would have looked like a quiet eight-year-old boy. His hair, the color of damp straw, was sleeked down and separated with an even line of parting, which ran up the middle as if it were coming to some diplomatic agreement with the crown of his head. Fred had an easy carriage, he danced indifferently well, but his first manager decided to lend a heavy character to the name of Elf by adding a funny epithet to it after he had looked at the fleshy nose which the dwarf had inherited from his plethoric, sullen father.

The Potato-Elf, by virtue of his appearance alone, aroused a whirlwind of applause and laughter throughout the whole of England, and later throughout the main cities of the Continent. Unlike other dwarfs his nature was kind, docile. He became very much attached to the tiny pony, Snowdrop, on which he diligently trotted around the arena of a Dutch circus. And in Vienna he conquered the heart of a silly and gloomy Russian giant from Omsk, because, the first time he saw him, he stretched out his little arms, like a child, and pleaded to be allowed to sit in his hand.

He made his appearance usually not alone. So in Vienna the dwarf appeared together with the giant and walked around him with little mincing steps, very carefully dressed in striped trousers and smart-tailored, precise little coat, and carrying a huge roll of music under his arm. He handed the giant his guitar. The latter stood like a colossal doll and with a mechanical movement took the instrument. His long Prince Albert looked as if it were carved out of ebony, his high heels and shining top-coat increased the height of the well-shaped, three hundred and sixty pound Siberian. With his strong jaw jutting out, he would beat the strings with his fingers. During the intermissions he always complained of giddiness like a woman.

Fred became very fond of him, and even cried a little when the separation came, because he became very easily attached to people. His life was running in a circle as exactly and as monotonously as a circus horse in an arena. Once in the darkness of the wings he stumbled over a bucket of paint and softly plopped into it. For a long time after he related this event as if it were something very unusual.

So the dwarf traveled around the greater part of Europe, saved money and sang with the silvery soprano of a eunuch. In German theatres the audience ate sandwiches, and nuts on straw sticks, and in Spanish theatres, sugared violets, and also nuts on straw sticks.

Of the outside world he saw nothing. In his memory only was always the same faceless abyss of the audience laughing at him, and later, after the performance, the quiet, dreaming slope of a cool night, which looks so blue when you leave the theatre.

Coming back to London he found a new partner, a magician called Shock. Shock had a melodious voice, pale, fleshless hands, and a chestnut-colored, wedge-shaped lock of hair which fell down over his brow. He looked more like a poet than a magician and demonstrated his tricks with a tender, quiet mournfulness, without any of the bustling chatter typical of his profession. The Potato-Elf assisted him in his act in a very comic fashion. At the end of the act he would appear in the gallery with a joyful cooing exclamation, although a minute before everyone had seen how the magician had closeted him in a black case which had stood in the center of the stage.

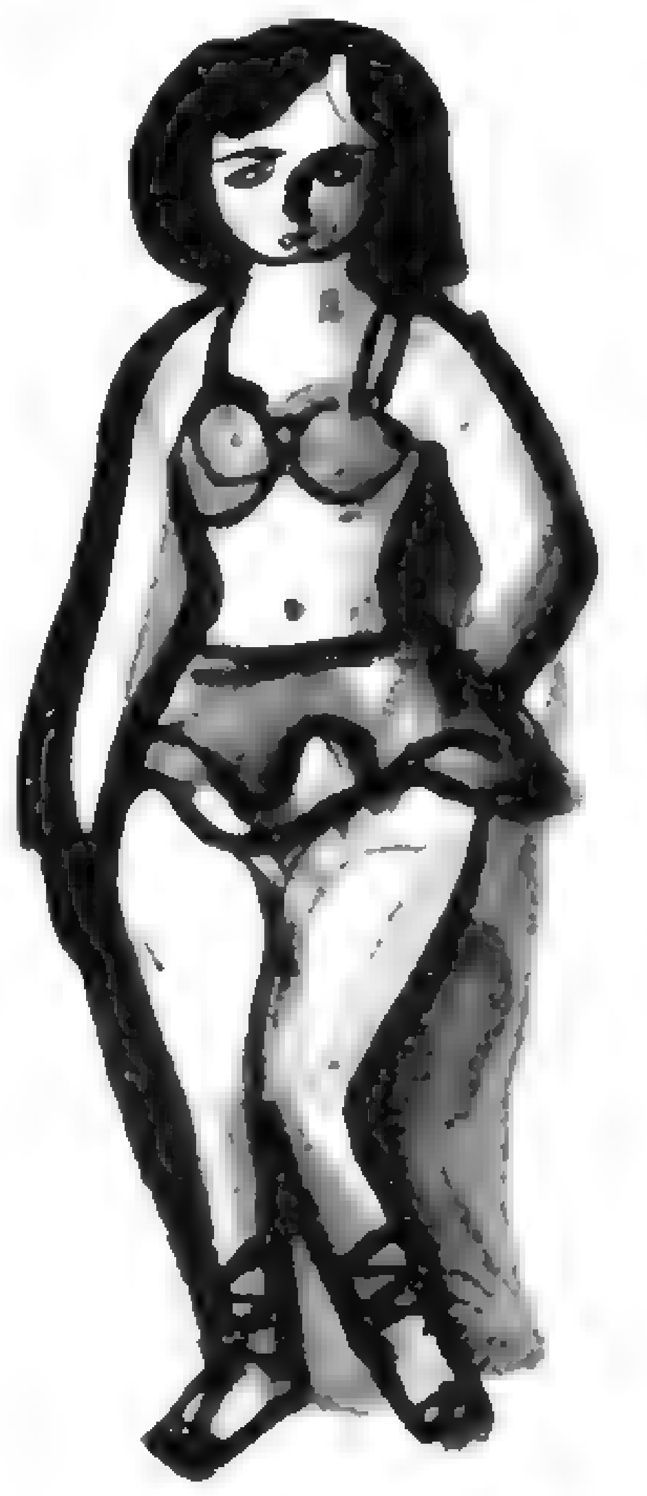
All this happened in one of those London theatres where one sees acrobats who swing in the buzzing tremor of their trapeze, foreign tenors (failures in their own countries), who sing folk songs, ventriloquists in naval uniforms, bicyclists, and the inevitable clown eccentric who softly shuffles on the stage with his tiny derby, and waistcoat trailing on the floor.

II

During all this time Fred became somewhat somber, he sneezed continuously, soundlessly, and sadly, like a little Japanese dog. After not feeling any desire for a woman for months, the virginal dwarf would be overcome by piercing attacks of solitary love anguish, which would go away as unexpectedly as they would come over him. And again for a while he would pay no attention to the bare shoulders which gleamed whitely against the velvet enclosure of the boxes, nor to the little female acrobats, nor the Spanish dancer, whose gleaming haunches were revealed in all their nudeness for a brief precious minute when the orange down of her frilled skirt whirled gaily in the air.

"What you need is a female dwarf," said Shock with a preoccupied air, drawing a silver coin out of the dwarf's ear with a familiar gesture. The latter brushed his ear with his tiny hand, as if he were sweeping away a fly.

The same night when Fred's act was over and he was trotting along in the dimly lit corridor of the backstage, sneezing and grumbling, dressed in his tiny overcoat and derby, a bright streak of light suddenly flashed out as a door was thrown slightly ajar, and two voices called to him. The voices belonged to Zita and Arabella, sister acrobats who were at this moment half-undressed, showing their brown-skinned bodies. They had black hair and long, narrow blue eyes. Untidiness reigned in the dressing room filled with a theatrical disarray and the smell of perfume. On the dressing table were lying in disorder puffs, combs, a corrugated atomizer, hairpins in an empty candy box, and rouge sticks.



The sisters immediately proceeded to stun the dwarf with their loud chattering. They tickled and squeezed Fred, who, puffed up with dark pulsating blood, was looking askance and rolling like a ball between the quick nude arms which were teasing him. And when Arabella, playing, drew him to her and fell down backwards on the couch, Fred felt that he was losing his mind. He began to wrestle and sniffle, and clutched her neck. Pushing him back, she lifted her bare arm and he sprang back, slipped down, and fastened his lips to her shaven, hot, slightly prickly armpit. The other, Zita, dying with laughter, tried to pull him away by his legs. The same minute the door opened noisily, and in came the acrobats' partner, a Frenchman in white tights that looked like marble. Silently and without any anger he grabbed the dwarf by the scruff of the neck—one could only hear the crackling of his starched collar as it was torn away from the collar button—lifted him up into the air and threw him out of the room like a little monkey. The door slammed shut.

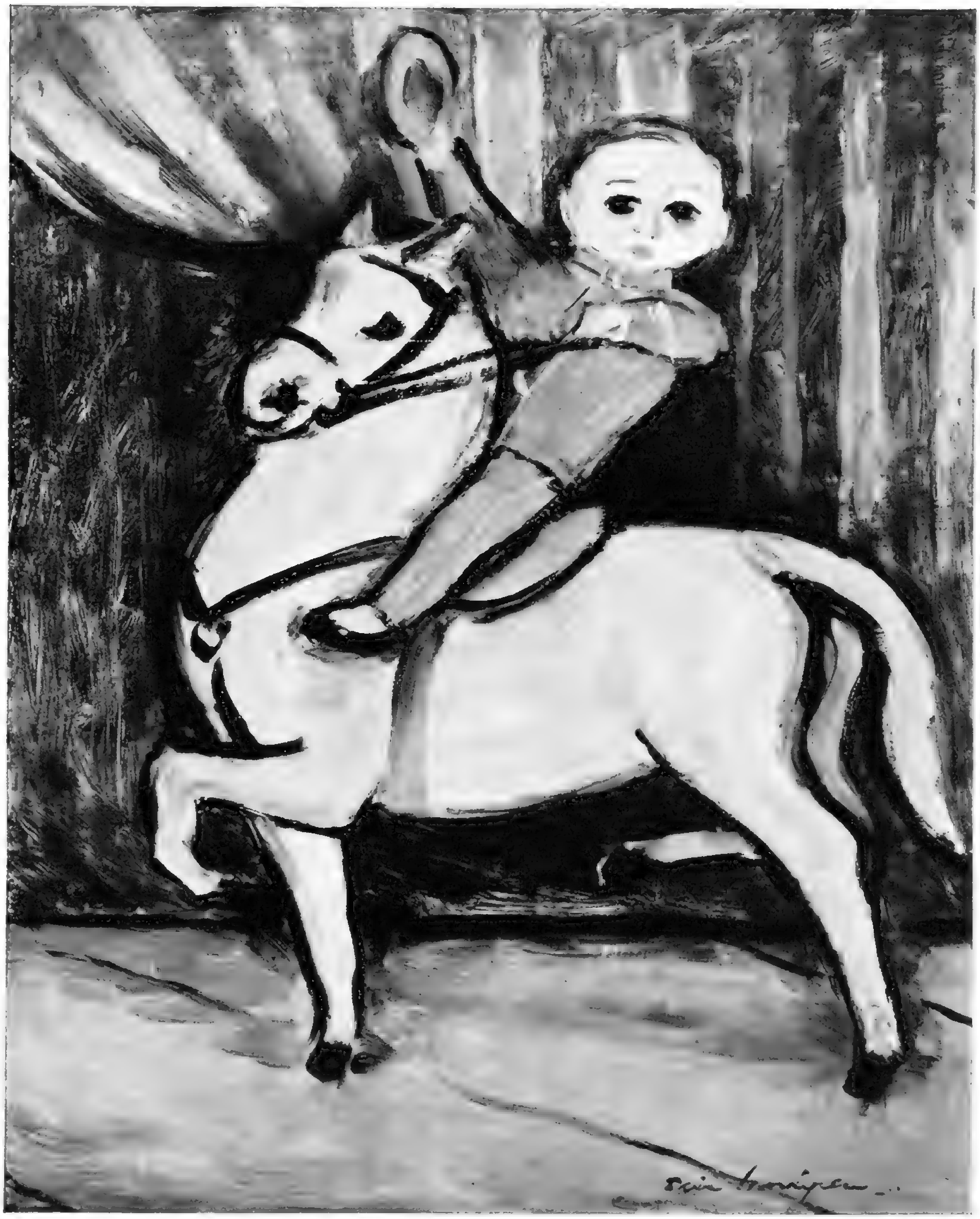
The magician who was wandering about in the corridor, just had time to notice the white gleam of a strong hand and the tiny figure with its little paws drawn up as it flew through the air.

Fred was hurled painfully to the floor and lay there motionless. He did not lose consciousness—he only became limp, staring straight ahead, his teeth chattering.

"What rotten luck," said the magician, lifting him up from the floor and touching the dwarf's round forehead with his gentle, fragrant fingers. "I told you not to go in there, and now you've got the thrashing you deserve. You really ought to have a female dwarf."

Fred was silent—his eyes dilated.

"You'll have to sleep at my place tonight," decided Shock, carrying the Elf in his arms on the way to the exit.



PAINTING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

III

There was also a Madame Shock. She was a lady of indefinite age, with dark eyes that looked slightly jaundiced. Her thinness, her parchment-like skin, black, dried hair, her habit of blowing smoke through her nostrils, her deliberate untidiness of dress and coiffure were not particularly attractive to men; but no doubt attracted the magician, although actually he seemed to pay no attention to her at all, because as he was always preoccupied with his hidden inventions, he seemed vacillating, remote when talking about unimportant things; attentive and keen when he was thinking about his magic. Nora always stood on guard, because her husband never lost a chance to play a trick on her, a small, unnecessary one, but always refined and sly. It would happen like this:—at dinner he would amaze her with his unusual gluttony, juicily smacking his lips, sucking at the bones, again and again refilling his plate; and then he would go away looking sadly at his wife. Later the maid, chuckling into her apron, would say that Mr. Shock didn't even touch his dinner, because all of it was hidden under the table in three new pans.

Nora was the daughter of a distinguished artist who painted only horses, spotted dogs, and hunters in formal red riding clothes. Before her marriage she had lived in Chelsea, admired the smoky sunset about the Thames, painted, attended absurd meetings where the London Bohemia was present. There the ethereal eyes of a quiet, slender man noticed her, a man who spoke little, and was as yet unknown. One suspected that he was a lyrical poet. She was immediately captivated by him. The poet absent-mindedly became engaged to her, and the first day after the marriage he told her with a sad smile that he didn't know how to write poetry; and immediately during the conversation he turned an old alarm clock into a nickel pocket watch and the latter into a charming wrist watch which Nora had worn ever since.

She felt at heart that the magician Shock still, in some way, was a poet, but she could never become accustomed to the fact that every minute, under any circumstances, he practiced his art. It is hard to be happy when your husband is a mirage, a living trick, an illusion of all the five senses.

IV

Absent-mindedly Nora was tapping her nails against the glass of a fish bowl, where several goldfish, which looked as if they were carved out of orange peel, were gently breathing, when the door softly opened and Shock appeared on the threshold with his top hat awry, the chestnut-colored lock over his eyebrow, holding in his arm a huddled little figure.

Nora thought suddenly—a child—a foundling—He must have picked it up somewhere . . . Her dark eyes grew moist.

"We will have to adopt it," said Shock softly, waiting stiffly in the doorway.

The little figure suddenly became alive, mumbled, and began shyly to scratch the starched bosom of the magician's shirt-front. Nora looked at the tiny shoes with their

Continued in center of page 228

The Town That Poisoned Dickens

A Lebanon inn keeper refused the writer a drink and aroused a wrath heard round the world

by FRANK JEROME RILEY

• ARTICLE •

THE letter is headed "1 Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park, London." It bears no date, merely "Wednesday," but the envelope discloses that it was mailed in London, July 23, 1842. The letter begins with the frigid salutation "Sir," and goes on to state:

"Perhaps I should not degrade myself by writing to such swine, but I want you to know that we Englishmen, like gentlemen of other countries, judge a community by its representatives whom we encounter on our journeys.

"You are ill-bred, slovenly, hypocritical, rude. You have not the decency of the swine that writhes in the ecstasy of its swill. It is the like of you, sir, that leaves the impression with the stranger that Americans are deplorably lacking in even the kind of breeding that well thinking people expect to find in the commonest of men. As I have said, it seems to me that I am degrading myself by writing to one of your ilk. I am doing so merely in the hope that you, finding that you have embarrassed and insulted an English gentleman, might repair your ways. Employment in one of our English Inns might impart to you and your like the hospitable spirit which gentle people expect to find among those of your calling. I hope your nose yet pains you as a reminder of your rudeness to a gentleman. Earnestly Yours, Charles Dickens."

This letter has been declared by authorities to be unquestionably authentic. They say it is the handwriting and language of Dickens, and they point to its inimitable, flourishing signature as the best evidence of its genuineness.

It is presumed that Dickens' biographer, John Forster, considered this missive, like many others of its kind which he rejected, as "too objectionable for publication," when he was compiling the life history of his intimate friend, the celebrated author. Then too, there is the word of the descendants of William Wiles, the inn keeper of Lebanon, Ohio to whom it was addressed, that the original has never been out of their hands "and never will be." Possibly Dickens left no record of this and other similar exhibits of his strangely vindictive temperament among the papers and records from which his rather kindly biography was prepared. One may suspect, however, that the incident which inspired so vituperative a letter may have had much to do with the acrid observations about America in general written into his American Notes by Dickens on returning to his native England.

C. C. Euloss, President of the First National Bank of Lebanon, prizes clippings, fragile with age, from the old *Cincinnati Commercial*, which give lurid accounts of the several lesser known altercations Dickens is reputed to have had with public servants who aroused his ire. The affair is further confirmed by what the novelist himself recounted to Dr. F. H. Dean of Cincinnati. Certain it is that one of the first things a visitor to Lebanon will hear is the story of the sensational incidents that took place during Dickens' visits there.

"I feel sort of guilty sending the family to the country for an old-fashioned Christmas and me here enjoying myself"

It was April 4, 1842, when Dickens, thirty years old and at the zenith of his career, made his first visit to Lebanon in the course of his American tour. Accompanied by Mrs. Dickens and her maid, and George W. Putnam, a young man whom he engaged in Boston to act as his secretary, the author was traveling westward from New York and had made the trip from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati by steamboat. They were met at the Cincinnati quays by Dr. Dean of that city, who had word from mutual friends in England of the impending visit of the writer and his wife. Dickens informed the physician of his desire to gather material covering points of interest, whereupon Dr. Dean expressed the opinion that Lebanon and the vicinity would prove interesting, having in mind particularly an ancient hotel, "The Sign of the Golden Lamb," where Henry Clay and Dewitt Clinton had spent much time.

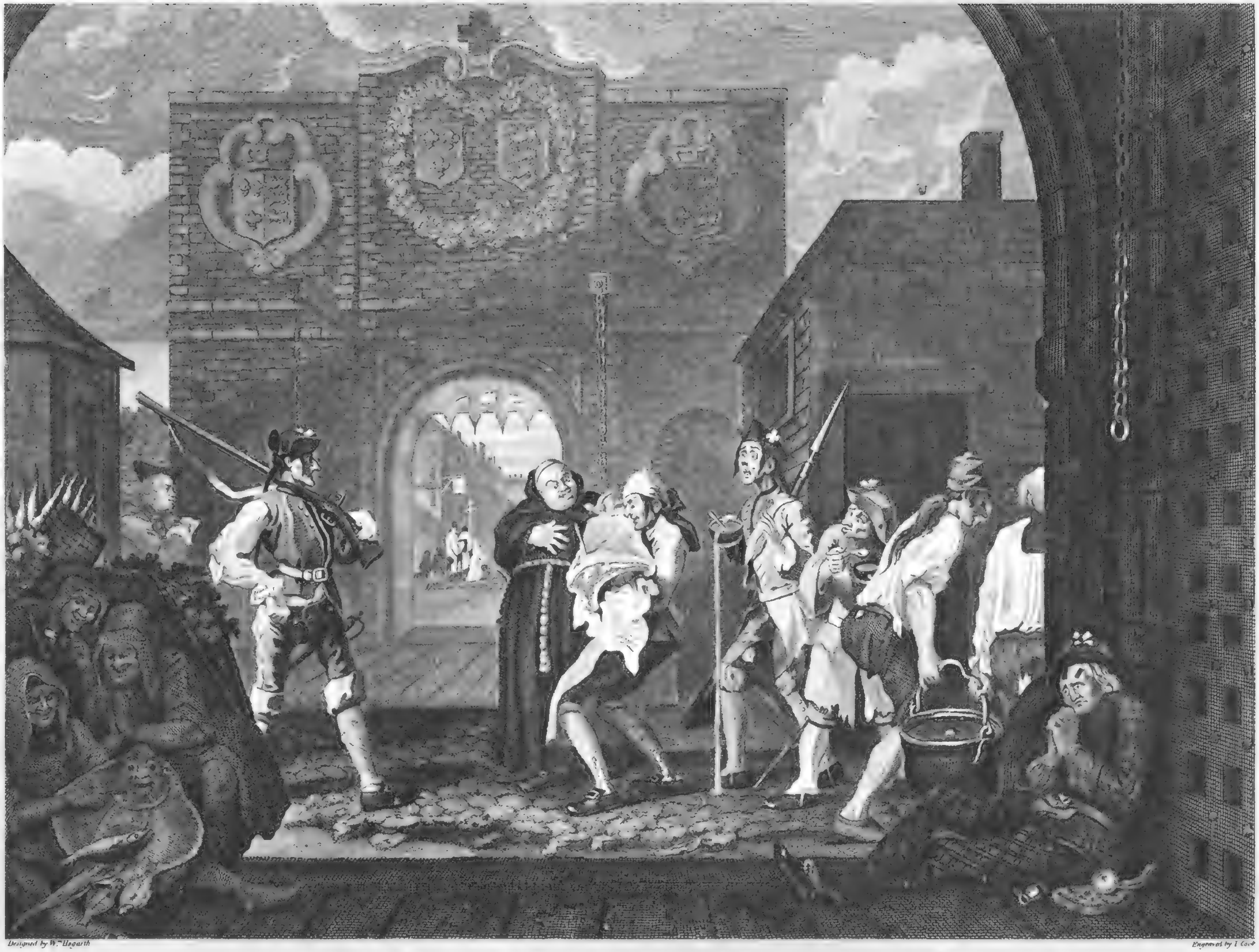
Dickens was enthusiastic over the prospect of the trip as proposed by Dr. Dean, who however, had neglected to mention that the area around Lebanon was known far and wide as one of the most militantly arid regions on the North American continent. This oversight on the part of the good doctor is credited with being responsible, at least indirectly, for what has been described as the worst chastisement America and Americans ever have received from a distinguished foreign visitor. What Dickens failed to include in acidulent vein in his American Notes, he wrote into his letters and memoirs.

At about three o'clock on the afternoon of a winter day Mr. Dickens alighted from the stage coach before the entrance of "The Sign of the Golden Lamb" in Lebanon. He had had little time for partaking of nourishment before leaving Cincinnati, and it appears that the day was not unlike that Christmas Eve he so vividly described in his *Christmas Carol*. This definitely indicated the advisability of a bit of liquid cheer, but a glance at the holstelry in question informed his practiced eye of the definite aridity of the place.

Three blocks beyond on Main Street he spied a two-story frame building situated in a row of shops of various and nondescript types. His search was ended, so he thought, when he read the intriguing sign, "Wiles Inn. Good Food and Hospitality." At this point the pace of events showed definite acceleration.

The story of what took place in the establishment of William Wiles has been handed down through several generations, but as narrated today by a number of the representative citizens of Lebanon, it reveals a surprising consistency despite the ninety years that

Continued in center of page 267



Designed by W.m Hogarth

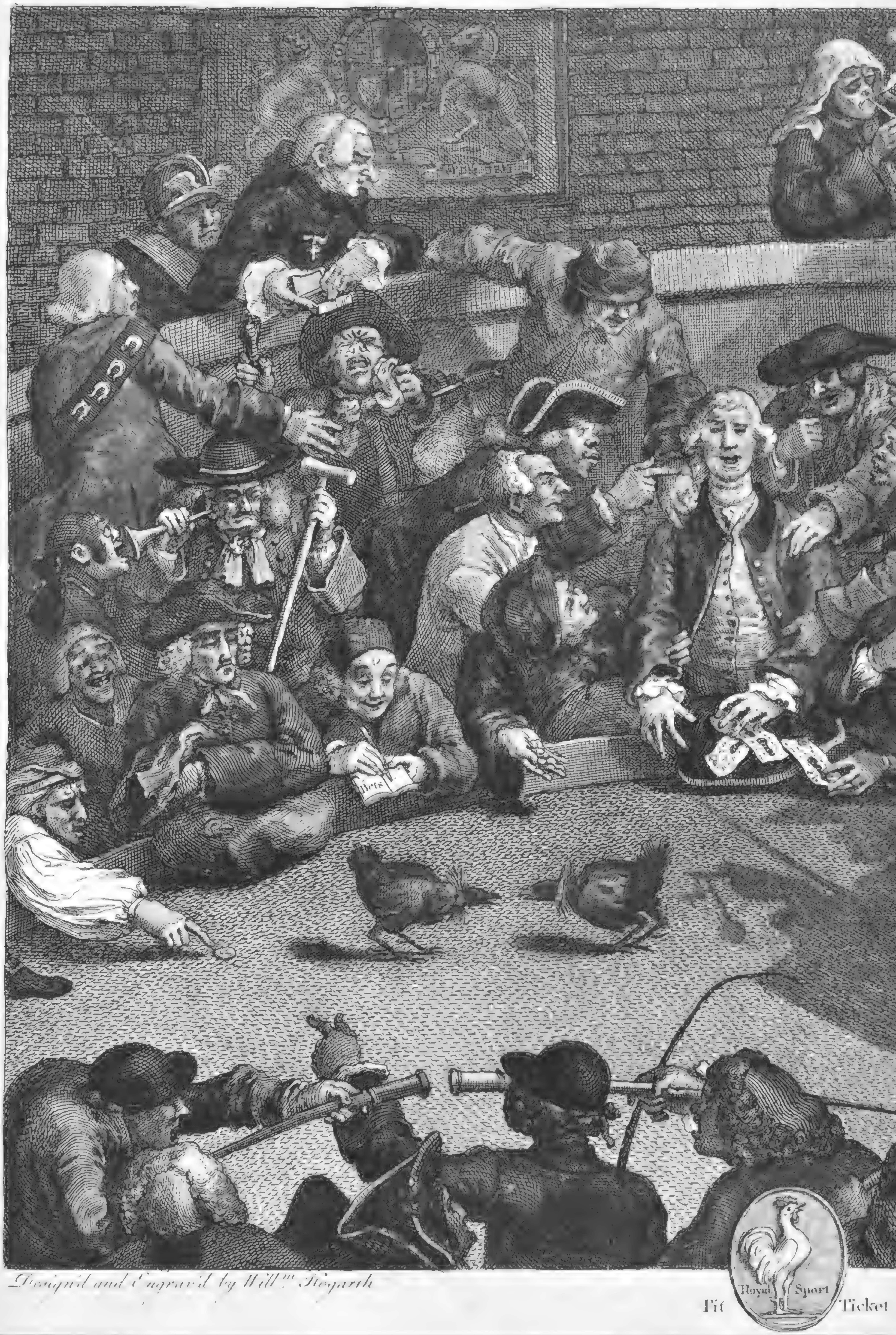
Engraved by T. Cook

O THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND, &c.

Published by G. G. & J. Robinson, Pater-noster Row, Dec.r 1.st 1797

COURTESY THE OLD PRINT SHOP, NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Well-l-l — evidently what I gave him last Xmas is going to pay big dividends this Xmas"


Bets
Pit
Royal
Sport
Ticket

Design'd and Engrav'd by Will.m Hogarth

NAN RAWLINGS
Publish'd according to Act of Parliament Nov. 5 1759

Cockmatch

by WILLIAM HOGARTH

Reprinted by courtesy of The Old Print Shop, 150 Lexington Ave., New York

A TYPICAL meeting under the reign of George II: All classes of the community are represented; the blind man in the center of the plate is a portrait of a notable gamester of those days, Lord Albemarle Bertie, a son of the Duke of Ancaster; there is another man of blood, evidently a portrait, on the right of the picture, with the star on his breast. Note the chimney sweep taking snuff and the blackguard stealing a note from Bertie as examples, respectively, of the working class and underworld. Examples of middle-class patronage are to be found in the man on the left sneezing at the snuff dropped by the French dandy, in the Quaker who is offering up a prayer near the sweep, and in the deaf bourgeois on the left with the ear trumpet. The figure in the right-hand corner with the gallows chalked on his shoulder is Jack Ketch. Note also that not fewer than six gamesters are attempting dealings with His Lordship at one and the same time which was the typical process of getting a stake laid at a cockmatch. The two jockeys in the foreground who touch the handles of their whips display the orthodox method of saying "Done" to a bargain among the gentlemen of the pigskin of those days. On either side of the table one foot each of the two setters-to is visible. The shadow across the arena speaks with eloquence to the initiated. Part of it may be construed into a figure of a man holding out what may be recognized as the shadow of a watch and seals as an offering to save himself from being hoisted up in the debtor's-basket. (see text)

Royal Art of Cocking

No modern sport offers quite the pleasure, intricacy, power, and speed of Old English cockfights

by ERNEST J. BORNEMAN

• SPORTS •

Four hundred and eighty-three years before Christ's birth the Greeks marched against Xerxes of Persia. In a narrow mountain gorge the advance guard found their way barred by two fighting cocks. Themistocles, the Athenian general, stopped the march, called a halt and pointed out to his troops that the birds fought "not for the gods of their country, nor for the monuments of their ancestors, nor glory, nor freedom, nor for their children; but for the sake of victory, and that one may not yield to the other."

An observant critic remarked that there was probably a lady in the case, which, however, the general failed to mention.

"From this topic," we are told, "he inspired the Athenians, who beat the Persians, and a cockfight to celebrate the event was an annual and even a religious fixture later in Athens." The Romans who stole practically all their modes, manners and pastimes from the Greeks, made no exception of the noble sport of cockfighting, and thus, when the Roman legionnaires conquered Britain they brought their gamecocks along. Since then cockfighting has remained a permanent, though not always a legitimate diversion on the island set in the silver sea. William Fitz-Stephen, the first chronicler of mediaeval England's sports and pastimes, records it in his life of Thomas Beckett; Henry the Eighth built himself a Royal Cockpit at Whitehall, and the amorous Charles, the second of his name, followed his great model in building a new Royal Cockpit in Birdcage Walk. Edward the Third, Cromwell and William the Fourth pronounced repeated bans, but the game survived the men that had banned it.

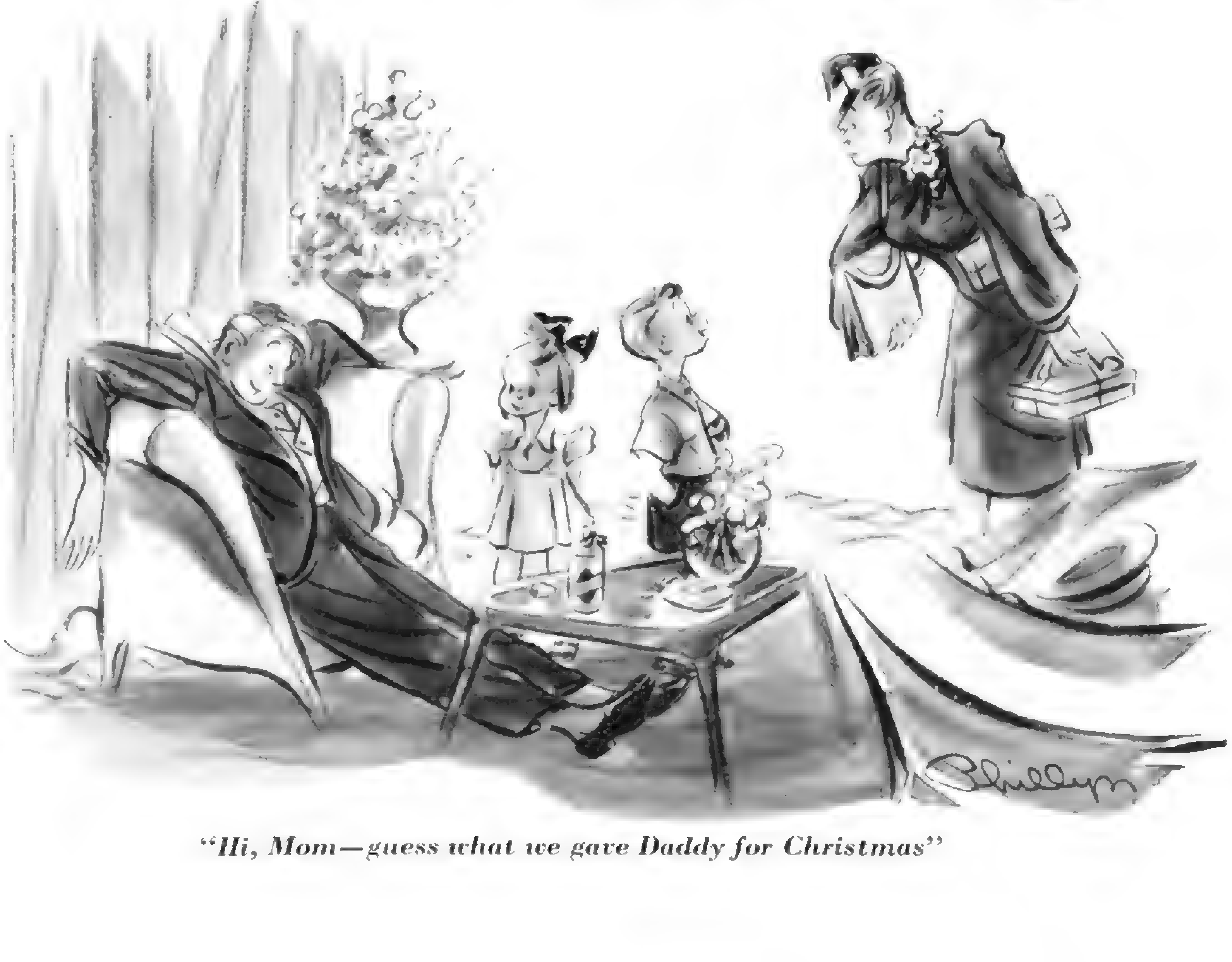
Roger Ascham (1515-68), the learned author of scholastic literature, penned the first English treatise on cockfighting; Gervase Markham (1568-1637), soldier of fortune and scholar of Latin, left detailed instructions on the "choyce, ordering and dyeting of fighting cockes for the battel"; in 1607 the Reverend George Wilson published his *Commendation of Cockes and Cocke Fighting;* on December the 21st, 1663, Samuel Pepys, the star reporter of the Restoration days, paid his famous visit to the cockpit in Shoe Lane; in 1705 William Machrie followed with his black book on *The Royal Recreation and Art of Cocking;* Defoe, in his *Journey through England* of 1724, left a magnificent description of the cockpit; and in 1735 Richard Seymour with his *Compleat Gamester* concludes the series of early reports on the cockpits of Old England.

The most striking thing about the cockfights of those days was the behavior of the spectators. In an age of extreme class separation the classes mixed liberally, and in a period of lawlessness the Laws of the cockpit were obeyed implicitly; but the liberty was the liberty of the libertine, and the laws of the cockpit were the laws of the outlaw. An English gentleman of the time of Queen Anne, writing to a friend in Paris, implores him to come over to Merry Old England to see its two main sensations—a cockfight and a parliamentary election (in that order) "there is such a celestial spirit of anarchy in those two scenes that words cannot paint it." It is an anarchy of class-mixture, well described in 1808 by the "Microcosm of London" as a mixture "of peers, pickpockets, grooms, gentlemen, bon vivants and bullies." It is a mixture so astonishing that it wrings a gasp even from old Sam Pepys: "Lord, to see the strange variety of people—from Parliament men to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not-and all these fellows one with another in swearing, cursing and betting . . . it is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put in their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at one bet and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battle (so they call every match of two cocks), so that one of them will lose £10 or £20 at a meeting . . ." "There is a continued noise among the spectators in laying wagers upon every blow each cock gives," says Defoe. "I believe abundance of people get money by taking and laying the odds on each stroke, and find their account at the end of the battle, but these are people that most nicely understand it. If an Italian or German saw the arrangement, and by chance came into one of these cockpits, he would certainly conclude the assembly to be all mad by their continued outcries of 'six to four.'"

In his *Memoirs* Grantley Berkeley describes a visit of the Duke of Norfolk to a cockpit. His Grace dressed in the "blue silk coat and lace ruffles with which he was accustomed to wipe out the pan of his gun when out shooting." Said the Duke to a friend: "Well, I don't understand why they should offer those odds; if I betted, I should say two to one on the yellow." "Done with you," said a coster who had overheard his Grace's remark, "I'll take it"; and then slapped the Duke on the shoulder to seal the bargain. For those that could not, or would not, pay their betting debts a basket with a rope and a pulley was held ready for the offender to be hoisted up in it to the ceiling of the arena as a warning, a punishment and an exhibit of ignominy.

It is the filth and squalor of the arena—the stink of sweat and twice-breathed air, the rapid hand-to-hand flow of gold, the dark fascination of blood and brutality—which unite the sportsmen of Old England with those of modern America in one common bond of secret pleasure. And there is no modern sport that can equal the pleasure, speed, power and intricacy of the old English

Continued in center of page 259



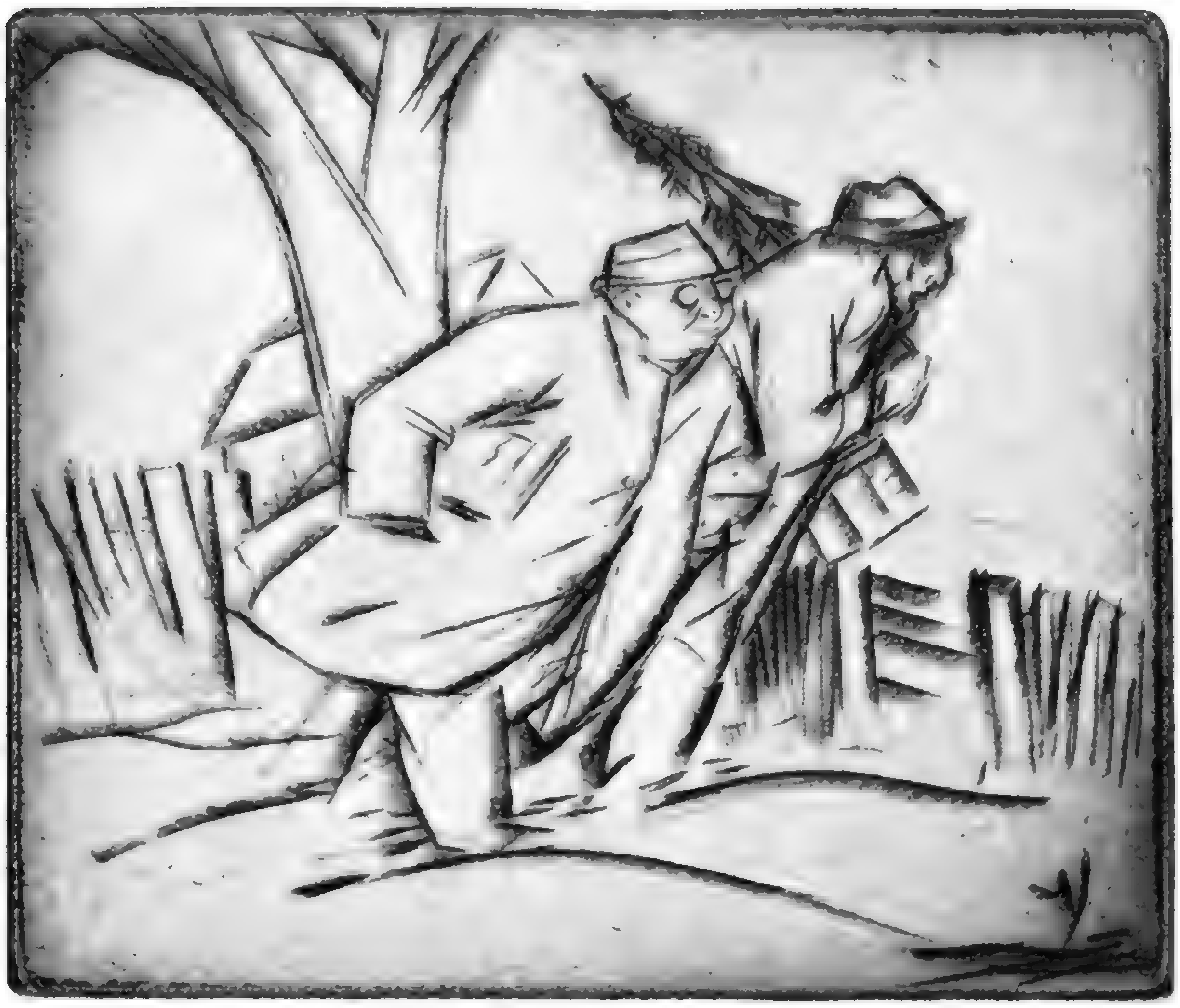
"Hi, Mom—guess what we gave Daddy for Christmas"

Mr. Pratt and the Christmas Spirit

When he promised to go out and cut down a tree for Junior, he hadn't reckoned with Mrs. Tweedy

by WILLIAM HAZLETT UPSON

• FICTION •



DRYPOINT BY ERIC LUNDGREN

"I hate Christmas," said Mr. Pratt, the village barber. He had just closed his little shop on Christmas Eve, and was walking home with Mr. Brookfield, the jovial president of the small local bank.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Brookfield.

"Nothing, except I have decided that this guy in the story was right—Scrudge, or whatever his name was. I'm just like him. I hate everything connected with Christmas—especially Christmas trees."

"But a tree is one of the most beautiful and charming features of Christmas," suggested Mr. Brookfield.

"That's what I thought myself—up till today," said Mr. Pratt, bitterly. "So when the Mrs. told me—right after breakfast this morning—that we ought to have a tree for Junior, I said, 'Sure.' And when she began twittering around to the effect that these trees you buy at the grocery stores are too old and dried-up, and it's much more romantic to go out into the woods and cut your own, I said, 'All right, I'll get one of those little spruce trees that I've noticed growing at the edge of the woodlot on the old Tweedy farm out west of the village.'"

"And did you?" asked Mr. Brookfield.

"Yes. First I called up my partner and told him I would be a little late getting to the barber shop. Then I got in the car, drove over to see old Mrs. Tweedy at her home in the village, and asked for permission to cut a tree."

"Why did you think you had to do that?"

"Well, I always aim to be honest, Mr. Brookfield. Of course I know Mrs. Tweedy hasn't lived out on the farm since her husband died five or six years ago. And I realize that she would never miss one little spruce tree. But I didn't want to take anything off anybody's property without permission. So I asked her, and she said it would be all right—only she wanted me to get a tree for her too. So I said I would. Then she wanted to know if I would take her along so she could pick it out herself. I said I would be glad to do that also. And then right away she decided she would need two trees instead of one."

"Sort of raising her demands all the time?"

"Yes, it seemed as though every time I agreed to anything, she would ask for something more. And I was sucker enough to give in to her. You see, I had never had any dealings with old Mrs. Tweedy before; I didn't know what a scheming old buzzard she was. And, besides, I thought I ought to be nice to her on account of its being the joyous Christmas-tide and all that sort of banana oil."

"Oh, come on," said Mr. Brookfield, deprecatingly. "What if the poor old lady did impose on your good nature? It didn't hurt you any, did it, to get her a couple of Christmas trees?"

"Listen," said Mr. Pratt, darkly, "you haven't heard the half of it. When we got out to the farm, I cut myself a little four-foot spruce tree, and then she made me walk all over the place with her for about an hour in the cold wind till we found a six-foot tree that suited her. And after I had sawed it off and stowed it away in the back seat of the sedan along with mine, she sprung an entirely new one on me. She said I would have to dig her second tree up by the roots."

"What was the idea of that?"

"She wanted it for an outdoor Christmas tree in her front yard. And she wanted it planted in the ground, so it would be there each year all ready for her to string electric lights on."

"I don't see how she could expect you to dig up a tree by the roots at this time of year—with the ground frozen the way it is."

"That's what I told her, Mr. Brookfield. But she dragged me around and finally discovered a ten-foot spruce that was growing right at the edge of a swampy place where the ground was hardly frozen at all. So we made a trip back to town and got a shovel, and then I dug the tree up and put it in the back of the car—getting mud and dirt all over the seat cushions—and took it to her house in the village."

"Well, I guess she really did impose on your good nature to some extent," admitted Mr. Brookfield.

"Yes, and that isn't all," said Mr. Pratt. "As soon as I had dumped out that wretched tree onto her lawn, and before I had time to get away, she said, 'Wait a minute—you're going to plant it for me, aren't you?' And I said, 'I hadn't thought of that.' And she said, 'But you'll have to plant it; you certainly don't expect a feeble old woman like me to do it, do you?' So I told her she could hire somebody, and at that she almost burst into tears and said I didn't realize how her income had been reduced since her husband's death, and it was a disgrace for a big strong man like me to take advantage of a poor helpless widow by first promising to bring her a Christmas tree and then preventing her from enjoying it by refusing to put it in the ground for her."

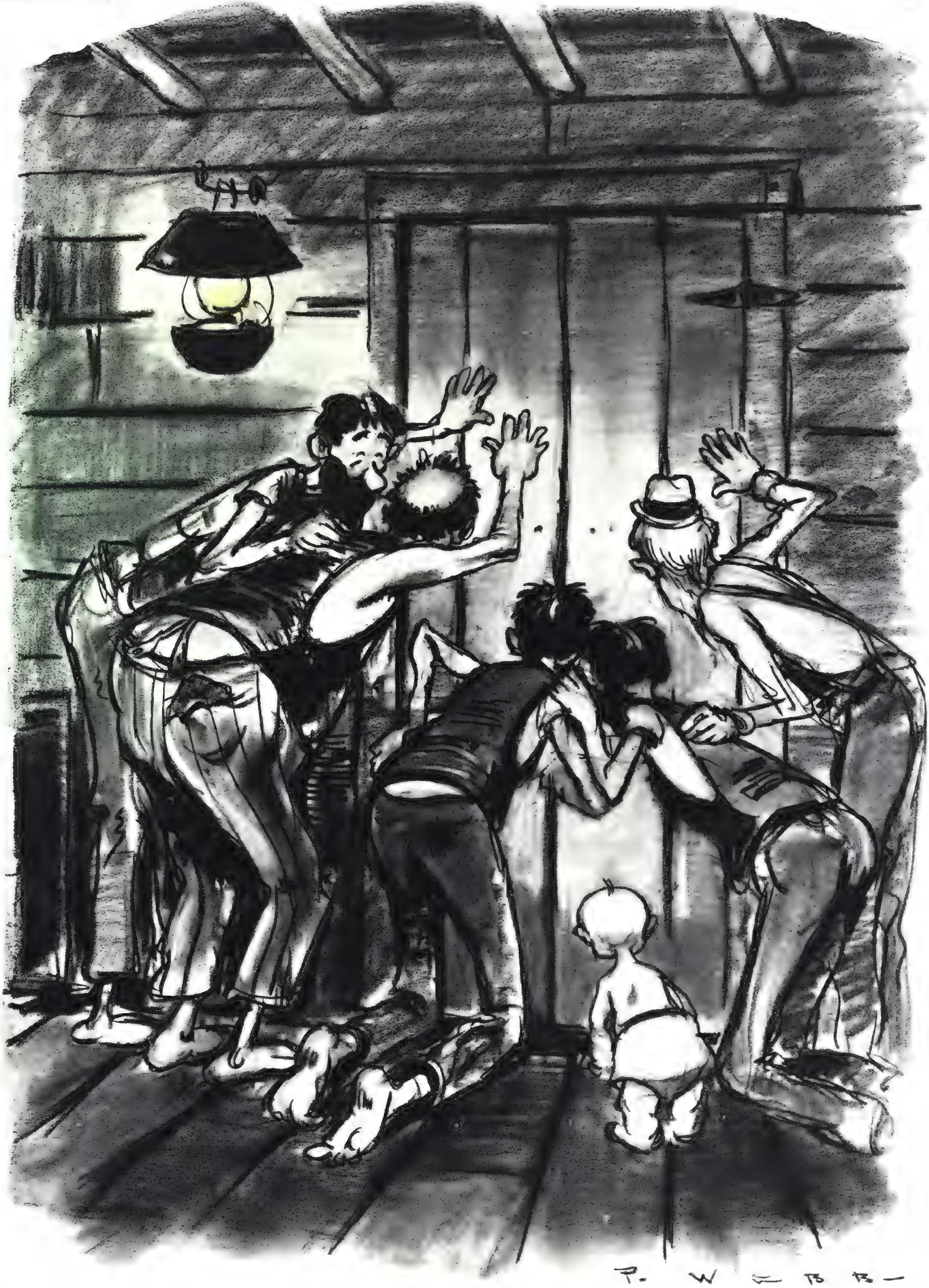
"So you finally gave in?"

"Yes. I didn't want to stir up a big fight, especially at Christmas time. So I promised to plant the tree."

"And did you plant it?"

"Yes—and it turned out to be much worse even than I had expected. The old lady's front yard was very different from that swamp. It was high and dry and frozen as hard as cast iron. Several times I decided to quit, but old Mrs. Tweedy was always there to remind me that I had promised to do it. So, like a fool, I kept on. I built a fire, and thawed out the earth for a couple of inches, then shoveled it out, built another fire, thawed the earth for another couple of inches, shoveled that out, and so on for the rest of the morning, and practically all of the afternoon. And after I had finally finished, and received exactly nothing in the way of thanks from Mrs. Tweedy, I started home in my car, which all this time had been standing out in the cold wind in the Tweedy driveway. And then I discovered that the radiator had frozen up and busted. Apparently most of the alcohol had boiled out since I put it in last

Continued at top of page 256



"Y' oughta see the ones we got Gran'ma fer Xmas—they got lace on the bottoms and button up the back"

Lovey Flies Out the Window

Mrs. Foote had a passion for men in the headlines, her affection veering from Rear Admiral Byrd to Dopey Joe

by JAMES A. COWAN

• SATIRE •

Q: Will you describe the accused, J. Alicoate Foote, for the court, Mrs. Flaherty, in your own words?

A: Well now that you're asking me, I'd say he was a shrimp, nice enough if you like them small but I always say—

Q: Yes. Yes. We know the accused's general appearance. But would you say from your experience that he was quarrelsome by nature?

A: Quarrelsome, did you say? Generally he showed as much fight as a junkman's horse.

Q: And in your opinion, the complainant, Mrs. J. Alicoate Foote, was the dominant member of the household?

A: I don't know as I'd go so far as to call her that but I'd sure say she wore the pants.

Q: Mrs. Foote had made a practice for years, I believe, of expressing great admiration for . . . ah, personages in the public eye?

A: She was always clipping pictures out of the papers if that's what you mean and sticking them up all over the place. They was a blessed nuisance to clean up.

Q: What kind of pictures, Mrs. Flaherty?

A: Oh pictures of men. They was movie stars and actors, sea captains, exploring fellows, football players, jockeys and some of them society men. All kinds you might say. She would even cut out pictures of senators sometimes.

Q: Mrs. Foote had a catholic taste in men?

A: Catholic nothing. If you ask me, I'd call it downright heathen.

Q: What I mean to say is that she must have been continuously interested in a great number of these men?

A: No, that wasn't the way of it at all. It'd be one fellow at a time. A fellow that had his picture in the papers, all the papers. For a couple of days, she'd be clipping these pictures of one certain fellow till they was all over the house and talking of nothing and nobody else. Then it'd be some other fellow and I'd be sweeping this first fellow's pictures into the garbage.

Q: Now Mrs. Flaherty, will you please give us an example? Tell the court, for instance, one case of the complainant's strange attraction to men in the news.

A: Let me see. Well one day—this was some years ago—she come out to me where I was working the kitchen and she had one of those brown pictures out of the Sunday paper. It was a picture of Admiral Byrd. She held it out to me and asked me: Isn't he the lovey-ducky?

Q: And what did you say?

A: What could any decent woman say to such talk?

Q: Did the complainant, Elvira Foote, make any further remarks to you at this time about Admiral Byrd?

A: She told me she was madly in love with him.

Q: Do you recall offhand the duration of this consuming passion?

A: Begging your pardon?

Q: Do you know how long this alleged love for Admiral Byrd lasted?

A: The way I remember it, some fellow named Babe Ruth hit two home runs the next day in a ball game somewhere.

Q: And that was the finish of Admiral Byrd as far as Mrs. Foote was concerned?

A: I didn't ever hear no more about it, not even when he come back from the South Pole or wherever he was.

Q: I feel we have definitely established that peculiar exhibitions of devotion towards front page personalities have been characteristic of the complainant, Mrs. Elvira Foote, for many years. These were invariably accompanied by extravagant protestations of undying affection which were nevertheless extremely transitory in every instance.

And now we reach the evening of February eleventh. Please tell us, Mrs. Flaherty, of the events which took place in the Foote home on the night in question?

A: Mrs. Foote was in the upstairs living room when Mr. Foote come in. She'd been up there most of the afternoon, cutting pictures out of the papers. The place was a complete mess.

Q: These were pictures, I believe you told us, of a person known as Dopey Joe but commonly referred to in the press as Public Enemy No. 19?

A: That was him.

Q: Court records show that at approximately this aforesaid date, the character known as Dopey Joe, who had been apprehended by the police, was facing forty charges involving banditry, safe-blowing, burglary and robbery accompanied by armed violence.

Was there anything unusual about the events of this evening of February eleventh?

A: Yes there sure was. I was in the kitchen and I thought I heard Mr. Foote yelling but I could not believe my ears.

Q: What did you do?

A: I opened the kitchen door so I could listen.

Q: Could you hear what was being said?

A: It was Mr. Foote yelling all right. He was hollering something about desecrating our home and he was calling somebody a common thug.

Q: Was Mrs. Foote silent?

A: Not her.

Q: Can you recall for us any of the words she used?

A: She said he was an angel with a dirty face and he was her man of action and she was madly in love with him.

Q: These references, I presume, were to Dopey Joe as he is called and not to her husband?

A: Ha! Ha!

Q: Let us proceed. Can you describe what

Continued in center of page 270

"I've got bad news for you dear . . . the boss is going to pay me a ten percent Christmas bonus on what I earned last year, not what he paid me"

The Story of Pinocchio

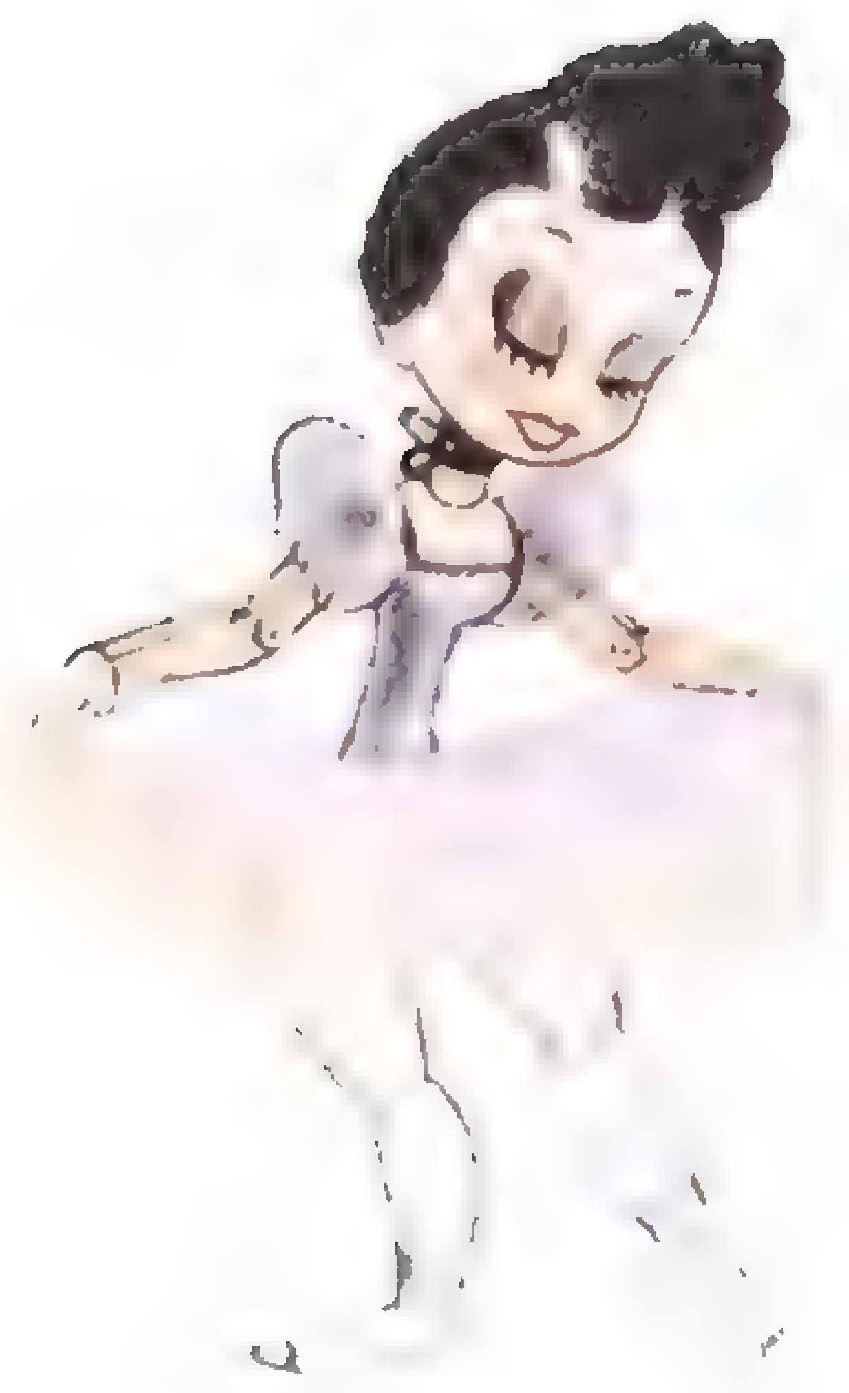
ANIMATED *by* WALT DISNEY

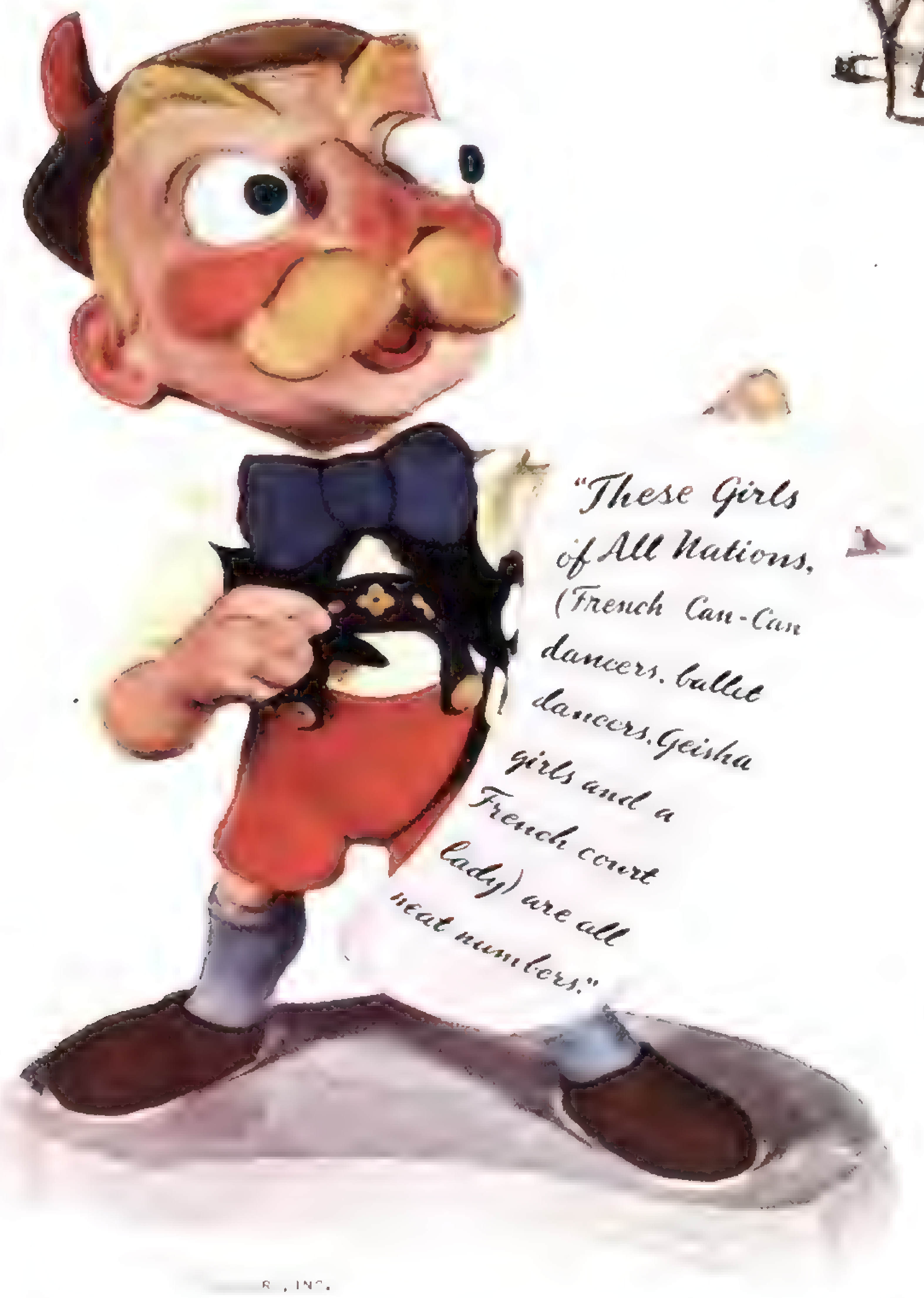
ESKY just whipped out to Hollywood to scoop the Candid Cameraman on Disney's latest picture. As he dopes it out, here is the story: Pinocchio is on his way to school when he meets J. Worthington Foulfellow, the Fox, and Giddy, the Cat. Seeing a fortune in this puppet who walks without strings, they persuade Pinocchio to become an actor instead of going to school, and sell him to Stromboli. Pinocchio is a sensation at his first performance, dancing with the beautiful "Girls of all Nations" puppets, (who disport themselves on the following pages). Regarding the cast of characters counter-clockwise, Esky presents: Stromboli, the cruel puppet master; J. Worthington Foulfellow, a small-time villain; the Coachman whose smiling face belies his black heart (he takes stupid little boys to Pleasure Island, where there are no don'ts. And the boys are changed to donkeys). Geppetto, the woodcarver wished so much for a son that the Blue Fairy endowed his wooden puppet, Pinocchio, with life. Next, Lampwick, a toughie, is Pinocchio's pal on the island—before he's changed to a donkey. Giddy, the cat, is the Fox's stooge. He looks hungrily at Cleo, the goldfish. Directly facing Esky is Pinocchio himself, a gay lad who has a flair for mischief. At his feet are Figaro, Geppetto's pet kitten, and Jiminy Cricket. Jiminy is Pinocchio's Conscience, the Lord High Keeper of the Knowledge of Right and Wrong.

WALT DISNEY PROD.

Esky presents the cast of Walt Disney's Pinocchio

ESQUIRE, INC.

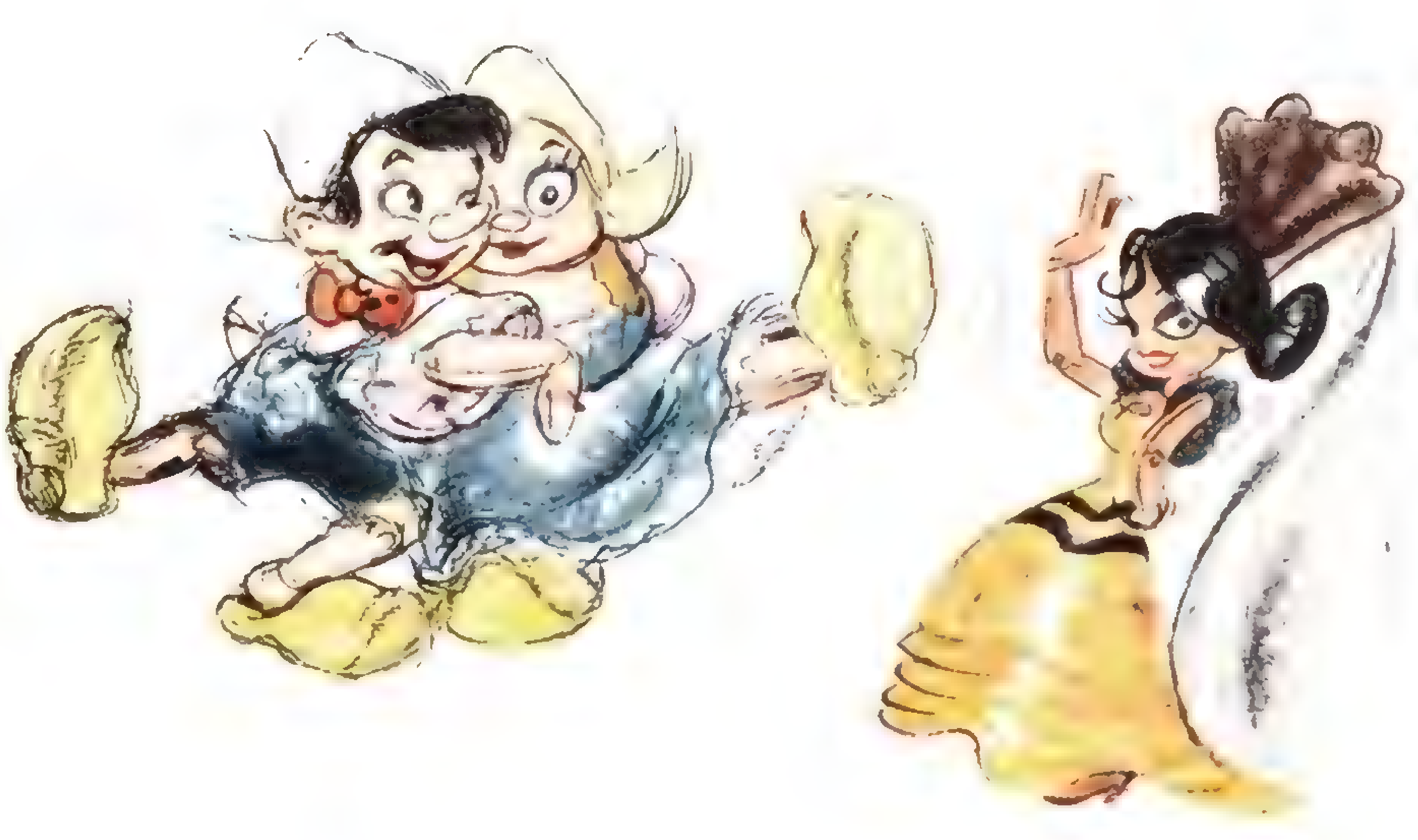




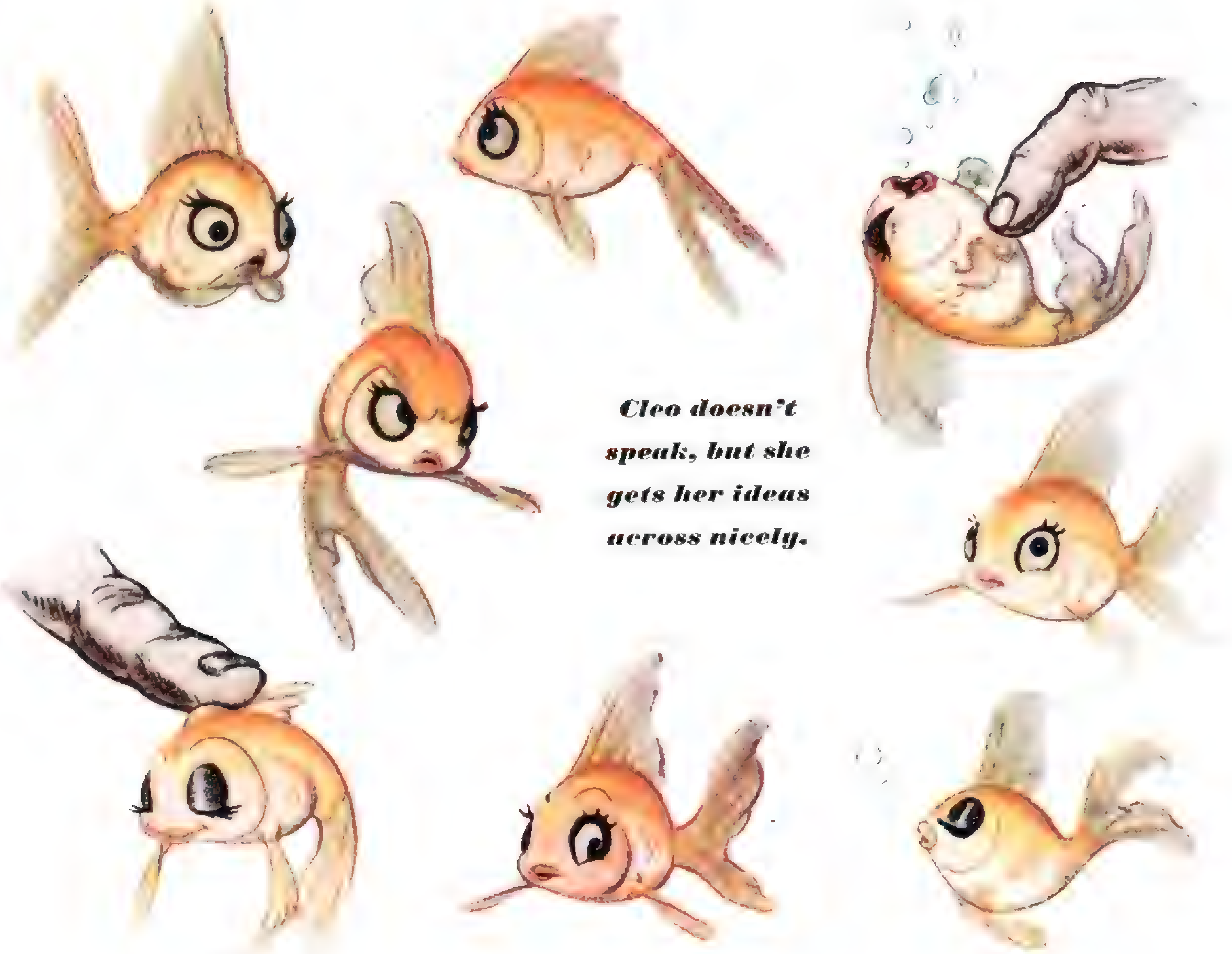
"These Girls
of All Nations.
(French Can-Can
dancers, ballet
dancers, Geisha
girls and a
French court
lady) are all
neat numbers."

R, INC.

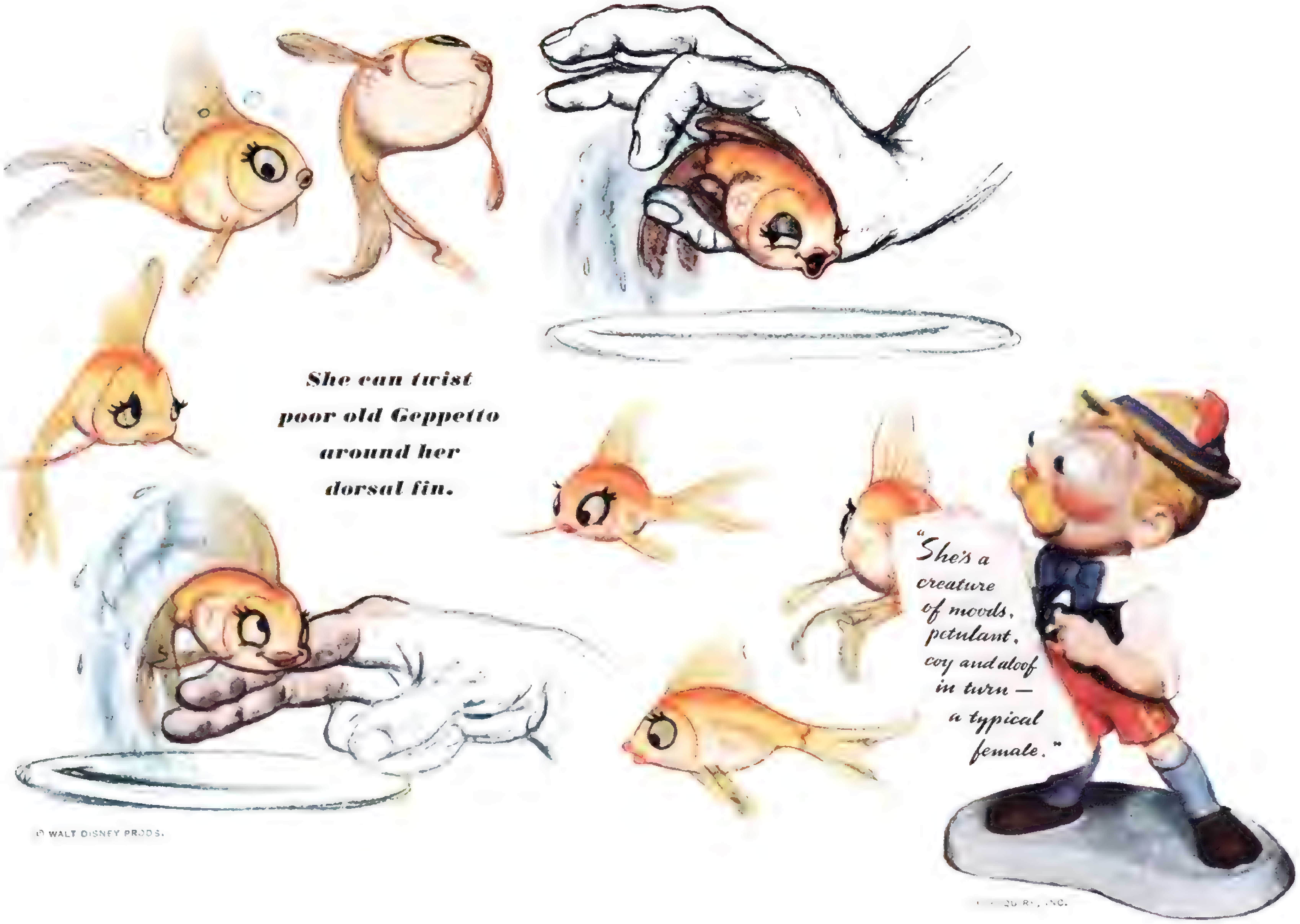
[illegible] Y PR[illegible]



WALT DISNEY PRODS.



Cleo doesn't speak, but she gets her ideas across nicely.


"She's a creature of moods, petulant, coy and aloof in turn — a typical female."

She can twist poor old Geppetto around her dorsal fin.

© WALT DISNEY PRODS.

© ESQUIRE, INC.

Babes in the Woods

Avoid wearing white if you don't want to get shot, and make sure your target's not another hunter

by PHILIP B. SHARPE

• SPORTS •

EACH year, when the hunting season expires and we look back on past events, we find that a lot of good souls expired along with it. We list these as accidental deaths and charge it up to that mystic word "accident."

Mister Webster who wrote that rather disjointed dry reading volume we call a dictionary says in part:

"Accident—an event that takes place without one's foresight or expectation; chance; contingency, often of an unfortunate character; casualty; mishap."

Take your choice!

For the most part we would like to disagree with Mister Webster. Accidents do not happen—*they are caused!* The sad newspaper reports of grown up babes in the woods who join their ancestors are worthy of analysis. Accordingly, the writer undertook a survey which brought home very definitely the conclusion that accidents are caused, and that they are for the most part due to negligence, carelessness, and inexperience.

Did you ever shoot a fellow? Lots of people are doing it. Perhaps there is a lot of sport in it. I don't know. I've seen hunters carried out of the woods, victims of accidental deaths. I've investigated many of them personally and so far, I've yet to find any chap who killed another who really got any sport out of it.

The newspaper headlines not long ago ran: "New Jersey Hunter Shoots Companion Through The Head—Mistaken For Bear."

Kill him? Well, if it didn't the undertaker played a damned dirty trick on the party of the second part. This story looked interesting so we investigated it. It seems that a chap out in Ohio got in touch with an old friend then living in New Jersey and talked him into a hunting trip into Maine. The two of them got together and went into the woods. One lad went home in a long box, traveling in a baggage car instead of a coach.

The writer undertook an extensive survey of hunting accidents throughout the United States which required more than eight months and as many as a half a dozen letters in correspondence with the Fish & Game departments of every state in the Union. The results of this investigation were quite startling.

Of the forty-eight states consulted, the Fish & Game departments, if there happens to be any, in a few of these states failed to respond to at least two personal letters. Thirty-eight states reported and these ran from a complete story to very enlightening information that they "kept no record of hunting accidents and were unable to give any information concerning them."

As a firearms technician, writer, investigator and hunter, this here chap scribbling these few lines has observed some queer happenings in the woods. He has noticed accidents which could not have been caused by anything other than pure carelessness. He has seen hunters handling guns in the woods as though they did not have the slightest idea as to what they were carrying. He has seen them shoot at noises rather than game. It is small wonder that somebody gets "bopped" every once in a while.

It's quite a thrill—this hunting game. Each fall some 15,000,000 Americans dust off their guns, oil them up and sally forth into the woods to seek the elusive wild life. Well, maybe I'm wrong. Probably a good percentage of these hunters do not dust off their guns or do not oil them. To them, the gun is of no importance. It just merely goes along on the trip.

Were you ever *shot at* in the woods?

This writer has been. It's a swell sensation. You don't hear the boom of the gun until later. You don't hear a "z-z-z-z-ing" of the bullet as the fiction story writers like to describe. Neither do you hear a whistle, shriek, wail, howl, or what have you. All there is, is a sharp crack and sometimes a thud, depending upon whether the bullet strikes a tree near you or just merely sails by. If it doesn't happen to connect with you and you don't hear it anyway, it usually doesn't matter a great deal.

This bullet shot at the writer was chopped out of a large birch tree after passing completely through one having a diameter of approximately five inches and sticking in another eight feet beyond. He still has that bullet in his collection—a .45/70 405-grain soft point number.

When you hear that peculiar sound you usually get down on your belly—damned quick! You forget all dignity; you instinctively know there is something rotten in Denmark.

And, brother, you're *scared!*

In a minute or so you commence to get your wits about you and fear turns to anger. At that moment, you'd feel like committing murder if the chap that fired at you were within sight. You remember and use cuss words long since forgotten and your day in the woods is spoiled. Incidentally, your opinion of certain hunters does not increase greatly with experience.

But there is more to it than just that. Life is a peculiar sort of proposition. You begin to feel that the facts of life should be told to certain hunters but they rarely heed them.

The sad part of this hunting accident problem is the generally accepted and totally incorrect attitude of hunters that "it can't happen to me." Why not?

An analysis of these hunting accident reports, submitted by such states as were able to compile any records, brings out one important point—there are two types of accidents: One in which the hunter shoots himself

Continued on page 242

"I understand she told little white lies!"

Macaroni, Wine and Hunting Dogs

The trouble started in Wop-Roost when Jaco fed the skinny looking mutt that wandered to his shack

by GUIDO D'AGOSTINO

• FICTION •

In our town if it's after the first frost and you want a laborer, stay away from Wop-Roost. An Italian from up on the hill will sling dirt or handle a pick all day long for whatever he can get and be grateful for the work. But once the law is off on game—good-bye. You might just as well get the mayor to shovel the ditch for all the work you'll get done.

There's Giuseppe, Luca, Tony and the others. A hound dog and a gun, a supply of macaroni and a couple of barrels of Concord wine and they won't stir a finger until March when the law clamps down again. Next to their kids they love hunting most. It's the same with all of them up there. It was the same way with Jaco, only worse.

With Jaco there was no next to anything about hunting. It was his dogs and hunting, that's all. And even now while he swears he'll never hunt again, he can't bring himself to do any work during the season. He just hangs in front of the stove all winter, arguing with his wife, swatting the kids, eating, drinking and growing fat like a boar hog. He won't listen about hunting and he won't work. His mind is made up. He made it up after what happened to his foxhound. That was a good five years ago.

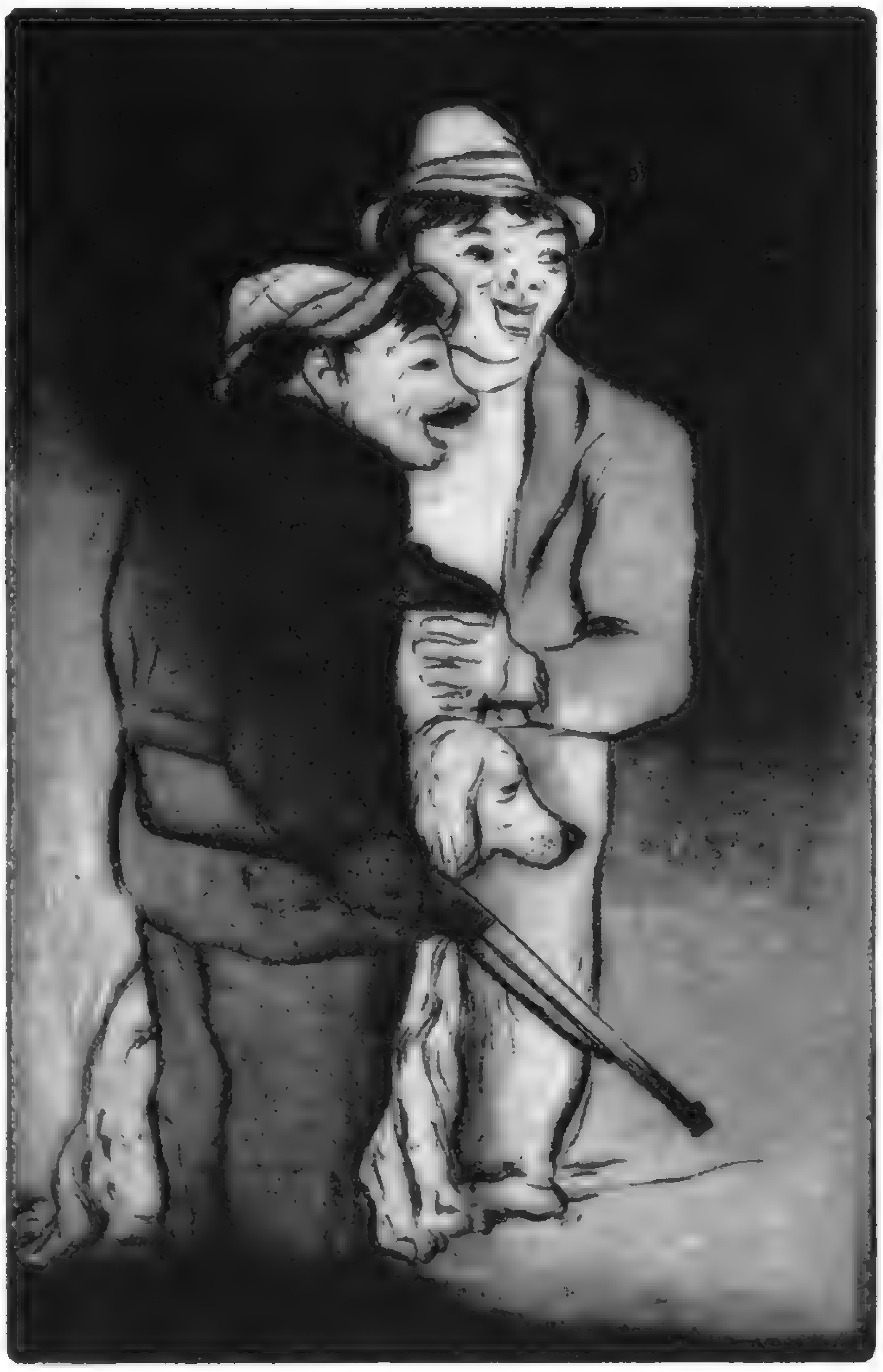
Jaco lived all alone in his shack with his black-and-tan foxhound bitch and his little rabbit dog, Pete. He had no wife and no kids then. He had nothing to waste his affection on, so he took it out on his dogs. But it was the foxhound he loved best. It was the only foxhound on Wop-Roost, and it was Jaco's. Just like Luca's kids were his own, and Tony's kids belonged to Tony, Jaco's foxhound belonged to Jaco. And none of the Italians would think of treating the dog any different. If someone up there hurts another man's kid it means fight and maybe blood. From the way Jaco cared about his foxhound it would have meant the same thing.

The other Italians used to think Jaco a little crazy on the subject of dogs. They called him Santo Vito, which in a certain little town in Italy meant Patron Saint of the dogs. But Jaco didn't mind. He had his shack and his dogs. In the summer he had work and in the winter he didn't have to do anything but hunt and have a good time. That's all he cared about. He didn't bother to think about other things which help make most men happy. And it was especially so when he had his dogs.

The trouble started one fall when a cadaverous looking mutt found its way to Jaco's shack. Jaco was getting ready to go to work. In the doorway the black-and-tan foxhound blinked at the sun and growled at the little rabbit dog who insisted on nipping her hind legs. Jaco laughed. There was a snap in the air and a promise of early frost. He sang, making up his own words. Then the two hounds jumped up barking and he turned and saw the strange rusty colored mongrel.

The dog looked miserable enough. His sides curved into two deep hollows at the belly and his ribs looked about ready to bust through the hide. Across his rump a patch of tangled hair was missing and a scabby sore showed. Jaco reached down and patted the dog's head.

"Poor li'la bastich," he said and went into the shack for a handful of cooked macaroni. Jaco didn't give the animal much thought. Strange dogs were always wandering to his shack. He went to work. But when he returned in the evening the dog was still there. It ran out to greet him with the other two.



That night, however, the dog disappeared and didn't return until morning. This went on for several days. Finally Jaco put a rope around the dog's neck and went to see if he could find the owner. He stopped in at Luca's shack. Luca was sitting out front with his wife. The kids were running around all over the place. They rolled on the ground and let the dog lick their faces. Everybody thought this funny. Jaco asked:

"Luca, you know who belong this dog?"

Luca had never seen the dog before. He made a sour face.

"Is no hunting dog. You crazy, fool around with him. He no worth to shoot his brains out."

Jaco dragged the dog on to see Tony, the iceman. Tony got around everywhere. If anyone knew who owned the dog, he would. Tony scratched the greying stubble growth on his chin. He spit out to the ground.

"Is one face I see before."

Then Tony snapped his fingers.

"He belong Meesta Lynch. You know, Meesta Lynch, down other side Deer Hill."

Jaco rocked his head back and forth, angrily.

"Got to hell, Meesta Lynch! Whyfore he no can take care his dog?"

Tony didn't know. Only he knew he didn't like it when any of the Italians started talking about the people around in this fashion.

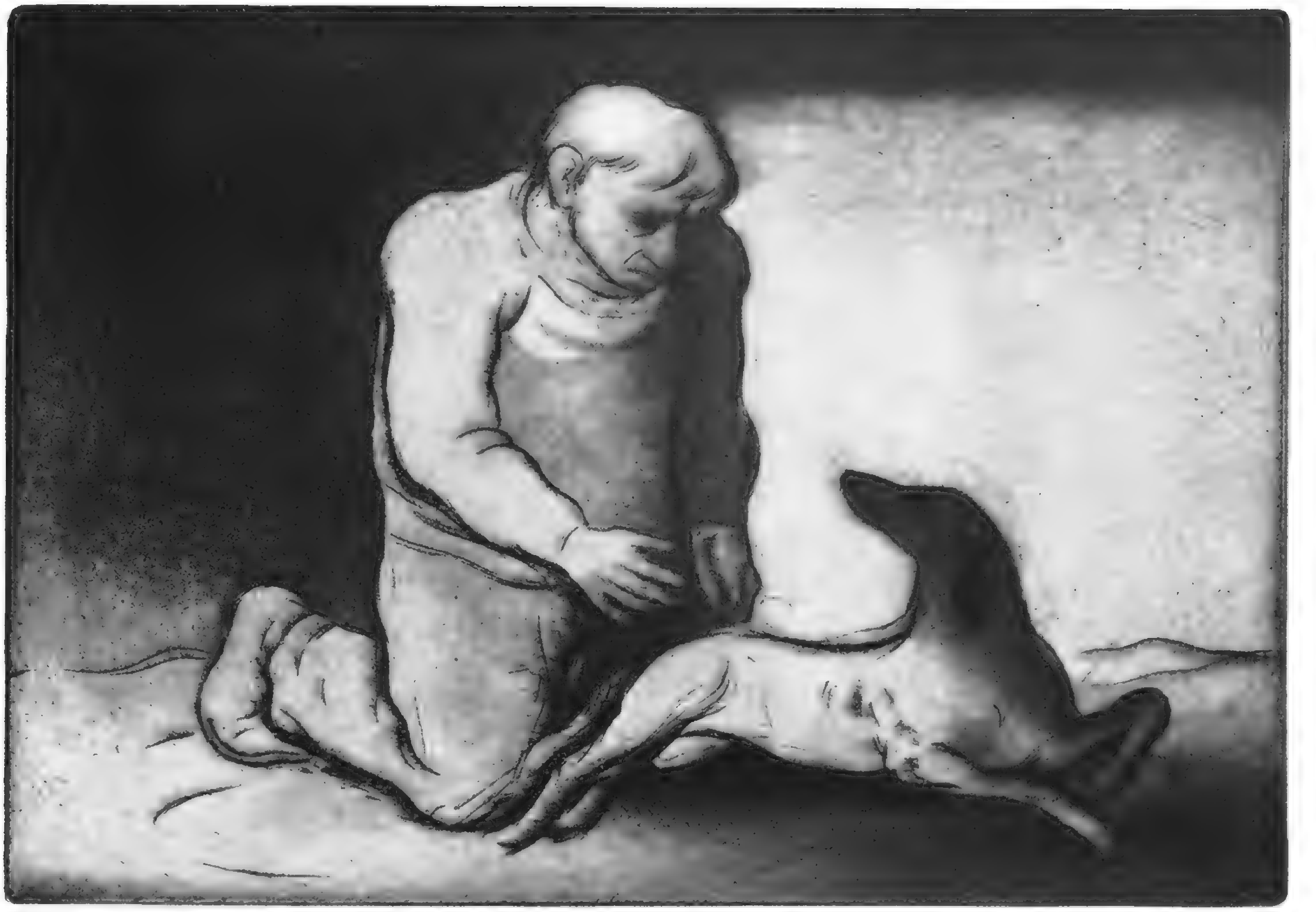
"Everybody no feel about dogs like you, Jaco. Meesta Lynch he got a big farm. He got plenty work . . ."

But Jaco was already off down the road with the dog trailing at his heels at the end of the rope. He went over the top of Wop-Roost and cut through the woods about a mile until he met the road again. He turned into a lane leading up to an old farmhouse that hadn't been painted in years.

Jaco went past the house to the barn where the cows were slopping about in the mud outside and he could hear milk-cans being rattled around inside. A lanky farmer stood emptying the milk from one can to another. Jaco held the dog out on the end of the rope.

"Is your dog, Meesta Lynch?"

The farmer set down the can of milk. He looked at the dog and at



AQUATINTS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Jaco. He ran his thumb through the strap of his suspenders and nodded.

"How'd the sonofabitch ever land up there?"

Jaco hunched his shoulders.

"He hungry. He come my place and I feed."

The farmer took the rope out of Jaco's hand and tied the dog to one of the cow stanchions. He was annoyed.

"You ain't got no call, feeding other people's dogs."

"What I gonna do, he hungry?"

"Just the same, I don't like nobody feeding my dog."

Instead of answering, Jaco reached down and stroked the dog gently a couple of times. His fingers lingered over the bruised spot where the hair was missing, and then he walked off. The farmer watched him go. His lips curved contemptuously.

Jaco walked back to Wop-Roost cursing to himself. He cursed all the people who owned dogs and didn't look after them. Without knowing why he felt a heavy sensation in his stomach. It was always this way when he got mixed up in unpleasantness with someone outside the circle of Wop-Roost.

A few nights later the dog came back, dragging the broken end of a rusty chain. Jaco was asleep. He jumped up when the hounds started to bark and rushed outside with his arms waving, to scare the dog off. The dog refused to scare. Next day while Jaco was working with the excavating gang laying the water main through town, the peace officer came by in his automobile. Jaco jumped out of the trench and stopped the car. He explained about the dog. He wiped the sweat from his face and talked in jerky, excited sentences so that the policeman couldn't understand what he was talking about and made him repeat all over again.

"I no wants no trouble with nobody," Jaco said. "The dog he hungry and I feed. Now he come my place all the time."

The policeman said he'd pick up the dog and have a talk with Lynch. As the car drove off, Jaco yelled.

"You tell Meesta Lynch is no my fault his goddam dog he come my place."

When the Italians heard about Jaco telling the policeman they were upset. They didn't say anything to Jaco to his face, but they talked among themselves. Only Tony thought he should say something.

"Whyfore you no can mind your own bizzaness? Whyfore you gotta give to eat every lousy mutt come you shack? Now Meesta Lynch he be mad like hell . . ."

Jaco kept quiet. It was hard to make the other Italians understand how he felt about dogs. But he was worried just the same. For a while he kept his two hounds tied up during the day and made them sleep in the shack nights. Then the weather got real cool and he forgot all about the farmer and his rusty colored mongrel and he allowed the foxhound to run.

He would go over to Luca's shack and sit outside until nearly midnight with Luca, Tony and Giuseppe. The four of them sat up on a pile of split logs, smoking, and with a gallon of wine handy. They talked and they drank. From far over in the hills beyond, the voice of Jaco's foxhound came back to them. It was a voice high-pitched and prolonged and echoed like a clarion call. They all listened in admiration. Jaco would get so excited he'd jump down off the pile of wood and strut back and forth with his chest thrown out.

"Jeasuma Christ, what a dog!" he'd say over and over again and have a good slug at the wine gallon.

The hunting season approached close. The Italians on Wop-Roost talked of nothing else. It was hard to concentrate on the day's work. It was hard to get up mornings and trudge off to the pick and shovel. Sometimes Jaco showed up on the job late. He acted as if he didn't care whether he showed up at all. The macaroni was packed away on the shelves. The wine was in the barrels and a case of shotgun shells under the bed. The hell with work.

Then it happened one morning, as Jaco was getting dressed, that Luca and Giuseppe walked into his shack. Their faces were dead serious. Luca took Jaco's arm and brought him out to the road where it ran past his own place. They showed Jaco his foxhound lying stretched out off the side of the road and panting a few last gasps. Jaco went pale. He fell down on his knees beside the dog.

"Somebody run over," Giuseppe said.

"Some bastich last night," from Luca.

Jaco ran his hand over the blood on the dog's side. He sprang up.

"Was no run over. My dog was shoot!"

Luca's eyes met Giuseppe's. They tried to make Jaco keep calm. They explained that if the dog was in the road it must have been run over. Jaco wouldn't listen.

"My dog was shoot. You no fool me. See! See youself. You got eyes. She drag all the

Continued on page 212

My Treasure: The Wonder Mare

This ugly, happy-go-lucky horse was always last to leave the paddock, yet she won all the cups in Europe

by ILES BRODY

• SPORTS •

"I AM prepared to give you seven thousand dollars for this skeleton."

A few months ago two middle-aged men stood before the perfectly assembled skeleton of an equine creature and as they argued, they looked at the bony remains with reverence and awe. One of the gentlemen was an American, a racing enthusiast very well known in sports circles, who already possessed such trophies of the track as the boots and saddle of Fred Archer, the greatest jockey who ever lived. The other man, who spoke English with difficulty, was a Hungarian. He just smiled and shook his head negatively:

"We do not sell *Kincsem*. She must remain in the family even in death!"

Her name was Kincsem, "My Treasure" in *Hungarian*—and she was the laziest and ugliest mare imaginable. But she was the only horse in history who started in fifty-four major races and finished first exactly that many times.

Yes, she was ugly, but effective. Her head was large and thin, but had the "dryness," inherited from Arabian ancestors, which is so desirable in a race horse. Her long neck was set deep in her enormous chest; the withers were far down on her back and were overprominent; she had a potbelly and long legs all out of proportion.

And yes, she was lazy—when not running. It is a fact that she stole forty winks while waiting at the starting line in the St. Leger, and only woke up when the other horses had already broken away! On another occasion, in the Grand Prix for Two Year Olds in Budapest, she grazed with the *sang froid* of a draft horse while the rest of the field had actually started. Yet she won both races with ease. She won *all* of her races—and always with ease. When she was not busy bringing home important stakes, she lay in her box even in the daytime, although as a rule good horses seldom lie down at all, and almost never in broad daylight.

Scanning the records of famous race horses one finds truly amazing figures, but none to equal Kincsem's achievements. Of course, purses were not as fat in Kincsem's time and the good mare would open her large eyes even wider if she were alive to hear that Gallant Fox brought home to his owner over three hundred thousand dollars in a single year; Zev won a quarter of a million in the same time; Sun Beau netted more than three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in thirty-three races; Seabiscuit has earned more than three hundred and forty thousand dollars already. But although these horses may have earned more, they never equaled Kincsem's amazing record of races won. Man o'War was first in nineteen out of twenty races; thirty-six-year-old Merrick, who now lives in well-deserved retirement on a farm in Kentucky, won sixty-two smaller races in a long career; the great Eclipse ran in nineteen races in England and won them all, and another famous English race horse, Lottery, was actually excluded from further events after winning more than twenty big stakes, since none of his contemporaries could come near him. But their records pale beside that of the Wonder Mare, and, moreover, none of them had so interesting and peculiar a career.

Kincsem was born, or "dropped" in racing-stable argot, on the 17th of March, 1874, at Kisbér, Hungary. Her father was Cambuscan, her mother Waternymph, and at the moment of Kincsem's birth the mother and baby still belonged to Prince Paul Esterházy, a fabulously wealthy nobleman known as the "horse-crazy prince."

The Esterházys had, at the time, the largest stable in Austria-Hungary, but today they possess very few horses, racing or otherwise. Some years ago I visited one of their princely castles in Hungary—there were three hundred rooms in this edifice set in a park of a thousand acres—and found only three Shetland ponies and a pair of cart horses in the beautiful tiled stables! It seems to be a habit in the Esterházy family for every second generation to squander money and buy many horses—to the great annoyance of the following generation, the sober one, which again tries to straighten out the family's finances.

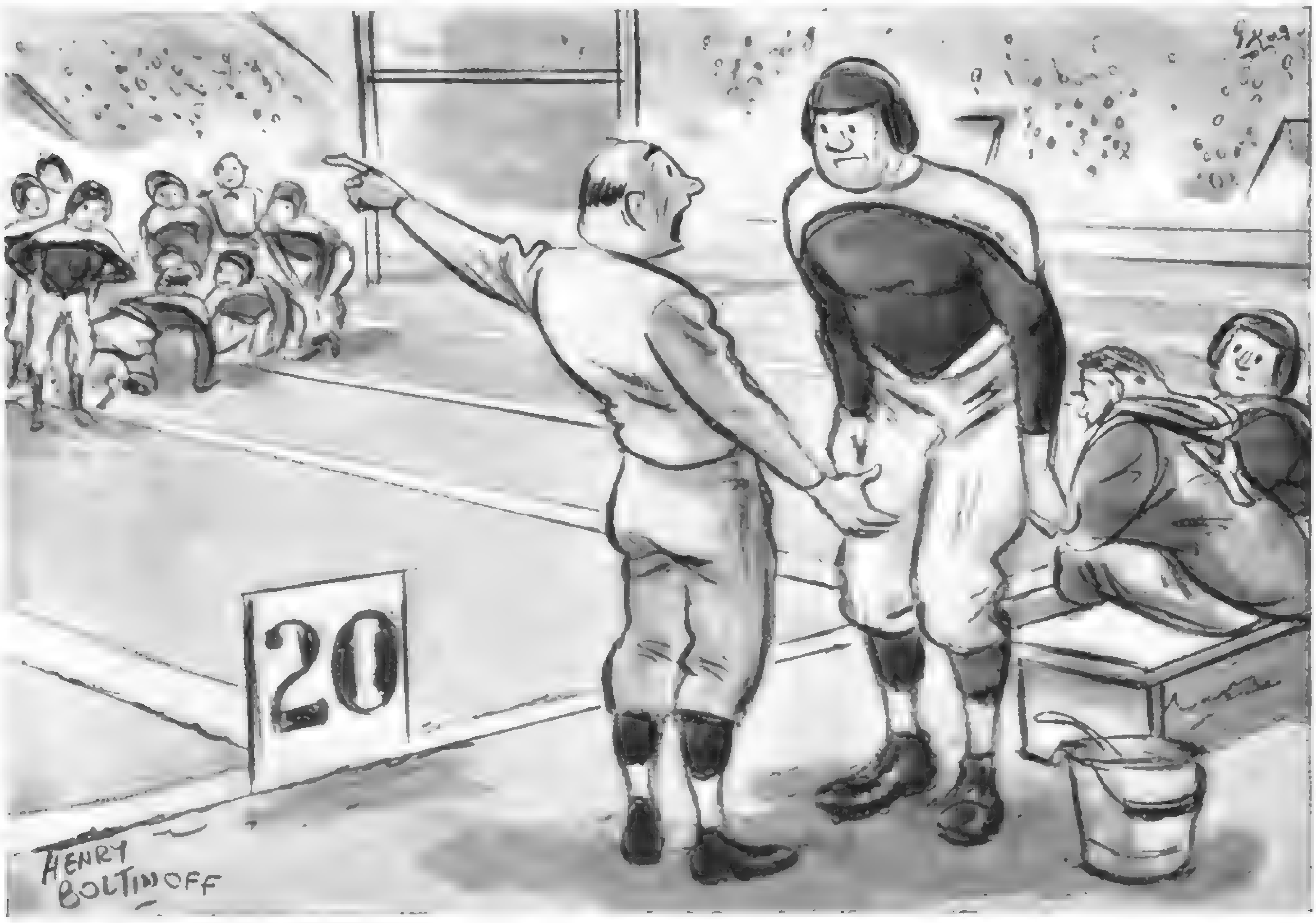
When Prince Esterházy after a deep personal tragedy decided to dispose of his racing stable, the little filly Kincsem, and her mother, Waternymph, were bought by Erno Blaskovich, another prominent Hungarian racing man. They were taken to the spacious paddock of Mr. Blaskovich's country place where mare and filly roamed around in perfect happiness and Kincsem grew rapidly.

In severe weather the race horses and the colts were locked in the stables, and yet, one winter night, an extraordinary thing happened: Kincsem was stolen by gypsies. There were at least thirty grown horses and ten colts in the Blaskovich stables, but the ugly, badly proportioned Kincsem, apparently the least valuable filly, was singled out and taken away. The kidnaped animal, who was used to marble walls, was kept for days in the adobe stables of local *tzigans*, until gendarmes finally found her. The gypsies were brought to trial and when the county judge asked why they had taken Kincsem, instead of other more valuable and better looking colts, the chief of the tribe replied:

"Horses like men do not need to be handsome; horses should have better qualities than good looks; that little filly as ugly as she is, will win every race in which she starts."

But in spite of this bit of philosophy and prediction, the horse-connoisseur gypsies were

Continued on page 251

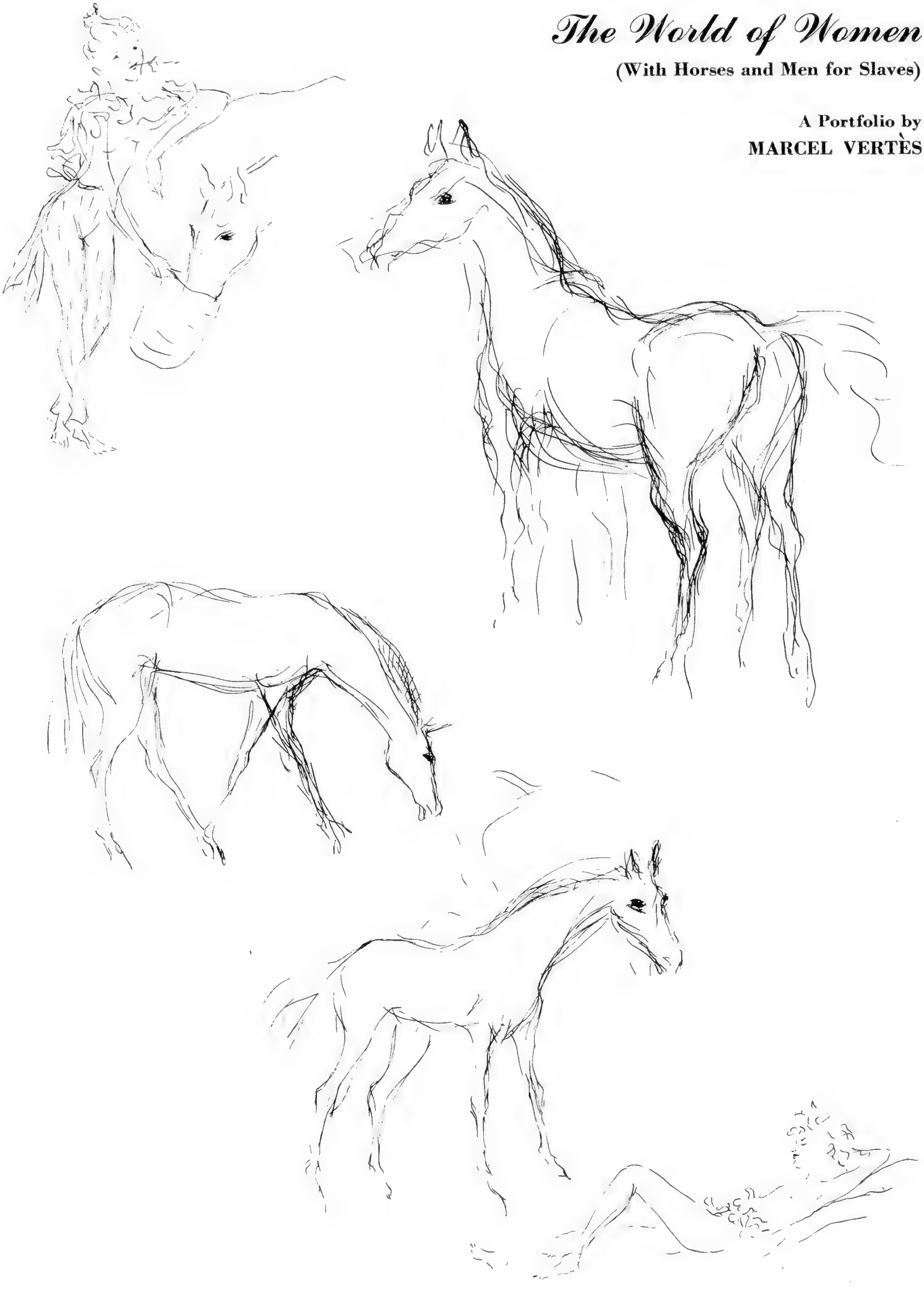


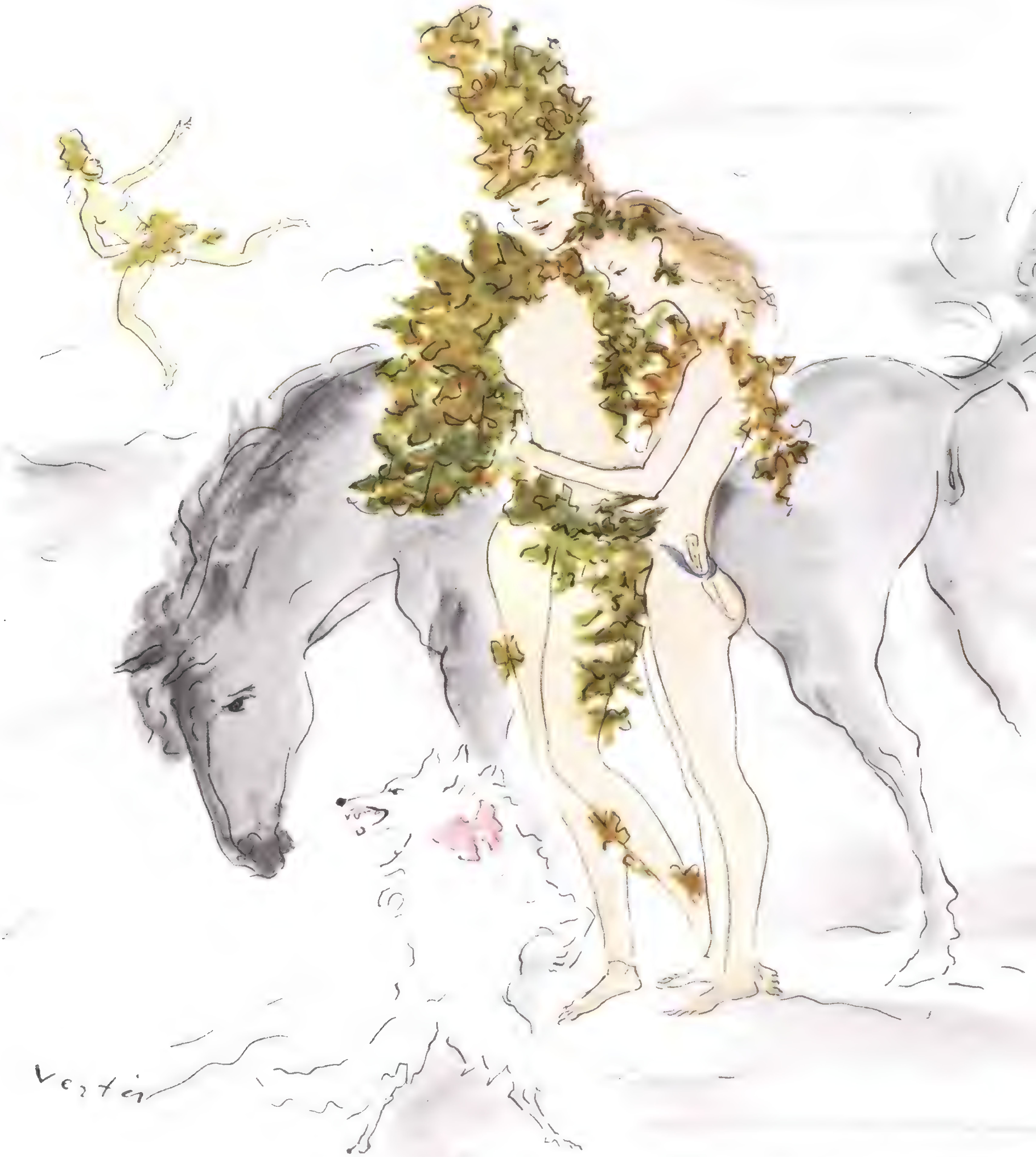
"Everything depends on you, Halloran—my reputation, my job, my salary!"

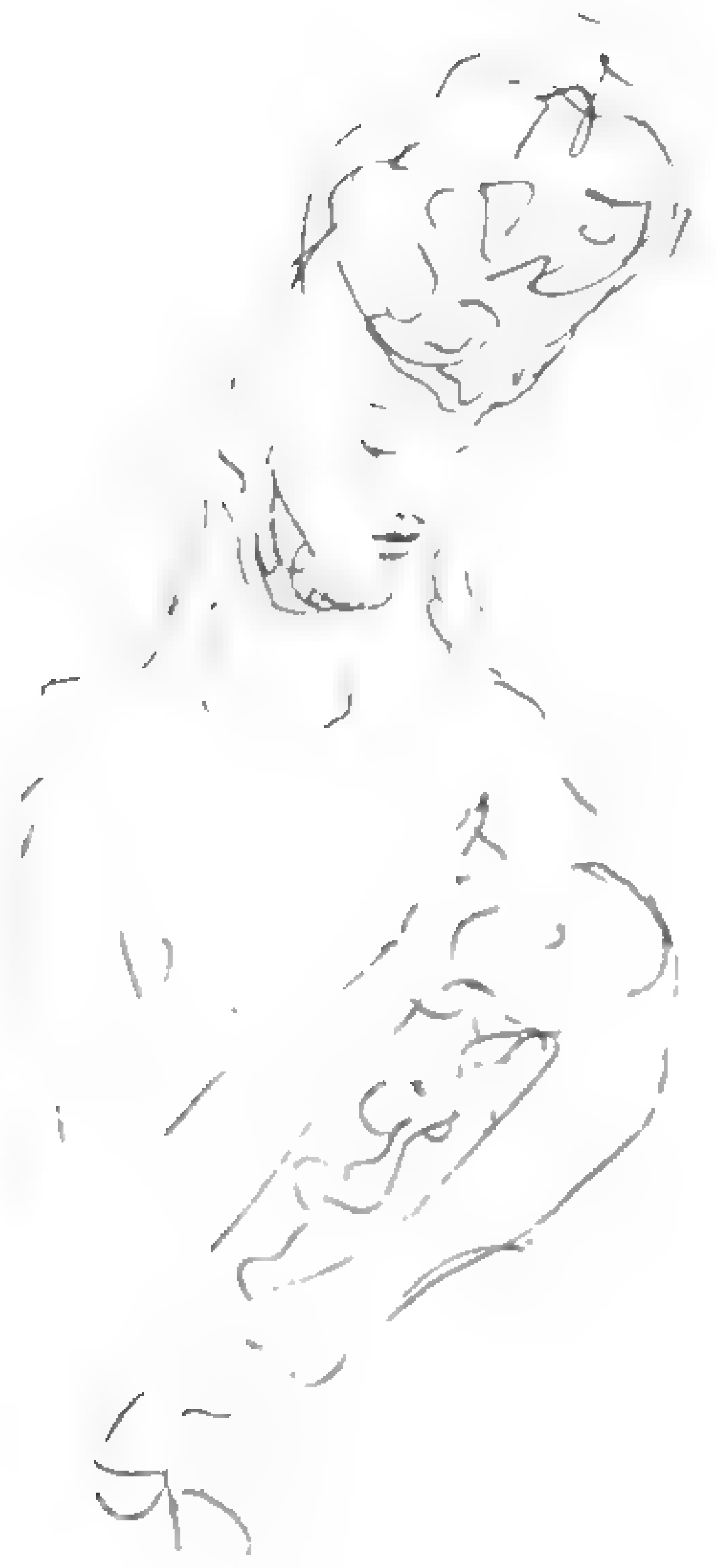
The World of Women

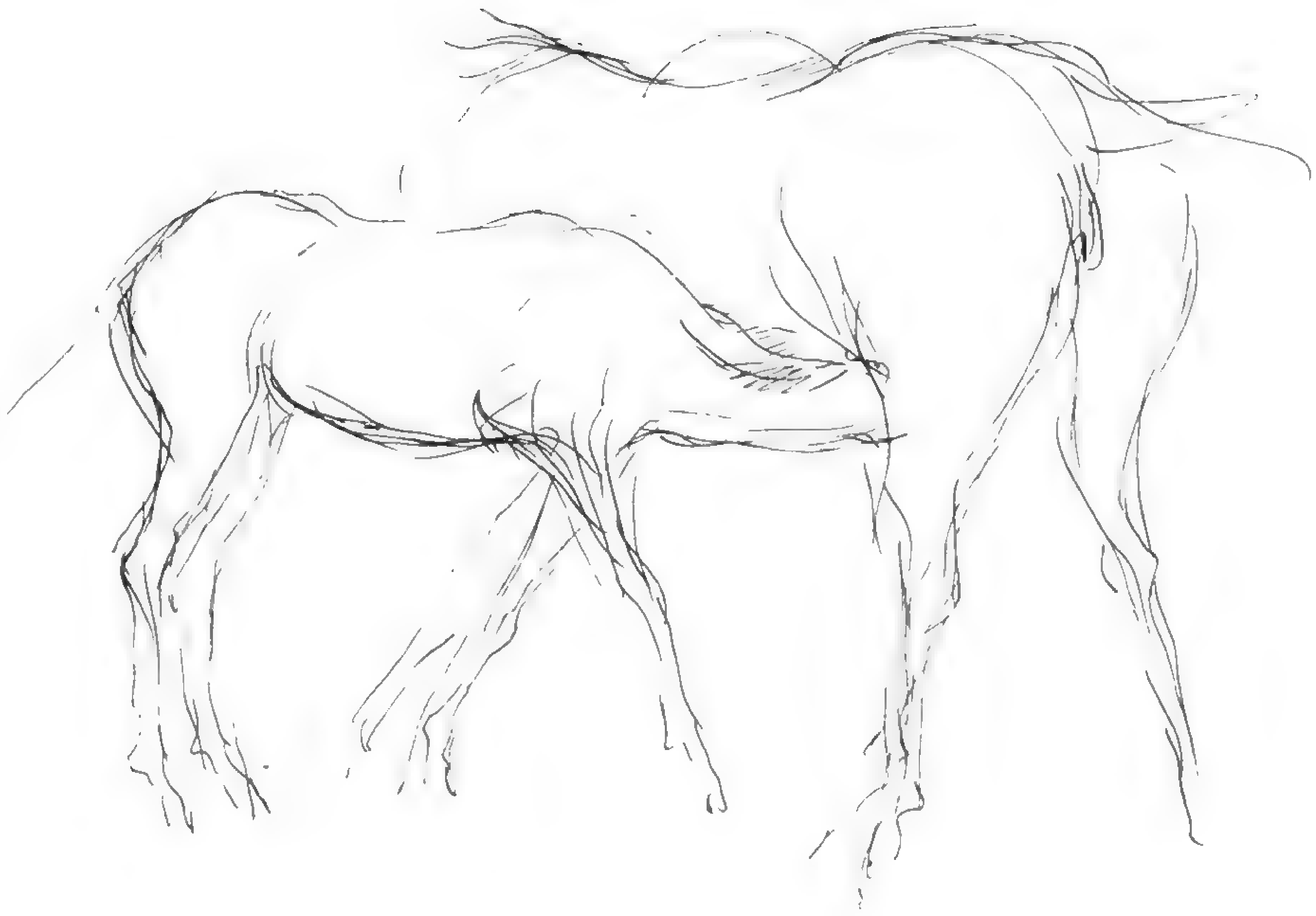
(With Horses and Men for Slaves)

A Portfolio by
MARCEL VERTÈS



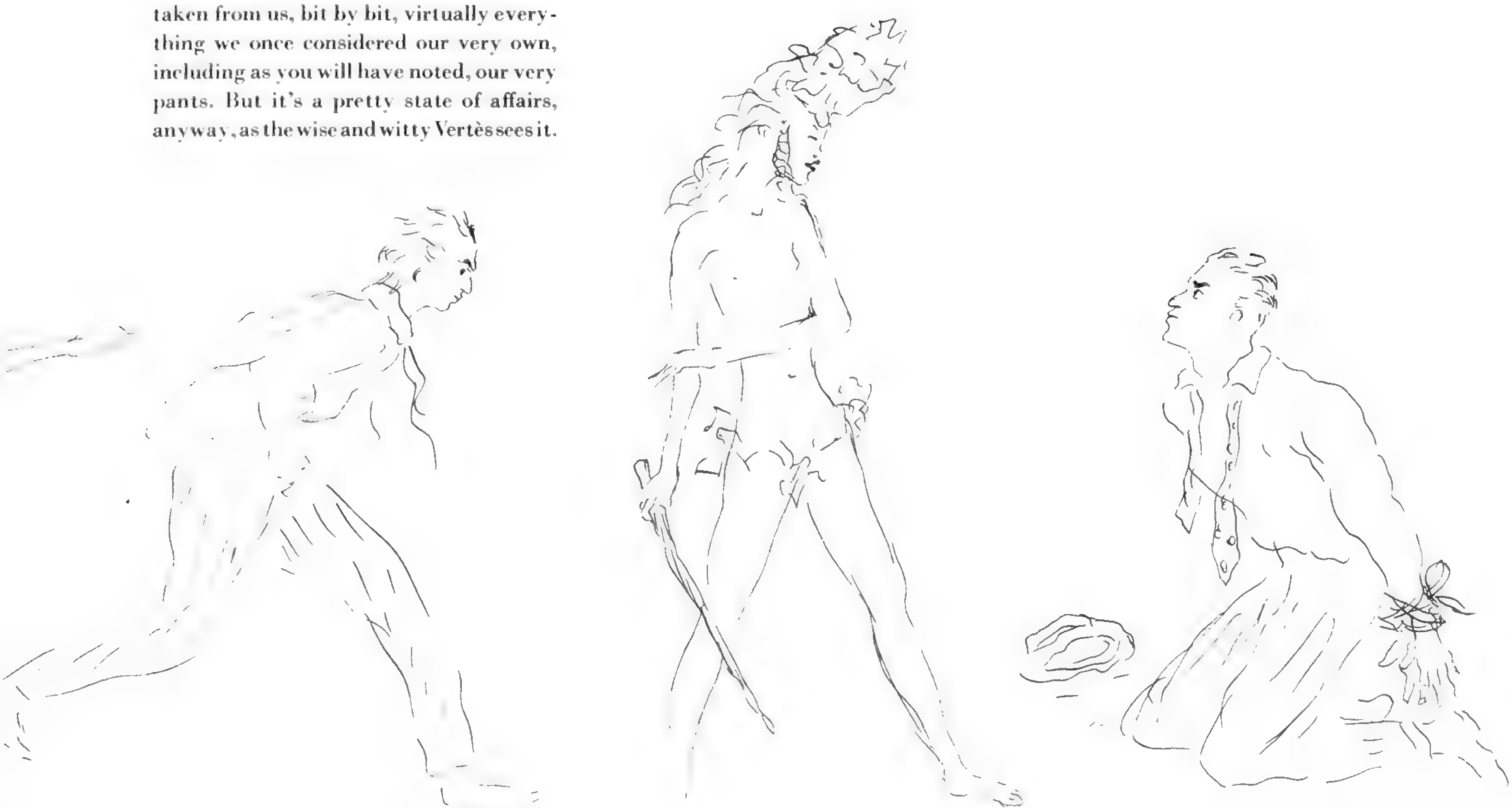

Vertès





Vertès

With his Hungarian fondness for horses and his Parisian flair for characterizing smart women (which he does, eloquently, with every apparently casual stroke of his capricious line) looks out with his tongue in his cheek and with a twinkle in his eye upon an Amazonian world . . . a world where horses and men fare very much alike at the hands of the fair sex, though with the horses getting slightly the better of the deal . . . a world in which they have taken from us, bit by bit, virtually everything we once considered our very own, including as you will have noted, our very pants. But it's a pretty state of affairs, anyway, as the wise and witty Vertès sees it.



Brain Alley Blues

Taking a look at that stuffy part of the newspaper nobody ever reads, the editorial page

by MARTIN TORRENCE

• ARTICLE •

The newspaper reporters have given us plenty of lowdown on themselves. Four score and seven foreign correspondents have published books revealing the inside of events and How I Scooped the World. The cable and city editors too have told all, and even the not-so-humble leg man has recently had a second blooming in Russell Birdwell's *I Ring Doorbells* and Nat Ferber's *I Found Out.* A couple of years ago Esquire allowed some light to be thrown on the copy-reader, that cynical, fact-crammed, green-eyeshaded guy at the horseshoe desk who challenges everything the reporter writes, slashes and redoes it.

But don't think that disposes of the lads who get out the day's paper. On every newspaper payroll sit one or more queer chaps who lord it over a page of their own. They are only partially accepted as "newspaper men." They wear glasses, are partly bald, and have fallen arches. None of them, so far as I know, has ever written a book describing his functions and the drama and color of his life. This may be because he has no functions, no drama, no color, to record. No novels get written with him as hero, no *Five Star Final* or *Front Page* theatricals have ever set on the stage the fitful fever of his life and chores.

He is the Fourth Estate's Forgotten Man—the editorial writer, marooned or immured in a part of the plant contemptuously referred to as Brain Alley—an island of peace where the stuff is written that runs beneath the masthead, the stuff nobody reads.

It's tucked away behind the morgue of clippings and about two points abaft the "library." Coming there from the hurly-burly of the news room you are struck by the air of cloistered quiet. There are carpets on the floor and books on the desks and walls. There is a room with a long table, where the daily editorial conference is held. Here we are far away from the fussy futility of the reporters, the cameramen, and the feature departments. There are the people who *do;* here are the men who *think.*

For pressmen, each workday opens casually, the tempo rising to the climax of deadline. But with the editorial writers the emotion-graph paints another picture. The high point of their day comes early. It is that editorial conference, usually called for ten o'clock. The preceding hour the editorialists have used to glance over the headlines and digest the world's troubles of the past twenty-four hours, selecting the headaches they guess the readers pant to have interpreted, diagnosed, or denounced.

Presiding at the table the chief editorial writer, on some "policy" papers the publisher, brings out the ideas, orchestrates the discussion, and assigns the day's intellectual tasks. After an hour of this the men are back in their cubbyholes reading up on their stuff, conning thesauri, yearbooks, encyclopedias, *Who's Who,* and fistfuls of clips. The best minds on the *Bugle* are preparing to pound out the essays which will illuminate for you, the strap-hanging reader, the meaning of a world gone loco, from the irate *Down with the Crushing Tax Burden!* through the apprehensive *Are We Headed for Another Munich?* to the playful *Must Stenographers Chew a Cud?*

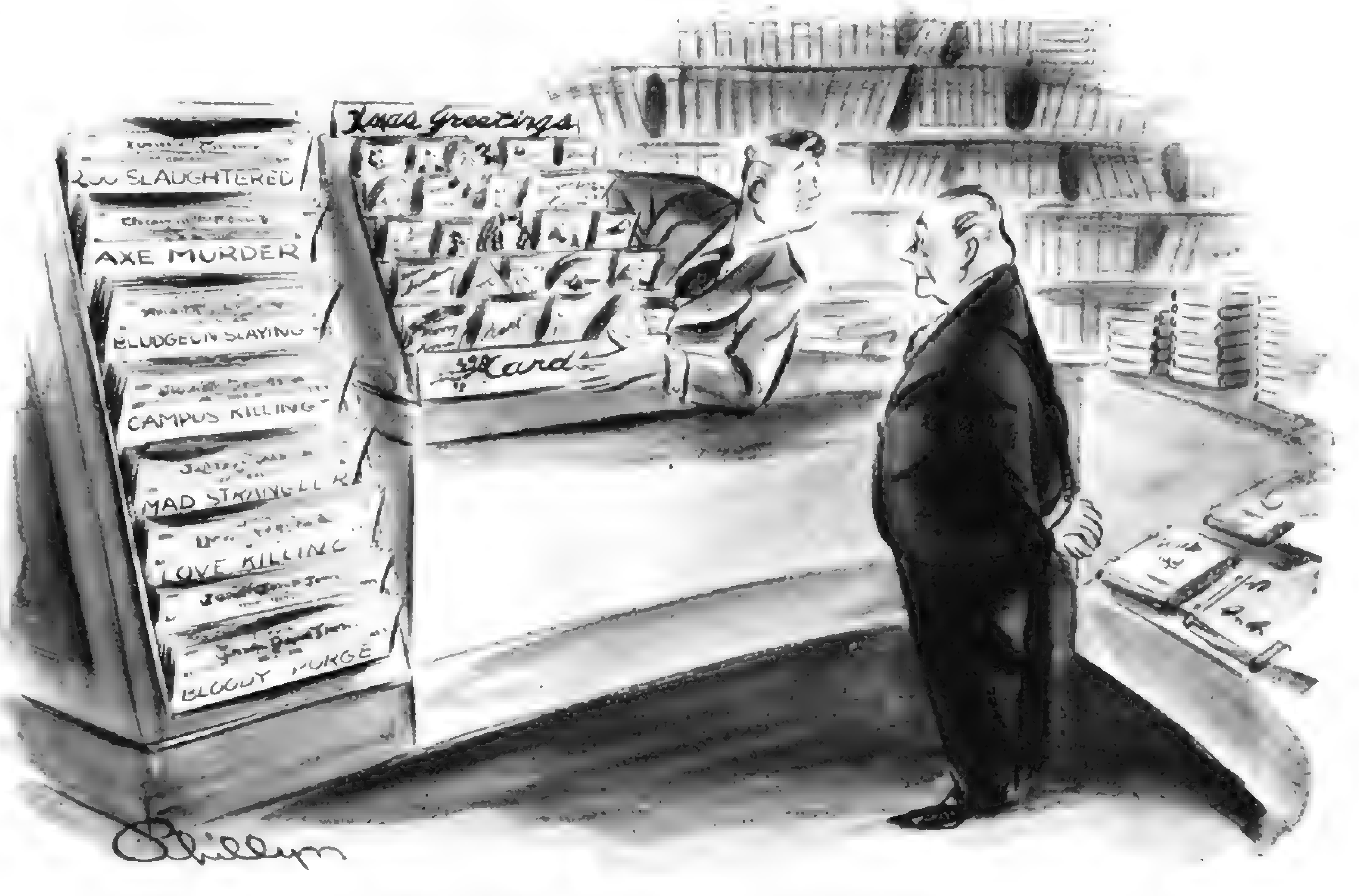
It's good work if you can get it, and if your ambition doesn't mind anonymity, you don't set too great store by integrity, and ask little more of life than a soft berth. On the bigger-better papers maintaining from five to eight or ten writers, two editorials a day, oftentimes only one, is the stint. The pay, varying from fifty to two hundred dollars a week, is a decent enough reward for a job which calls for little more than the ability to be a genteel obfuscator. Even on some small-city dailies where one or two men write all the editorials and make up the whole page, it is still a cinch to a man of middling-nimble mind and fluency.

It is also a sinecure considering that the activity has no meaning. Even compared to the sob-sister, the headline writer, the baseball reporter, the comic-stripper, and the gals that do the recipes, the lovelorn advice, and the beauty aids department, the editorial man is futile. For meaningless as their work may be when we take the Long View, at least they are read. The fan mail passes by the editorial cubbyholes en route to these other, cruder word-slingers, who know that what they print is matter for disputation among the semi-literates who buy the sheet. According to the surveys, only from two to ten per cent of readers even glance at an editorial. Those others, the sob-sister, *et al.,* are making base hits and grandstand plays in a silly game that doesn't matter a line of type. But the editorial writer, swinging his bat with dignity, never gets to first base, except occasionally when he is hit by a pitched ball.

Well, why not abolish the editorial page? It has been tried, but oddly enough, the readers complain. They miss it when it's gone. The paper has become unfamiliar. So the page has had to be restored. That is the only tribute it has ever received—that though the readers ignore it, they want it around.

Brain Alley has suffered since the brave days of Horace Greeley, Charles Dana, and Samuel Bowles. Then a writing publisher could lead the newly democratic hordes into battle over his pet prejudices. A vicious editorial could get the writer horsewhipped in the streets or run out of town. Today it gets lost somewhere between the Hollywood gossip and the baseball box score. In those lively antique days a stuffy but voluble man like Dr. Josiah Holland could make a reputation as a Brain Alley underling, publish his

Continued on page 265



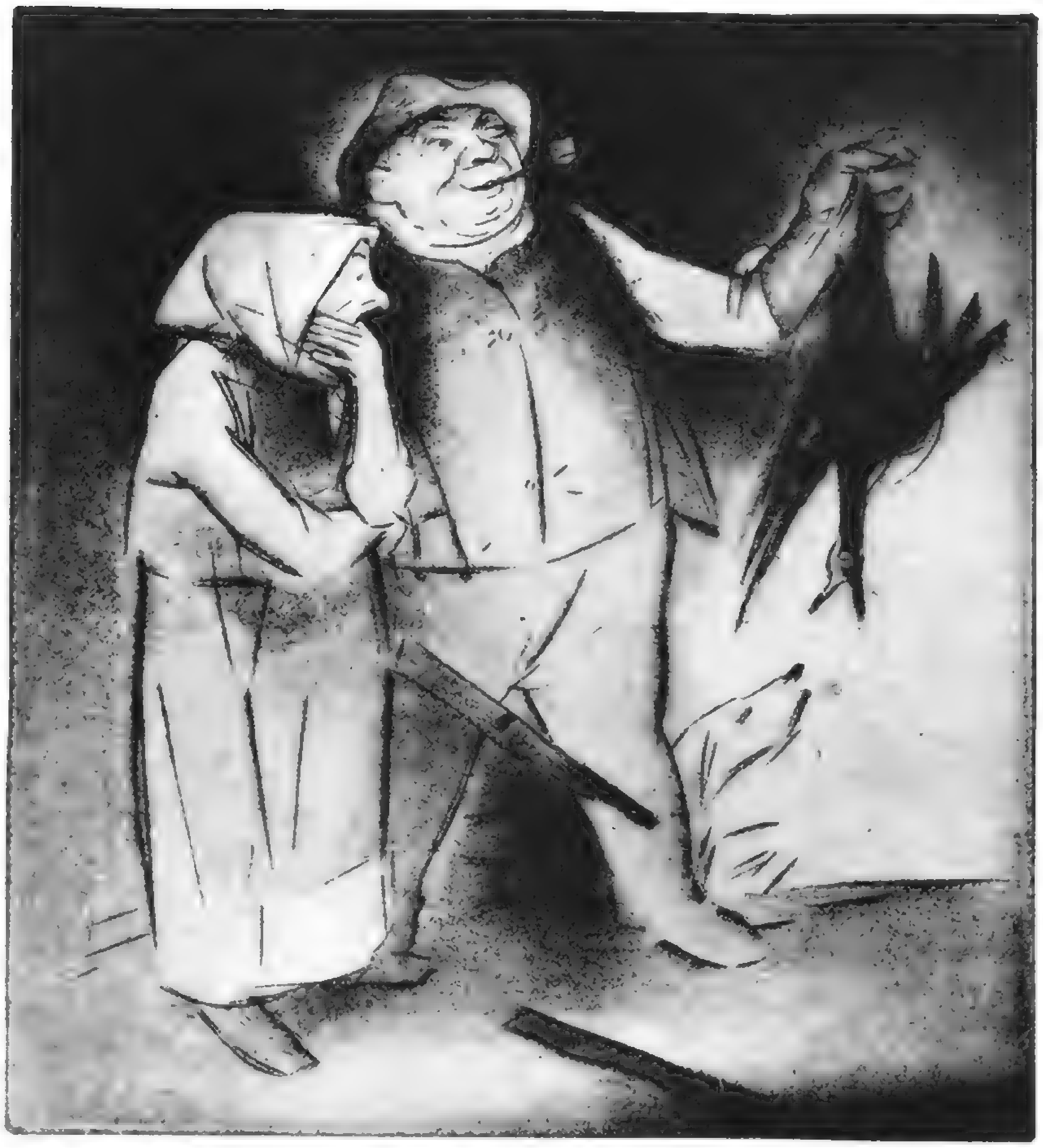
"I don't think it's good psychology"

Eyes of an Eagle

Uncle Fonse says the young generation can't shoot: in his day they didn't waste their ammunition on starlings

by JESSE STUART

• FICTION •



"SHOOT low, Shan," says Uncle Fonse. "Son, you're shootin' over the birds. I've been standin' here watchin' you. Maybe your sights ain't in line."

Uncle Fonse stands under the walnut tree in the front yard and watches me shoot. His great fire-shovel hands hang limp at his side. His graying hair toys with the wind that bends the rose bushes and whispers among the walnut leaves.

"Uncle Fonse," I says, "I believe it's the wind blowin' the twigs the reason I'm not shootin' any better. It's hard to hold on a starling when the wind is movin' a twig. It is hard to hold the rifle to your shoulder and move your bead back and forth as the twig moves with the bird. I've tried too many times and I know."

"It's not hard," says Uncle Fonse looking at me with his gray eagle eyes. "If you can shoot, you can kill a bird at nearly any angle. I know the weight of my gun—the feel of my gun. I know the sights—whether you take fine or coarse bead on different distances. I love to carry my pistol in my hand and fondle it. I love to carry my rifle and to know the feel of it. There's something about a rifle, gun and pistol you get used to. I don't know just what it is. I think I must have been born with a pistol in my hand. Pap always liked a gun so well. He was a wonderful shot."

"Shhhh, be quiet," I says, "A starling flyin' back to the locust tree. I'll get him before he gets into the walls of the house."

I lie down on my belly on the grass. I aim the rifle from prone position. I take steady aim. I fire and the starling falls to the grassy yard with a light thud against the ground. "Got 'im," I says. I push my rifle bolt back—blow the streaming wisp of smoke from the barrel and reload. Uncle Fonse looks at me and smiles.

"I'd never do that," he says. "I'd stand and shoot from my shoulder like a man. That would be too much trouble for me to shoot from that position. I don't like to see you take that much advantage of the birds. I can't help it if they are dirtyin' the walls of my house. I'll haf to paint them again anyway. I'll haf to get a long ladder and go up there and tear the nests out. A spark would set them big nests on fire and burn my house down. I've never seen such nests. Looks like crows' nests all around this house."

There are English sparrows' nests, starlings' nests, wrens' nests, yellow hammers' holes bored through the border boards, one screech owl's nest, a sparrow hawk's nest, and black birds' nests around Uncle Fonse's big house. Aunt Liddie told me to take the rifle and thin them out.

"Don't kill a wren," Aunt Liddie warned me, "nor a song bird of any sort. Get the sparrows, black birds, cow birds, and starlings. Don't kill the sparrow hawks either. They catch the sparrows. Don't bother the screech owls. They are harmless and your Uncle Fonse likes to hear them in the yard trees at night. Don't bother the yellow hammers. They are too pretty to kill. I can't help it if they do bore holes into the walls of the house and lay their eggs and raise their young."

"You don't know what a war there is among these birds the year around," says Uncle Fonse. "They can't get along. They fight all around this house. They fight over the nests from year to year. The yellow hammers bore the holes in the walls and the starlings take their nests. Sometimes the robins try to get them and they do get them. They lay their eggs and it's not long until you see the robin eggs all over this yard. The starlings carry them out—throw them down and break them. The starling is a mean bird. I ain't got a bit of sympathy for it over the way it does the other birds. Pour the hot balls at them, Son! But be careful not to kill the birds your Aunt Liddie don't want harmed! If she finds a dead wren you know what a time there'll be here. She would not have any of 'em killed if they'd behave themselves and act like birds ought to act. Look at that wall, Son! I'm ashamed for my neighbors to come here. They've dirtied it that way this spring."

"That's a shame," I says. "And Uncle Fonse, it seems like when I kill a starling two more come back to take the place of that one. I killed thirty-six yesterday afternoon. Today, it looks like there is a hundred more starlings flyin' around here."

"It's hard for me to raise wheat, here," says Uncle Fonse. "Ain't hard to raise it for my bottoms bring good wheat. But the starlings harvest my crop for me. They eat my mulberrys. They eat my cane seeds. They are the biggest nuisance on the place. In the winter time I have taken a clothes basket and filled it with starlings for pot pies. I've given all my neighbors starlings to make pot pies out'n. I've got as many as 360 in less than two hours, from behind the Virginia creeper vines on the walls of the house and barn. They roost there after the first frost. I'll tell you birds can become a nuisance. They were worse when Pap lived here. They harvested his corn for him in the fields. Pap said when Grandpa lived here they were even worse. I can barely remember that. I remember the Kirks shot them for pastime. Pap used never to miss one with a rifle."

"One now," I says. "See him circle back to the locust tree."

"And from that locust tree," says Uncle Fonse, "he flies to the house. Funny about the starlings. The dead limbs on top of that locust tree is where they love to light. I'll bet you cut that locust down and the dead limbs in the top will be filled with BB's and rifle balls. That's what killed the limbs up there. Too much shootin' in that tree. See all the little fine limbs have been shot out."

"I've shot three hundred starlings," I says, "from the top of that tree since I've been here. Seems like I'd rather see a starling fall from that tree as the house-top, mulberry tree or the walnut tree. They are better targets too up there among the dead limbs with the wind around them and the sky above them."

"Son," says Uncle Fonse, "you may be considered a good shot with a rifle around here among these fellars of today—but you wouldn't a got a smell among the old men of yesterday. I ain't sayin' that to be sayin'. I know what I'm talkin' about. I ain't tryin' to run your shootin' down. I'm just tellin' you. I tell you every man used to carry a gun here. Every man used to shoot for pastime. We used to shoot all day on Sunday. It was our life. It was our love. We'd ride our horses out that lane and run at a gallop too—we'd put a ball in every fence post along that fence. That's been forty-five years ago. We'd ride around a big oak that stood out there in the hollow and put six balls—all in a straight circle around the tree—all the bullets a foot apart. My horse loved the crack of my pistol."

Uncle Fonse's gray eagle eyes look at me. He never takes his eyes off'n me while he talks. He talks with his big hands too and he spits bright sluices of ambear on the carpet of yard grass. "My people," he says, "moved to this very spot in 1798. My Great Grandpa come here from Virginia. You go upon the hill at Mount Zion and you'll see the graves of my people. We are planted there on that hill."

"I've seen the graves Uncle Fonse," I says, "when I went up there to Sunday School. The Kirks are buried in a long row. I figgered out each generation by the dates on their stones."

"They were the marksmen," says Uncle Fonse "If those old men could arise they could show you how to shoot. I've seen Pap go up the Tygart River and bark a mess of squirrels many a time. We didn't have a mess of squirrels either unless we got one for each one in the family—Pap and Pa, Sister Emma and seven brothers. Pap would shoot under or over the squirrel—never touch the squirrel—just hit the bark beside it and kill the squirrel. He shot close their heads."

"Wait a minute Uncle Fonse," I says, "another starling."

I take aim from my shoulder. I steady my rifle—line the sights and squeeze the trigger. I fire—the starling goes down, flapping down through the air toward the wheat field.

"A broken wing, Son," he says. "Not good shootin'. Too bad the young generation can't shoot. But a body can't blame them. They ain't got nothin' to hunt like we had to hunt. We wouldn't waste cartridges on starlings. Ammunition was too high and money was too scarce. Your Aunt Liddie is a good shot. I've bought her a twenty-gauge gun to kill suck-egg dogs with that come here when I am in the fields plowin'. She used to kill them with my pistol. But her eyes ain't good as they used to be. She used to take my pistol and knock starlings from the top of that locust. She stood here on the porch and brought them down. She takes my pistol and shoots down when she see the ground moving up and down. She always gets the baby-handed mole. Moles are bad here to tear up the grass. She used to squirrel hunt with me up the Tygart. That was when she was a younger woman."

"Not many squirrels on the Tygart now," I says. "I went up that river one day last fall and I didn't see a squirrel. I didn't see any timber for squirrels."

"There used to be a God's plenty," Uncle Fonse says never batting his eagle eyes. "I'll tell you what went with the squirrels. They went with the timber. That river used to flow from a timber country. Never flooded like it does today. When it did get out'n banks, it didn't get high over the bottoms. It just got high enough to leave a lot of rich silt on the bottoms and you talk about corn, wheat, cane and terbacker—the Tygart bottoms used to grow them. All you had to do was plant the seeds and knock down the highest weeds. Today it is another story I ain't got time to tell. Did you know that river has floated a million crossties besides the saw logs! I used to see drifts of crossties piled on drifts in that river. That's in the 80's, Son, when they built the C & O Railroad through here. I had a job carryin' crossties from the crane that lifted them from the water to the river bank. I carried them and put them on flatcars. I'd pick up big 7 x 9 crossties all day long and load them when I was sixteen years old. I didn't know that was the last of my squirrel timber. I didn't know then that a man would ever change. I thought he'd go on forever—stout as a bull. But time will change a man—I don't care how damn stout he is."

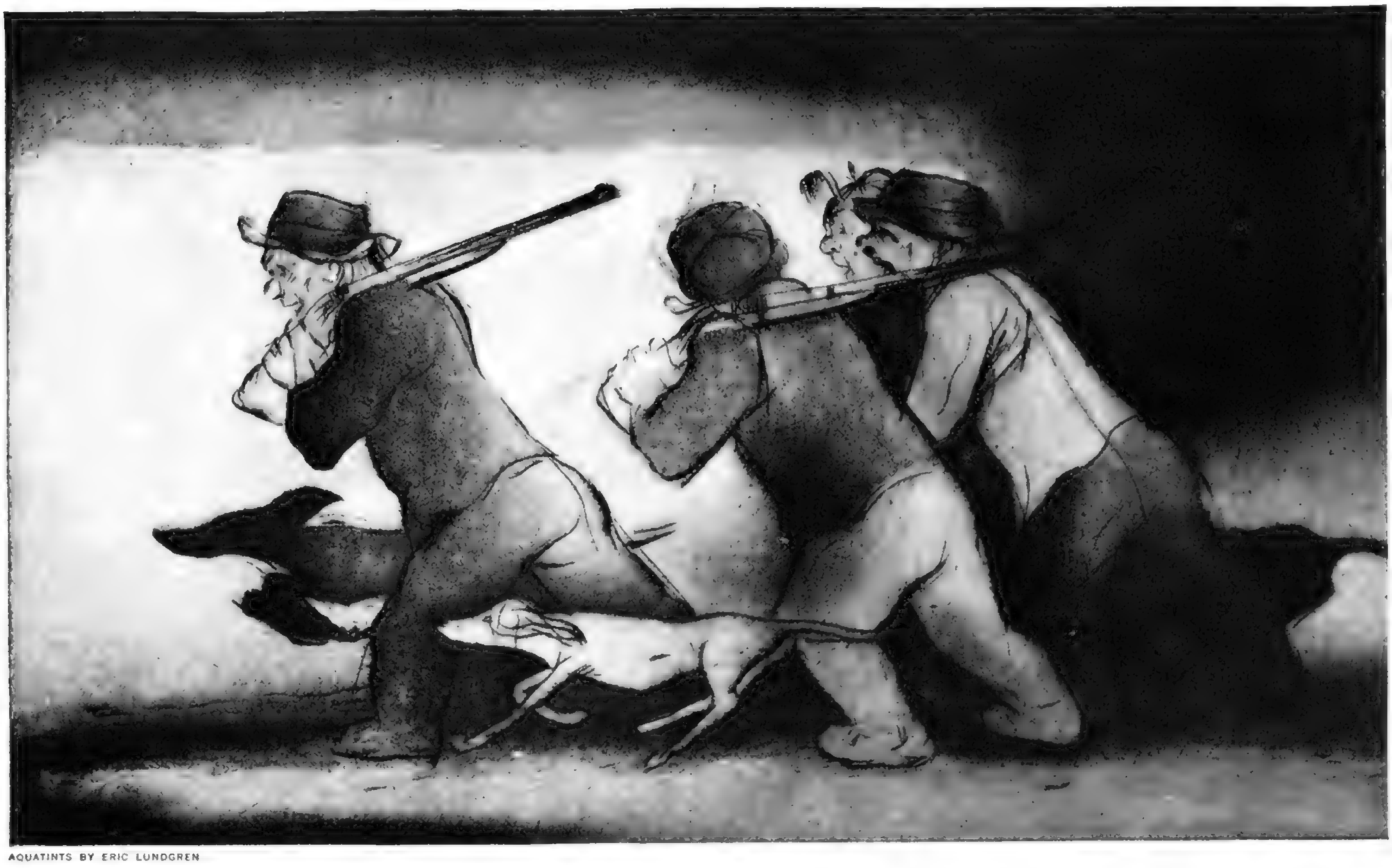
"Another starling," I says—"I'll get him."

I press the butt of the rifle against my shoulder. I line the sights on the tiny bulk of black in the top of the locust tree. I steady myself squeeze the trigger gently when the sights are in true line with the bird—"spick," goes the rifle. The bird tumbles from the tree to the ground.

"Got 'em," I says.

"The best shot you ever made," says Uncle

Continued on page 214



AQUATINTS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

Blues Are the Negroes' Lament

Slaves found release singing songs of sorrow, mixed with humor, and all of the songs had a spiritual power

by E. SIMMS CAMPBELL

• ARTICLE •

FIRST off, let me say that I am no musical critic, neither do I look upon myself as a fumbling layman—appreciating the Blues form in American music from the pew of an enthusiastic but incoherent follower of Le Jazz Hot, that strange hybrid that has ripened in France under the aegis of Monsieur Hugues Panassie, who has an ear to the ground as well as an ear for Le Jazz Hot. Not that M. Panassie is insincere, neither are "jitterbugs" insincere, but an intellectual approach to Blues that borders on the ridiculous with the attendant erudite mumbo-jumbo, is doing one of the purest forms of American music much more harm than good.

It is not necessary to form a cult, to read hidden meanings and mystical expressions as well as pretentious symbolism into something as elemental as Blues.

Books, essays and reams of scholarly European treatises have been written extolling Jazz, the Blues and all of the music that American Negroes have written and played—and it can only be forgiven because of the grossest ignorance on the part of intellectuals who delight in faddism.

There was in this country a "Negro Renaissance" as they called it—when every Negro who was literate was looked upon as a "find." New York in 1925 and '26 was the hotbed of Intellectual Parties where Negroes who were in the theatre were looked upon as social plums, and the dumbest and most illiterate were fawned over by Park Avenue—Negro Art had arrived—African Art Negro music—with Carl Van Vechten, recently turned candid camera addict, as its Jehovah. I know what I am talking about because I attended many of these parties and the "Intellectual stink" could have been cut with a knife—a dull knife.

The Blues are simple, elemental—they have the profound depths of feeling that is found in any race that has known slavery and the American Negro is no stranger to suffering. Out of the work songs and Spirituals that they sang sprang this melancholic note—rising in a higher key because of its very intensity and enveloping the Spirituals because of its very earthiness.

One cannot continually ride in chariots to God when the impact of slavery is so ever-present and real.

"Some day ah'm gonna lay down dis heavy load—gonna grab me a train, gonna clam aboh'd—gonna go up No'th, gonna ease mah pain—Yessuh Lord, gonna catch dat train"—this isn't mystical. It was the cry of a human being under the lash of slavery—of doubts—of fears—the tearing apart of families—the caprices of plantation owners—these hardships of slavery all fusing themselves together to burn into the Negro this blue flame of misery.

And yet it was never a wail, but a steady throbbing undertone of hope. "Times is bad but dey won't be bad always" is the lyric carried in a score of Blues songs—times are tough but somehow, somewhere, they'll get better.

"Gotta git better 'cause dey cain't git w'us"—Stevedores sweating on the levee, chain gangs in Georgia, cotton pickers in Tennessee, sugar cane workers in Louisiana, field hands in Texas, all bending beneath the heel of Southern white aristocracy, the beautiful "befo de wah" south of the crinoline days.

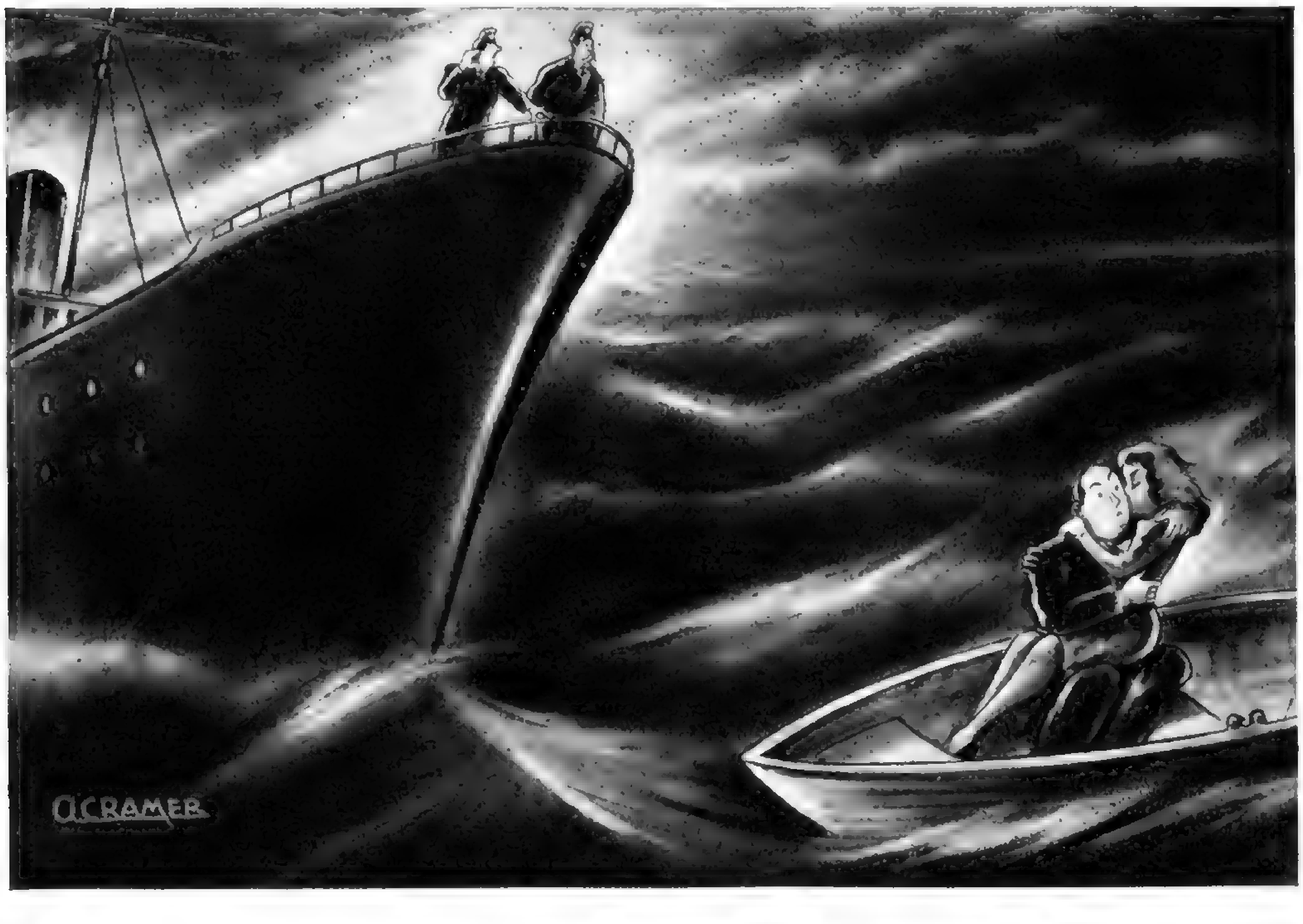
One might as well be realistic about slavery. The South was as cruel as any Caesar to its slaves—and many slaves were as vindictive as any Richelieu to their masters, but both sides have profited. Without pain and suffering there would have been no Blues and without an understanding white America there would have been no expression for them. And now—what are the Blues and into what category of music do they fit? They are not Spirituals and they are not Work songs nor do they fit into the pattern proscribed by many musical critics as folk music in a lighter vein.

To me—they are filled with the deepest emotions of a race, they are songs of sorrow charged with satire, with that potent quality of ironic verse clothed in the raiment of the buffoon. They were more than releases, temporary releases from servitude. The Blues were the gateway to freedom for all American Negroes. In song, the Negro expressed his true feelings, his hopes, aspirations and ideals, and illiterate though many of them were, there was a spiritual and ennobling quality to all of the music. True, many of the Blues lyrics are downright vulgar and the suggestive quality has crept in with the passing years, understandable enough when you realize that many audiences, both white and colored, wished to find those meanings in them. As paid entertainers, Negroes were only catering to popular taste and the taste of the American public in the mauve decade was decidedly that of a slumming party toward any reception of Blues.

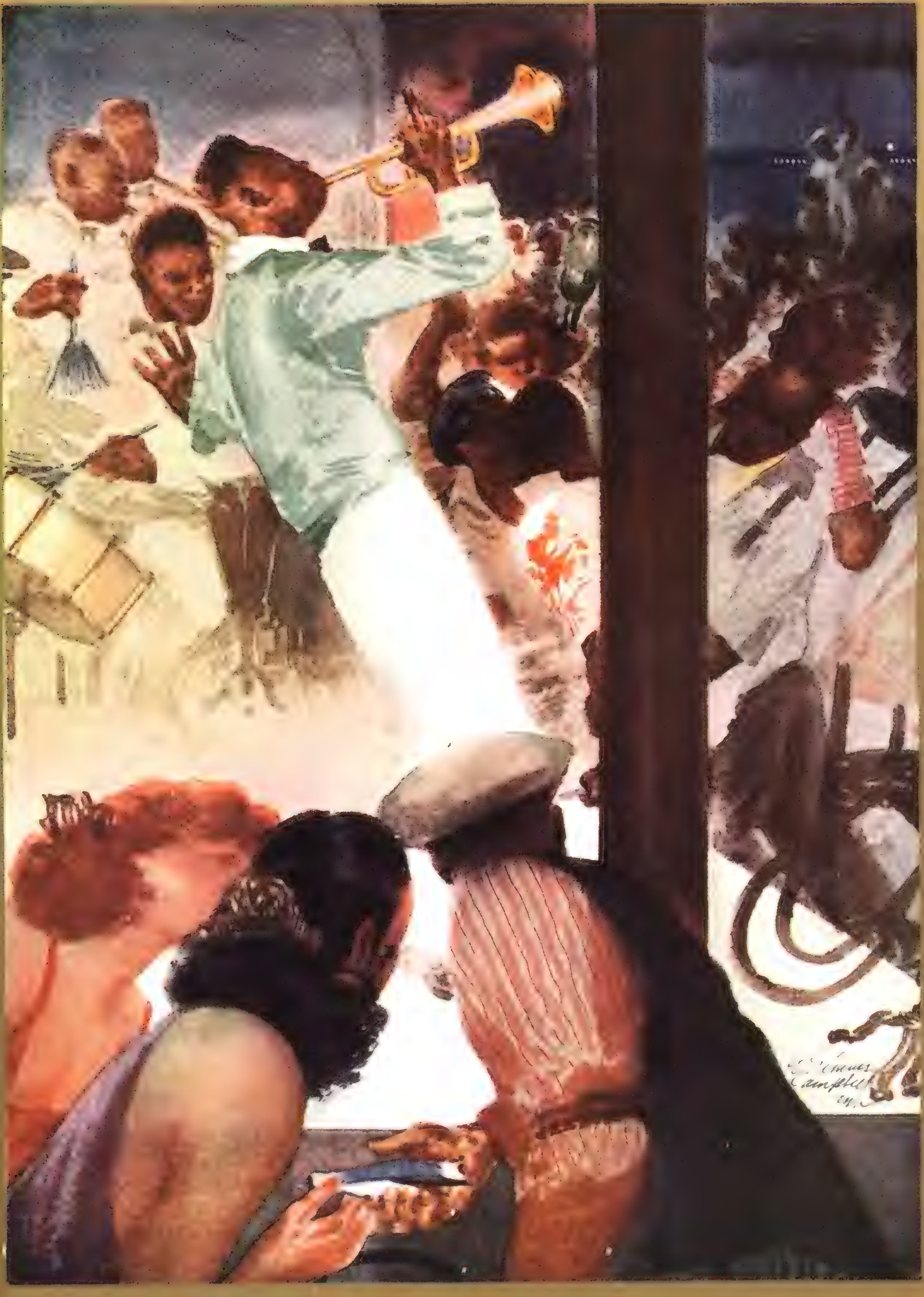
They did not wish to hear lamentations in any form, they wanted something "hot"—knowing nothing of Blues other than that they were "dirty"—they received what they expected. As court jester, the Negro had long since learned that his very existence depended upon his ability to please the white man. One was either a "good nigger," who acquiesced to the wishes of the plantation owner or overseer and lived, or a "bad nigger," one who had decided ideas about what he would or wouldn't do—and who usually died.

This heritage and birthright of fear ground into the smallest Negro child a chameleon attitude toward life, and Negro musicians

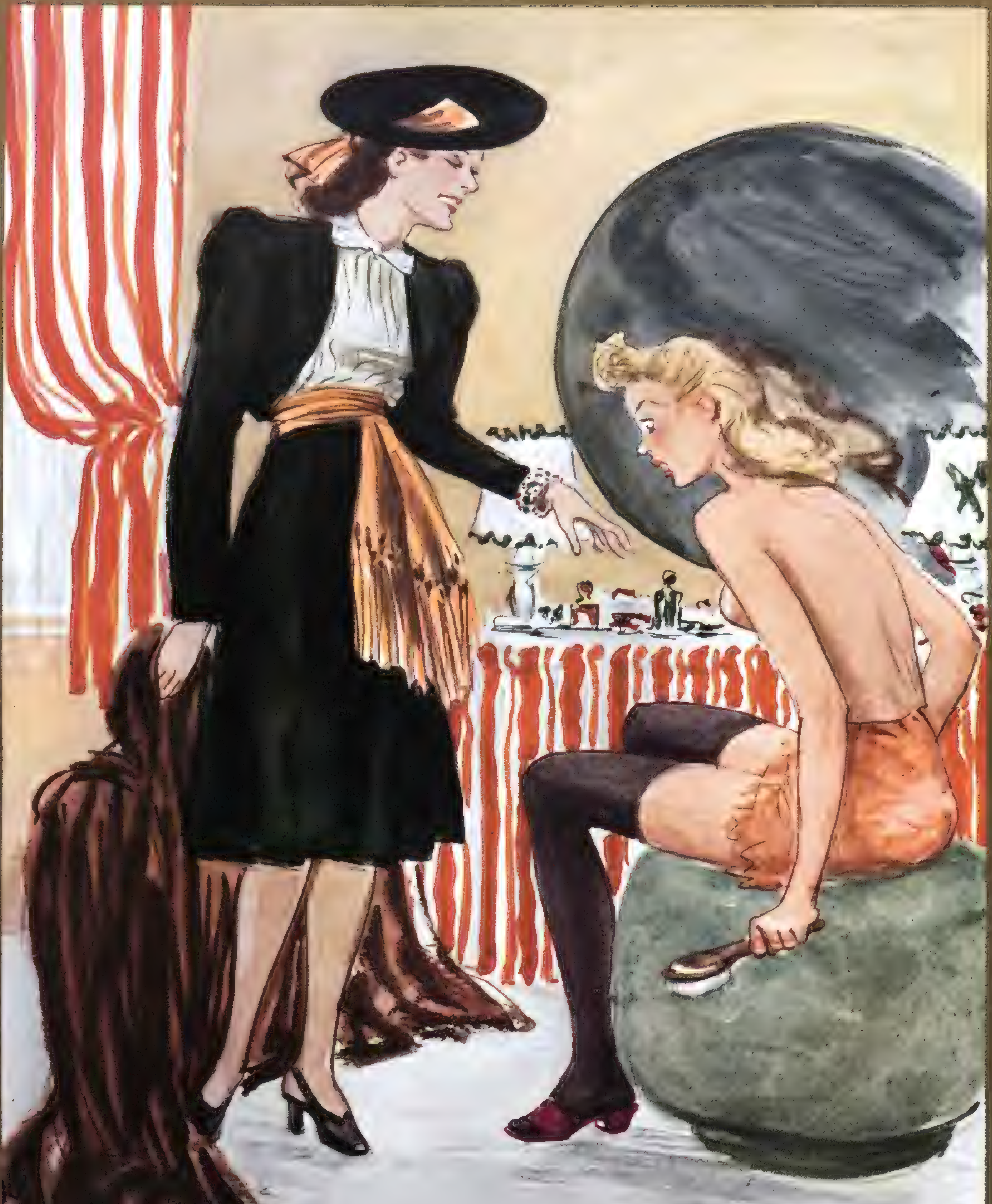
Continued on page 276



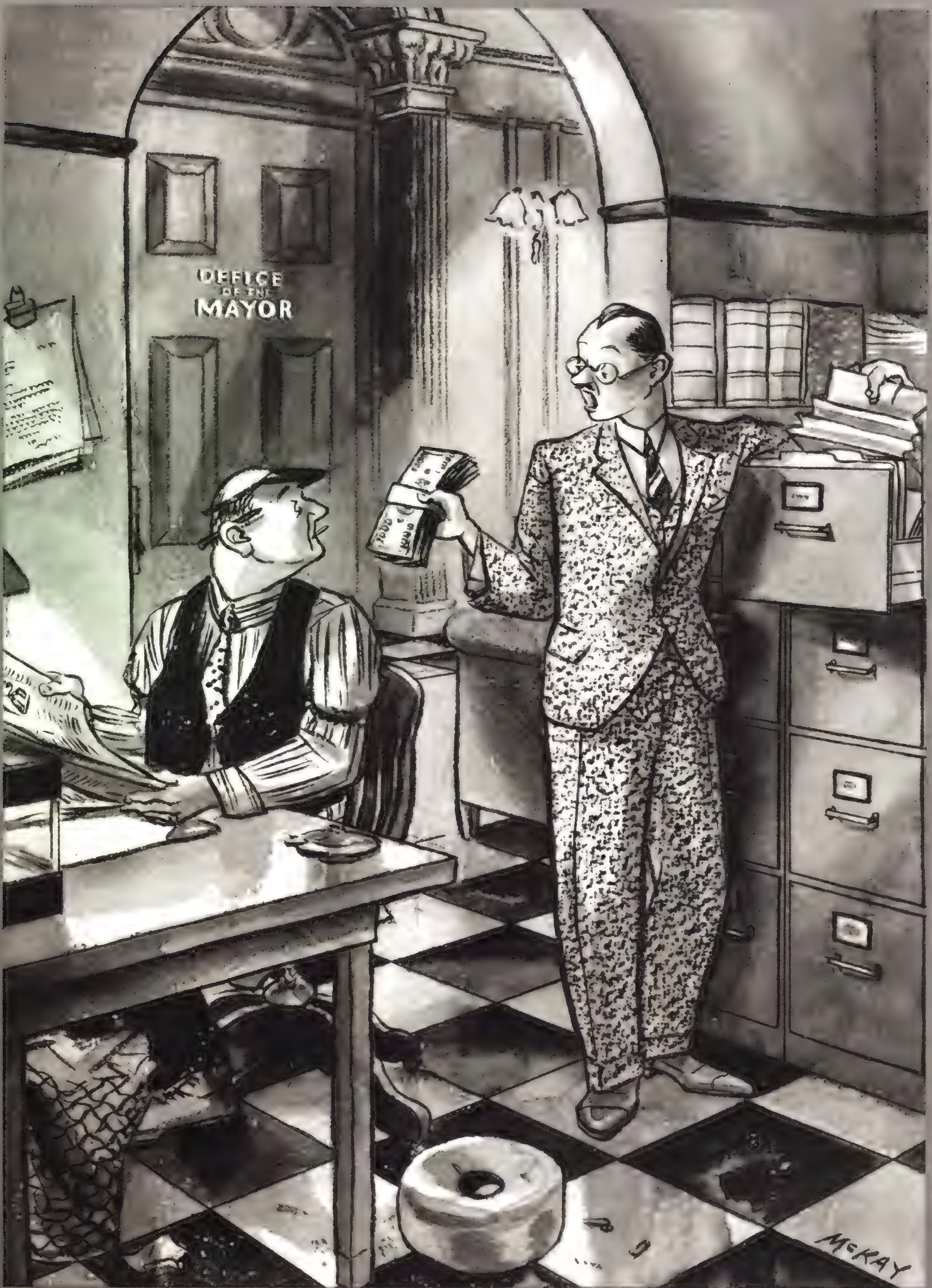
"I hate to tell 'em they're saved"



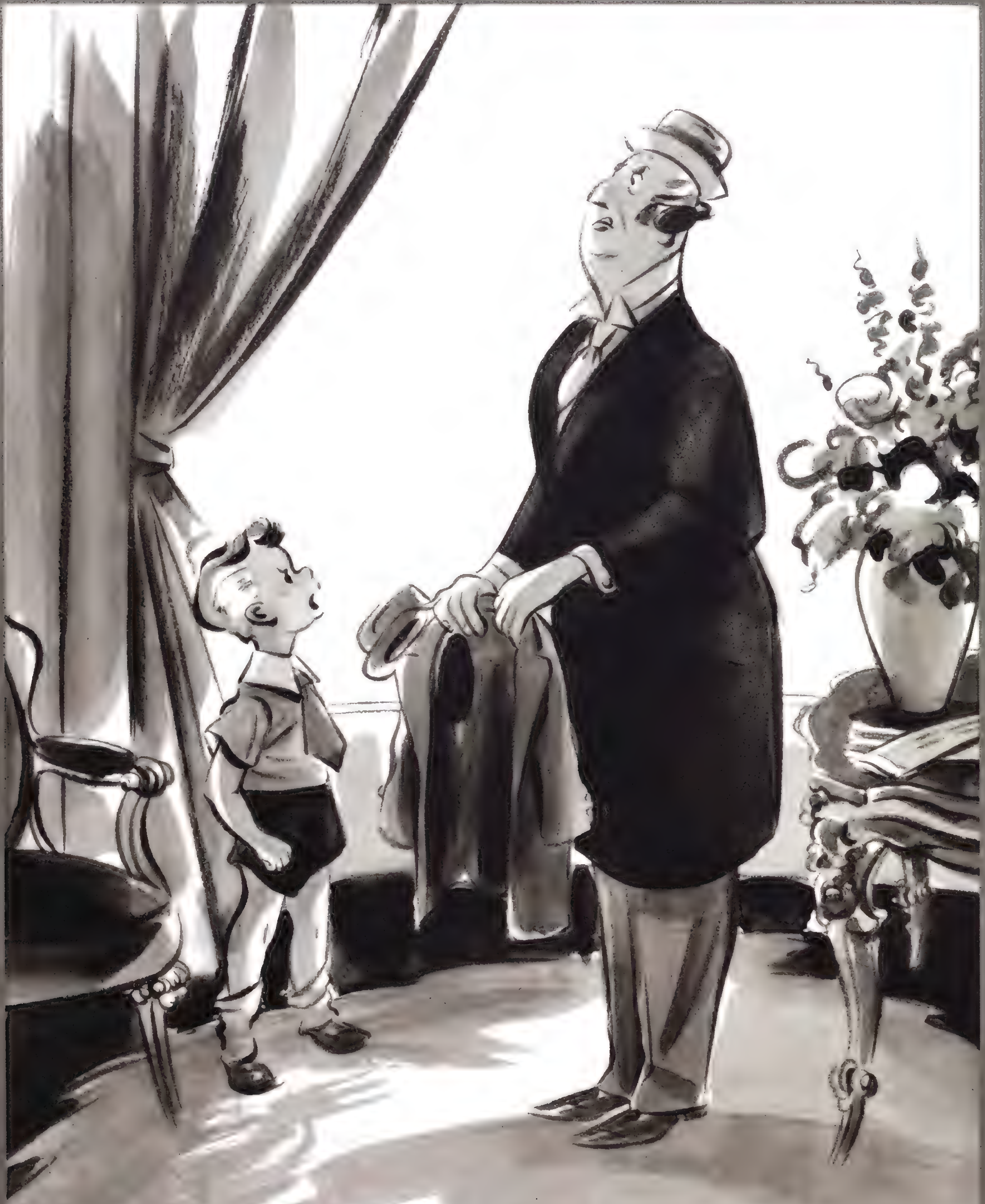
Simms
Campbell



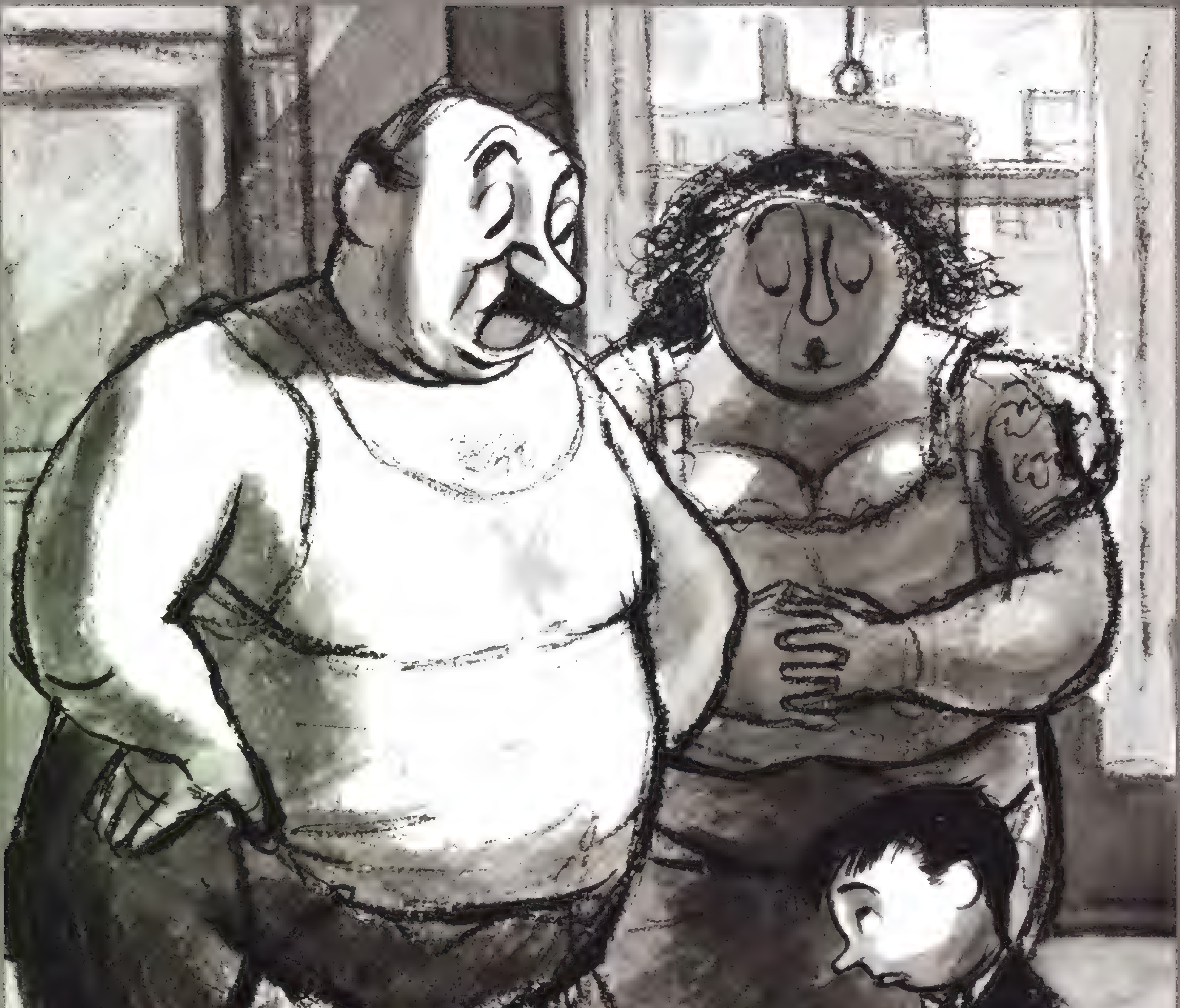
"Look what the boss bought me while I was helping him pick out a washing machine for his wife's Christmas present"


OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
McKAY

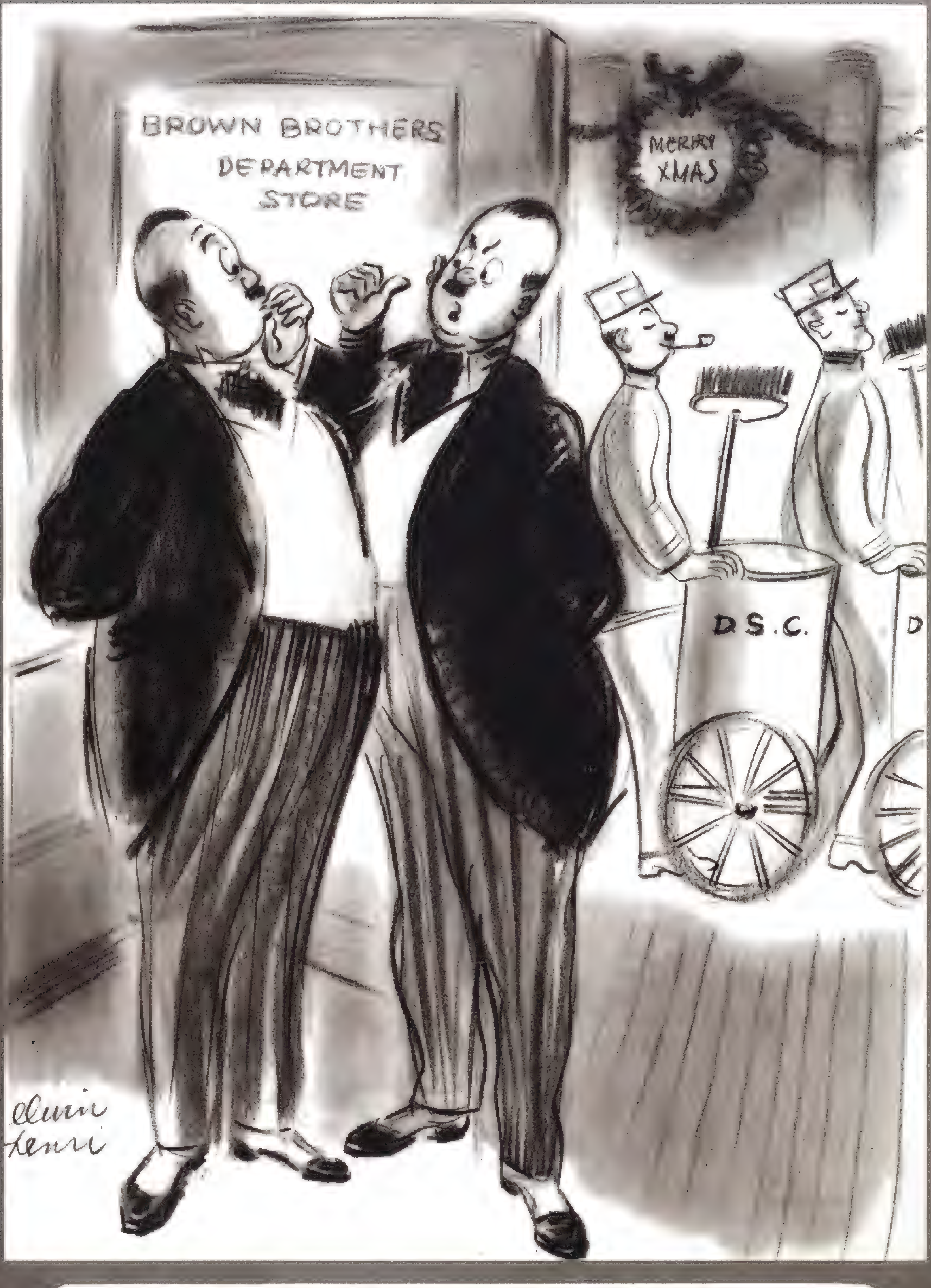
"Know anything about this fifty thousand dollars the Mayor has filed under 'Gravy'?"



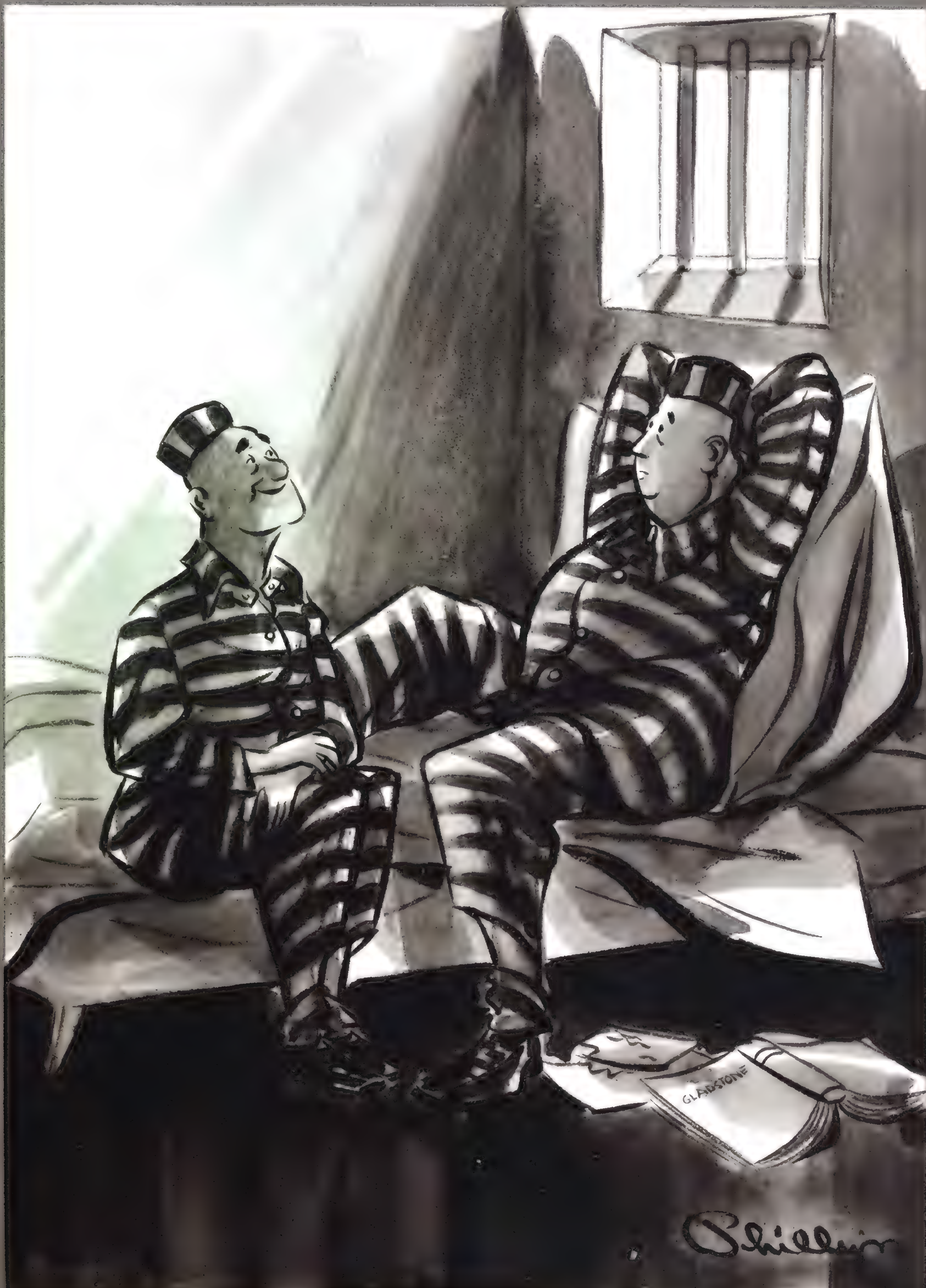
"Never mind taking me to Wanamaker's, Jeeves—if
Santa Claus wants to see me let him come up here"


DAISEY
Richter

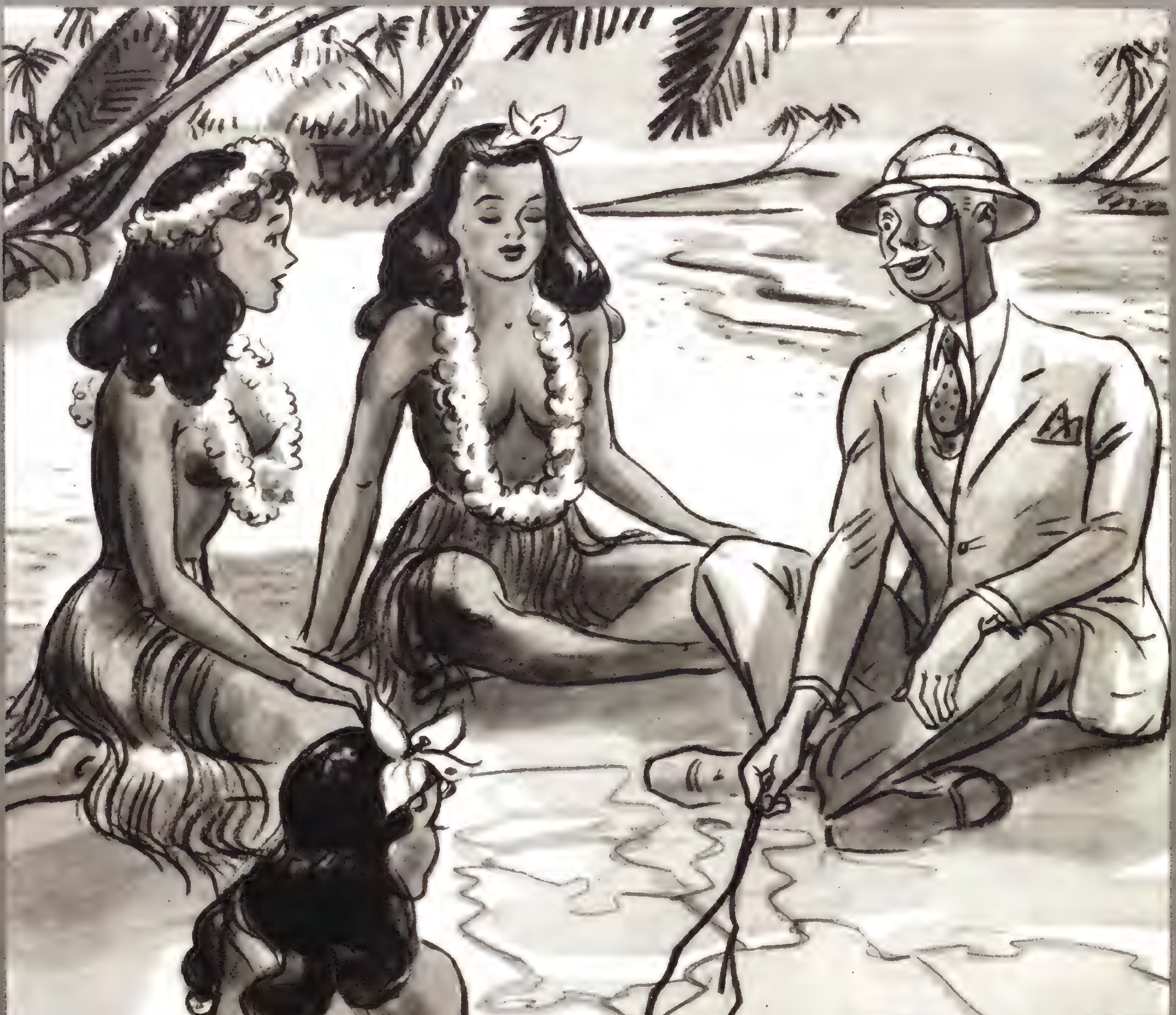
"Look at him! He bought it retail!"


BROWN BROTHERS
DEPARTMENT
STORE
MERRY
XMAS
D.S.C.
D
Alvin
Henri

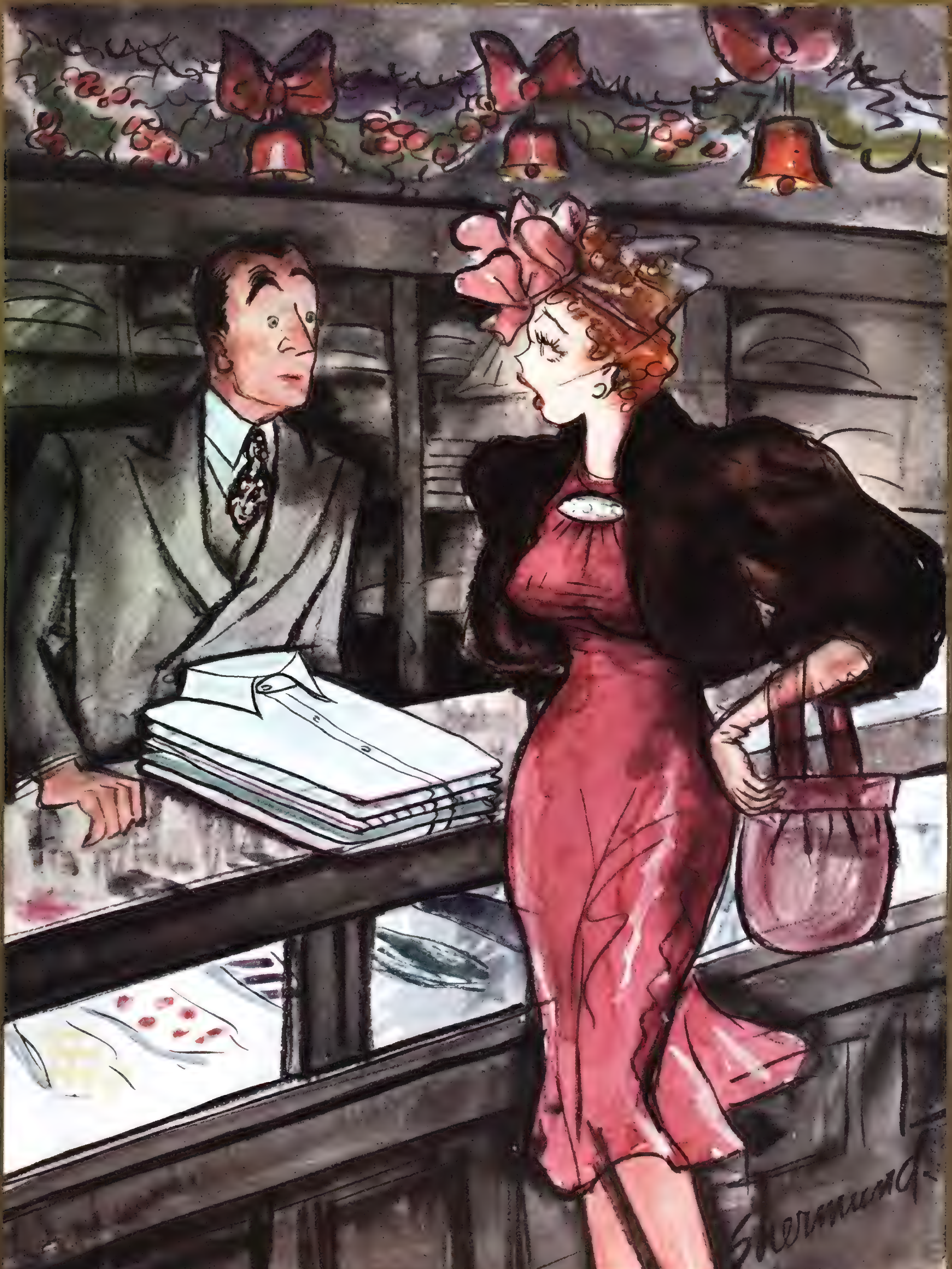
"I warned you this realistic touch would cause trouble—having reindeer in the store"


GLADSTONE
Phillips

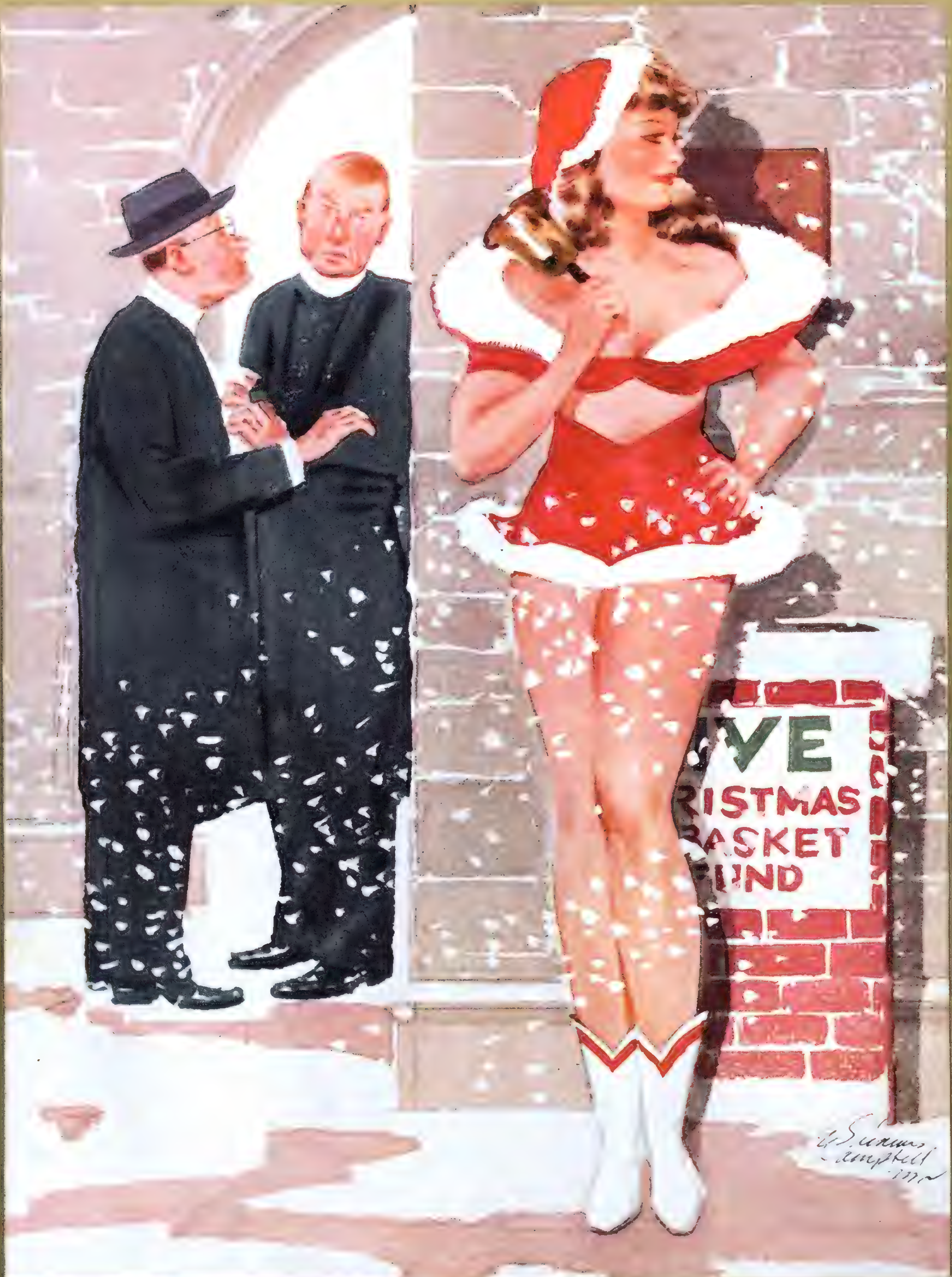
"The warden promised me a new suit for Christmas—one with pin stripes"



"Now, should they attack our empire here, we will send our planes across the channel"



"If you were my husband, what would you want?"


VE
RISTMAS
ASKET
UND
E. Simms Campbell

"Personally I'm willing to close my eyes to Rev. Thornton's methods —after all, the basket fund has already doubled last year's record"

The Lost Decade

Orrison had been out with all sorts but he couldn't make out this guy who had "been away" for ten years

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

ALL SORTS of people came into the offices of the news-weekly and Orrison Brown had all sorts of relations with them. Outside of office hours he was "one of the editors"—during work time he was simply a curly-haired man who a year before had edited the Dartmouth *Jack-a-Lantern* and was now only too glad to take the undesirable assignments around the office, from straightening out illegible copy to playing call boy without the title.

He had seen this visitor go into the editor's office—a pale, tall man of forty with blond statuesque hair and a manner that was neither shy, nor timid, nor otherworldly like a monk, but something of all three. The name on his card, Louis Trimble, evoked some vague memory, but having nothing to start on Orrison did not puzzle over it—until a buzzer sounded on his desk, and previous experience warned him that Mr. Trimble was to be his first course at lunch.

"Mr. Trimble—Mr. Brown," said the Source of all luncheon money. "Orrison—Mr. Trimble's been away a long time. Or he *feels* it's a long time—almost twelve years. Some people would consider themselves lucky to've missed the last decade."

"That's so," said Orrison.

"I can't lunch today," continued his chief. "Take him to Voisins or 21 or anywhere he'd like. Mr. Trimble feels there're lots of things he hasn't seen."

Trimble demurred politely.

"Oh, I can get around."

"I know it, old boy. Nobody knew this place like you did once—and if Brown tries to explain the horseless carriage just send him back here to me. And you'll be back yourself by four, won't you?"

Orrison got his hat.

"You've been away ten years?" he asked while they went down in the elevator.

"They'd begun the Empire State Building," said Trimble. "What does that add up to?"

"About 1928. But as the chief said, you've been lucky to miss a lot." As a feeler he added, "Probably had more interesting things to look at."

"Can't say I have."

They reached the street and the way Trimble's face tightened at the roar of traffic made Orrison take one more guess.

"You've been out of civilization?"

"In a sense." The words were spoken in such a measured way that Orrison concluded this man wouldn't talk unless he wanted to—and simultaneously wondered if he could have possibly spent the thirties in a prison or an insane asylum.

"This is the famous 21," he said. "Do you think you'd rather eat somewhere else?"

Trimble paused, looking carefully at the brownstone house.

"I can remember when the name 21 got to be famous," he said, "about the same year as Moriarity's." Then he continued almost apologetically, "I thought we might walk up Fifth Avenue about five minutes and eat wherever we happened to be. Some place with young people to look at."

Orrison gave him a quick glance and once again thought of bars and grey walls and bars; he wondered if his duties included introducing Mr. Trimble to complaisant girls. But Mr. Trimble didn't look as if that was in his mind—the dominant expression was of absolute and deepseated curiosity and Orrison attempted to connect the name with Admiral Byrd's hideout at the South Pole or flyers lost in Brazilian jungles. He was, or he had been quite a fellow—that was obvious. But the only definite clue to his environment—and to Orrison the clue that led nowhere—was his countryman's obedience to the traffic lights and his predilection for walking on the side next to the shops and not the street. Once he stopped and gazed into a haberdasher's window.

"Crêpe ties," he said. "I haven't seen one since I left college."

"Where'd you go?"

"Massachusetts Tech."

"Great place."

"I'm going to take a look at it next week. Let's eat somewhere along here—" They were in the upper Fifties. "—you choose."

There was a good restaurant with a little awning just around the corner.

"What do you want to see most?" Orrison asked, as they sat down.

Trimble considered.

"Well—the back of people's heads," he suggested. "Their necks—how their heads are joined to their bodies. I'd like to hear what those two little girls are saying to their father. Not exactly what they're saying but whether the words float or submerge, how their mouths shut when they've finished speaking. Just a matter of rhythm—Cole Porter came back to the States in 1928 because he felt that there were new rhythms around."

Orrison was sure he had his clue now, and with nice delicacy did not pursue it by a millimeter—even suppressing a sudden desire to say there was a fine concert in Carnegie Hall tonight.

"The weight of spoons," said Trimble, "so light. A little bowl with a stick attached. The cast in that waiter's eye. I knew him once but he wouldn't remember me."

But as they left the restaurant the same waiter looked at Trimble rather puzzled as if he almost knew him. When they were outside Orrison laughed:

"After ten years people will forget."

"Oh, I had dinner there last May—" He

Continued on top of page 228

"The cleaners are having a terrible time with my beard!"

Goodbye to Good Manners

Of small-time boors who bully their wives and dependents, and of those strange bedfellows of Ezra Pound's

by PAUL HYDE BONNER

• ARTICLE •

"They will come no more
The old men with beautiful manners."

Thus writes Mr. Ezra Pound, but I would prefer to think that he is unduly discouraged. Not that there isn't ample provocation for the thought. Even good manners, let alone beautiful ones, are rare enough these days, particularly among the men in the larger urban centers, where they seem to live in a constant state of fear of being taken for sissies. They are forever adopting unnecessary measures to assert their independence, as if someone were accusing them of being henpecked or effeminate. The result is the decline of chivalry, the sunset of gallantry, and the twilight of good manners.

I speak, mind you, only of the men, for they are the chief offenders, and besides, I would not vitiate my own comments by having the bad grace to criticize the manners of what is still a pretty fair sex.

Manners are external behavior in social intercourse, designed to smooth the rough irritants inevitable in herd living. Their bases are tolerance, sufferance, unselfishness, and respect. They are not, as some men seem to think, indications of spineless abasement. There is a wide canyon that divides good manners from obsequiousness, and no man need fear that the dignity of the one will be mistaken for the humble pie of the other.

ETCHING BY WILLIAM SHARP

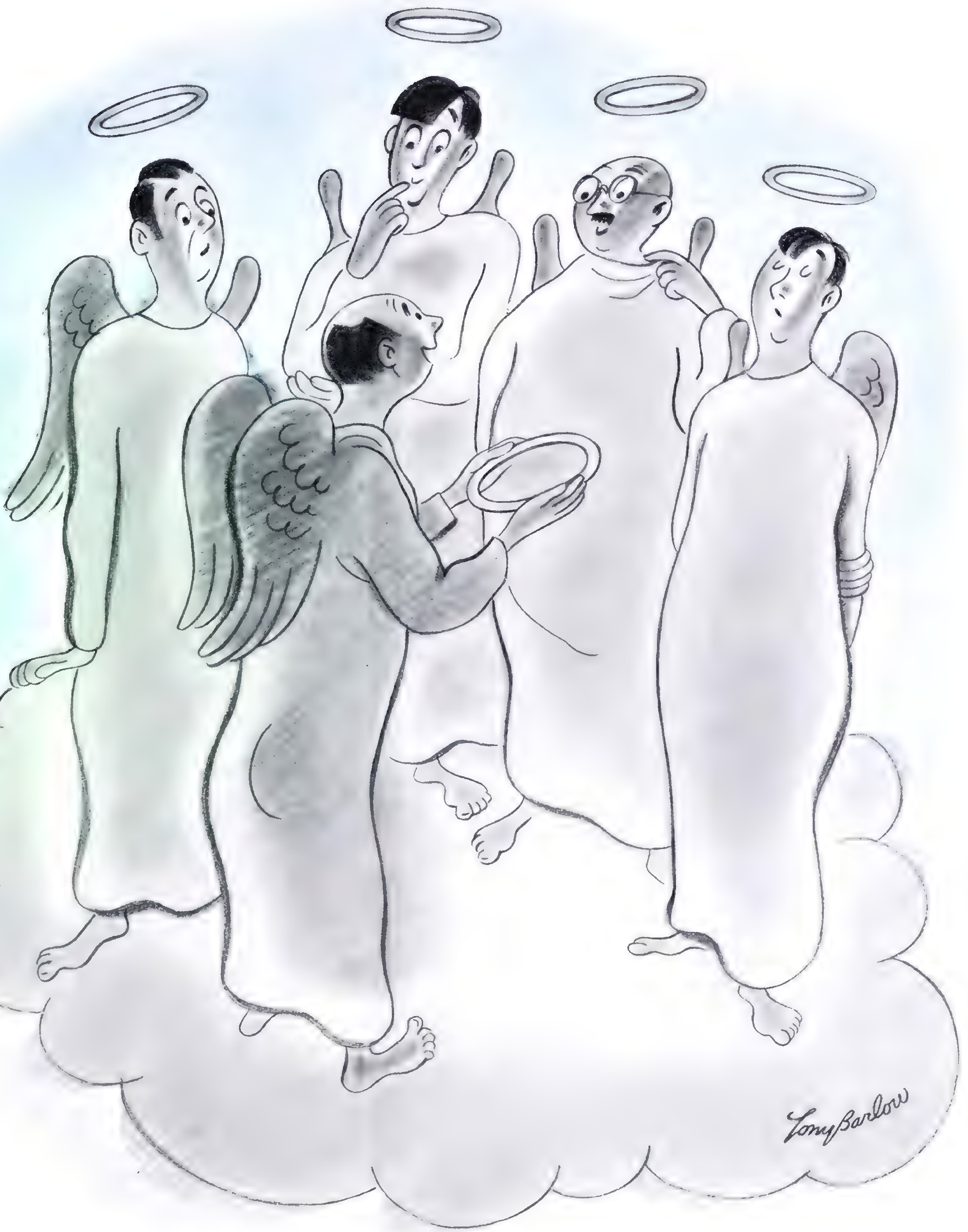
Let us examine a few of the current offenders. The fellow who deserves the opening and loudest raspberry is the one whose manners are faultless towards the world at large, but boorish when the door of the connubial chamber is closed and he finds himself alone with his wife. He is the poseur with the false front, the opportunist whose integrity measures minus ten degrees. For if his manners sprang from an instinctive source, they would not differentiate between freemen and dependents. Because he is the provider, and his wife was sincere enough to agree gladly to love, honor, and obey, he takes advantage of her position to treat her with a lack of consideration he would not accord his dog.

I knew one of these once, a big, handsome fellow who was always bowing from the waist, jumping up to light cigarettes, offering his arm to every woman who stepped off a curb. He was married to an intelligent and tidy girl who had undoubtedly fallen in love with his shoulders and his glamorous football past. She lived to learn that he was the sort who short-armed in the scrimmages, when the referee was not looking. She liked to keep her bedroom a place of pink and delicate perfection. She enjoyed nice things and preferred to have them remain nice. But her handsome halfback would come roaring in from the office (via the club bar), throw the lace pillows off her chaise-longue, dump his heavy carcass into its satin depths, and let his dirty shoes sign their black signatures on her neatly folded coverlet. If she protested, the answer was invariably, "What the hell's it for, anyway?" Then, when the hour for retiring came, he would insist on reading the sports page of the evening paper on his side of the bed, while he rattled its pages, puffed at the butt of a cigar, and turned up the shade of the night table light so that, even with her head turned, she found it impossible to sleep.

He was mannerless at home because he was inconsiderate of anyone who was beholden to him. Like another man I know who invariably reads a book at table when he dines alone with his wife. Now reading at breakfast is not only permissible, but preferable. People who chat at breakfast should be exiled to Devil's Island. It is not a repast, but a time for silent reflection. Dinner, on the other hand, is a sacred rite which should not vary because of the mere absence of guests. If ever there is a time during the course of the day when the amenities of social intercourse between a man and his wife should be practiced and polished it is at the evening meal. All complaints, bad news, and criticisms should be left in the library. From the moment when the husband helps his wife into her chair, until he waits for her signal that the meal is over, the talk should be held above the dangerous sea purse of personal, family, or household matters. The doings of the world, or the office, a snappy anecdote, or a juicy bit of gossip will suffice to start the evening on a genial and impersonal plane.

The man who is rude to his wife is usually the same fellow who is rude to waiters and all of his own employees who are not unionized. The fact that he pays gives him delusions of grandeur. I remember once lunching at the Berkeley Grill in London with a countryman of mine and two Englishmen with whom my friend hoped to consummate a rather large piece of business. He was giving the party, and doing it with a good deal of unnecessary flourish. We had barely started on the melon when he waved to a bus boy and ordered two packs of Sobrani cigarettes put on the table. They were promptly brought, opened, and some of them smoked before our host noticed that they were gold tipped. He picked one up, snorted, tossed it into the wine cooler, and roared for the waiter. When that harassed Italian arrived, he pushed both boxes of cigarettes at him and bellowed, "Take those back, I ordered *plain tip!*" An anxious captain, hearing the uproar, swam up to my friend. He was told that his staff were deaf-and-dumb hod-carriers who were not fit to serve decent people. The captain smiled with his head on one side and quietly remarked that the gold-tipped cigarettes had been opened and smoked. "What difference does that make?" my friend exploded, "I ordered plain tip, didn't I?" He appealed to us at the table, but we gave no answer because we neither remembered nor cared. By this time we had attracted the attention of most of the other tables in the room. The two Englishmen kept their eyes on their plates, picking at their food with expressions of extreme discomfort. Not wishing to prolong the scene, the captain gathered the open boxes and ordered our

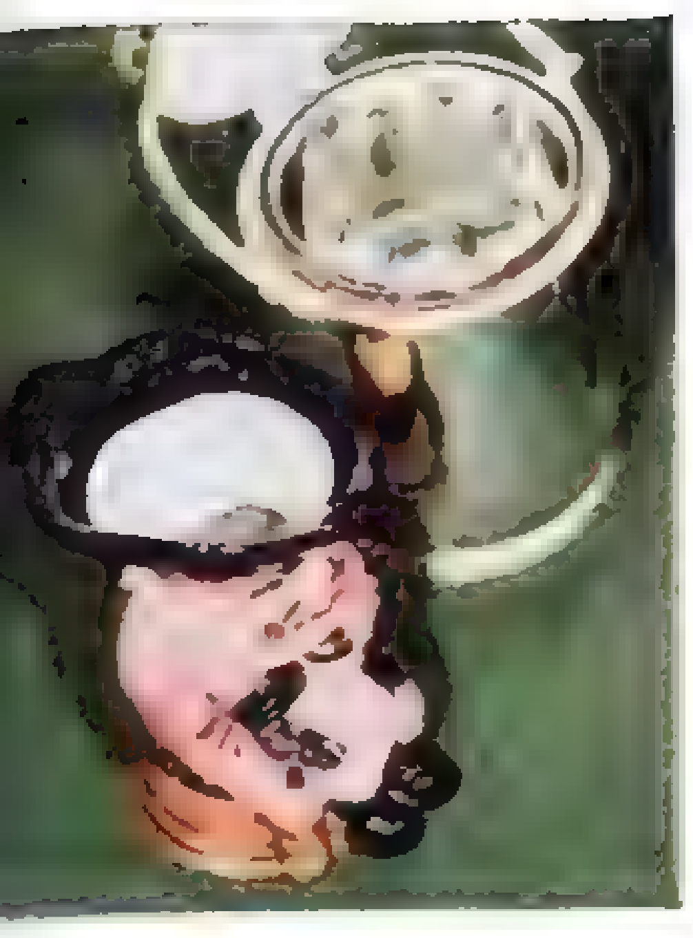
Continued on page 271


Tony Barlow

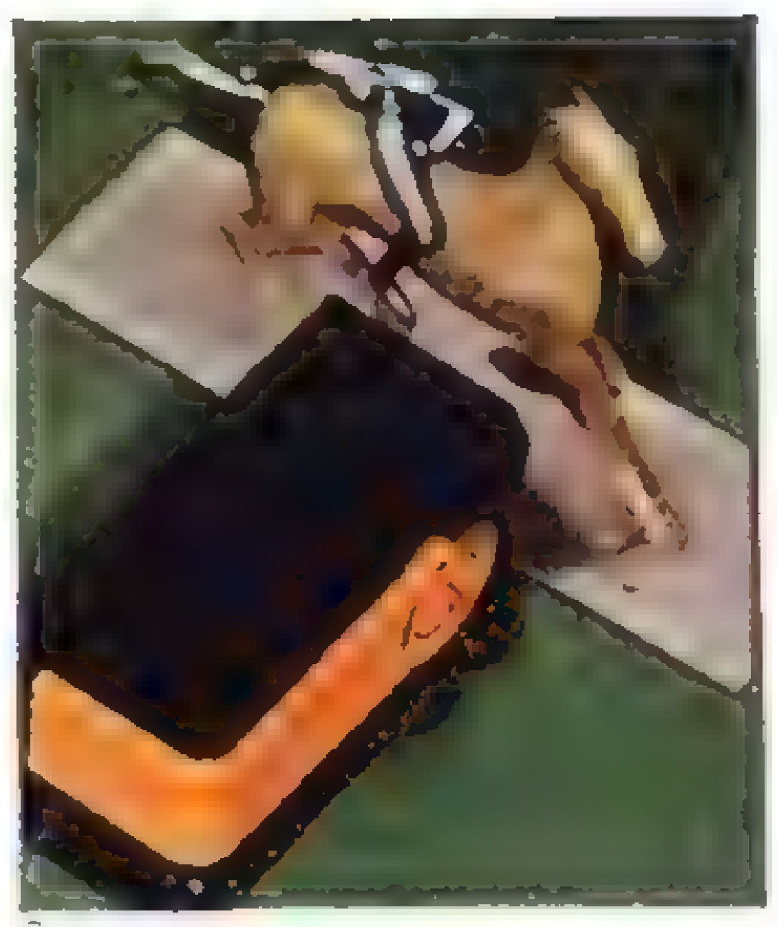
"What do you say to a game of quoits?"

Esquire's Album of Gifts for Christmas Collectors

Although Esquire presents its gift suggestions this Christmas in the form of a stamp album, you don't have to be a philatelist, which is the word the Greeks had for them, to appreciate the convenience of the new order of things. It's a cinch, boys, a cinch. Glimpse through the eight pages hereafter and dare to tell us you can't find something for everybody from Aunt Amanda to Uncle Zeke in that scintillant collection for which we've scoured the World—well, anyway, the last lands of liberty. So, gentlemen (and don't look now, but there may be a lady peeking over your shoulder at this Magazine For Men), no longer are you forced to choose from a bewildering array of the nation's finest. All is now order, with related merchandise occupying its own little square or "stamp." And, so you simply can't go wrong, on the *back* of each stamp is a full description of the articles shown on the face side. Go on—tear them out—paste them in your hat as a shopping guide—we can't stop you. All we have to say is that we had the well-known art and editorial departments sitting up nights figuring this one out for your convenience, and if you can't obtain these articles locally, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City, for information.



2



3

4

5

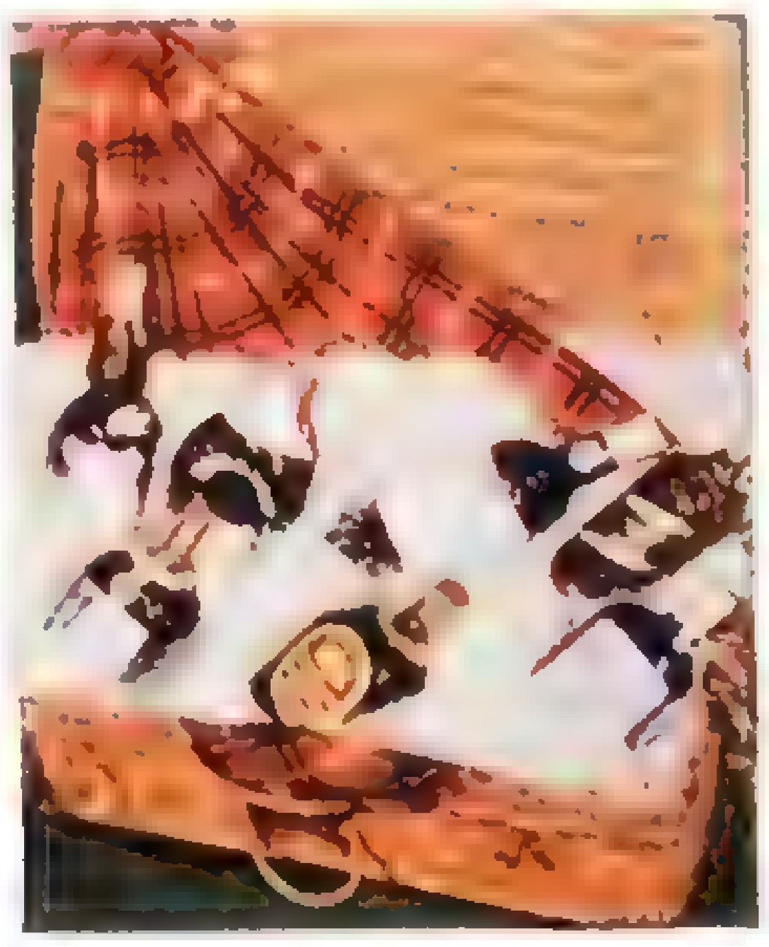
6

8

9

10

11



12

3

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

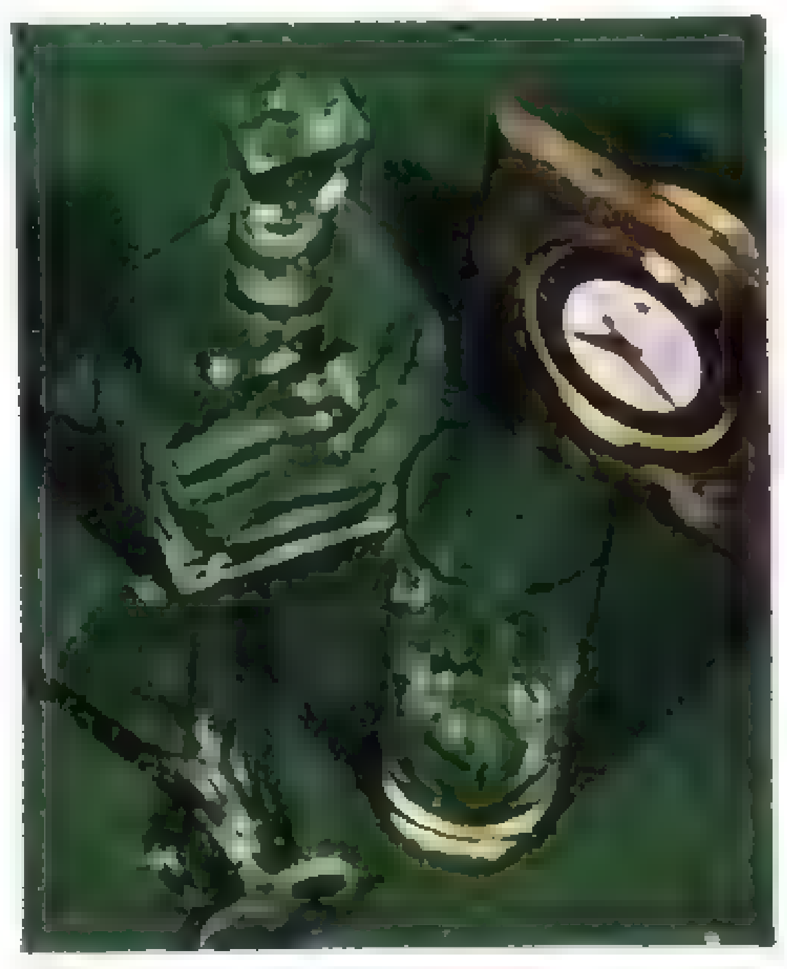
28

29

30

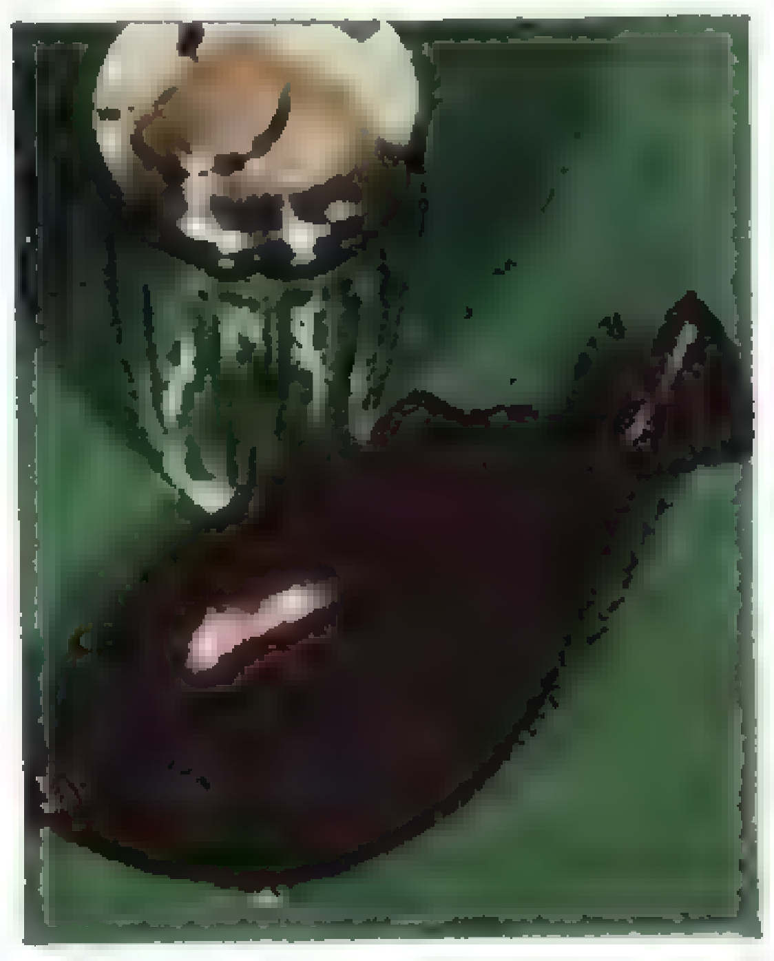
31

32



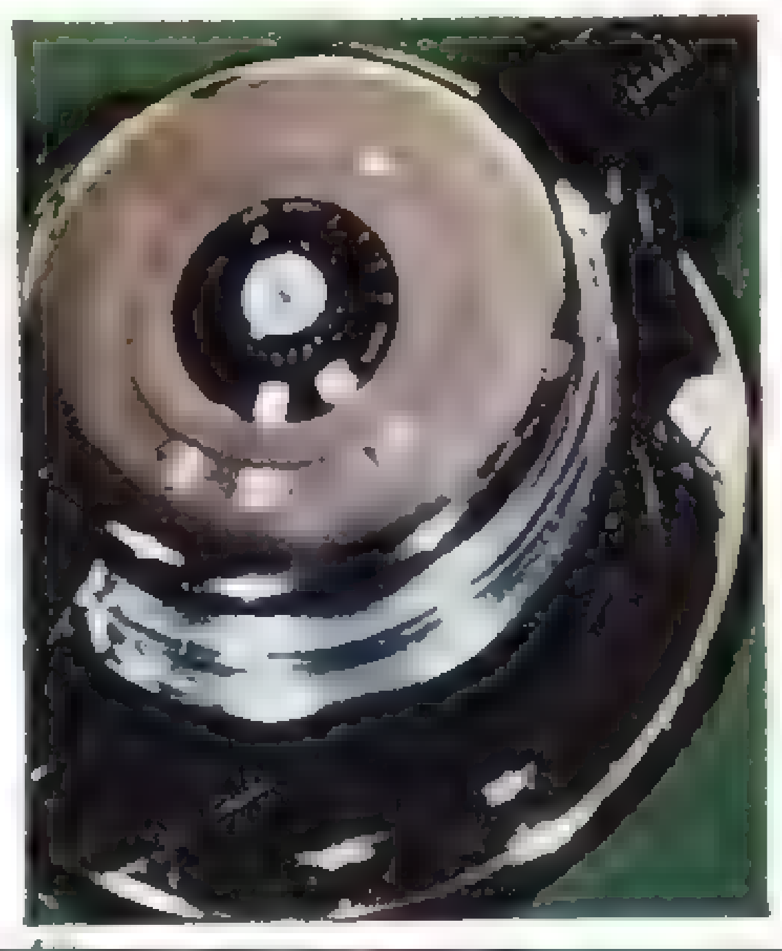
33

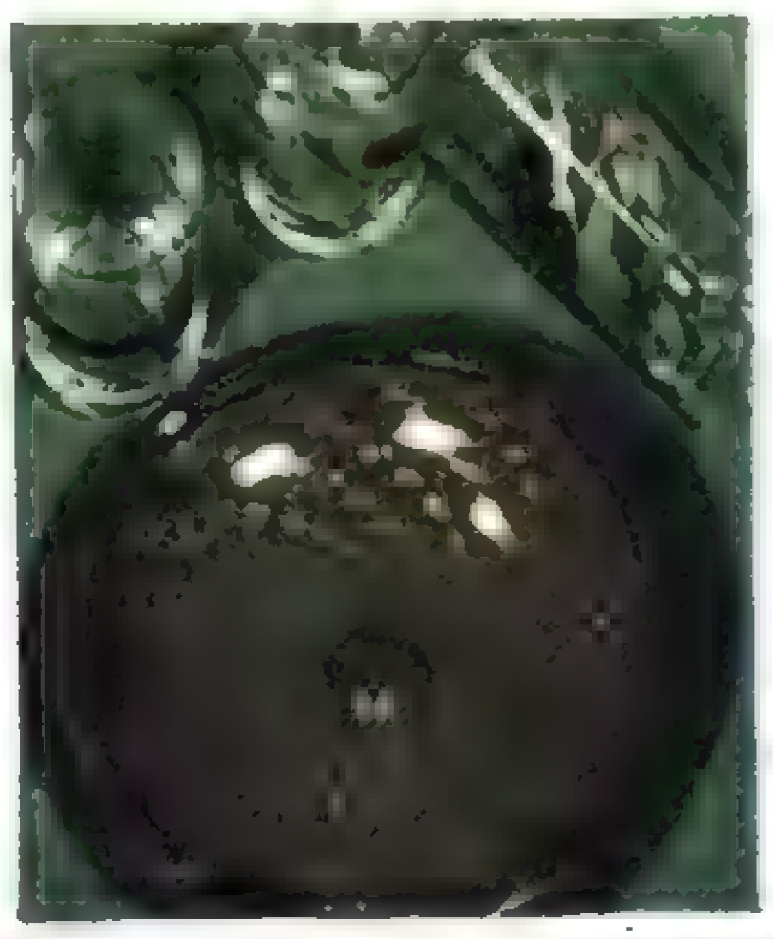
34



35

36





41

42

COLOR PHOTOS BY LEON DE VOS

1. For a merry Christmas and a musical one, a Toby jug which plays "The Campbells are Coming" when it's lifted. The hat has a brim that forms the rim with a lip for pouring festive libations. A chromium vacuum ice tub with attached cover keeps ice cubes fresh and handy.

2. A canvas covered luggage type portable radio. This one is substantially built with a clock type dial, superheterodyne and automatic volume control. No excuse for running short of charged water need ever be made by the owner of the siphon which makes its own bubbly carbonated water.

3. That polo figure in arrested motion is made of brushed chromium, mounted on base of walnut wood and brushed chromium. The work of a Viennese artist, it is perfect for a modern room decoration. The undergraduate gift problem is solved with a radio in appropriate school colors.

4. The International Basket—a fine, cosmopolitan collection. Consists of two French cognacs, one Puerto Rican rum, one Irish whiskey, one warm Jamaican rum, one English sherry, two Canadian whiskies, and one West Indian rum from Martinique, the glamorous land of the Beguine.

5. The Cordial Basket is perfect payment in kind for a generous hostess or host. Consists of Drambuie, Cointreau, Kümmel, Grand Marnier, Crème de Menthe, Benedictine, and Apricot Brandy and Chartreuse. Any of these writes an appropriately elegant finish to festive dinners.

6. The Champagne Basket: recipe for a great celebration. And the gift for that perplexing individual, "the man who has everything." For every great and grand occasion, which makes it a Christmas "natural." A family gift, lover's gift, man-to-man gift, it is full-panoplied elegance corked.

7. Nautical clock of sailcloth with rope binding and hand-painted sailing boat. Added attraction is that it's electric. Fine thought for those boat owners. A chromium thermos muddler cocktail shaker mixes and keeps drinks cool until glasses and guests start calling for replenishing.

8. The miniature fire extinguisher is new in the way of a cocktail shaker. Its 60-ounce capacity is guaranteed to cope with the great thirst. An engraved plate carries humorous instructions for use. An impressive cigarette box of silver plate with four compartments makes a very gallant gift.

9. Good-looking chromium (non-tarnishable) cocktail rack which carries eight crystal glasses and crystal shaker, lowers the breakage risk, and is a great labor saver for the hostess who serves mixed drinks. A handsome and useful gift, for the friends who like a session at home.

10. The Cocktail Basket: the best of Martini mixings. A gift, practical and popular, that shows a nice eye for entertaining problems. Consists of four domestic and one imported gins (all dry), and one bottle of aromatic bitters; with one dry French and a sweet Italian Vermouth. Tops.

11. The Blend Basket: here are popular American whiskey blends for the man who has definite tastes and habits well-formed. Baskets shown are combinations of related liquors and wines. Your own package store can make gift baskets for you, using any of these liquors you may appoint.

12. The Highland Basket is especially suited for the gathering of the clans at Christmas. Seven premium blends of famous Scotch distillers, this "dew of the heather" is all twelve years old or more. There's many a man whose evening highball means a wee drop of one of these whiskies.

13. Sporting motif chinaware for those who go in for table decor. A blue nautical plate that has a wheel and anchor design; yellow sea motif plate, with a shell and fish design; and the white hunt plate with horsehead and hunter's horn. They come in still other pleasing sporting designs.

14. An ice crusher in a sturdy chromium and enamel fits into its own hinge on the wall, thereby never being misplaced. The ideal implement for producing adequate supplies of neatly crushed ice at the moment's notice. The carving set—knife, fork, and sharpener: bone handled.

15. An automatic toaster, attractively finished in durable chrome plate with simple embossing on side panels. The base and control knobs are fashioned of black textolite, and temperature is easily adjusted for the individual taste—light, medium and dark. Operates simply and uniformly.

16. Ye spinning wheel with every stop a lucky bet. Eight frosted glasses and a frosted shaker. A turn of the wheel, and the drink that halts beneath the flag is yours. Of course you might increase the hazards and have more fun by putting water or tomato juice in one of the glasses. Neat.

17. The All-American Basket. Done the American way for American liquor enthusiasts. It is designed to be received with a patriotic joy and heartfelt cheers when unwrapped on Christmas morn. The basket holds two bonded rye whiskies, three bonded Bourbons, and a blended Bourbon.

18. The Scotch Basket: a combination of three eight year olds, all with definite, distinctive flavors, and all imported. Most men are biased where a Scotch is concerned. Ascertain your beneficiary's preferences and be guided thereby. If you give them their favorite, they'll appreciate it.

19. Gazelda suede fashions a picture frame, cigarette box, lighter, and screen-top ash tray. Borders are in a brown pigskin with contrasting silk stitching . . . obtainable in brown, blue-green, green and rust. A particularly appropriate gift for a young married couple just starting out.

20. For those addicted to heavy, sweet after-dinner coffee, a three piece coffee diable set, consisting of a copper bowl and a footed stand, and a silver-plated ladle. It has a handle of ebony. The cocktail and the highball glasses with the golfball base are smartly tipped with greens flags.

21. A freezer cocktail job on a rocker base permits pouring without *lifting . . . The ice container* in the center of the jugs keeps drinks from being diluted with water. A masculine note is the ship's wheel desk clock with mahogany finish case, shining brass spokes; the dial is ivory.

22. Ruby and sapphire are the highball glasses with well-cut crystal *bases; sixteen ounce* capacity. A chromium and glass electric mixer cuts, shreds, liquefies or frappés salad. This has two speeds adaptable to both AC and DC current. Now you can drink your vegetables and all fruits.

23. New design for toast is this chromium shell. A black bakelite base, *and automatic regulator,* adjustable for light or dark. The Jumbo coffee cup and saucer are of Crown Staffordshire porcelain; make a prize gift for confirmed coffee drinkers who usually take two or more cups.

24. The robot bartender: a precision instrument for drink dispensing. *Lifting levers at the bottom* releases liquors in the correct proportions . . . and all according to your own recipes, too. In grouped arrangements or in units. The birdie is pheasant, hand-carved and hand-painted.

25. Imported John Peel jug of English ware. It plays "D'ye ken John Peel?" when you lift for pouring. The Koa wood, hard as mahogany, and magnificently grained, forms the handles for a slicer, sharpener, and a fork of chrome-vanadium steel, which lasts a lifetime—and then some.

26. If you can remember where you put this, you have a chromium jigger to measure with, a corkscrew, bottle-opener, and ice-hammer all in one. The crystal highball glass is decorated with a painted pirate. Coasters are non-tarnishable chromium. Speedometer type dial electric clock.

27. Coffee for six, after dinner. The yacht wheel tray holds gold-lined cups of assorted colors, plus cordial glasses. The center compartment might hold things like cigarettes, or mints, or nuts. The separate compartments make everything pleasant and simple. Newlyweds will like.

28. Contributions from the Chinese. Pewter salad servers with handles of inset carnelian. Three pint ice-tub (Thermos) of light oak banded in copper, with copper handles and cover. It holds about twenty-five or thirty cubes of average size. These two items make excellent presents.

29. Particularly tantalizing tantalus—if you do not know the magic formula . . . the abracadabra that gets it open. No key is needed; it is equipped with a mystery lock. Just push bottle to one side. Sesame! It is open, and there is the liquor. The advantage is that there's no key to lose.

30. The champagne cooler, originally used to cool champagne has been put to many uses: long-stemmed flowers, ice-cubes for ordinary drinks, etc. However, there are still many who use it for its original purpose, and for those we present a cooler like this one, all chromium.

31. The very worried hound dog is of fine pedigree—Royal Copenhagen porcelain. The radio he guards is of butt walnut trimmed with a horizontal band of contrasting inlay. Neatly curved front is constructed of one piece of veneer, with a recess for dials. Key touch tuning.

32. John Jorrocks, he of hunting fame, has come to rest as a colorful wooden doorstop. Hand-carved. The cigarette box of Crown Devon porcelain with hunting scene on top plays "D'ye ken John Peel?" when the cover is lifted. The pack is in full cry on box and matching ashtrays.

33. Crystal decanter, and highball glass in famous wheat pattern. Crystal highball glass shaped like horn. Electric clock of green marblette case with bezel, hands, and decorative lateral lines all made of lacquered gold-colored metal. The timepiece shows a three and a half inch dial face.

34. Pigskin color covered portable radio with a built-in loop antenna, special low drain tubes, clocklike dial, and automatic volume control. That sturdy, stitched carrying handle offers a firm leverage. Here is durable leather of wear resisting quality which should be very welcome.

35. Aquatic denizens have come into their own in the modern decorative scheme. This amber fish, of hand-blown Venini glass is at home out of water, gracing the table or mantel. The cocktail shaker is of fine cut crystal, with a chromium top, and it should please amateur experts.

36. The big red apple has not lost its potency since old school days. Here it turns up as a vacuum ice-tub of an especially enameled aluminum, with gold plate stem and leaf. The carving set and bottle opener and corkscrew all sport whangee handles, something new in the field; and popular.

37. Christmas in Canine department is celebrated with wicker basket, cellophane wrapped, and ribbon bedecked. Your pup's eyes'll surely pop at a non-slip dog buffet, terry cloth pajamas, cat's head toy, the brush with the handle, and the metal comb with coarse and fine teeth. All tops.

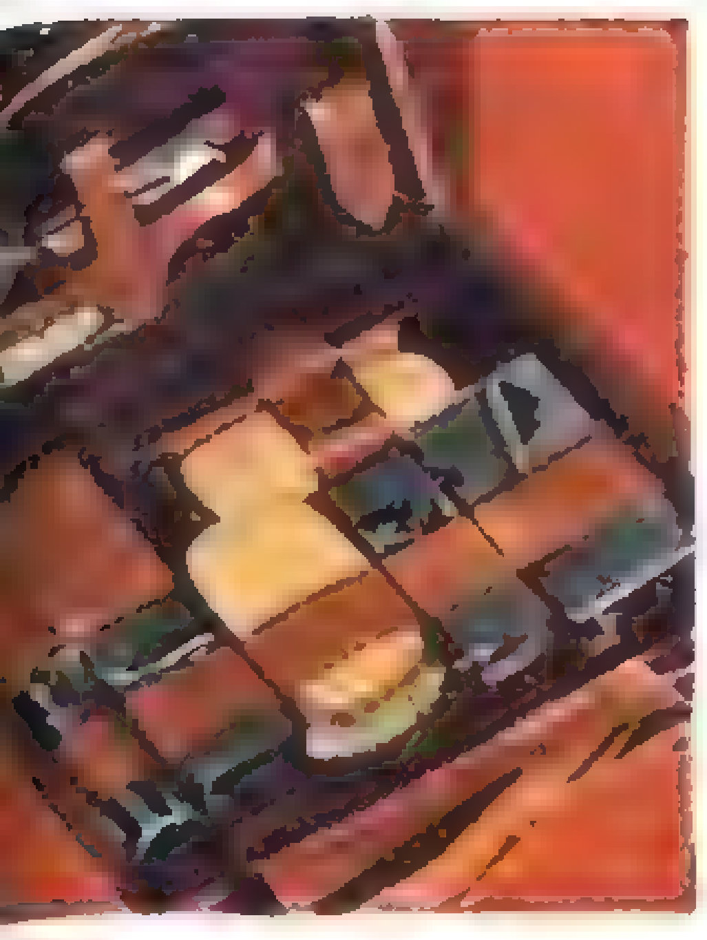
38. Hand wrought Danish sterling silver mixing set in the well-known cactus pattern, consisting of an indispensable jigger, mixing spoon, bottle opener, and canapé fork. Silent butler is for clearing ashtrays in a nice way, and is in a strikingly handsome version here. A useful gift.

39. In the heirloom gift class is a carving set, hand wrought of sterling silver, in acorn pattern. Large size. A carving board of Danish oak is hand carved, the work of a famous artist who has loaned his talent to this utilitarian project and created a work of art that will be appreciated.

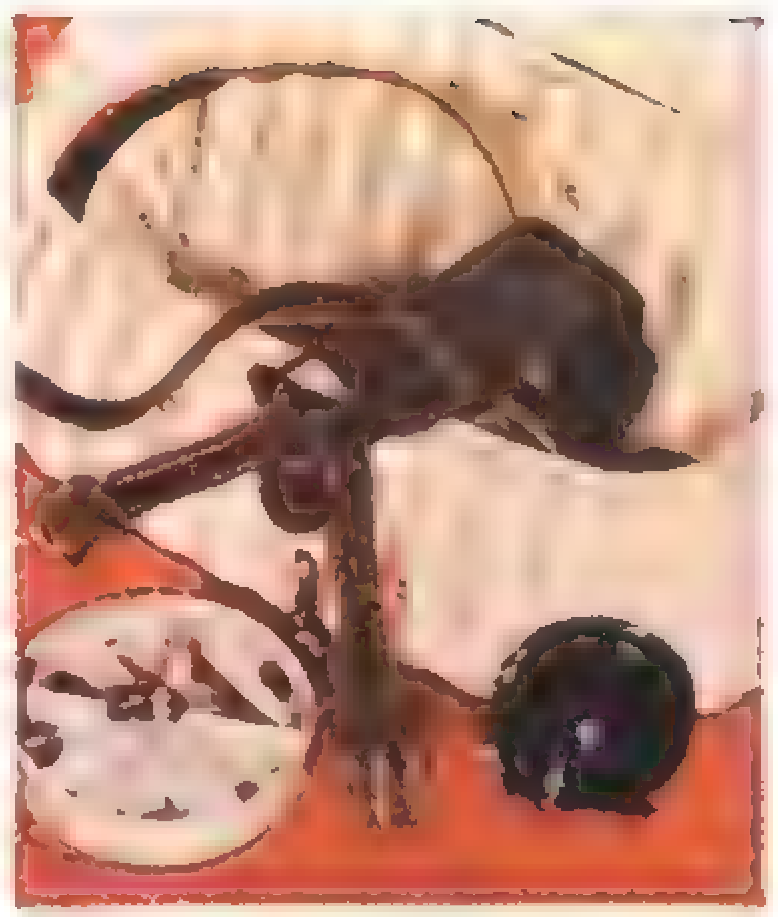
40. For Sunday evening wafflers, an automatic iron which can be set for light or dark waffles. It turns itself off at the crucial moment. This is of heavy chromium plate with copper base, and cooks two waffles at one time, in upper and lower compartments. Waffle-lovers should go for it.

41. Assorted highball glasses with handpainted Audubon bird figures reproduced beautifully on crystal glass. These are authentic representations of the original Audubon series. The oversize glass ashtray will be appreciated by householders who have seen their furniture scorched.

42. A nine-inch bowl for salads cut from one piece of Puerto Rican mahogany. Bands of natural color wood decorate the outside, and it is finished with natural wood on the inside. The wooden salad fork and a knife, although not a part of the bowl, offer a perfect, harmonious complement.



2



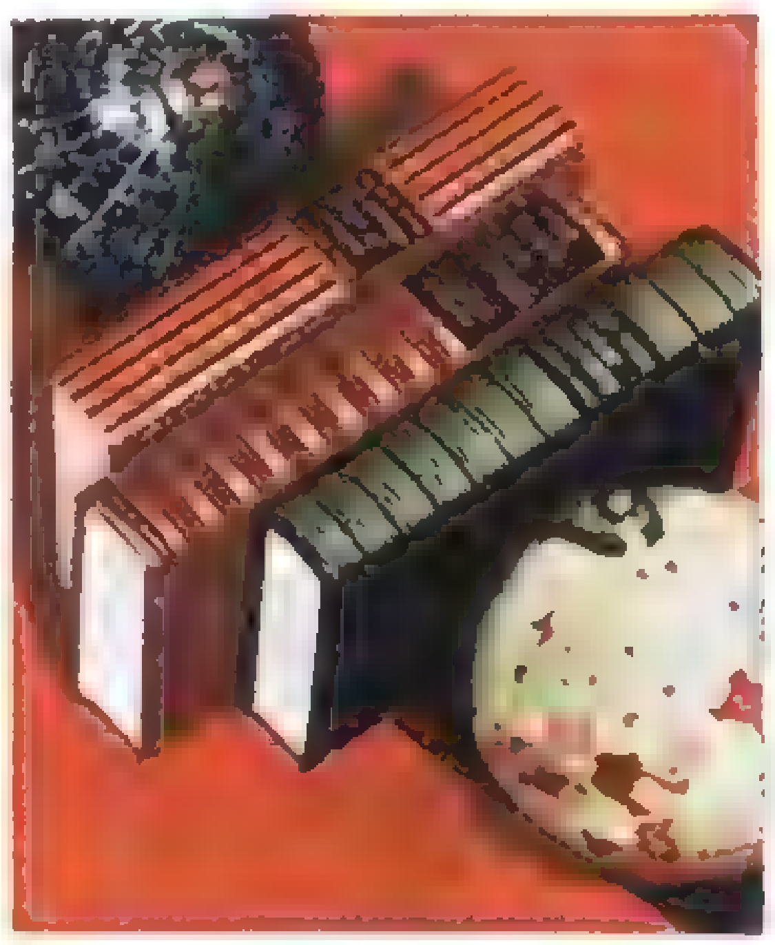
3

4

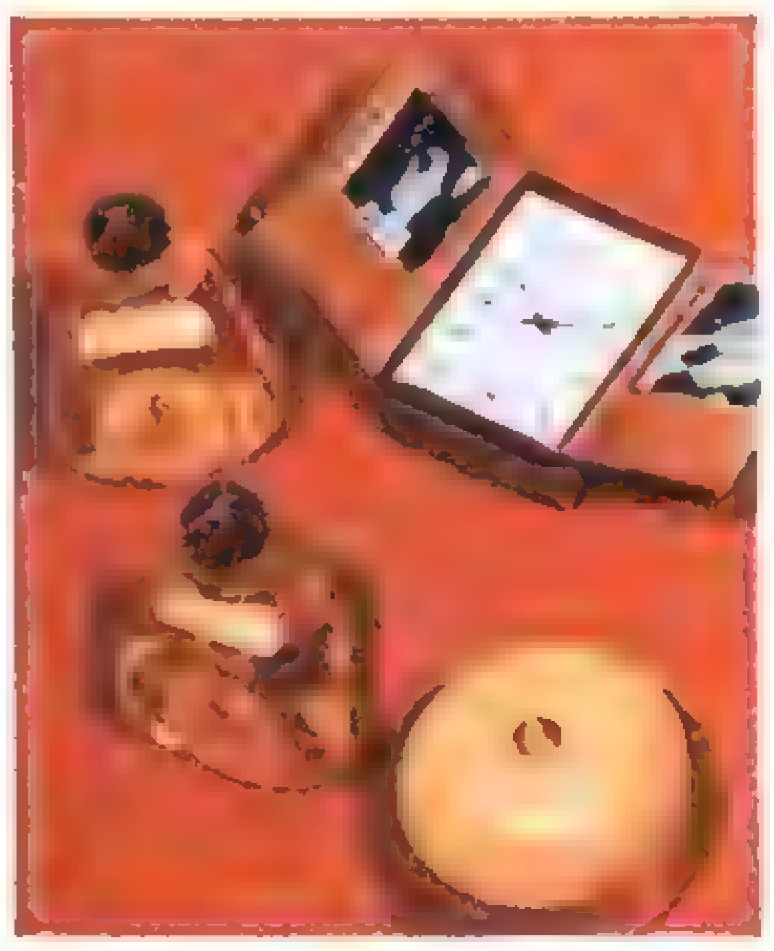
5

6

8



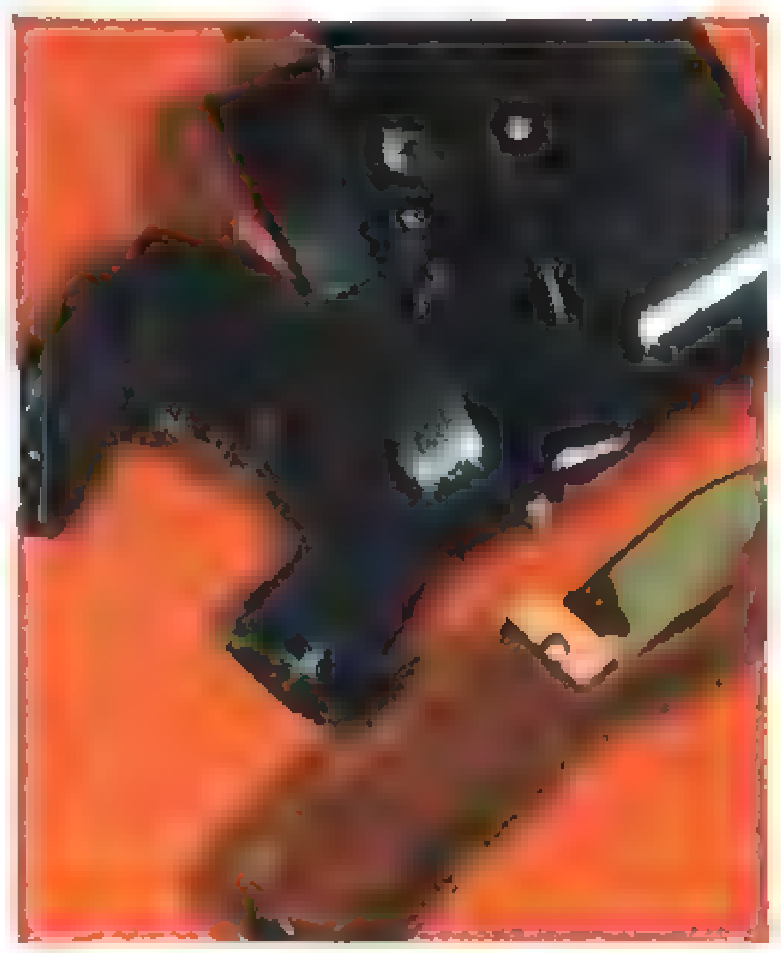
9



10

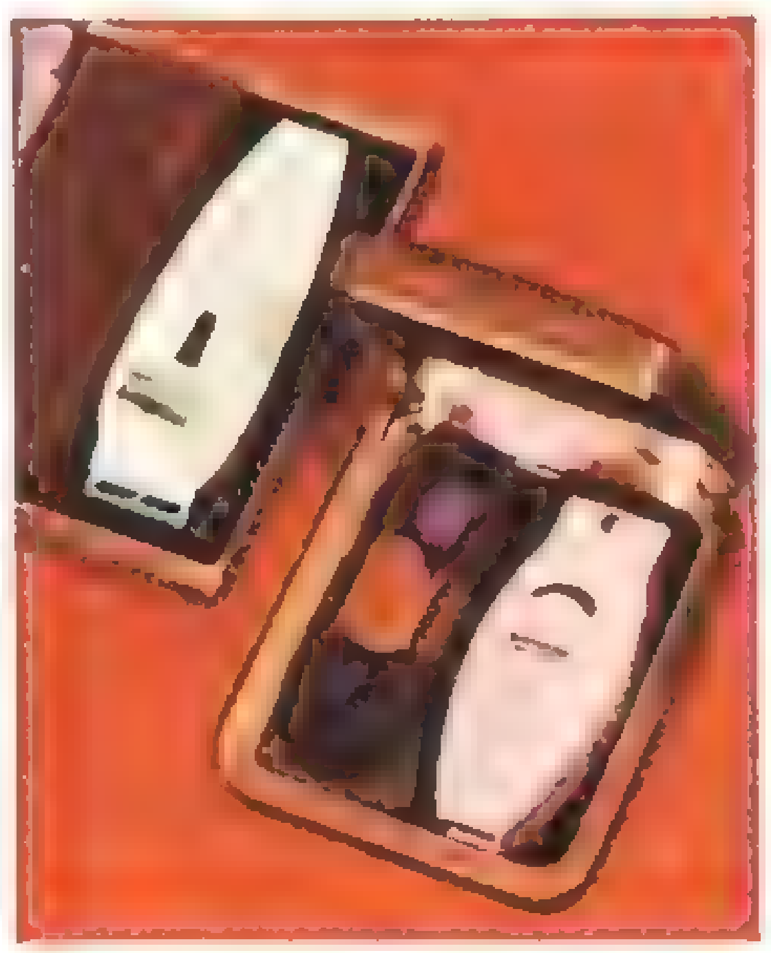
11

12



14

15

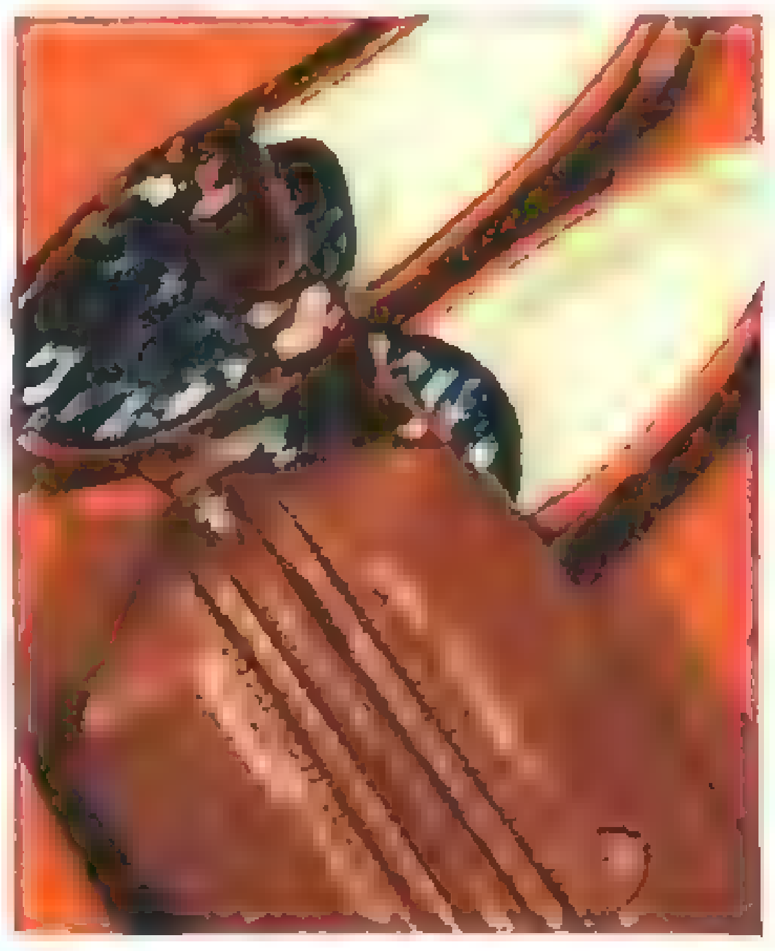


16

17

18

9



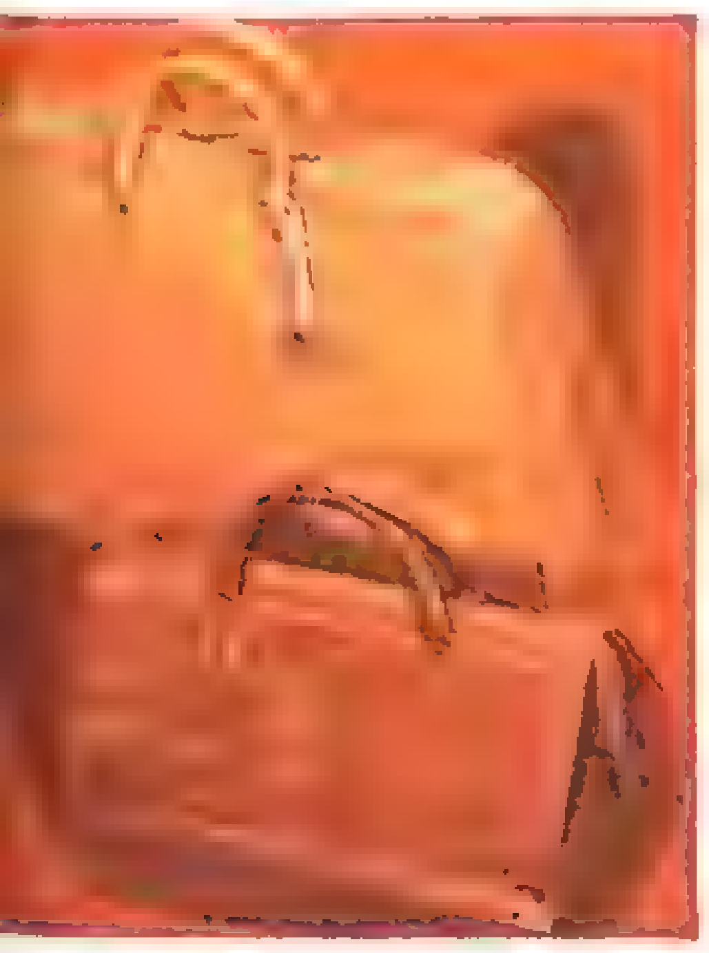
20

21

22

23

24



5

26

27

28

29

30

1

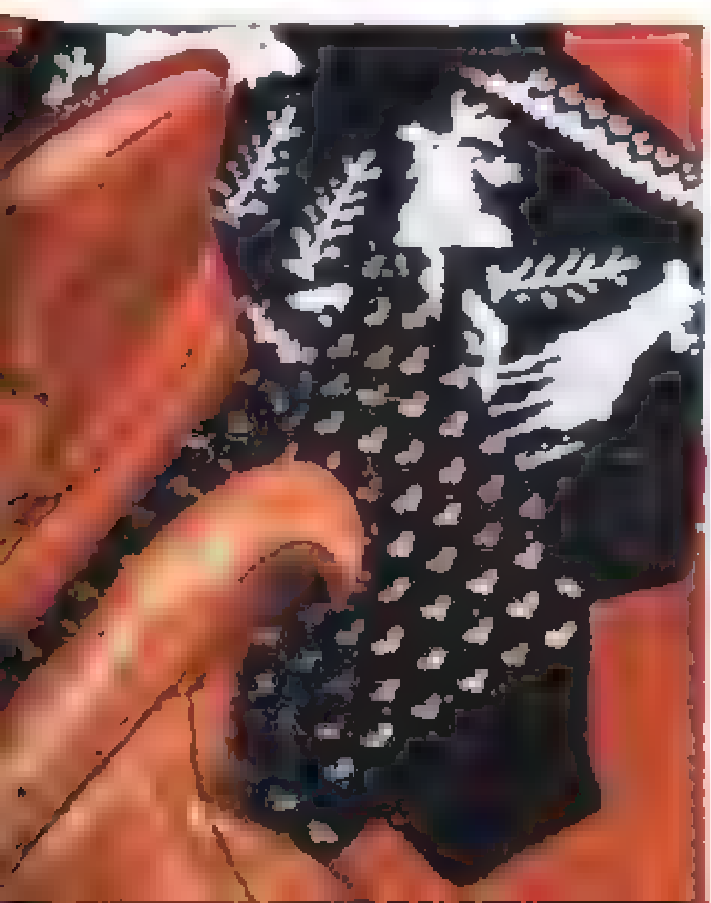
32

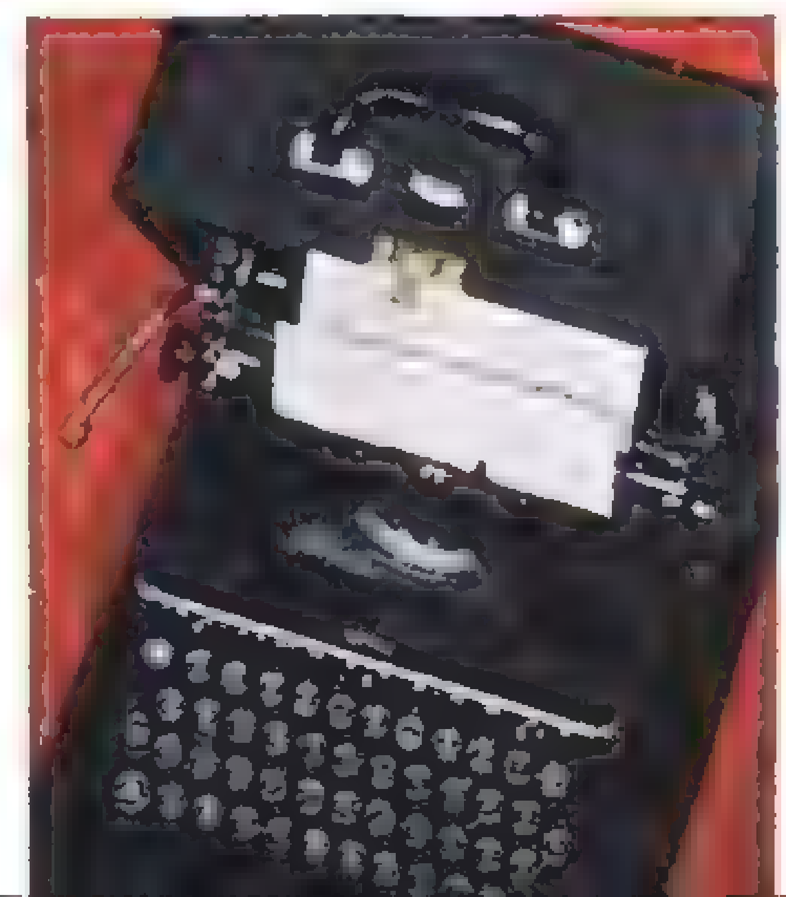
33

34

35

36





1. Ginger pigskin toilet case with heavy saddle stitching. Fittings are of chromium—soap box, toothbrush holder, razor case, brushes, a mirror. Identical case can be obtained with compartment for an electric or regular razor. The all-over size, 14 by 13 by 3 inches, is easily packed and carried.

2. Not only for absent-minded professors, here is an automatic index. You push an arrow, press the button, and the relevant data are revealed. Combines perpetual calendar and a forty hour clock with index. That fish is a naturalistic tuna, hand-painted and carved, on a mahogany stand.

3. This one practically places you in the professional fisherman class. A sturdy wicker creel; assorted dry, wet flies, including Silver Doctor, Parmachenee Belle. The cowhide flycase carries four dozen flies and the leaders. Whoppers can be caught and whoppers will be told about this one.

4. 16mm. magazine loading camera with positive view finder makes it a comparatively easy matter to produce an excellent composition; moving picture camera with special rubber eye-piece for spectacle wearers, and a three lens turret. Here a 35mm. precision built miniature; easy loading.

5. Cigarette box—hand-tooled Morocco leather. Horse's head painted on a tile insert in actual equine colors. A flannel roll tobacco pouch with horsehead figures, oil silk lining. A root briar pipe. Briar has metal gale top for stormy weather. And a flame grain briar. All should win quick favor.

6. Pipe dreams. A hazel pigskin saddle stitched pipe rack, supporting a brace of briars. A purse type tobacco pouch in regimental stripes, lining of oiled silk. Neat leather humidor, companion to the pipe rack; has moistening feature, for preserving tobacco, and greater smoking joy.

7. A green transparent golf jacket which rolls easily and slips into the side pockets of the golf bag or automobile. Use when the rains come, or for early spring golfing. Also sensible for shooting and fishing. Golf balls are a reminder of an always acceptable gift, in these days of golfers.

8. A masculine toilet water for an after bath rub. The fitted pigskin toilet case strikes not only a dominantly male note, but a convenient one for the man who travels, whether on business or for recreation. Case lined in suede, fitted with an oilskin lined envelope to please a man.

9. Plastic composition are the terrestrial and celestial globes that form an interesting, unusual set of book-ends. Books, for certain individuals, are the best gift, even if the beneficiaries own a library that already competes with the 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue branch. Especially then.

10. This photo travel clock tells time accurately, and travels with ease, adding a domestic touch to any surrounding with its frame for two pictures. Pinch-shaped bottles are old favorites now adapted to a new use: hold after-shave lotion and hair tonic. A compact shaving bowl.

11. Three razors plus a razor blade sharpener. Any one of these should prove a welcome gift to the man who shaves without recourse to the electric current on that early morning face. Today there're two schools of thought on this vital question, so make sure before you leap to give.

12. And three electric razors, any one of which will please the man who is all for the electric operation. You can't go wrong with any of the triumvirate. All of them find themselves in compact leather cases which keep them out of harm's way when not in use, or when they are traveling.

13. A three compartment leather cigarette box. It has an 8-day clock on its cover. The side spaces might carry cigarettes for your guests. Your own favorite brand can be placed in the center. The tantalus set that a teetotaler won't object to contains cologne and an after-shaving lotion.

14. For those in whom the sporting instinct is strong, a pair of 7 power binoculars, 35mm., cowhide carrying case with shoulder strap. The binocular features a neck strap. Carrying on for the sportsman, a broad blade fishing knife with a cork handle which is pleasantly non-sinkable.

15. Yoicks! The proper hunting crop to put him in the pink. Of plaited kangaroo hide with stag-bone handle. Eight and a half inch chrome surface hunting knife of one solid piece of steel. The handle is of leather, has a nickel silver thumb-guard, and sheath of oak tanned leather with loop.

16. A new type electric razor with built-in face light that exposes the beard as you shave. This has a handsome, streamlined case. An easy-to-grasp electric shaver on AC or DC current; in a case of simulated lizard grain with chrome trimming. Comes with rubber cord and cleaning brush.

17. Precision built miniature camera, fast lens, accurate shutter; fine black and white negative or handsome full color transparency: size 35mm. A simple movie camera, easily loaded, no threading necessary. Slip in black and white or full color film, and you are ready to shoot a classic.

18. A checked tweed tobacco pouch for country use, rubber lined, and Talon fastened. Below, a fold-over pouch in natural color pigskin, with oil silk lining. A new streamlined pipe with a natural briar bowl; and a flame grain briar with a meerschaum bowl that will make a lad happy.

19. These brushes echo the happy thought that good tweed deserves very special care. The large size is a stay-at-home brush; the smaller is the tweed traveling companion, with a handle. These will not break or loosen the fine woolen threads of your costly tweeds. Very practical.

20. Natural baby sealskin lounging slippers with lamb lining for a hearthside, or for that after-winter-sports ease taking. Unfitted toilet case, oil silk lined; a Talon zipper; and collapsible sides adjustable to contents. For people who prefer having their own toiletries with them.

21. A man's traveling manicure set, fitted: natural pigskin leather case. The fittings are all-inclusive. Eau de cologne especially created for men, is in subtle flattery gift class, with royal insignia. Either gift is bound to be a highly prized possession of a pleased, surprised male.

22. An impressive desk set of a ginger colored pigskin, consisting of inkstand of two inkpots, frame for calendar, and letter opener, and desk blotter. This is a truly masculine desk set that should prove a credit to any office. It is strictly classical in design, and has a very pleasant air.

23. Christmas tip for a trip: brown cowhide Talon gripped travel case, containing requisite grooming apparatus for turning up at the journey's end clean and fresh. Shaving brush, with plastic handle, is pure badger hair. It comes in black and red, or cream and red; handsome any way.

24. Shaving set early American ship design. It is crockery, and contains an old time shaving mug, after-shave lotion, and cologne. Three bars of soap. Container of real wood veneer; the mug makes an excellent child's cup, or Tom and Jerry cup after it has fulfilled its first duty.

25. The bunker bag in brown crocodile, Talon-fastened, with an outside pocket for soiled linen. Imported steerhide overnight bag, particularly suited for air traveling. Lined with gabardine, it presents special compartments for his shirts, socks, and so on. This will bring travel cheer.

26. The real decoy; a hand carved and painted mallard, natural color, is a cigarette box. This is a newly introduced, finely built .22 caliber rifle. English russet cowhide traveling case holds two suits. This is especially constructed for air travel. A finely made wide flare raincoat.

27. Finely built tennis racquet, embodying the latest development in treatment of ash; finest wood for racquet frames. The golf umbrella lets the game go on no matter what the weather. Next is the British Tan cowhide case lined with a checked, men's suiting. The size: 24 x 18 x 7½.

28. Gifts for that good grooming. An exceptional, pleasant after-shave lotion. A pair of satin-wood back military brushes in English hide case, with comb and file. Any one of these will prove a welcome gift. If you give both, an extremely generous one certain to win affection.

29. The pair of sturdy wooden back hairbrushes, with matching comb. Shaving bowl and the powder form a unit. This practically amounts to a pedigreed eau de cologne for men, with its long, long record of a deserved popularity for after-bath application. Also for handkerchiefs.

30. Unusually packaged set of grooming accessories for men; contains hair lotion, bath oil, after-shave lotion. The jars will be preserved long after the contents are but a pleasantly reminiscent odor. That little drum holds shaving soap. Ingratiating presents for The Man.

31. Not guaranteed to improve your game, but at least to give it more color. Gay paddles for pingpong. That fitted utility kit may be obtained in black or in brown cowhide, with celluloid fittings. It is Talon fastened, with a lock. Light in weight, can be an overnight bag.

32. Traveling game set that will probably help defray the expenses of traveling. Contains almost every known type of game, including dominoes, backgammon, and cards for bridge, etc. It has chips, dice, roulette, chess and checkers. The case is of an alligator grain fabric. A neat gift.

33. A new type of luggage for air or other types of travel. In durable aluminum that is definitely world of tomorrowish. The fabric cover zips on for added convenience, and offers protection to the handsome bag when it is not in use, and, of course, when it is a-traveling.

34. Bone handled shaving brush with real hair of the badger. An antique and highly decorative tinder pistol table lighter. Flat crocodile cigarette case. A new eau de cologne, very masculine, with an out-of-doors tang which all men will like. Nothing even remotely sissy about it.

35. A saddle stitched pigskin pipe ash tray, with chromium interior and center nob to put pipe out; holding a fine virgin briar pipe. New shape cherrywood pipe. A genuine pinseal pipe plus pouch container, with lining made of oil silk. Roll tobacco pouch of tweed Scotch plaid.

36. Unfitted rawhide toilet kit in convenient size for packing. After shave series consisting of shave lotion, after shave powder, friction lotion, and after shave cream that makes each shave a joy. Odors, it need not be said, are thoroughly masculine, and definitely pleasant.

37. After-ski boots are from Finland, fashioned like the Finnish sleigh. These are of reindeer hide, and are an authentic Lapland peasant pattern. The peasant pattern ski sweater is of Norwegian peasant extraction, and is appropriate for many of those popular winter sports.

38. The portable typewriter still ranks high on the gift list. It is the ideal gift for graduates, embryo authors, and travelers. This one, light in weight, and of a durable construction, has a full size keyboard, and it is available in a choice of type faces. A very practical present.

39. A rawhide traveling case that can take rough treatment. Its rawhide has bright plaid lining, and is Talon fastened. A decorative horse and a sulky, on wooden plaque in natural color, built on an exact scale. The harness of the horse is unbreakable. An unusually effective "horse gift."

40. The preference cigarette box is a favorite of the genial hostess or host who plans to please. This has four compartments. Walnut and sterling silver table lighter. Mirrored crocodile cigar case for two cigars, and pinseal grain cigarette case with duogram initial. All gifts in best taste.

41. A connoisseur's collection in briar; a big briar bowl pipe, a shell briar, a Scotch bowl, and one more briar. The sporting wooden box has a painted puppy who does not bark, bite, or have to be taken for a walk, but neatly dispenses cigarettes for his thankful and very pleased owner.

42. A simulated crocodile traveling backgammon set with cork playing surface and composition men. The 30 hour quiet ticking mahogany clock has a loud and a soft alarm, and a base of solid brass. Brown glazed cowhide bridge set with etched Chinese insert, cards, pads, etc.

1

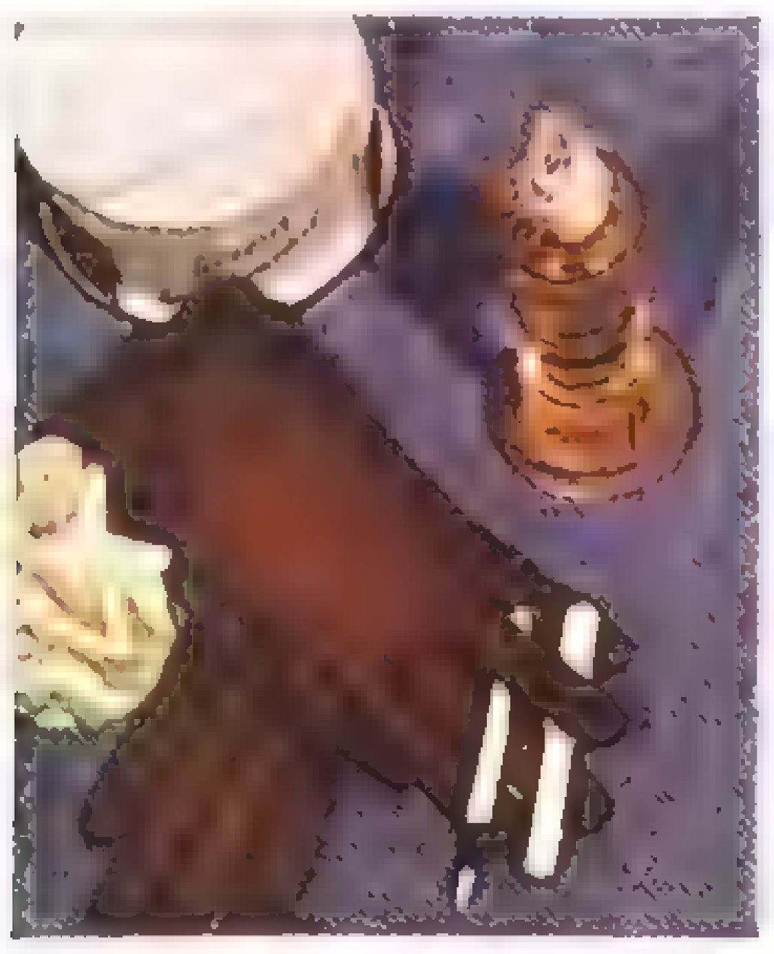
2

3

4

5

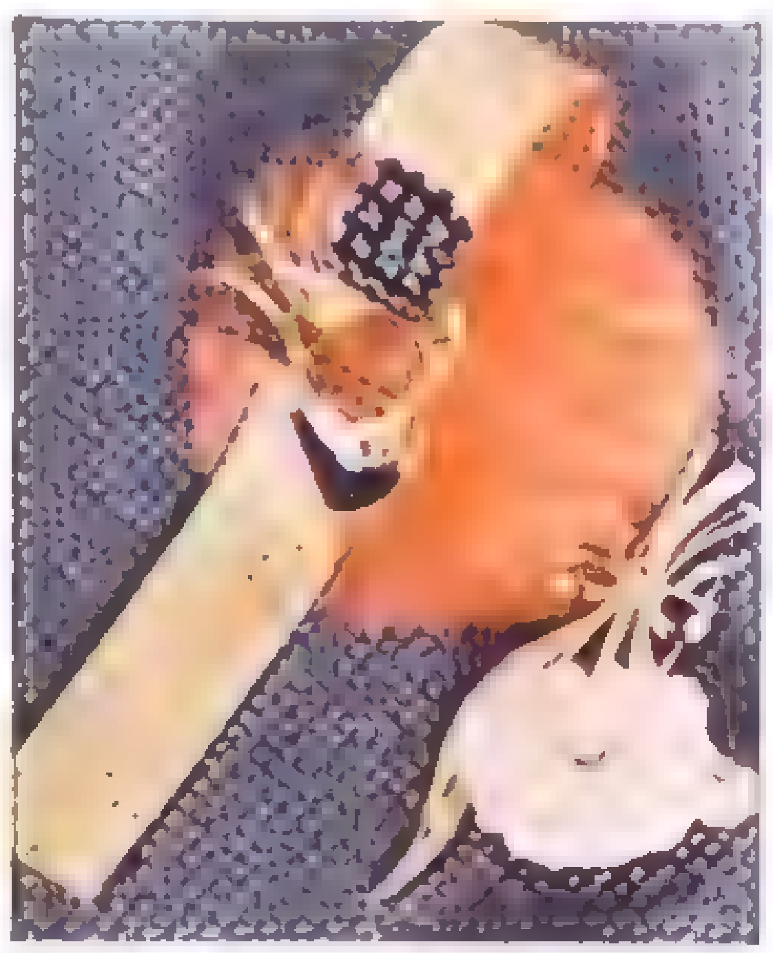
6

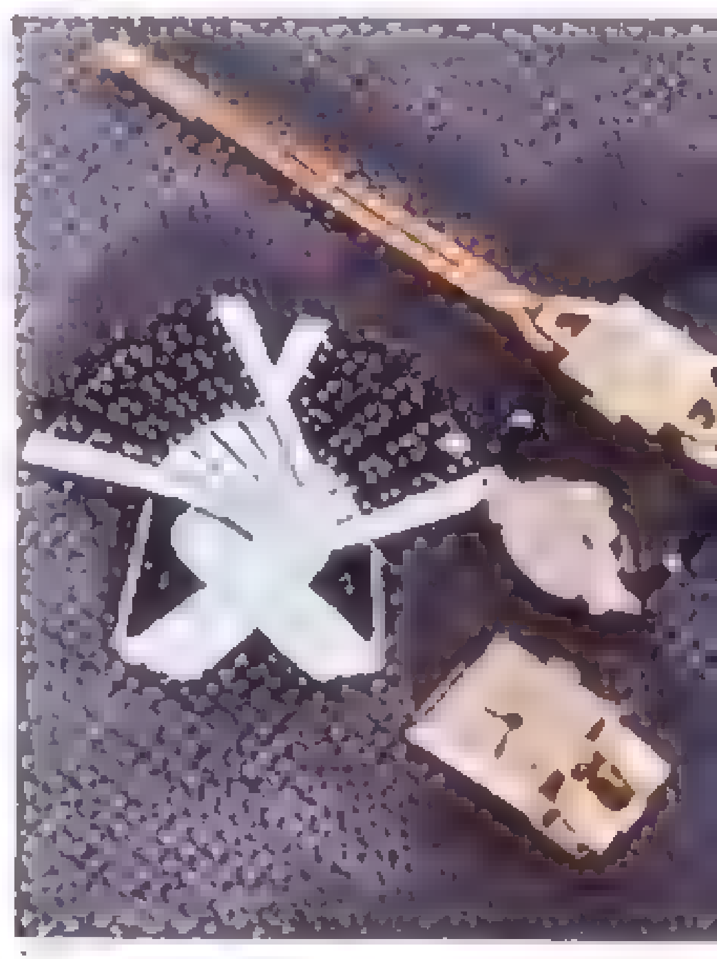

7

8

9

10

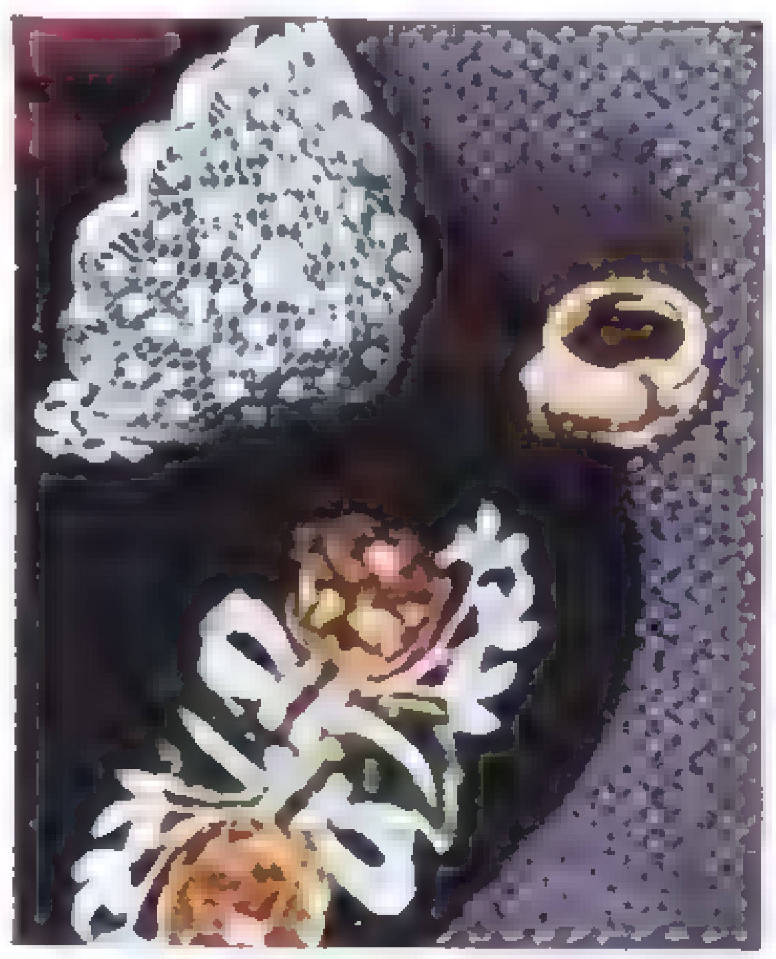

11


12

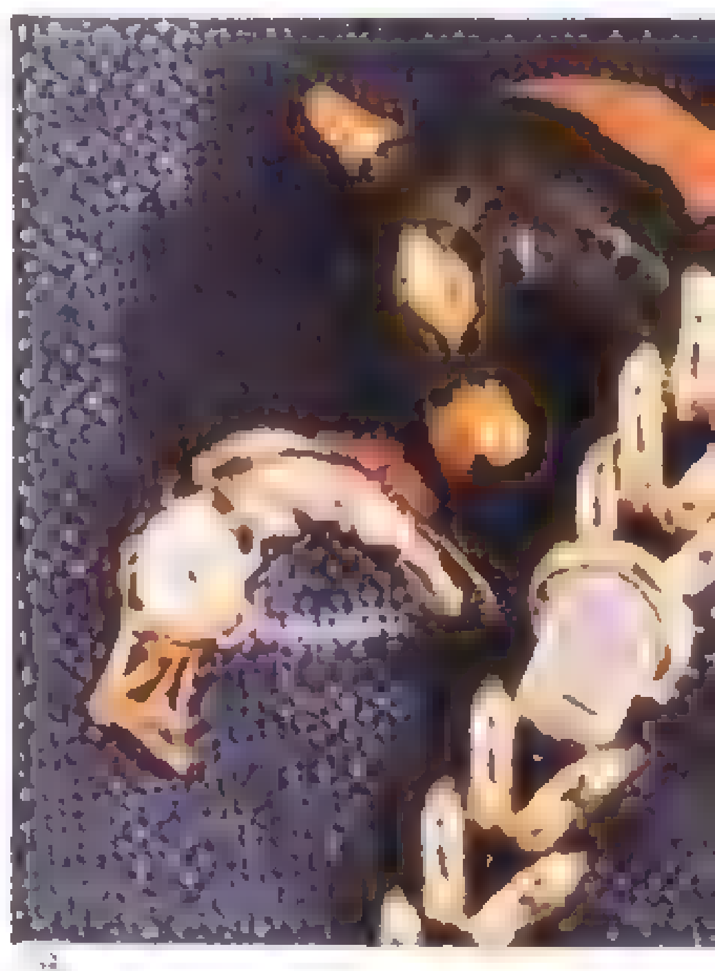
13

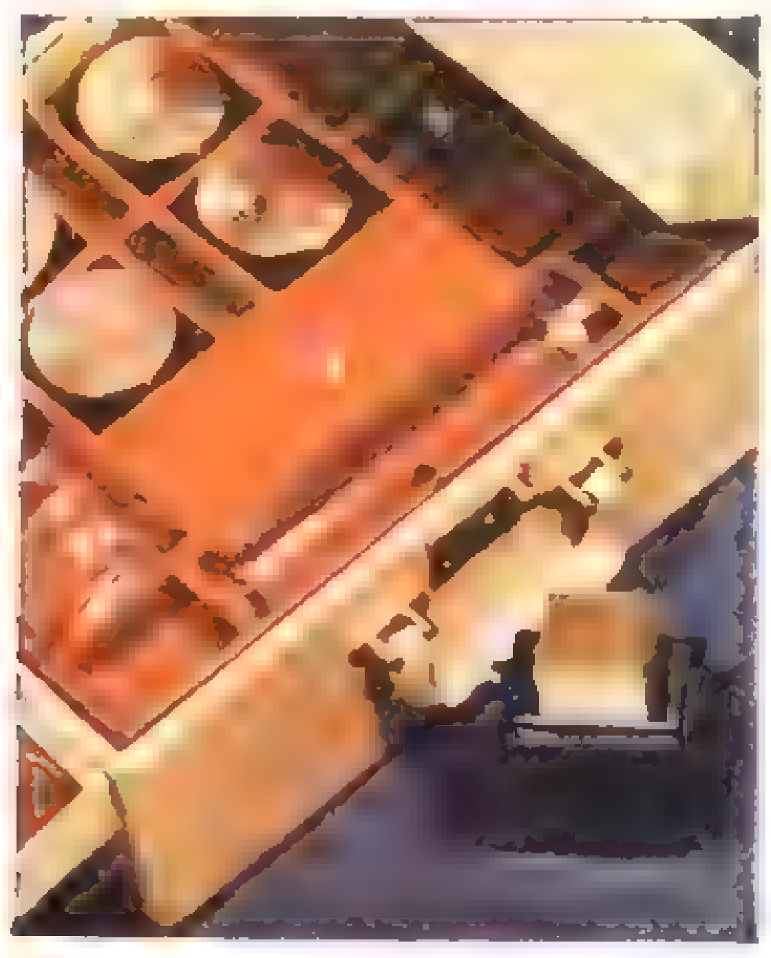
14

15


16

17


18

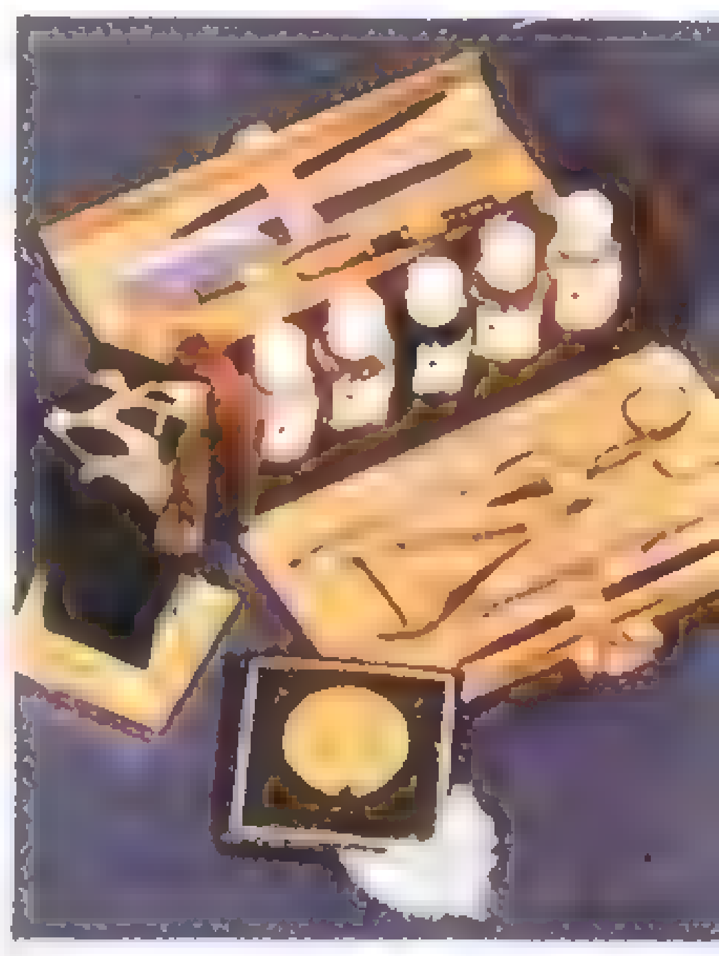

19

20

21

22

23


24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

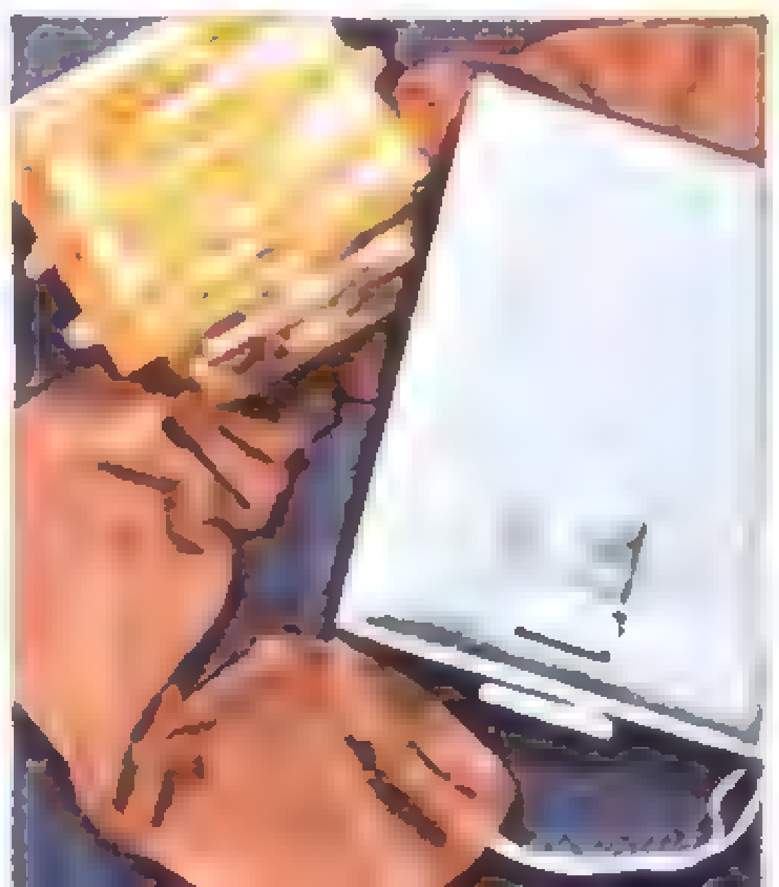
32

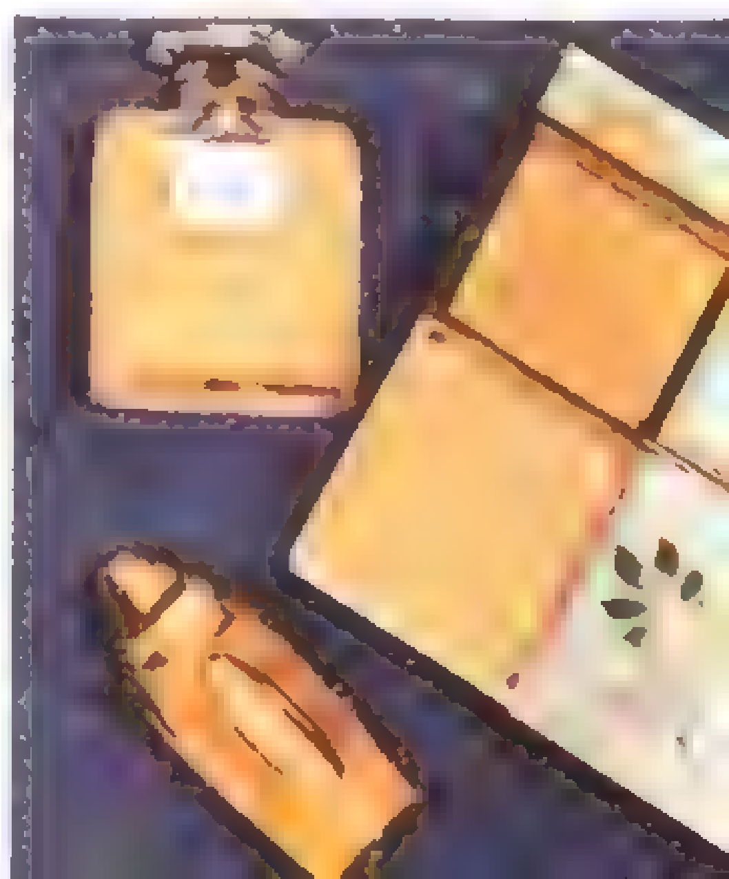
33

34

35

36





1. Lasting remembrance in the true tradition of Christmas: Holy Family ceramics, executed by a leading Hungarian technician in semi-primitive technique. A collapsible traveling clock with a maroon leather roll top closing. "Possession" is a provocative perfume to please some fair lady.

2. If she can write, and does, a matching pencil set like this should win her over. Those pigskin gloves with the two-tone fingers, stitched, are a neat complement to tailored clothes. And two bottles of perfume with a purpose: "Coq d'Or" in a gold metal container; interesting "Demi-Jour."

3. "Heavenly Twins"—inspired bit of perfume-making. Also a "Snowball" to put under a tree with three little crown bottles of perfume inside. Cigarette box of Samara pottery, with a little teddy bear of Hjort stoneware. This comes from Bornholm, Denmark—should delight the lady.

4. A brilliant colored ceramic of the Virgin, produced by famous designer. The wrist watch unceremoniously draped over her is also inspired. The original design gold ring is patterned like an acorn—and we all know what big things can grow from that. The ear rings are of precious stones.

5. Clip her with these, and she's yours forever. Diamond and sapphire clip set. Two-tone gold spiral bracelet if you aspire to her affections. And if you want really to commit yourself, a stunning diamond wrist piece. Green satin mules are decorated with gold kid and tricky embroidery.

6. Lying on the lovely white chiffon evening handkerchief is a precious sapphire and diamond ring. A 14 carat yellow gold and yellow amber filter cigarette holder. A gold, diamond and ruby cigarette case to make her feel she is the Duchess of Windsor, at least in your eyes.

7. "Town and Country" a sachet, soap, cologne, for a country cousin or a city slicker. They'll both love it. The gloves of red have free-finger action, and that gold pen and pencil set will delight some good little girl. That benign ceramic saint is also a clever gift that will please.

8. A manicure set in a leather container all to make your lady's hands lovelier. She'll appreciate this for traveling; and if she tints her own, all the better. The lady who seems to have been overcome with the spirit of the season is of fine suede fabric—a piquant gift for a piquant girl.

9. Night-time flattery: a gown in blue silk and lace you might buy for yourself if all you get is books. The manicure set is for traveling, but not the clock, which is the rage of Paris. It shows a mirrored front, encrusted with simulated precious stones. The perfume is—"Danger."

10. Filmy green chiffon hanky. A wonderful lipstick with a watch set at one end. Crystal ball watch suspended from a leather strap has horsehead in crystal at the end, to be worn pinned to the lapel. Handsome wrist watch with cloth strap, and wooden duck of a key holder. Neat.

11. A coral and gold pin to brighten the dress of a demure lady. A magnificent emerald and diamond bracelet to add to the life of an unretiring lady. A powder puff of swan's down is for any lady, from the age of fourteen on up to—. It comes in all hues of the rainbow to please anyone.

12. A gold clip watch of the classic tailored type. A pink gold wrist watch carries a leather strap. This one is also on the tailored side. A very lovely diamond and gold wrist watch for important moments. And, finally, an enamel and rhinestone brooch in an unusual, striking design.

13. Handcarved wooden rooster that won't lay an egg on Christmas or any other day. And three bottles of perfume, any one of which is handsome enough to decorate a perfume tray—in addition to smelling sweet. Titled: "Moment Supreme," "Arpege," and finally, "Voeu de Noel."

14. Ferdinand, still a bull who quietly minds his own business, here executed in a ceramic of rough texture. Jungle jewelry is of sterling silver and of handcarved wood—figures in faithful reproduction of African designs. The perfume is "Adastra," favorite of all romanticists.

15. Resplendent evening bag is made of brocaded material. It harmonizes with any type of evening dress, so you can't go wrong with it. Its frame is of simulated gold. In the unusually attractive bottle you will find a perfume named "Shocking." Its shock is pleasant. We salute "Salut."

16. Black chiffon handkerchief for gala evenings. A lacy design for evening bracelet made of diamonds and blue enamel. An attractive clip of simulated rubies and diamonds, gold and green enamel. The ring is of gold, with diamond and ruby to delight the eye of that gracious lady.

17. On the gold standard. A pink gold wrist watch, yet another gold wrist watch, and still another, this time with a strap of gold mesh. The diamond brooch is the real thing . . . but then so are many ladies; a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year is indicated for one.

18. Heavy twisted gold bracelet in the victorian tradition; but a modern note is struck by the addition of the gold watch. The horse ceramic from Hungary is available in brilliant colors against contrasting backgrounds. Clip watch is worn with watch concealed. But precious stones show.

19. The way to start a journey to come up feeling fresh and smiling at the end; a fitted rawhide traveling make-up case, with a red washable lining. Sufficient fittings to take care of all details on a short or prolonged trip. A perfume, called "Anticipation," comes in a very handsome bottle.

20. Prelude to dreams: a pure silk nightgown with a heavy lace yoke, fashioned in the graceful lines of a clinging evening gown. That exquisite blue bottle is filled with perfume, "Je Reviens." The taller one holds "Grand Prix." Any one of these is a prize for Christmas perfume.

21. The versatile pig in severely tailored handbag, with the cigarette pocket on the outside to save digging around in the bag. A pair of two-tone combination leather sports gloves, also on that severely tailored side. The perfume, called "Mais Oui" is on the very, very feminine side.

22. A dressy town bag of antelope, with a simulated gold top and jeweled clasp. Vanity case of rhinestones, simulated rubies, emeralds, topaz, and sapphires. A hanky of crepe de chine is all trimmed with new-as-tomorrow petit point. Perfume she is sure to like: "Duchess of York."

23. Sheer silk hose; a gift you can't go wrong with—everybody wears them. "Nosegay" is a set comprising toilet water, perfume, and a dusting powder. Trio for morning, noon, and night. It does just what the name implies: makes your nose gay, and her Christmas extraordinarily merry.

24. Real cowhide leather case, with a catalin frame, two tones of polish, and all the implements for the pale hands, pink-tipped, idea. That tailored leather compact has a gold medallion insert on the cover. That perfume, "Crepe de Chine" by name, is a favorite of sophisticates.

25. A make-up cape. It goes around her neck to prevent powder scattering; also removes other hazards of good grooming. All women are lovers of mules: the silly kind that click on the bedroom floor. The ones shown here are trimmed with gold. "Carefree" is a perfume she will like.

26. For legs that are lovely to look at: cobwebby silk stockings. A fine vanity case with an Aubusson pattern cover practically stolen from under our feet. A manicure kit she will find almost impossible to misplace . . . done in a red pigskin she will have a time trying to wear out.

27. "Eau de la Reine de Hongroie": being Hungarian toilet water in a hand-sewn leather covered bottle which'll long outlive the immediate use. "Belle de Jour" is a reminiscent perfume; an Edwardian bottle. A red morocco compact has a little brush good for whisking stray powder.

28. An outdoors kind of compact: saddle-stitched pigskin with separate cigarette compartment. Natural with country attire. And a windblown, outdoors kind of perfume that is known as "Blue Grass." A little calf ceramic, a country baby who takes happily to city apartment life.

29. A white cigarette box of onyx with a full piano hinge that makes it a substantial piece. In the case you will find fifteen jewel movement clock. An unusual cloisonné top compact. That handkerchief is of chiffon, and sports sequins for a sparkling evening. "Cyclamen": perfumerie.

30. A lighter made of sterling silver in that new elongated shape, has side action. Turquoise Hungarian ceramic horse adds a bright splash of color to the scene. The watch is incorporated in a suede scarf, which is worn Ascot fashion. A well-known favorite in perfumes is "Tweed."

31. Originally packaged manicure set in a metal mesh container. To wear with evening clothes: a metal evening bag, light in weight. A brilliant vanity case with a simulated precious stone top for dressup occasions. The perfume, known as "Joy," diffuses an expensive, happy fragrance.

32. Lenox china makes striking container for face powder, cream and talcum in the handsome dressing table or bathroom series. The black suede gloves have palms of kid, and can take a lot of hard wear. The perfume is the "Hattie Carnegie #7" . . . by the expert in ladies' tastes.

33. A spangled chiffon evening handkerchief to help her put on a well-groomed show. The "Tricolor" perfume comes in a patriotic box. There are three fragrances. A perfume automette is a new idea: it releases a single drop of perfume at a touch. Oval vanity of mottled ruby enamel.

34. Pigskin pocketbook impaled on pigskin belt leaves your hands free for outdoor activities. The classic yellow cardigan in fine cashmere is just the thing for the schoolgirl. It's also a natural for the sportswoman, or for wear in town with those Scotch plaid skirts women like.

35. Many women make a hobby of collecting odd and lovely boxes, jars, and bottles. Here is a set of powder jar, cold cream jar, and a rouge box in an unusual and striking enamel design for just such connoisseurs. This perfume is "R.S.V.P." It seems to demand a definite reply.

36. A tailored leather compact for the tailored moments in her life. Brown cape gloves with black saddle stitching for the same moments. A costume jewelry pin for frivolous moments. And the perfume called "Tzigane," designed to bring out whatever of a gypsy there is in her.

37. A handbag for important ensembles. It's of silk grosgrain with intertwined gold metal top. A compact and lipstick for refurbishing operations that will be a welcome addition and a credit to the inside of any purse. "Alpona" perfume comes in this magnificent container.

38. It would be a particularly nice trick on the part of Santa Claus to pop this little trio under the tree for her. It's an imported dressing table set, consisting of a completely workable hairbrush, oversize powder bowl, and a hand mirror, all designed to flatter the feminine.

39. Silver kid ranks up on top in the evening bag category, since it's adaptable to many gowns. This is of convenient size. The silk hose are sheer, for special occasions. For moments in a man's life when m'lady must have perfume: here is another: "Piege." It will please her mightily.

40. Silk pajamas with stripes for lazy days or nights at home. A wistful-eyed black ceramic poodle is imported from France. The smallest of traveling alarm clocks in a leather case with eight day movement and radiant dial. The black enamel compact sports a simulated jewel end.

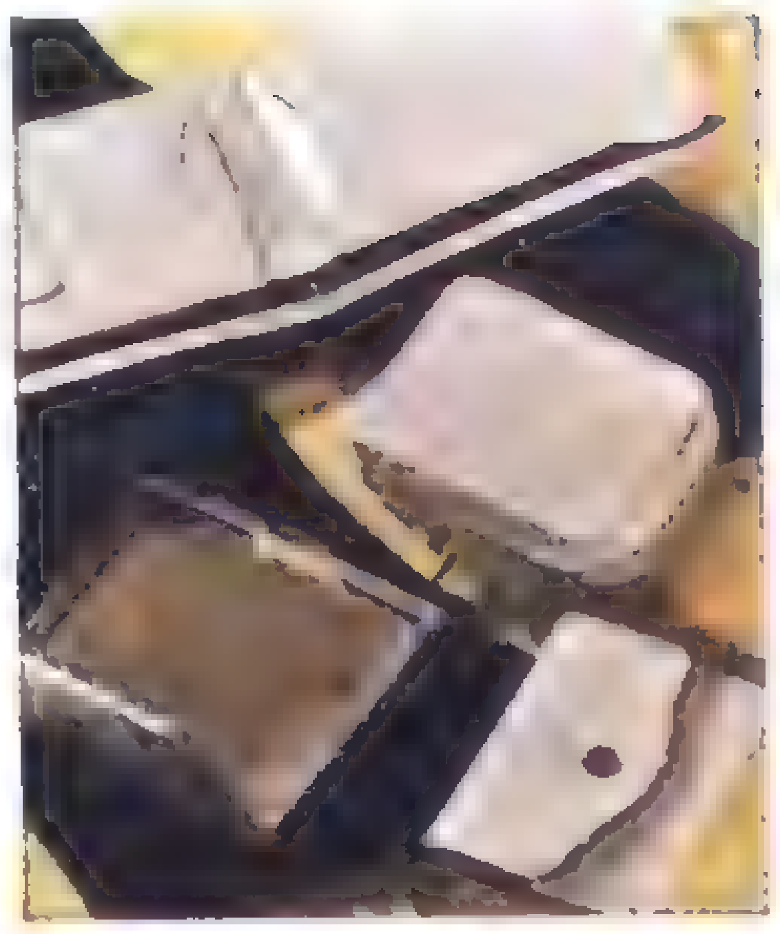
41. Handpainted pottery bottles hold "Old Spice" toilet water and perfume in an enticing odor. A pair of gloves in natural chamois color boasts black saddle stitching outlining the fingers. These are excellent for country and spectator-sports wear; or for wear in town with her tweeds.

42. Cigarette preference box enables guests to smoke their usual brand of cigarettes without apologies on the part of host or hostess. This perfume is "Chanel #5." It has a following that leaps all boundary lines. "Bond St." is a subtle English odor that has a truly universal appeal.

1

2

3


4

5

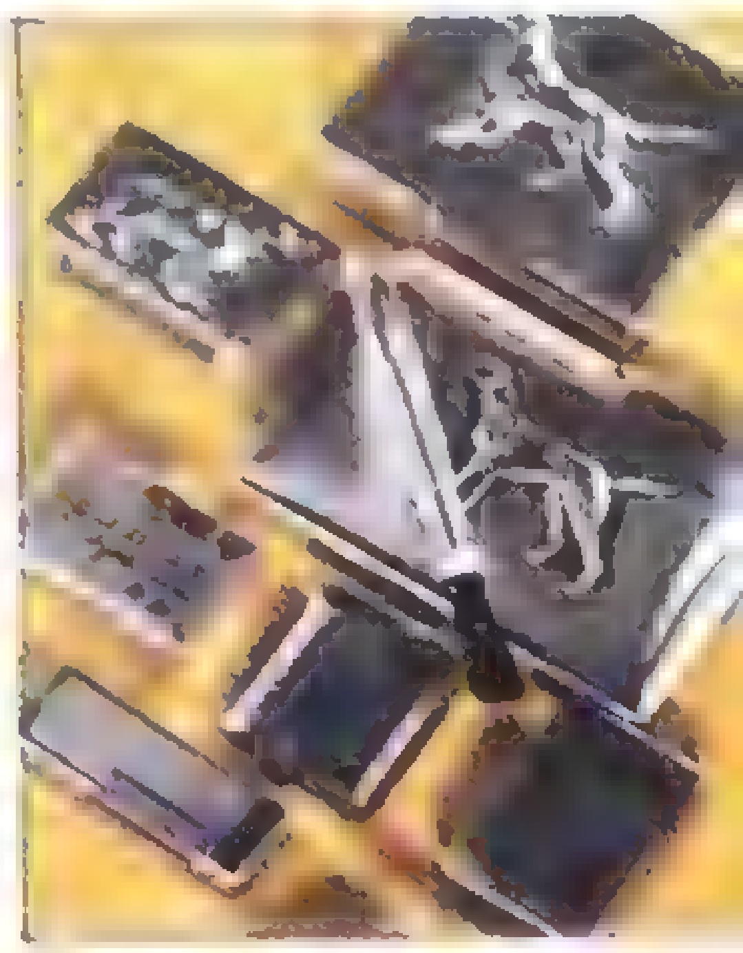
6

8

9

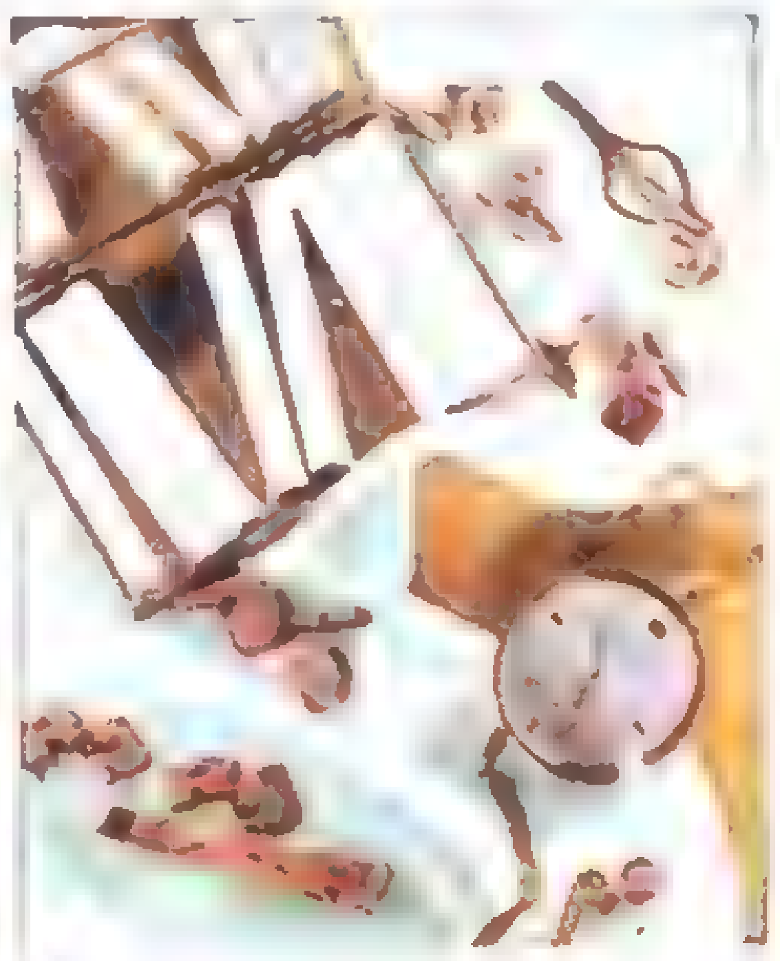
10

11


12

14

15


16

17

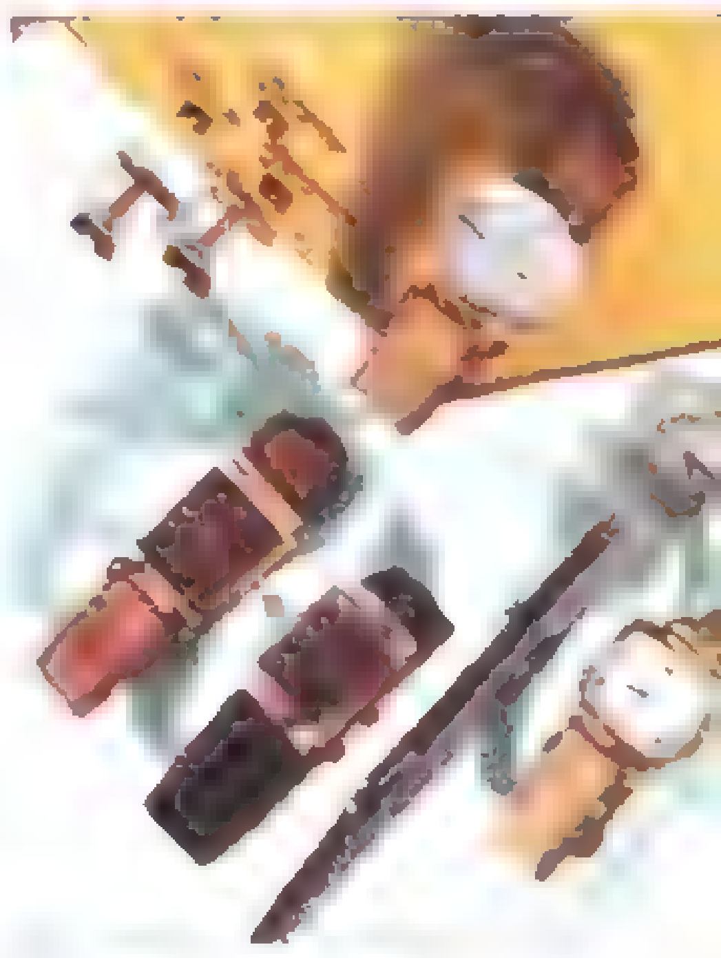
18

19

20

21

22

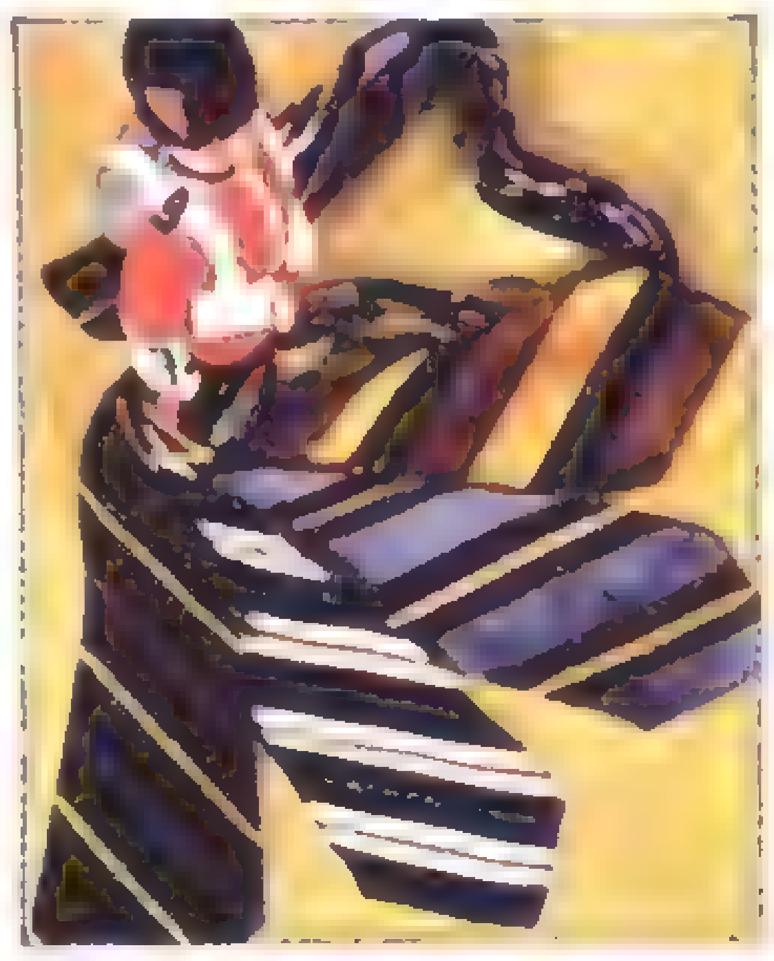

24

25

26

27

28

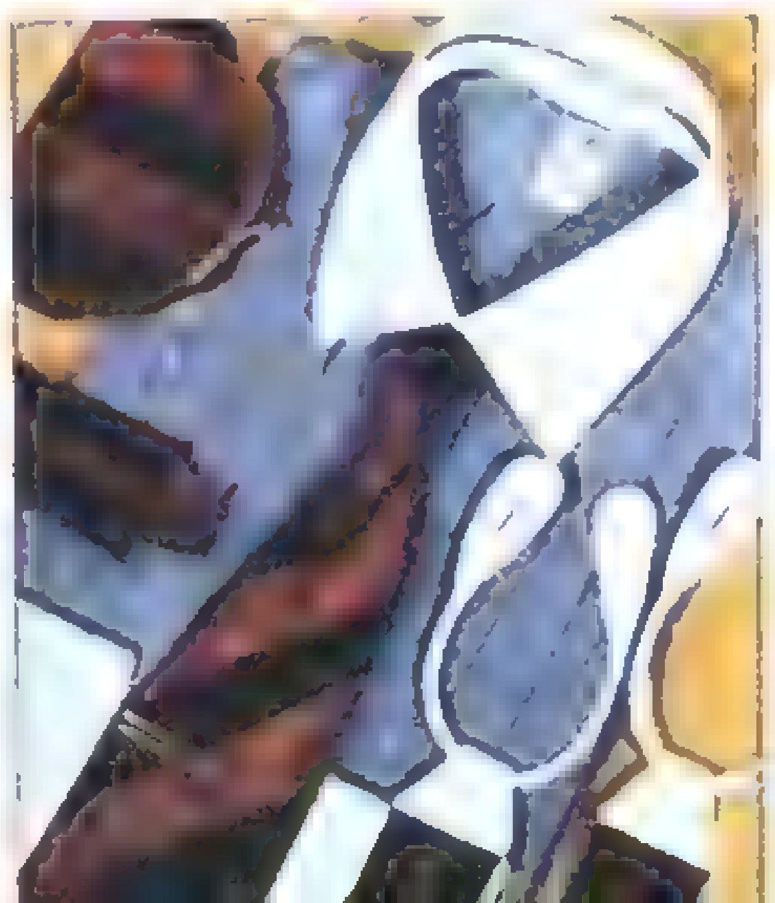

29

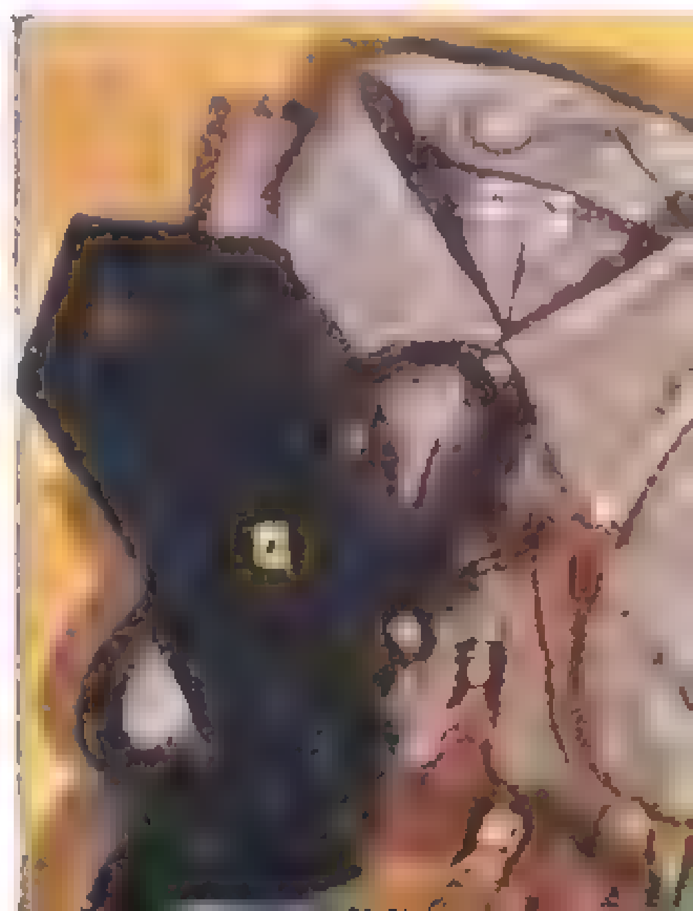
31

32

33

36





1. A survey of the gift situation has revealed to us what men actually want for Christmas. *E.g.*, a lightweight green felt hat (or a hat gift bond if you do not know his size), a leather handled racing umbrella, with a gold band and pencil. A pair of buffed hogskin gloves he'll want to wear.

2. If he's the country type, be subtle. Play up to it. Send him a green cotton woven mesh shirt, with collar attached. A red Scotch knit tie, and either or both of those colorful Irish Homespun tweed ties. You'll find yourself striking a very responsive chord, and his thanks will be heartfelt.

3. To make sure he arrives on time; a genuine reproduction of an English grandfather's clock in miniature. (Its movement is up to date.) He can do many things with the oversize voile handkerchief; in his pocket, around his neck, etc. A table lighter finds itself a small yacht's wheel.

4. Sterling proof that you regard him with affection: a silver cigarette case (box type). It carries ten cigarettes. Uses for the wallet, the cigarette case, and the key case seem obvious. This set, good rawhide, should last until next Christmas. Blue lisle hose, embroidered clock.

5. A fluted edge silver cigarette box of significance. A holder for ye cigarette smoker to take the nicotine out as he smokes. A sterling cigarette case with an international code of signals he'll undoubtedly understand. A very neat cigarette case boasts a trout fly decor on cover.

6. A foulard silk handkerchief. There blows no man who has enough of these. Two billfolds—one pigskin, t'other of saddle. And a jewel box of rawhide leather takes care of links, studs; so preserves a sweet disposition. Rawhide braces, trimmed in black, give long and satisfying wear.

7. Silk muffler in Glen pattern for stormy days. A sterling silver cigarette case, engine turned with thuya wood ends. Holds 14 cigarettes. Pigskin gloves for the man's hands, with heavy saddle stitching, and a single gilt button which shows that you have good taste and know how to please.

8. Woven front calfskin slippers so he'll relax at home instead of down at nightclub alley. That traveling mirror sports a magnifying glass, and comes in heavy leather case—saddle stitched. It should keep him happy *en route*. Suspenders of cowhide leather. And a neat pair of shoe trees.

9. The real bone shoe horn is long enough so a man can slip on his shoes without bending over and struggling. Three pairs of wool hose in unusual patterns: forward plaid, a Shepherd check, and a horizontal stripe. These are hose with plenty of appeal, that men will be honestly glad to receive.

10. A foulard silk handkerchief, a pigskin box for jewels, an initialed locket key chain (over jewel-box), an initialed tie clip and links, and initialed key chain and knife. A simulated gold safety pin, a key chain, and a white pearl dress set for evening wear. A number of uses for these.

11. Pen and pencil sets are welcomed by schoolboy and executive alike. A gold extension pencil is a special token of esteem. The same goes for the gold fountain pen. A feature of the silver pencil is the watch on one end. White mocha gloves are for the formal occasions when he dresses up.

12. Throwing a little light on the lighter situation. A lighter in facsimile letter shape has name, address, and so on. Lighter with side action. Flameless, smart lighter. Silver smoking set with sporting dog design. Streamlined holder. Case of silver with an initial done on a black enamel.

13. To hug him snugly in cool weather: natural color knitted cardigan of wool. Diamond pattern wool hose for country wear. Of cowboy inspiration is the belt of cowhide, hand-tooled with Western design buckle. Even if he is just one of those dudes from the East he will like these.

14. Two Spitalfields ties of a dressy town nature. These are woven in and imported from the town of Spitalfields, and the manufacture is strictly a hand-craft operation. Popular regimental colors appear on the sturdy braces—to hold up his trousers. He will get a lift from either present.

15. The Norwegian type peasant slippers fill the bill for resort comfort, for lounging around the cabana, or after-ski attire. A hound's tooth check tie for some lad in luck, and a sweater for golf with crew neck in light blue ribbed alpaca to improve the appearance of his game.

16. Precious gifts for important people: cigarette case of sterling with a pencil in the lid. Real gold initialed cuff links, and matching clip. A fine gold pocket watch and gold watch chain; or clips, links, etc., on a background of fine linen handkerchief in white to please a good friend.

17. A pocket watch with gold bow linked watch chain. A key chain. And a curved wrist watch for easy time-telling. A gold wrist watch with linked gold band. Three pocket watches of gold; have round, crown, and flat tops. Square wrist watch and long shape gold one with neat pigskin straps.

18. Initialed key chain, tie-clip, and cuff-links. Cut-out two initial cuff-links. Moonstone dress set for evening wear. A cigarette humidor box with the United States on the cover, and a pellet inside to keep those cigarettes fresh. Black wool hose with red toes and embroidered clock.

19. Crocodile without a tear: a billfold, a key-case, card case. The belt and matching suspenders are also in the crocodile tradition, and may be presented separately or together. The white initialed handkerchief is a gentle reminder that he can probably use a dozen. Always good gifts.

20. He will get out of town in these. A solid color pull-over sweater; gloves of elegant cashmere with a white wrist-band; and a pipe with a briar bowl that contains a nicotine filter; idea borrowed from a successful cigarette holder of similar type. Especially for one who smokes lots.

21. The popularity of the silk foulard square spread from England to this country, and now no gentleman's complete without a collection. A gift that will be unexpected and welcome is this oxford striped shirt with collar attached. A crochet tie in regimental stripes will please.

22. Get in solid with a genuine leather tobacco humidor. You can do the same trick with any of the four wrist watches, all guaranteed to send your stock soaring. Of course, it may well be that he possesses such a timepiece. In that case it is even easier. You just present the watch band.

23. A pinseal cigarette case and lighter form a handsome set. The coin conceals one efficient little knife. Stylish tie-clip is a new, modern design. An evening dress set is of black, smoked pearl. He'll be pleased with any one of these, including that lighter which hasn't missed yet.

24. A gold wrist watch has calendar, stopwatch and pigskin strap. Keystone shape watch with a crocodile strap. A gold wrist watch with a strap of suede. And one which has a pigskin strap. The handsome letter opener has a watch inserted. A black, smoked pearl set for dress. Handkerchief.

25. Around his neck, a colorful plaid muffler of wool. On his hands, a pair of woolen camel's hair gloves, with pigskin palms for long wear and warmth. The jacket of suede fills the bill for country and sport wear. That always wel come briar pipe. A ma will like any of these

26. As outstanding as a stop signal: a red leather clock for a masculine sleeping chamber. Red slippers are fleecelined for comfort's sweet sake. The warm, woolen robe is in chicken wire check. Cigars are a must for a great many men—that is why they are shown in this place. Neat boxes.

27. If his nerves need soothing: the electric door chime that melodiously announces the arrival of a guest—or a bill collector—ought to help. The blue leather slippers, and the solid wine-color charvet silk robe (with blue lining) are intended for those happy hours of lounging.

28. This looks like the money. Black sharkskin wallet with red Morocco lining, and gold corners. Black silk 2 x 1 rib night hose. Linen handkerchief with red initials. And a feathered carnation. Add a white dress shirt and tie. Small ceramic penguin intrigued by the elegant evening regalia.

29. An authentically reproduced Guardsman from Merrie, Merrie England guards four rep ties, striped in authentic regimental colors. Many men are complete devotés of striped ties, and you'll find yourself on the very right side of the fence with these. They are tops for country wear.

30. A jumbo table lighter that needs refilling about every six months. A briar pipe for smoke dreams. Dark blue slippers of calfskin, for at-home wear. Shoe trees'll preserve the shape of his shoes. And brocaded silk pajamas to impress visiting firemen or any other special visitors.

31. If he is at all traveling man: the sil foulard robe with sli pers to match (blue wit red dots) in a travelin bag, will turn out to a much appreciated gif Stationery, of cours so that he will writ That unusual inkstan and pen are for offic or can be used at hom

32. Tan pigskin slippers are fleecelined for comfort *de luxe*. A cashmere and vicuña robe, warmest and lightest weight made by man. A ship's wheel clock, calendar, barometer and thermometer: indispensable if he wants to know the time, date, pressure of atmosphere, temperature all at once.

33. A fine gabardine, Talon fastened wind-breaker for sports and country. A braided black leather belt. Brown hose. Lovat green hose with a design for a man who likes the great outdoors, tweeds, and woolen hose. Comfortable and useful, these make a very well-received type of present.

34. The white cashmere evening gloves have red wrist band. Narrow silk braces in red. Comfortable white waistcoat of pique (backless). White handkerchief for dress. A black pipe, designed also for evening use. A penguin is still pensively observing the nocturnal design for festival life.

35. Foulard patterns in wool are new; exemplified by the goodlooking necktie. A silk scarf for in-town wear in hunting design. Blue oxford shirt has lounge collar attached. When you buy make sure you check first on collar size and sleeve length. Shirts that do not fit are hardly gifts.

36. Rose copper bronze eight day clock, and a barometer, thermometer, and compass, with five precision instruments. Made in Switzerland. A pair of solid blue elastic braces. Natural color buckskin gloves for town wear. A wine color printed silk scarf is fringed. Town wear.

37. A good *caballero* going to appreciate t gift of a pair of re Mexican huaraches ma of woven leather. Go for beach, resort, a lounge wear. An Arg plaid sweater is su able for winter spor spring and summer g and it is a great fav ite on the campus

38. A brown and yellow check cashmere muffler, soft, light, and warm. Country wear, or with casual clothes in town. A cordovan leather belt is a long-time favorite. A gabardine wind-breaker, Talon fastened, is excellent for fishing, skating, and golfing. A man will go for these.

39. We emphasize pipes because pipe-smokers always welcome one more, and beginners appreciate the first. Belt is of rawhide, and the hose are of camel's hair; almost a classic. A plaid woolen wind-breaker boasts buttons of leather, and a knitted wool bottom for an extra spot of comfort.

40. Hail! The Guards! A pleated bosom broadcloth shirt has a white collar and cuffs. A red and blue rep guard's tie. Silk cuff-links, *tabac* pouch in guard's colors. And comb case and comb in the same regimental colors. A manly brace of gifts which will be wel- ned Christmas morn.

41. A pigskin leather clothes brush with stirrup hanger, heavy stitched, carries out sports theme, as do the pigskin braces. Heavy-stitched capeskin gloves are hand sewn, with brass button, for town wear. Paisley pattern turning up on a heavy blue silk muffler,

42. A new ensemble idea in the holder-upper department; braces, belt, and garters of pigskin leather. A brown oxford collar attached shirt is excellent for country or informal town wear. The tie is of brown foulard silk, in hand tie, and a dye pattern in good clas-

Father Knows Better

If women listened to reason, a man could find plenty of ways to save babies from the deadly safety pin

by MARTIN PANZER

• SATIRE •

IT's just a shame that the care and feeding of infants must be entrusted to women: they're so incapable. Why, if a man ran his office the way—but that's neither here nor there. Lord, every time I see a woman diapering a helpless infant as it wriggles and squirms I get gooseflesh. She handles those safety pins—as big as swords when you consider the size of the child—as casually as though she weren't placing the mite in dire peril. And did you ever see a mother practically turning handsprings in an effort to make the little darling swallow a spoonful of food over which she has labored for hours with loving care? Isn't it enough to turn your hair?

What I mean is that women simply don't use common sense in taking care of an infant. In the old days things may have been different. I don't know. That's what a lot of people say but I wasn't around then. Nowadays, a woman takes the human being she bore to a pediatrician every month for examination and instruction, and then she has hysterics if anyone violates one of his omniscient manifestos. Now don't get me wrong—I have nothing against pediatricians. I think it's swell to have the kid injected against whooping cough and diphtheria as soon as it is practical. And I don't object to his teaching a woman that certain foods are necessary to achieve balance and prevent rickets and the like. But very often the pediatrician passes a casual comment that isn't even intended to be considered an unrepealable law and has that comment picked up and treasured forever after by the avid mother. I know of one instance of a pediatrician's remarking that the infant should not be permitted to inhale the powder that was used on its body. The mother took it quite seriously and almost suffocates her infant every day by holding a piece of gauze on its nose while she dusts powder on its tiny body. Of course that is an extreme example of what I mean, but it's what I mean.

Thus far I've given two examples of the distorted manner in which women care for children. The diaper, which should be put on scientifically, is draped just as it was by the almost-prehistoric mother, whereas in the above instance in which the mother used a mechanical device to prevent the inhalation of powder the common sense of her great-grandmother would have sufficed.

I've given the matter a bit of thought and attention; fortunately I had the time to share the care of an infant with the mother in one very important case. And herewith I append my findings. I must add that the mother, perhaps through an understandable aversion to having her sex shown as inferior, took drastic steps to see that my experiments were discontinued before my conclusions could be definitely established as a man of system and science would prefer to have them established. Perhaps another man, more influential with the lady of his house, may carry on where I left off.

Take the matter of feeding. Children are naturally contrary from the moment of birth, and since it is impossible to hide the fact that you want them to eat, they refuse to eat. On the other hand, children are human and they have animal appetites from the day of birth. And so, playing on the weakness of the parent, the infant decides to eat delicacies and desserts when they are offered, and to refuse all substantial and vitamin-packed staples. This goads the frantic parent, if it be a woman, into attempting to distract the child during meals by means of grimaces, dances, handsprings, rattles, crackly papers, whistling, blowing, laughing, clock ticking, page rustling, stamping, eye rolling, tongue extending and finger wriggling.

Kids in high chairs are too clever for that sort of thing. They can hold the object offered them with one hand, grin at your antics, and push the spoon away with the other hand.

If you manage to inveigle them into using both hands on the things you are offering, they can wriggle their heads from side to side so that it becomes dangerous to bring a spoon within feeding distance. If, in desperation, you grab both their hands in one of yours, wrap your other arm about their heads and hold them still while you awkwardly stuff the food down their throats, they spit it out or vomit it out.

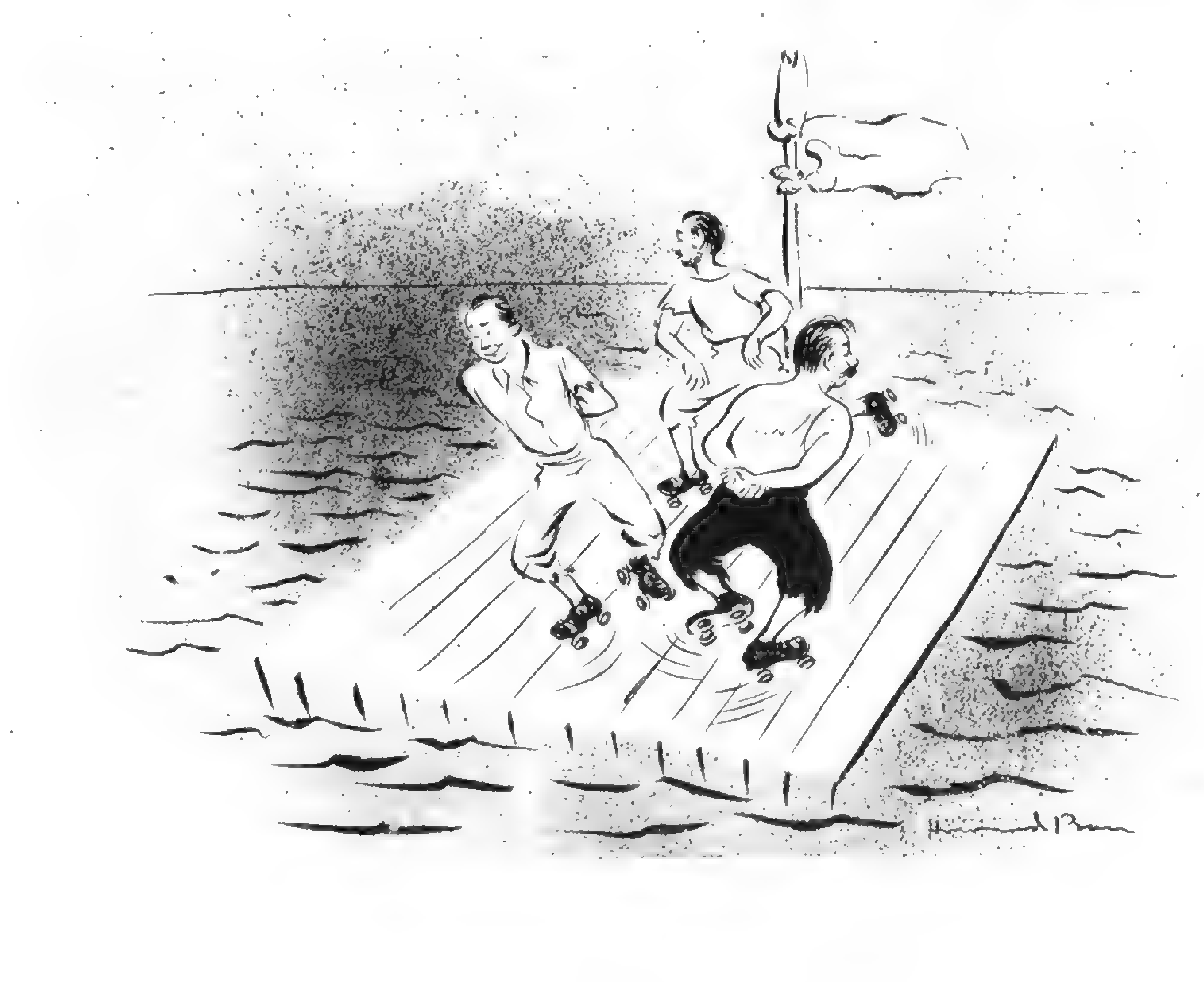
It comes down to this: if a kid doesn't want to eat, he won't eat. He won't eat. He won't eat. He won't eat. Good God, HE WON'T EAT!

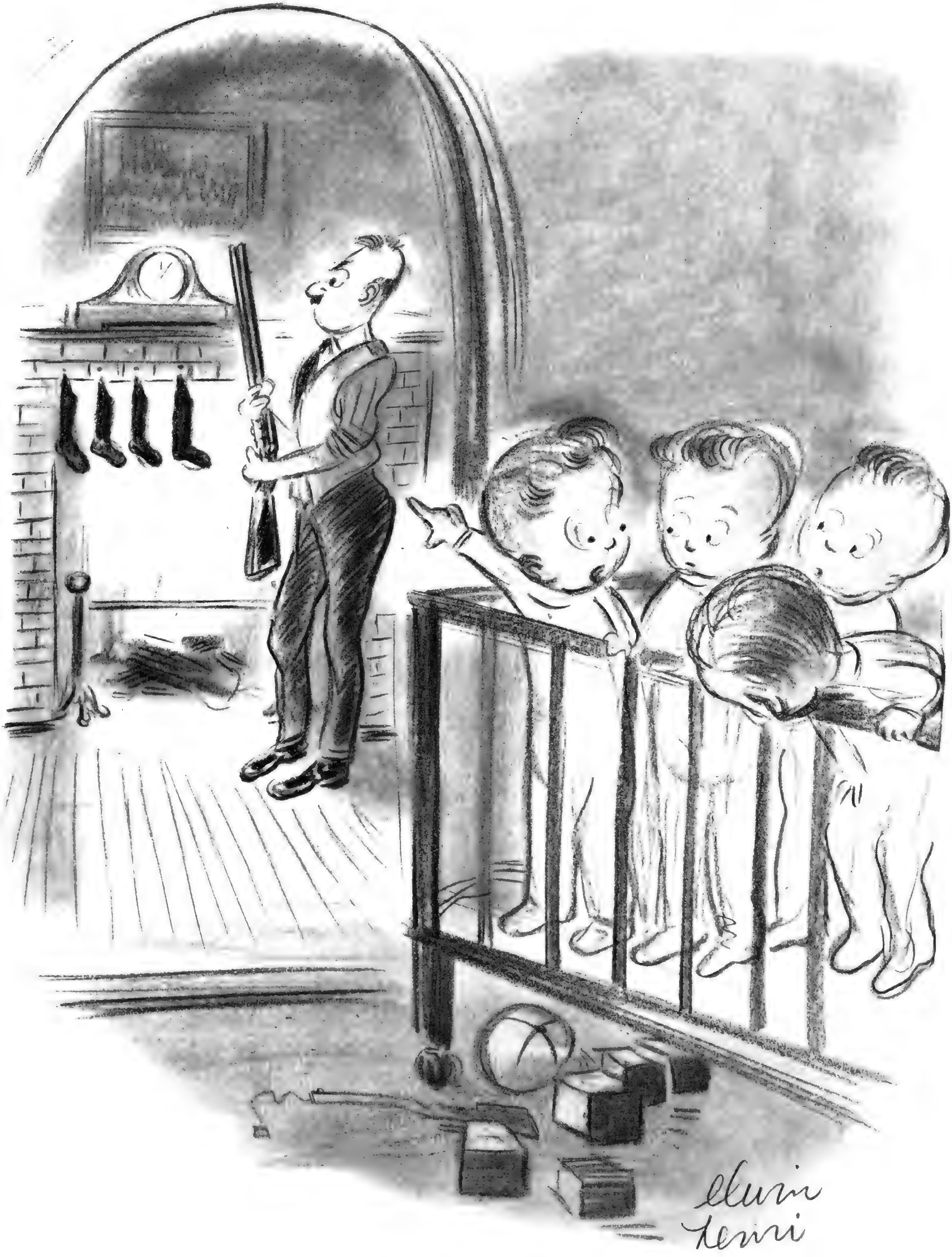
In my experiment, I found that the child went for mashed banana in a big way and so, one day, when the woman of the house left me with the child, I made a large batch of mashed banana and mixed it with every dish. The kid loved it. Spinach just sailed down, ground chicken liver was gobbled up, Pablum was eaten with delight. When the woman of the house came home and I told her of my success—but you just can't reason with a woman.

She takes advantage of your maleness by screaming or shouting and you may as well go out for a walk. I was a bit hurt, so I didn't pursue the matter, but if women were more reasonable I might have told her that I would have reduced the proportion of banana day by day almost imperceptibly until one fine day there wouldn't be any banana at all in the food and the kid wouldn't know the difference, having become accustomed to eating the once despised foods. That is science. That is system. That is what is so sadly lacking in the bringing up of children today. *I* eat bananas every day and *I* don't find them constipating.

Let's go back to that diapers matter. I'm

Continued in center of page 224





"The folks got us for Christmas three years ago and papa has been laying for Santa ever since"

You Can't Roast a York Round

Granted that modern archers shoot better than the Indians did, then why don't they bring in the game?

by RAYMOND R. CAMP

• SPORTS •

THE long bow may have turned the tide at Hastings, but it certainly put little venison on the table of the American archer during the recent season; despite the fact that this worthy can do things with a feathered shaft that would make Robin Hood's complexion blend with the shade of his doublet.

For some strange reason; the psychiatrist defines it *atavism;* the historian, a *romantic revival;* thousands of our hunters have turned to this antique weapon. For months they permitted their guns to get dusty while they stalked the native deer with bow and arrow, but most of them returned from the deep woods with nothing more substantial than an alibi—and no matter how you prepare it, this is never as savory as a venison cutlet.

They seem to forget, if many of them ever knew, that an alibi has traditionally been as much a part of an archer as his bow. When Little John missed that easy, standing shot in a glade of Sherwood Forest, he blamed it on the High Sheriff of Nottingham (pronounced Knotting-gum) who was hot on his heels with a medieval posse. When Uncas plunked a shaft into a tree, three feet to the left and four feet over the fat gobbler, he excused himself on the basis of a sudden gust of wind being the sole blame.

ETCHING BY WILLIAM SHARP

Such simple alibis, however, are never the resort of our modern archers. Higher education has given them the ability to erect more elaborate defenses.

"I was within seventy-five yards of a nice buck," one cries, "and just as I was about to release the shaft some rotter with a rifle killed it. The woods are too full of gunners for a real hunter to stand a chance."

Another devotee of the clothyard shaft was forced by circumstance to seek a better excuse. He had made the mistake of doing his hunting on a special preserve, set aside for archers.

"We just can't hope to compete with the Indian. The game is too scarce today."

There, in a beaded quiver with frilled edges, you have alibi Number One. The game is too scarce! It's a shame to destroy this illusion, but it just won't hold water any more.

Put one of the original inhabitants of these shores in a patch of woods in Southern New Jersey and he would be a changed man within twenty-four hours. Yes, by the time the sun had set he would have convinced himself that he had lived the good life and had reached the Happy Hunting Ground at long last.

You may find it difficult to believe, but the fact is that most of our rural areas that have any game at all have more of it than they did before Christopher pawned Isabella's jewels. In its natural state a good part of this Continent was overrun with predators of all kinds. These predators, now practically extinct, took a greater toll of game than mankind. In addition to cutting down the predator population to a fraction of its former strength, there is hardly a state that is not spending upwards of a million dollars annually in the propagation, restoration and protection of game birds and animals.

"That," says the archer, his bowstring vibrating with rage, "is a dirty lie. It just *can't* be true. Otherwise, why would we have such a conspicuous lack of success with our arrows?

"Just you get out your histories and compare our ability with that of the great archers of the past, either for distance, power or accuracy. You'll find we can duplicate any feat they accomplished, and do a dozen things they couldn't do.

"The Indians managed to live on game, and live well," is their final shot, "but the Indian never lived who could shoot as uncannily well as most of our modern archers."

That particular shot, as the Toxophilite would say, is one in the gold. But some of the archers have an awful time seeing the woods because of the great number of trees.

The American Indian, speaking generally, wasn't likely to make water burn because of his great accuracy with bow and arrow. He had the very sloppy and unscientific habit of shooting from the chest or shoulder level, instead of sighting down his shaft as though it were a gun barrel, as do our modern bow wielders.

But let's view the situation through the flawless glass of metaphor.

Back in the good old days of '49, the gunman who took the time to draw a delicate, fine bead on his enemy seldom lived long enough to follow through with a trigger squeeze. Having witnessed a few traditional boothill processions, in which the slow-but-sure shot was the central figure, even the greenest of greenhorns arrived at the conclusion that it was more important to shoot first. As the range was usually of a type described as *point-blank*, passing a degree of accuracy was all the occasion demanded.

The Indian and his meat diet offer a parallel case. It might, as a matter of fact, be termed a case in point, verbosity willing.

Knowing that his weapon left much to be desired in the matter of accuracy, the Indian spent his youth in learning the manifold ways and habits of those animals that offered him an escape from vegetarianism. He learned to move through the densest woods upwind, making only about four per cent more noise than a ghost.

As this figurative Redskin of ours made his stalk, he kept turning familiar pages of the Book of Nature. Here, he read, the deer paused to drink. There he halted long enough to nibble a few water lily roots. The next step would be a secure place to rest. The Indian squatted on his heels and made a careful survey of the surrounding terrain.

A few hundred yards distant was a sunny slope. There a deer could rest under dwarf spruces and keep an eye on his back trail. The Indian now turned back to the index and read the direction of the wind. With a caressing touch on the medicine bag on his neck, he prepared to sneak up on his dinner.

If the deer were suspicious and the aborigine careless, the latter

Continued on page 223

It Happened in Rochester

Mr. Sundstrom kept saying he wrote the play just as it happened to him so he knew it was absolutely true

by IRWIN SHAW

▪ FICTION ▪

THERE were four girls sitting on the wooden benches of the agency's front room. They had on big hats and they talked fast and kept their gloves on and made believe they were very happy and high-spirited and every time one of the office doors opened and a man ran from one room to another through the front-office the girls would spring up and cry gaily, "Jules, oh, Jules, Darling," or, "Harry, now Harry, Darling" and Jules or Harry would grunt and wave and disappear and the girls would sit down slowly, not so gay and wouldn't sound happy or high-spirited for five minutes after that.

I sat between two of the girls, trying to look old, keeping my hat on, flipping through the script of *It Happened in Rochester* and making notes in pencil on the margins to show the girl I was not an actor hanging around for a job.

The girl at the switchboard said, "Mr. McCleary," and I stood up. "In the back office, Mr. McCleary."

The girls watched me coldly as I went through the little swinging gate and toward the back office, holding *It Happened in Rochester* negligently under my arm.

There was a little blond man in the back office.

He looked like a boy for the first five minutes, clean and red-cheeked, with all his teeth, and bright eyes.

"My name is Sundstrom," he said, shaking hands with me. "And this is Mrs. Sundstrom."

I looked at Mrs. Sundstrom. She was a round, tall woman who had been Sundstrom's assistant in his juggling act, handing him the Indian clubs and plates and clapping her hands and throwing him a handkerchief after each trick.

She smiled at me, a nice, fat, middle-aged woman with good false teeth, who kept her hand always lightly touching her husband's sleeve.

When I looked back at Sundstrom I saw that he wasn't a boy at all, but this woman's husband, slim, with a boy's direct, simple appearance, but forty-five years old.

"Sit down, Mr. McCleary," Sundstrom said.

I sat down, finally unhappily taking my hat off.

"Isn't he young to be a director?" Mrs. Sundstrom said, taking a good look at me with my hat off. She smiled at me, but there was doubt in her eye.

"I'm twenty-seven," I said, lying for four years. "I got a young look. When I die I'll have a young look."

Both of them laughed, gently.

"In the theatre, Dear," Sundstrom said, "age doesn't make any difference. Talent is the thing in the theatre. Wouldn't you say so, Mr. McCleary?"

"Yes," I said.

"Still," said Mrs. Sundstrom, "a play like *It Happened in Rochester*, it's full of emotion, it takes an advanced understanding of human nature, very advanced. With all due respect, Mr. McCleary."

I couldn't say that I had an advanced understanding of human nature, so I kept quiet.

"Mr. McCleary is very well recommended, Dear," Sundstrom said. "He's the best one left." He turned to me, speaking seriously. "We tried many other directors, Mr. McCleary. The best. All the best. Older men. Some were busy and others didn't like the script."

"They didn't understand the play," Mrs. Sundstrom said. "They want yelling and shooting and movie stars. A simple, honest play like *It Happened in Rochester* is beyond them."

"It's a true story," Mr. Sundstrom said. "It happened to me and I wrote it. I waited twenty years to write this play. It's an absolutely true story. The girl is a young woman I knew in Rochester. That was before I met Mrs. Sundstrom." He smiled at her and patted her hand in apology for ever having known another woman.

"That story is absolutely typical," Mrs. Sundstrom said. "It shows how some women are. People will flock to see it."

I looked at the blue covers of *It Happened in Rochester* and fiddled with my hat. "Where's the money coming from?" I asked.

"I'm backing it," Sundstrom said. "My own money. Mrs. Sundstrom and I worked steadily for twenty years. From one end of the country to another. When vaudeville was good. We made as high as three-fifty a week. We retired comfortably. We bought a house in New Jersey."

"You must visit us," Mrs. Sundstrom said. "Come on a Sunday for the whole day."

"Yes," I said. "Why don't you try a regular producer with the play? Why risk your money?" I asked, trying, then, in the first fifteen minutes, to save them.

"We've tried other producers," Sundstrom said.

"They're like the directors," Mrs. Sundstrom said. "They don't understand real-life drama."

"Maybe," I said, "maybe they know what the public wants. Maybe you oughtn't to take a chance. This'll cost about twelve thousand dollars."

"The public will flock to it," Mrs. Sundstrom said.

"I am willing to take the chance," Sundstrom said, smiling kindly at me. "I have faith in this play. It's an absolutely true story."

"What is your opinion of the play?" Mrs. Sundstrom asked, suspicion for the first time in her voice.

I thought of all the offices I waited in for jobs, and all the "No's," and all the years

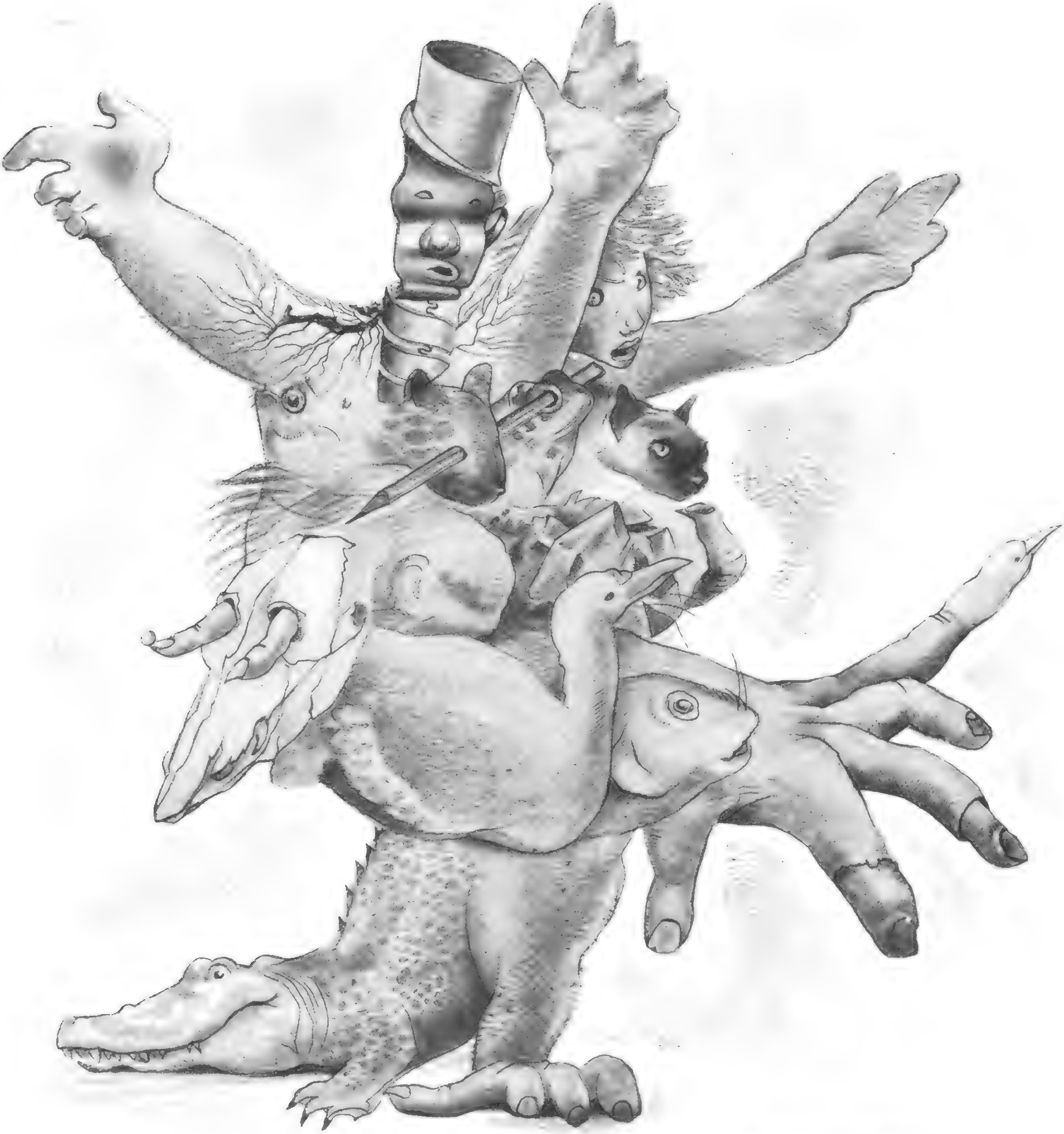
Continued in center of page 280

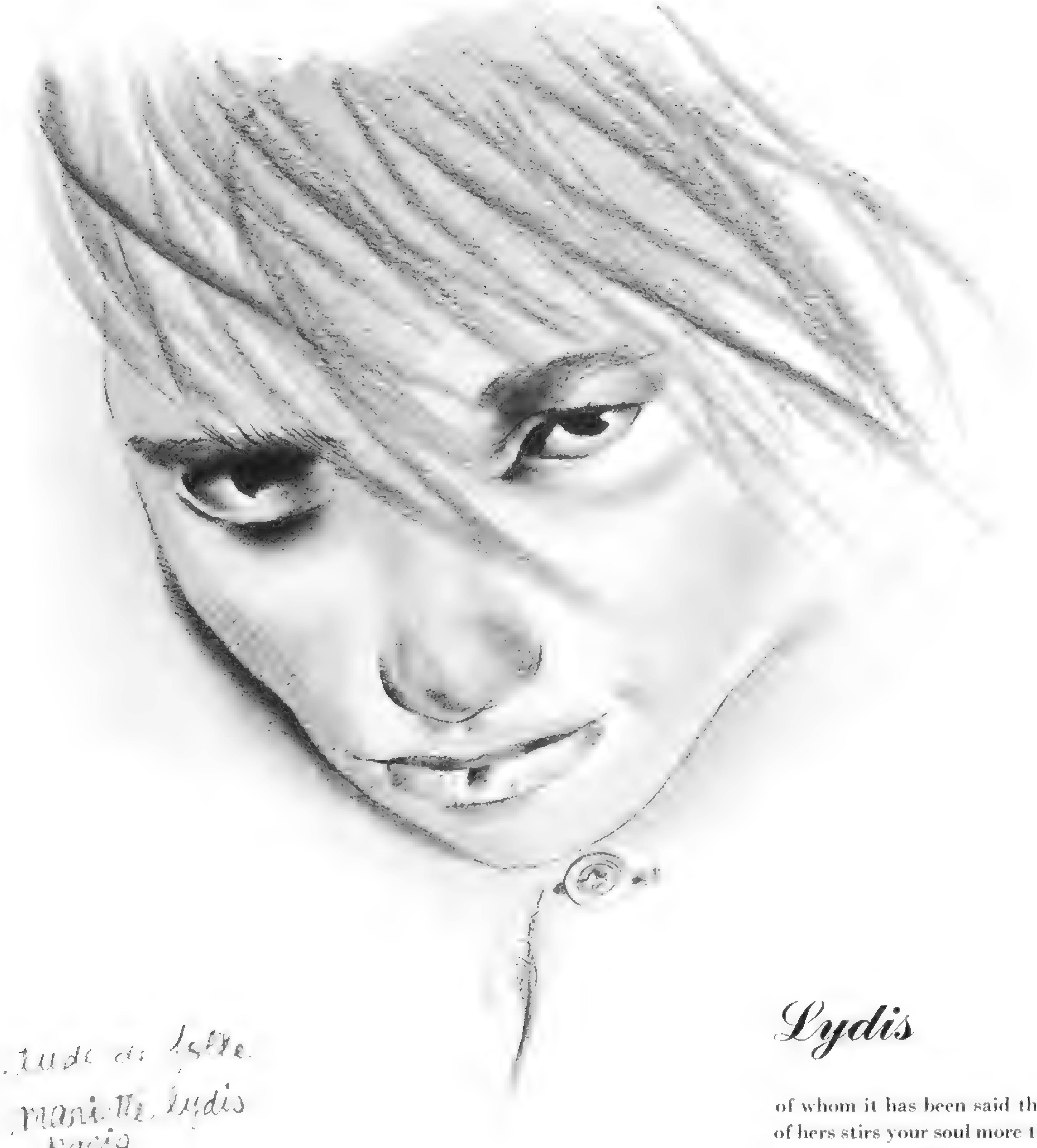
JUST MARRIED
Bill King

The World of Dream

(The Only World Without End)

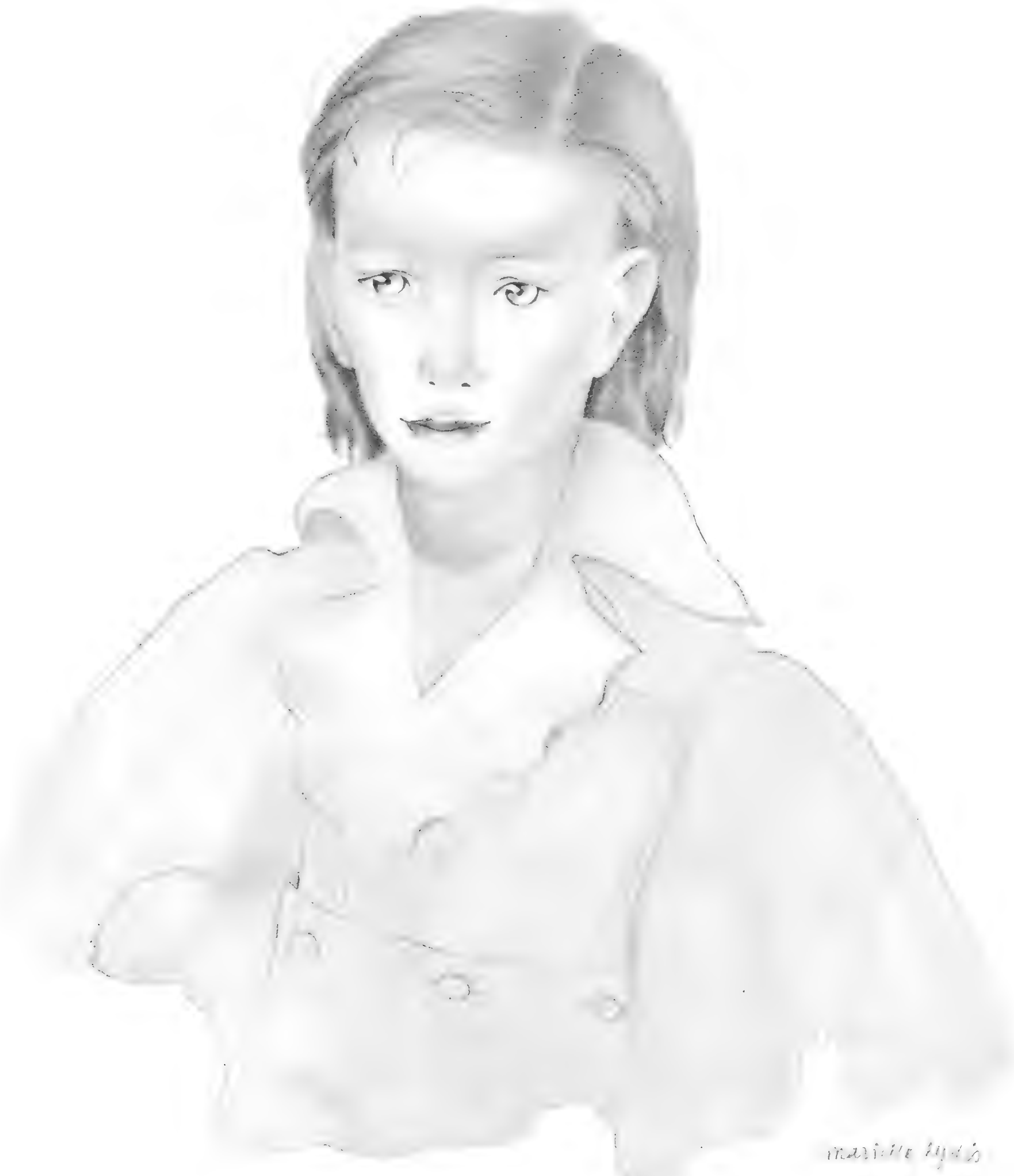
A Portfolio by
MARIETTE LYDIS

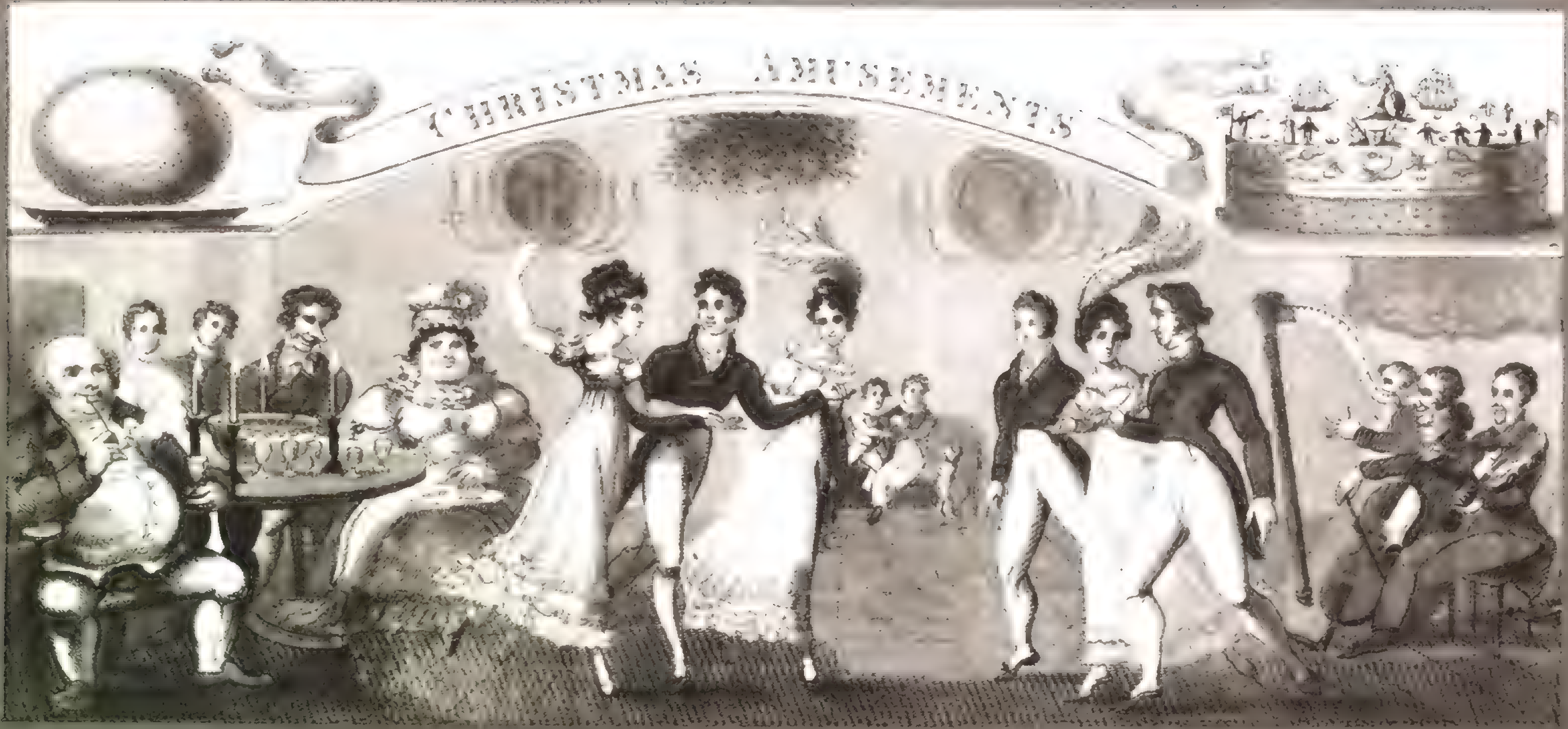

mariette lydis
paris



Lydis

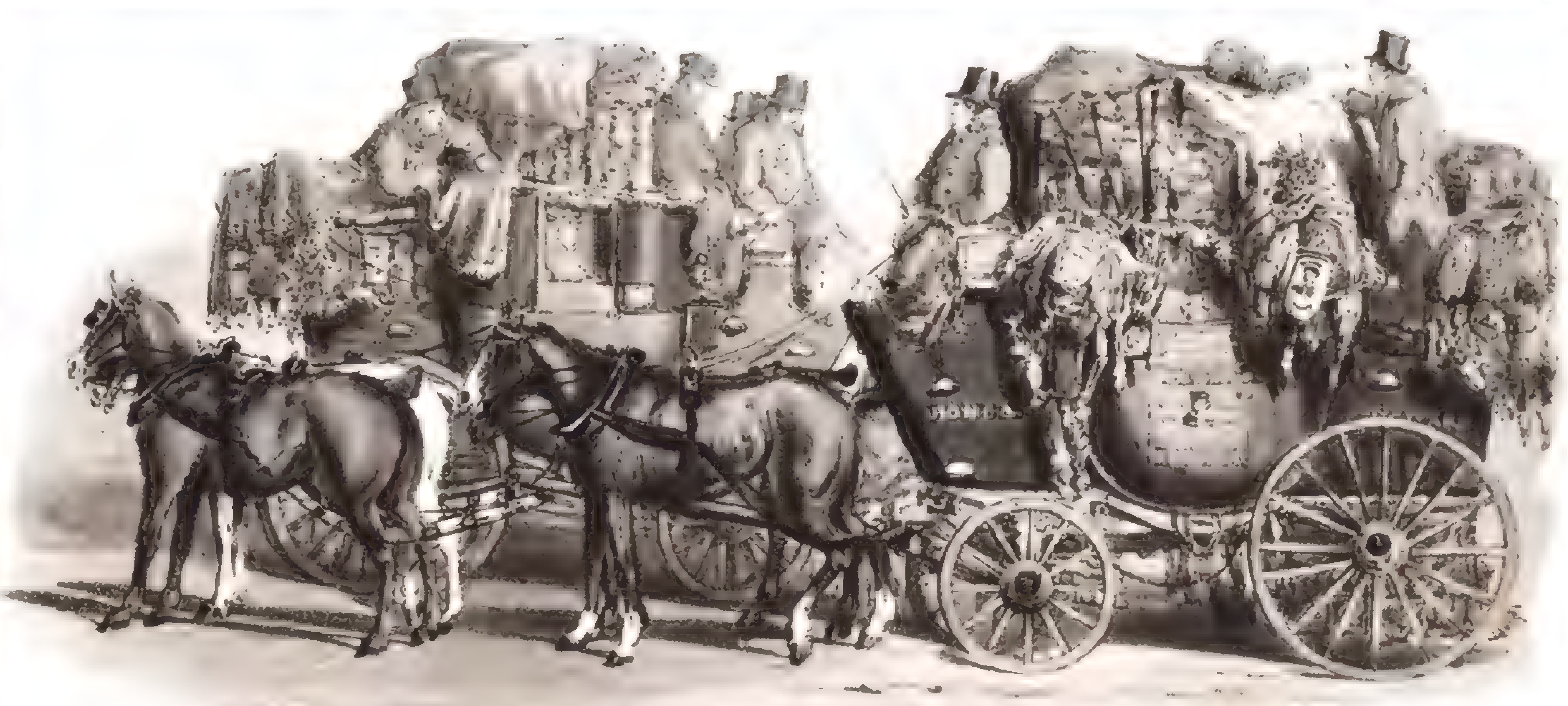
of whom it has been said that "a sketch of hers stirs your soul more than a Balzac novel," is counted by Parisian critics to be one of the first six women painters of our time. Much married, much traveled, a handsome Viennese of the Brunhilde type, she has been a Parisienne since 1927. It is Paris, then, and not Vienna, that one sees as her city of dreams, in this world of dream that she has here created . . . a world where the fancy wanders from gentle daydream to dread nightmare, over the tender yearnings of fair women, the hungry aspirations of the insecure, the eager longings of the young, and above all, like one fixed star, the eternal dream of mother with child, and the spirit of Christmas . . . world without end.


mariette lydis


CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS

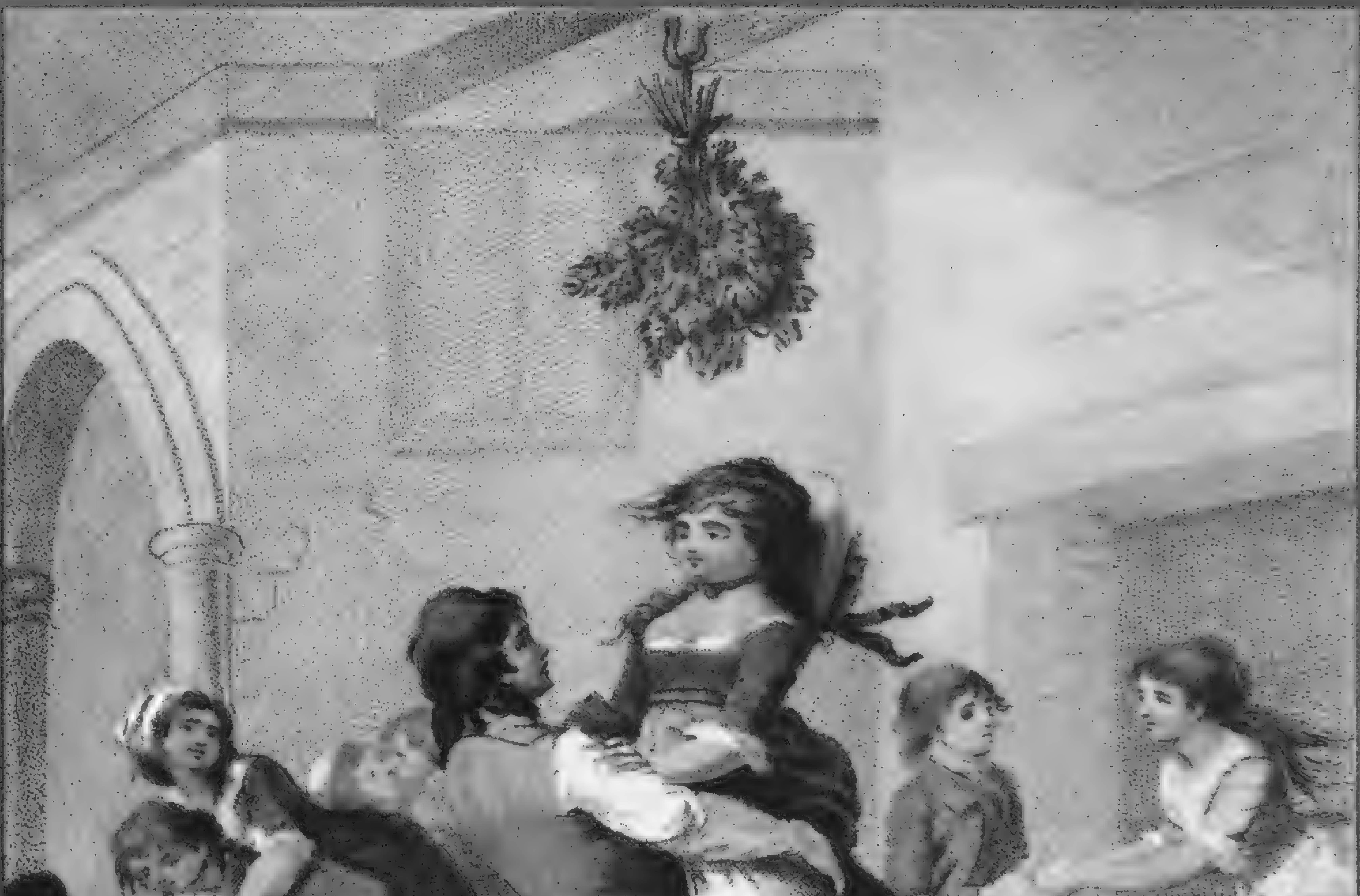
A PORTFOLIO OF OLD CHRISTMAS PRINTS

Reproduced through courtesy of
The Old Print Exchange
14 E. 48th St., New York


Henderson del.
On Stone by W. Gauci

THE DAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

London, Printed & Published March 1, 1828, by Engelmann, Graf, Coindet & Co.



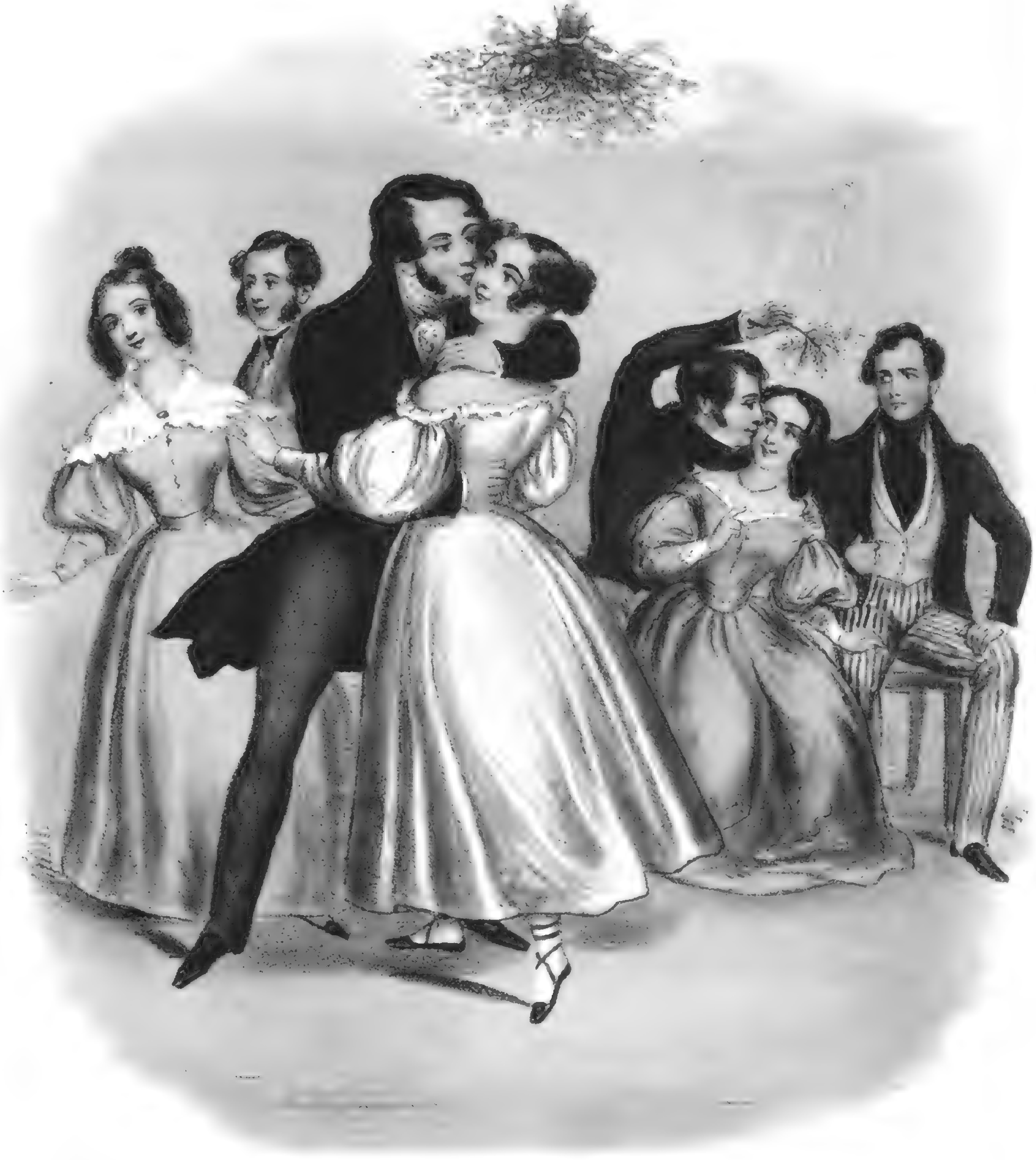
Design'd by Edw.d Penny R.A.

The MISLETOE or CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

Whilst Romp loving Miſs is hauld about
With gallantry robust.

Vide. Milton

London. Pub.d 1 May 1796 by G.T. Stubbs, at the Turf Gallery, Conduit Street, & at No. 97 High Street Marylebone.



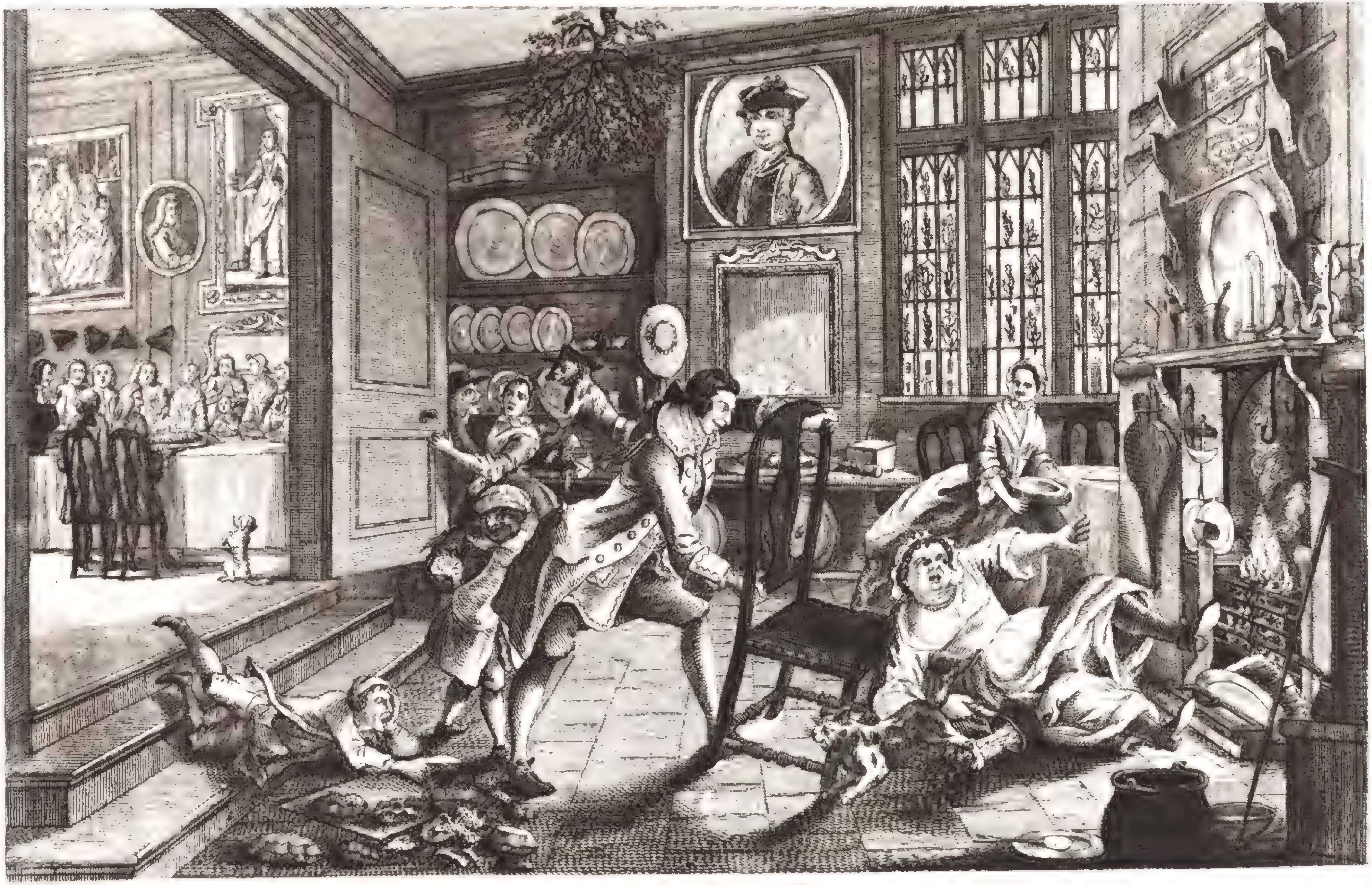
Alvey lith. 128 London R^{d}

THE MISLETOE BOUGH

Well I never! did you ever?

Presented with N^{o} 68, of the **STAR** *Dec^{r} 1st 1838.*

CHRISTMASS GAMBOLLS



CHRISTMASS DAY.

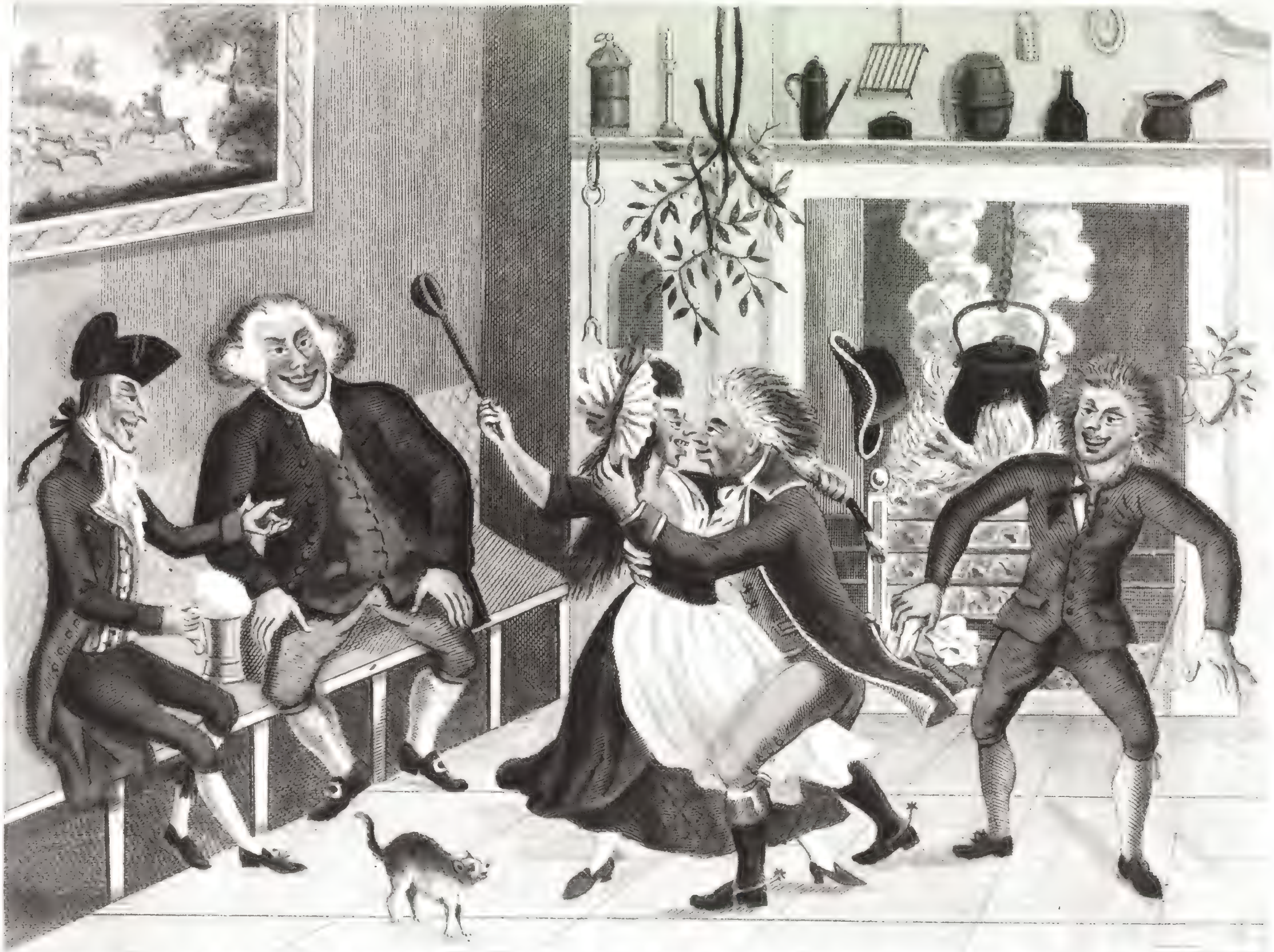
Mark here the Merchants Family,
With their own Chaplain disagree:
His Pride exceeds his hunger far
No Grace he'll say because they jarr:

The Butler with mischeivous Look
A Christmas Gambol gives the Cook;
Down on the Floor she tumbles flat
With melted Butter scalds the Cat.

The Groom, behind the Kitchen Door,
By force makes harmless Nell a W——;
The Baker's Boy his Pleasure spies
Lets fall the Voider with the Pies:

The Monkey too must have a Fall,
To interupt the wanton Cull.
The Black views all with cunning Grin.
Now look this Medley ore again.

[illegible] Carver, in St Paul's Church Yard



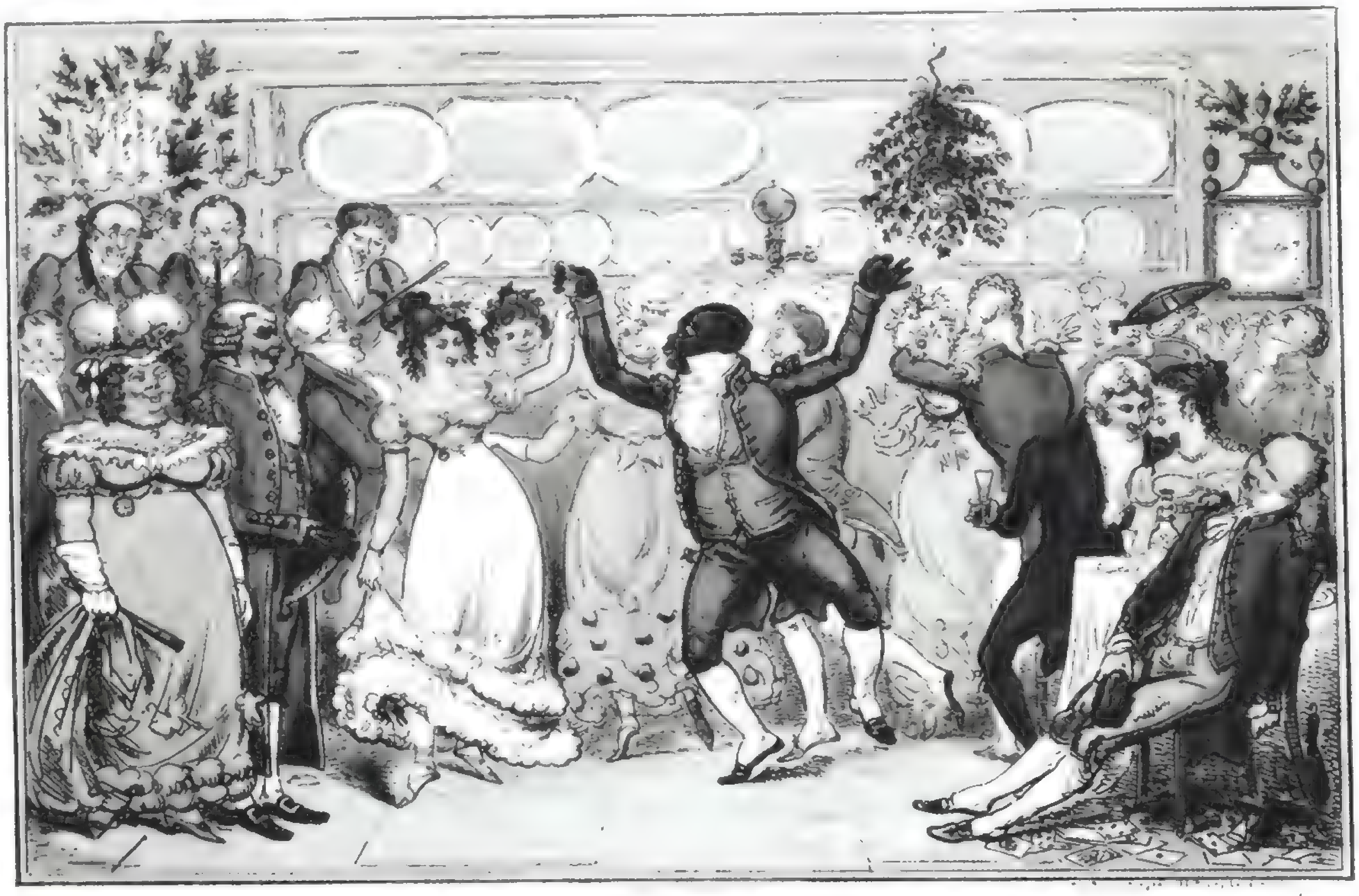
CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS, OR A KISS UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Bridget the Cook on Chriſtmas day,
When all was Mirth & Jollity,
Was rudely kiſsed, by Saucy Joe;
And that beneath the Miſtletoe.

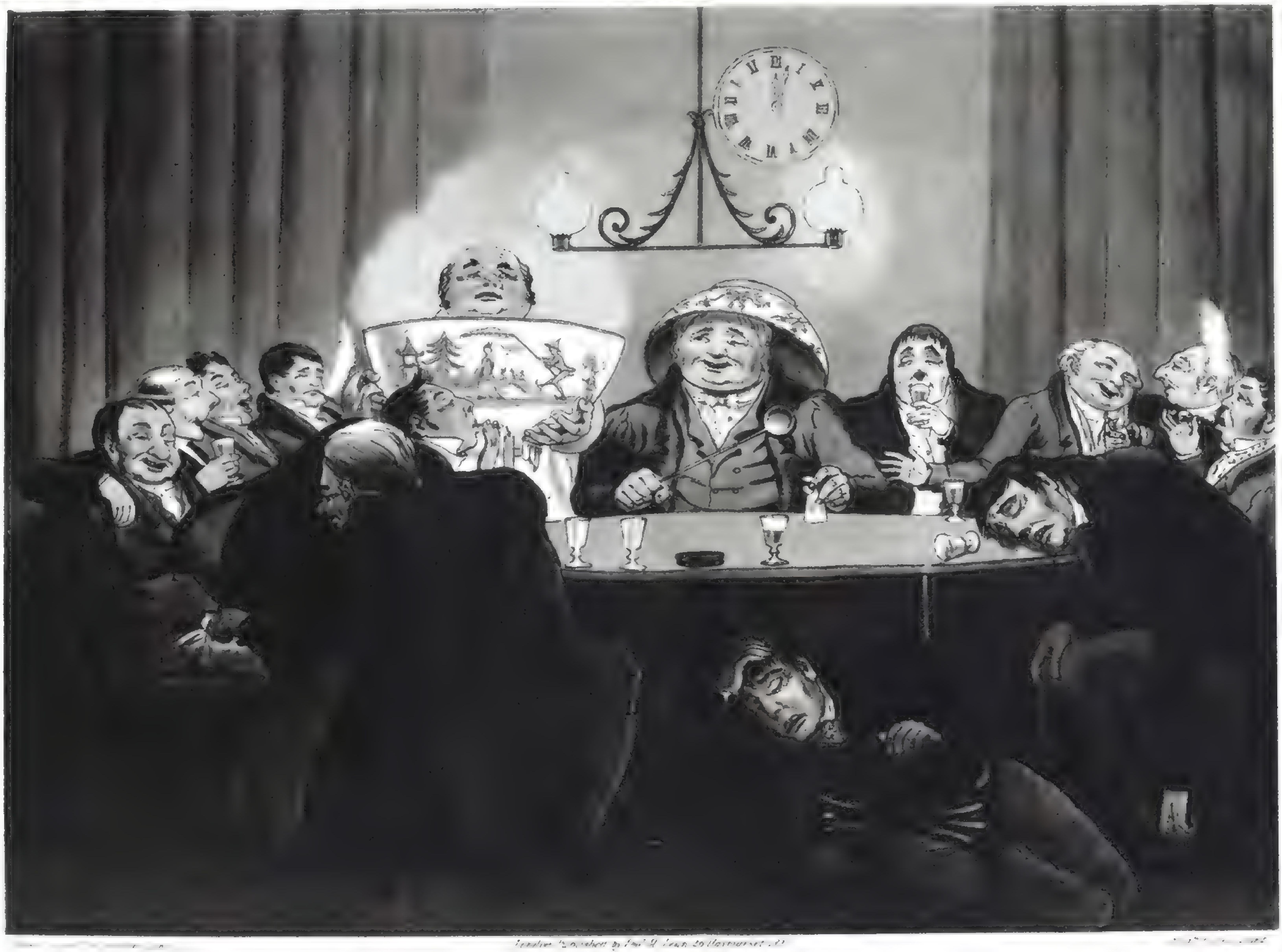
But she returned it with the Ladle,
And laid about, when he was Addle.
For Maids are not to be thus taken,
And all their Virgin Honor ſhaken.

128

Publiſhed 23rd Octr. 1794 by LAURIE & WHITTLE, *No. 53, Fleet Street, London.*



High Life below Stairs.



NEW YEARS MORNING
The OLD ONE OUT and The NEW ONE COMING IN.

This
this
makes this
Swell!
AROWOOL
TIES, $1.

THE SHEEP is the Merino sheep from Australia. His fleece is extremely fine. It makes a tie fabric that has body without bulk—one that forms a small, neat knot.

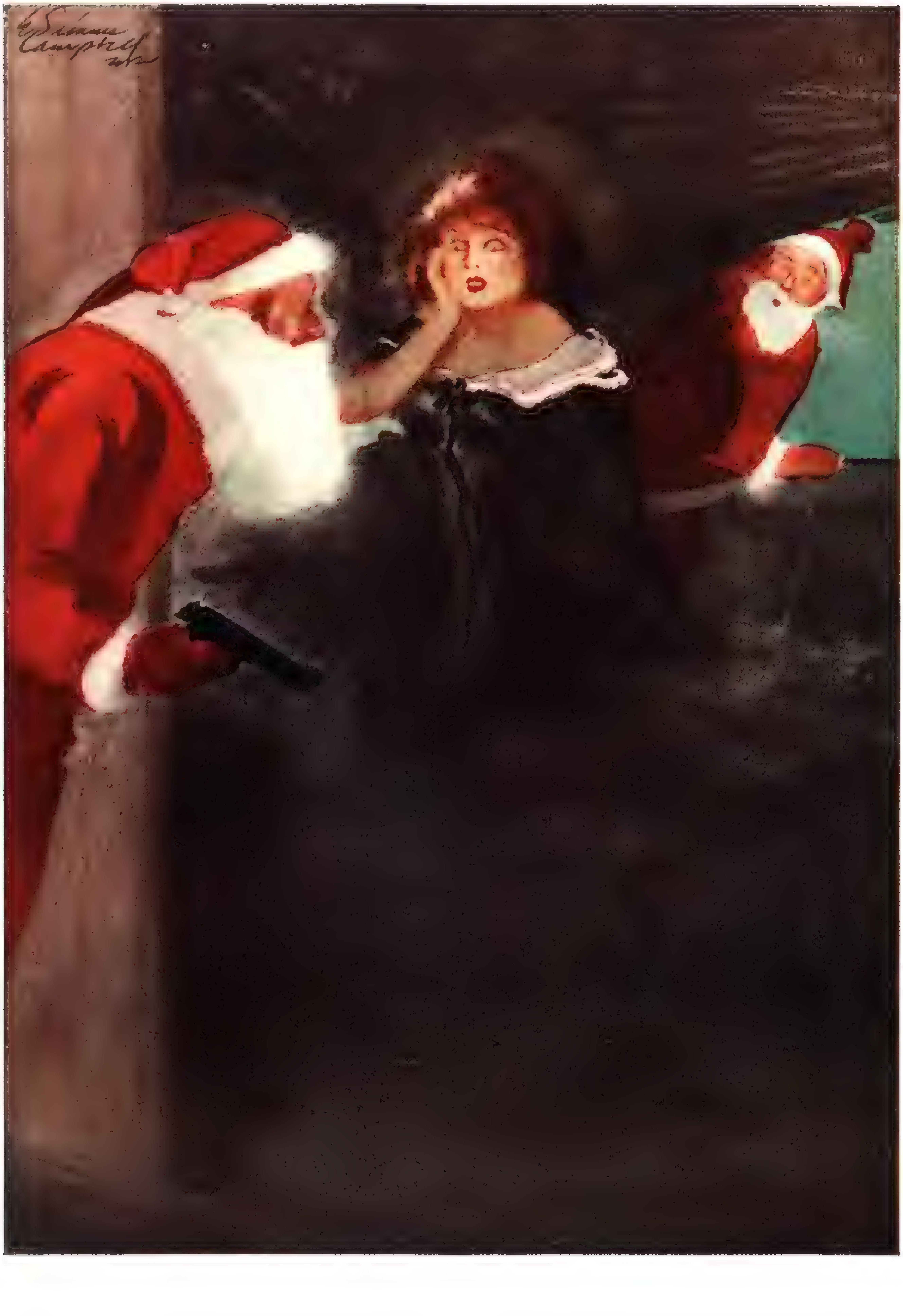
THE KID is a half-grown goat from Texas. His hair makes the best mohair in the U. S. A. It gives ties a rich luster, makes them spring back into shape when untied.

Arrow has wedded the yarns from these two creatures into ties that have Arrow styling written all over them. The ties are called *AROWOOLS*, and you will walk far and look hard before you find ties to match them for $1.

See them at your Arrow dealer's, tomorrow.

ARROW TIES

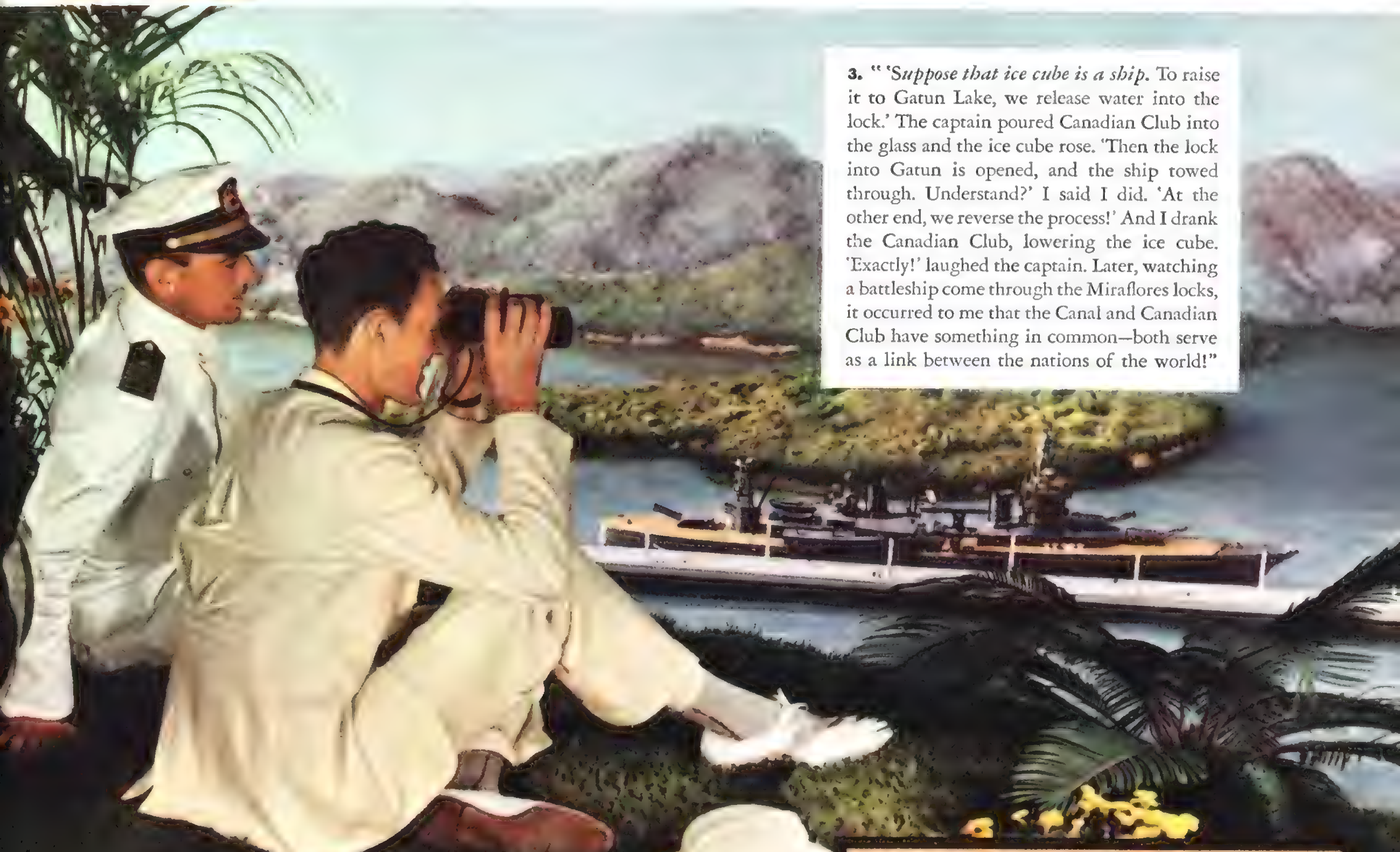
Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.



Parlor trick from PANAMA

1. "*Ever see a ship go upstairs 85 feet?* And did you know that when you enter the Panama Canal from the Atlantic, you're farther west than when you leave it on the Pacific side?—The captain proved it with his sextant!

2. "*At Colon,* I joined the captain for a drink—and discovered another one of the 87 countries that knows the unique flavor of mellow Canadian Club! As he poured a highball, the captain remarked, 'Here's a simple demonstration of how the Canal operates…



3. " '*Suppose that ice cube is a ship.* To raise it to Gatun Lake, we release water into the lock.' The captain poured Canadian Club into the glass and the ice cube rose. 'Then the lock into Gatun is opened, and the ship towed through. Understand?' I said I did. 'At the other end, we reverse the process!' And I drank the Canadian Club, lowering the ice cube. 'Exactly!' laughed the captain. Later, watching a battleship come through the Miraflores locks, it occurred to me that the Canal and Canadian Club have something in common—both serve as a link between the nations of the world!"

Change today, as thousands have, from Scotch, rye, or bourbon to this rare Imported Whisky

Your first delighted sip of a delicately rich Canadian Club highball or smooth Manhattan will tell you why so many Americans who formerly preferred Scotch, rye, or bourbon have changed to rare, imported Canadian Club!

Treat yourself to Canadian Club's utterly distinctive flavor, light as Scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon—yet with an instantly recognizable deliciousness all its own. Try your usual drink with this unusual whisky and you'll understand why twice as many Americans now drink Canadian Club as did three years ago!

Remember, too, you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long, in cocktails before dinner and "tall ones" after. Start to enjoy the luxury of mellow Canadian Club today! 90.4 proof. Canadian Club Blended Canadian Whisky. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

IN 87 LANDS WHISKY-WISE MEN ASK FOR

"Canadian Club"

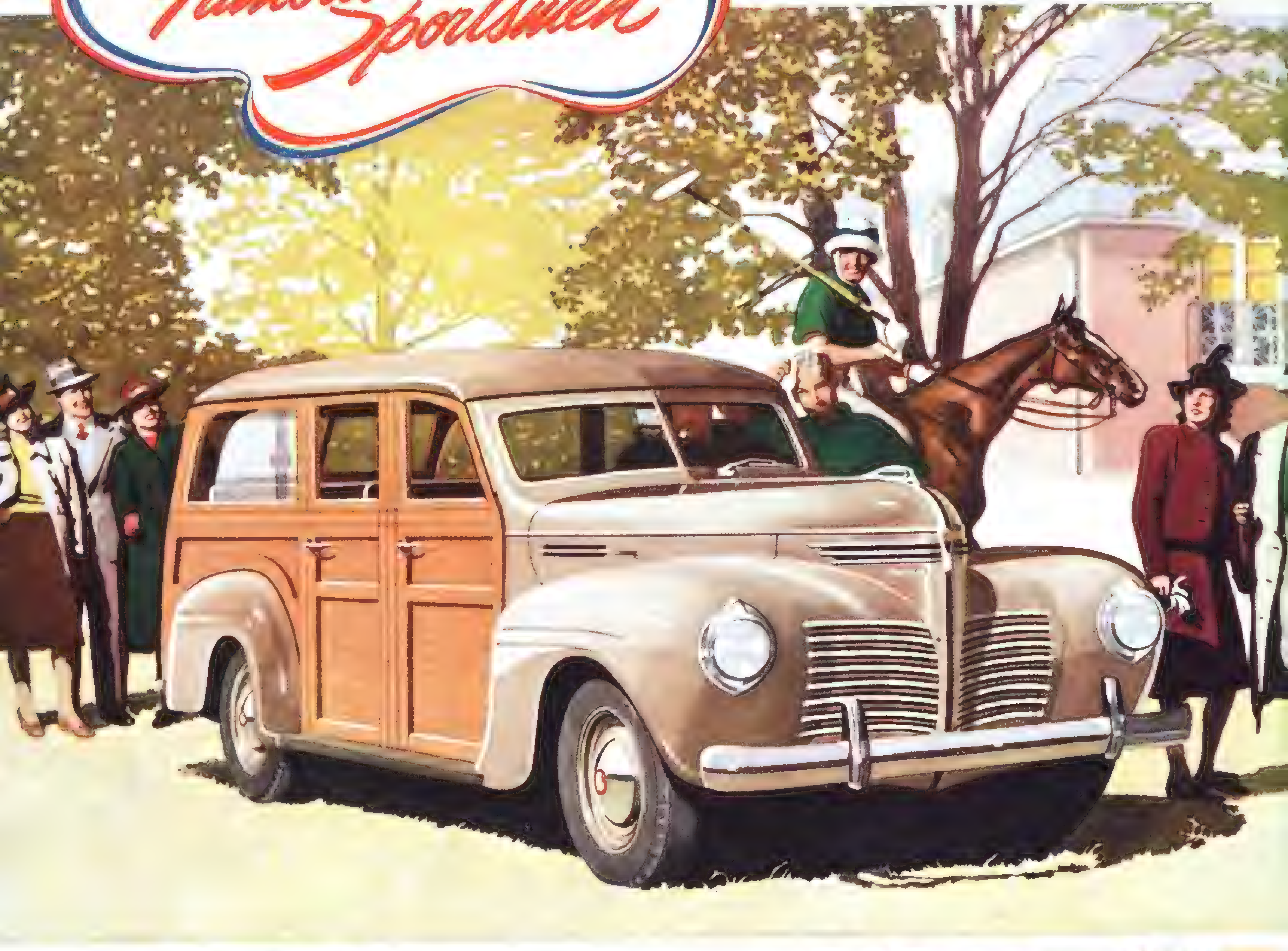
6 YEARS OLD

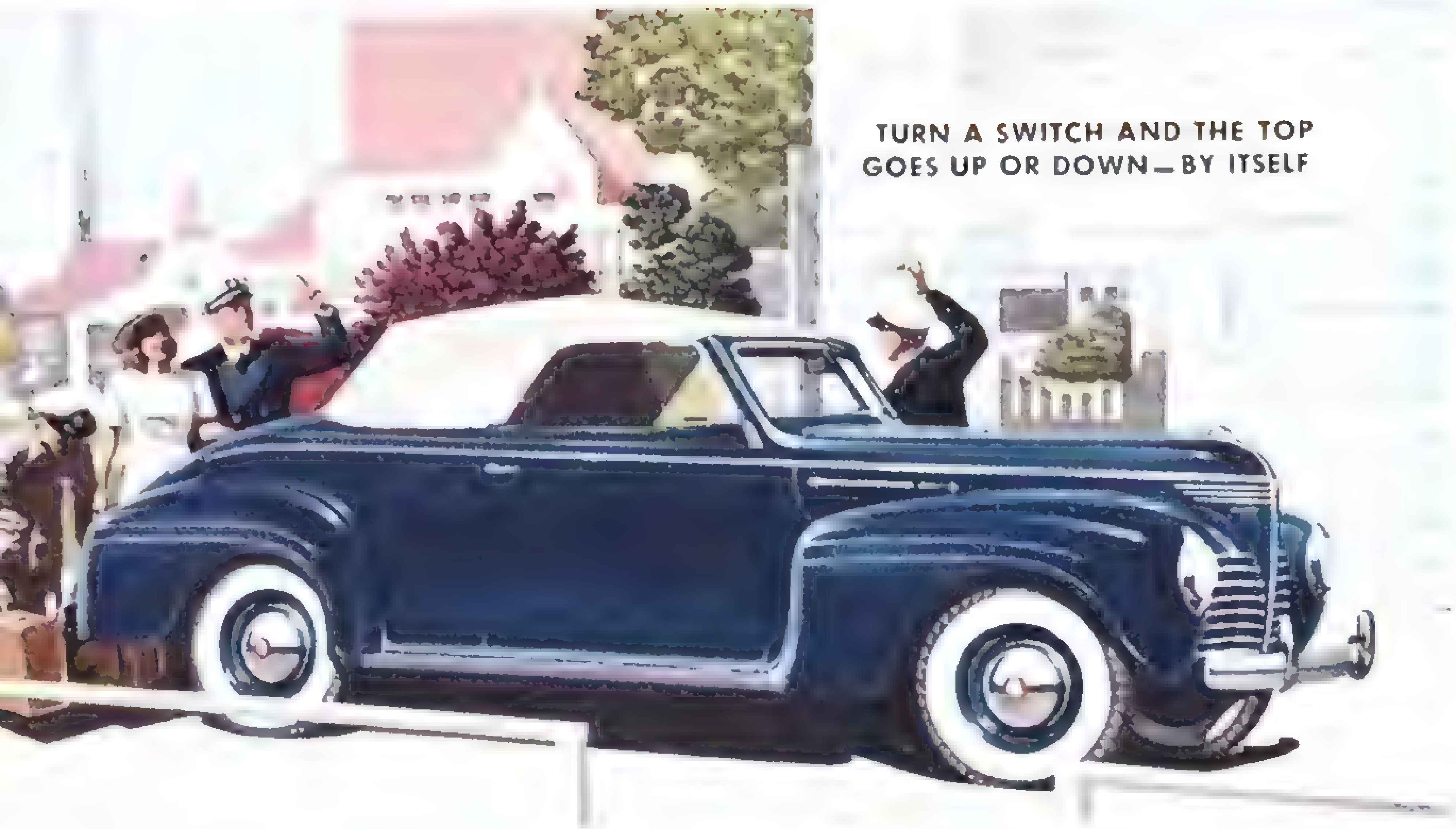
1933
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville Ontario Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD

SMART NEW 1940 MODELS OF PLYMOUTH'S *"Famous Sportsmen"*

LOOK AT THE STUNNING BEAUTY...all the luxury...you get in these brilliant, new Plymouth "Sportsmen"! You'll find it hard to believe they are so low priced.

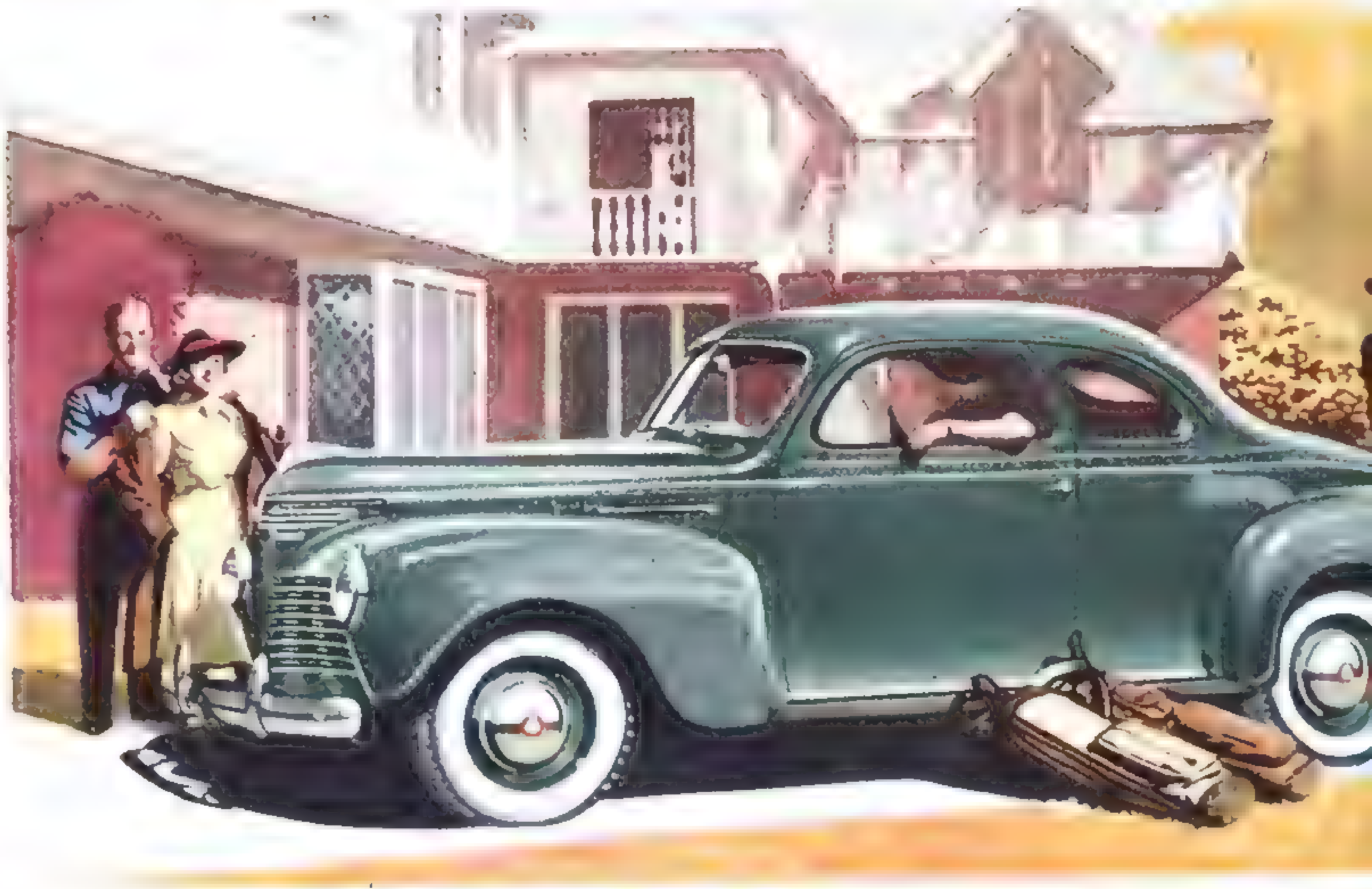
The handsome new Station Wagon is extra rugged...extra *thrifty!* The bigger, roomier body of natural-finish maple and ash is mounted on the De Luxe Plymouth chassis. New designing and engineering give you the great *Luxury Ride!* New safety glass windows slide sideways; and the auxiliary seats are quickly removable and interchangeable.





TURN A SWITCH AND THE TOP GOES UP OR DOWN—BY ITSELF

PLYMOUTH'S BEAUTIFUL 4-Passenger Convertible Coupe has auxiliary drop-type seats in back. The smartly tailored top is power-operated...running boards are optional...and new Sealed Beam Headlights give much brighter road lighting.



BRILLIANT NEWCOMER to Plymouth's great line of "Sportsmen" is the 1940 4-P
senger Coupe! Drop-type rear seats fold out of the way when not in use. Ther
an unusually roomy rear deck compartment...and don't miss the *Luxury Ride*

1940 PLYMOUTH

THE LOW-PRICED BEAUTY
WITH THE LUXURY RID

Our Naval Dilemma

Urging the necessity of building larger battleships lest they soon be outmoded

by **FRANK G. PRESNELL**

• ARTICLE •

RECENTLY Japan announced that within six years she expects to have a navy equal to that of any power. In view of Japan's limited resources, American commentators poked a good deal of fun at this statement, but several facts must have been overlooked to make Japan's naval intentions seem humorous. In battleships—and the battleship is the type upon which ultimate naval success is absolutely dependent—Japan has under construction six-sevenths as much tonnage as we have, and, more important, she is building 43,000-ton ships, while ours are to be 35,000-tonners. The actual battle value of Japan's four ships should exceed that of our six units, for, ton for ton, a big battleship is much more formidable than a smaller one.

That a few large battleships can out-fight considerably more than their own weight of more numerous small ships is one of the well-understood facts of naval warfare. The larger the ship, the smaller is the proportion of its displacement which must be given to hull, and, for the same speed, cruising radius, and thickness of armor, to fuel, machinery, and protection, and the larger is the percentage which may be reserved for guns and ammunition. Or, if the weight distribution of two ships is identical, the larger will have not only thicker armor and larger or more numerous guns, but also a stronger hull, better under-water protection, somewhat higher speed, and a longer cruising radius. The large battleship is also a steadier gun platform, from which more accurate shooting can be done. She can carry her guns higher above water, and fight them in worse weather. Head seas have less effect upon her speed and fuel consumption. The larger a warship is made, the more powerful it becomes, not merely ship for ship, but *ton for ton*. Two 20,000-ton units would be no match for one 40,000-ton design.

The following examples will show some of the effects of size: The Japanese cruiser *Kinugasa* displaces 7,100 tons, has a speed of 33 knots, and an armament of six 8-inch guns. Her armor is very light. The *Atago*, of 9,900 tons, has a speed of 32 knots, ten 8-inch guns, and much better protection. Five *Kinugasas* would displace 35,500 tons. Three *Atagos*, displacing but 29,700 tons, would mount the same number of guns behind thicker armor, and would have an actual superiority in speed except in a perfectly smooth sea. Germany's much talked-of "pocket battleships" displace 10,000 tons, have 4-inch protection, a speed of 26 knots, and a battery of six 11-inch guns. The *Dunkerque*, a French counter-blast, displaces 26,500 tons, has 8¾-inch armor, a speed of 30 knots, and an armament of eight 13-inch guns, each of which is some 65 per cent more powerful than the German weapon. The British battle-cruiser *Renown* displaces 32,000 tons, the battle-cruiser *Hood*, 42,100 tons. The *Renown* has six 15-inch guns, the *Hood*, eight. The *Renown* develops 28 knots, the *Hood* 31 knots. The belts of the two ships are 9 and 12 inches respectively. The *Renown's* decks are from ½ inch to 3½ inches thick, the *Hood's* from 5 to 7 inches.

In addition to superior speed, gun power and protection, the larger of two designs has important tactical advantages. Radio cannot be relied on for communication in battle, because it is too easy to jam, and signaling must be done by flags or blinker lights, both of which are hard to read at any distance when shrouded in smoke. Since the length of a battle line depends almost entirely on the number of ships of which it is composed—the size of these ships has little effect—control of a long line of small units is much more difficult than the direction of a short line of a few big ships. At Jutland the British, with their long lines, had a great deal of signal trouble, and at one point the fifth battle squadron failed to turn with the battle-cruisers because Beatty's orders could not be understood. Of even greater importance is the fact that a compact group of big ships can concentrate its fire on a portion of a long line of small units, destroy that portion, and expose itself to only a long-range and ineffective shelling from the far-off van or rear of the long line of weak units.

Dr. Oscar Parks, Editor of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, states that naval designers now regard a displacement of 50,000 or 55,000 tons as the *minimum* on which it is possible to combine sufficiently powerful guns, an adequate anti-aircraft battery, satisfactory deck and belt armor, and effective protection against torpedoes.

The big battleship is not only a more efficient fighting machine, and a better tactical unit, but also, ton for ton—and it may be emphasized again that what is being pointed out is not ship-for-ship, but ton-for-ton superiority—a cheaper weapon. Exact figures are hard to give, since there are so few strictly comparable vessels, but it is an accepted fact that, as the size of a warship goes up, her cost per ton goes down. And the upkeep goes down even faster: it costs about $1,250,000 a year to maintain the 33,500-ton *Nelson*,

Continued in center of page 272

WELL-GROOMED HAIR

Is important to you—every hour . . . every day!

Use the VITALIS "60-Second Workout"

LUSTROUS, handsome hair gives a man a sense of pride in his appearance. But it does something even more important. It helps him make a good impression on others . . . wins him instant admiration and respect. And because well-groomed hair *is* important—a valuable aid to social and business success . . . thousands of men use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" every day.

It's easy to keep your hair looking its best with Vitalis. Just apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk fingertip massage. Feel that pleasant tingling as circulation quickens . . . your scalp loses its tightness . . . becomes free and supple as it should be. Notice how swiftly this Vitalis workout routs loose dandruff. Your hair takes on a rich lustre as the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement natural scalp oils—overcome dryness. Now comb your hair—see how easy it is to manage—how perfectly every hair stays in place! And not a trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Get a bottle of Vitalis from your druggist today. Begin your "60-Second Workouts" with Vitalis and have good-looking, well-groomed hair on every business and social occasion!

1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation of the scalp quickens—the flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Your hair has a natural lustre—but no trace of that objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Ask Your Barber

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in individual, sanitary Sealtubes. Be sure to insist on Sealtubes.

VITALIS

HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!

GET "PRESTONE" TRADE-MARK ANTI-FREEZE AND FORGET

FUMES
FIRE
FAILURE

"Prestone" brand anti-freeze gives off no dangerous fumes. It is absolutely odorless.

"Prestone" anti-freeze presents no fire hazard. Unlike anti-freezes made with alcohol it will NOT ignite.

One filling of "Prestone" anti-freeze gives complete protection all winter long. There's no replacing . . . no wondering if you're safe. *You are!*

EVEREADY
PRESTONE
ANTI-FREEZE

"PRESTONE" anti-freeze is the world's largest selling brand of winter protection because it is the world's finest. Guaranteed in writing. See your dealer today.

NEW LOW PRICE

$2.65 PER GALLON

"PRESTONE" anti-freeze

The words "Prestone" and "Eveready" are registered trade-marks and identify products of National Carbon Company, Inc.

My Own, My Native Land

General Roche knew defending his beloved Pontard would be costly as in the last war

by SAM WESTON

• FICTION •

He drove straight through to Paris, arriving at three o'clock in the morning.

The lights were still on in the Chamber of Deputies. A big crowd was waiting in front of the War Ministry. They recognized the mud-splashed limousine at once.

"It's Papa Rock!" the cry went up.

"The dictators can go home now!"

"Vive la Roche de Pontard!"

An adjutant sprang to the door, saluting respectfully. "Marshal Roche."

Marshal Joseph Marie Roche descended grumpily, taking the arm of Jules, his chauffeur. "Always a crisis," he growled. "And at three in the morning!" He gathered his thick blue cloak about his big shoulders and stared out over the cordon of Gardes Mobiles, their helmets and rubber capes glistening in the rain.

"Go up and tell those strategists we'll fight!" a bull voice roared.

There was laughter. His chunky face relaxed. He held up a big, paw-like hand. "Courage, mes enfants," he rumbled in his harsh voice. "All is well. France stands firm against her enemies." Then, as an afterthought: "I will now go up and tweak certain noses."

There was an appreciative roar. Everyone knew whom he meant.

The sentries brought their rifles smartly to attention. Against the big bronze doors he saw the notices with the crossed flags:

AVIS
AUX TOUTES CLASSES
MOBILISATION GÉNÉRALE

He stumped into the empty corridors, blowing like a porpoise. Disdaining the elevator, he marched up the staircase lined with the battleflags.

A young sentry with red, raw-boned cheeks saluted clumsily.

"How long've they been in session?"

"Fifteen minutes, mon général . . ."

"Good."

Conversation ceased as he entered the drab conference room. A dapper figure in blue laid down the paper he had been reading.

"Well, Roche. We had not expected you."

They all rose.

He noted with grim satisfaction the shade of annoyance that crossed Colonel Laurie's face.

"Sit down," he boomed. He resented these thin gestures of courtesy to his seniority as last of the World War Marshals. His rugged face set in hard lines as he confronted Louis Chabelot, Chief of Staff. "No heat in the building," he grumbled. "What in thunder is this, a peace conference?"

General Bailly, Chief of the Air Defense, chuckled on Chabelot's right. "What's the matter, are the fiery wines of Pontard failing you, Marshal?"

Papa Rock snorted. "There are no wines of Pontard." He disliked Bailly almost as much as he did Chabelot. "Bad crops in the valley of the Meuse this year. Those subterranean fortresses poison the good grapes." He fixed Chabelot balefully with his keen grey eyes.

No one laughed. It was a blunt, stinging joke. Two days before a magazine had blown up in Section 16 of the Maginot Line, ripping out a kilometer of fortifications. It was a national catastrophe.

The faces before him were worried, haggard with loss of sleep. They were all there, even sunburned General Fortrain from Morocco. He resented Fortrain's ability to fly to Paris in better time than he could drive down from Pontard.

Chabelot turned. "Bring a chauffrage," he directed. He sat down, arranging papers with his slender, expressive hands.

Roche hated those hands. They made him acutely conscious of his own thick peasant's hands clenched beneath his cloak. He disliked Chabelot's thin, ascetic face, just as he despised the hard positiveness of Bailly's. Career men, politicians of the New Army that had sprung up since the World War.

They brought in the electric heater, plugged it in.

"Will you sit, Marshal?" Chabelot politely indicated a chair.

"I will stand," he said firmly. "I will listen."

He planted his feet, his big figure silhouetted against the map of France on the wall, the gold palms of his box-like cap gleaming in the drop light.

Chabelot took a deep breath. "You know the situation, messieurs. They are still negotiating with Berlin; the Foreign Office is keeping us advised. Intelligence reports heavy troop movements east of Mersitz, Saarebruck."

Papa Rock started. Those towns were opposite Metz, not twenty kilometers from the border of the Department of the Moselle, from his native village of Pontard.

"The men of the villages have gone into the Line," Chabelot continued. "Everything is being done to rush reserves, mobile artillery and tanks to Metz and Nancy to cover the break."

Mobile. Pape Roche grunted. This was the shibboleth of the new strategy. He thought of the long lines of sandbagged trenches encircling Pontard as the great grey horde pressed toward the Marne in 1918.

"What about this break?" Gen-

Continued in center of page 261

ROSELLA TOWNE
(Warner Bros.)
Hurrell Photograph

MYRA ALEXANDER
Hurrell Photograph

The Candid Cameraman

Now the fighting's on, a pacifist film, *Nurse Edith Cavell*, is war propaganda

by PATTERSON MURPHY

• MOVIES •

This is being written on the morning when German troops marched into Poland. This task, as no doubt every civilian's morning task today, already seems incongruous in the face of the immense dislocation of war. It will be two months before this is read, and it is still possible this morning to cling to the hope that within that time the war may be canceled, even as the British announcements this morning cling to the impossible hope that it was not a declaration of war that Hitler made when he said he was putting on his uniform, not to take it off until the German objective was gained. "It seems to mean war," the statesmen said, leaving that last pitiful loophole for a last instant of peace. But the overwhelming knowledge is that the war will be in full and most horrible development by the time this reaches print.

What can we say of motion pictures, in time of war? In Spain, and the only Spain we knew was legitimate, Loyalist Spain, films served two purposes: the first and obvious purpose of propaganda fell actually into minor use, because the film industry of Spain was nonexistent except for a small capacity to make newsreels. As the government could not begin to make war-story films, even of a short variety, the theatres were confined to running the same pictures they had run before the war: movies from Hollywood, and from France and from Soviet Russia. Newsreels were kept up to date, however; shown almost nowhere outside of Spain, these reels contained some of the most shocking pictures of action at the front, and of civilian bombings.

But on the whole it might be said that the film in Spain was not used to whip up or keep alive war sentiment. The Spanish people on the Loyalist side didn't need movies to show them the effect of the brutal invasion they were suffering. They did need movies to lull their nerves, to release tension for a few hours. And this second use of the film was the dominant use, in Spain. Theatres kept running throughout the war, showing the same films over and over, as film makers were reluctant to send new pictures into the war country, in fear that they might not collect for their rentals. And people came to the theatres to sit for a while, and forget.

The propaganda for war need not be so much in the films showing to the peoples at war, as in the films shown to the uncertain peoples: and we in the United States will be the first objective for this propaganda. We know how it was just before and during the first World War, when *The Beast of Berlin* was typical screen fare. Now, with radio, communication is far more immediate than it was in those times, and we may expect the heaviest effect of propaganda to come in the news itself. Listening this morning to the reports of how the war started, there was no feeling of doubt as to where the blame would lie; already, *The Beast of Berlin* would not seem as laughable as it might have seemed last week.

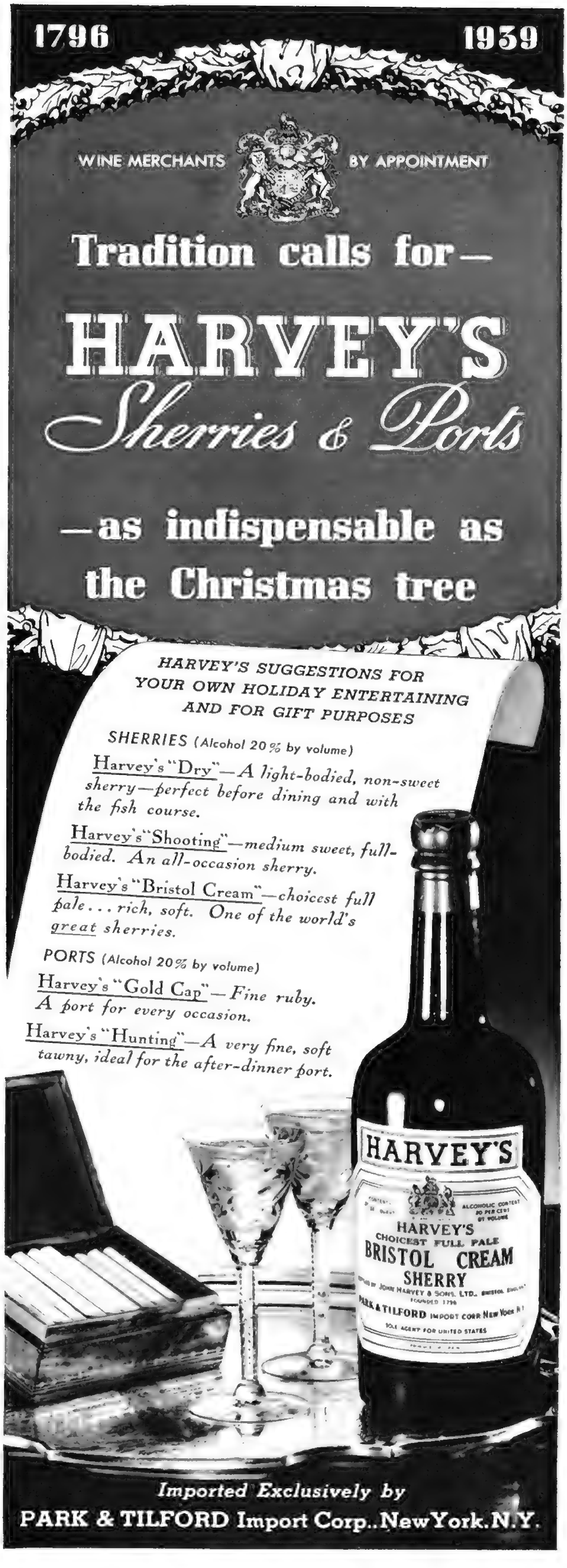
Will films lead our minds to readiness to join in this war? At this confused moment every American must be asking himself, Shall we go in? And perhaps by the time this appears, even that question will be answered. But the films of this war began with *Confessions of a Nazi Spy;* and the first war atrocity film is already a subject for review today: it is of an atrocity of the last war, the execution of Nurse Cavell.

We welcomed *Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, for it told the truth, and we have consistently asked for films that treated of the Nazi danger. Up to this point, our welcome for such films was in the theory and hope that by awakening the world to the full reality of Hitler's aims, they might help in averting war. But now that point has been passed, and such films can only be placed in the class of propaganda toward participation.

And so every subject leads back to the cardinal question: should we go in? Should we encourage the propaganda that may lead us in? At this moment, it is impossible to tell whether the war will resolve itself into a simple test of power between two imperialistic nations, Germany and Great Britain, or whether some ideological issue can result. The principle of faith between nations has already been invoked. One nation is headed by a man who lied so the whole world could hear him; he permits himself to lie in the "holiness" of his cause. But this question of faith between nations is not the real issue. Henry Adams found out that nations lied, long ago. At this moment it cannot yet be seen how this is a war for any positive cause, for the good of common people. It is rather a war to end an evil reign. What will supplant it, cannot be guessed.

We have already taken sides; Hitler's evil has to be eradicated. But as yet it is not apparent that there is anything of a positive nature, of good, to be born. The feeling we have heard most frequently expressed, among American folk in the last weeks, was that we should help with materials of war, those nations with whom we morally side, but that we have as

Continued on page 152



1796 1939

WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

Tradition calls for—

HARVEY'S

Sherries & Ports

—as indispensable as the Christmas tree

HARVEY'S SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUR OWN HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING AND FOR GIFT PURPOSES

SHERRIES (Alcohol 20% by volume)

Harvey's "Dry"—*A light-bodied, non-sweet sherry—perfect before dining and with the fish course.*

Harvey's "Shooting"—*medium sweet, full-bodied. An all-occasion sherry.*

Harvey's "Bristol Cream"—*choicest full pale . . . rich, soft. One of the world's great sherries.*

PORTS (Alcohol 20% by volume)

Harvey's "Gold Cap"—*Fine ruby. A port for every occasion.*

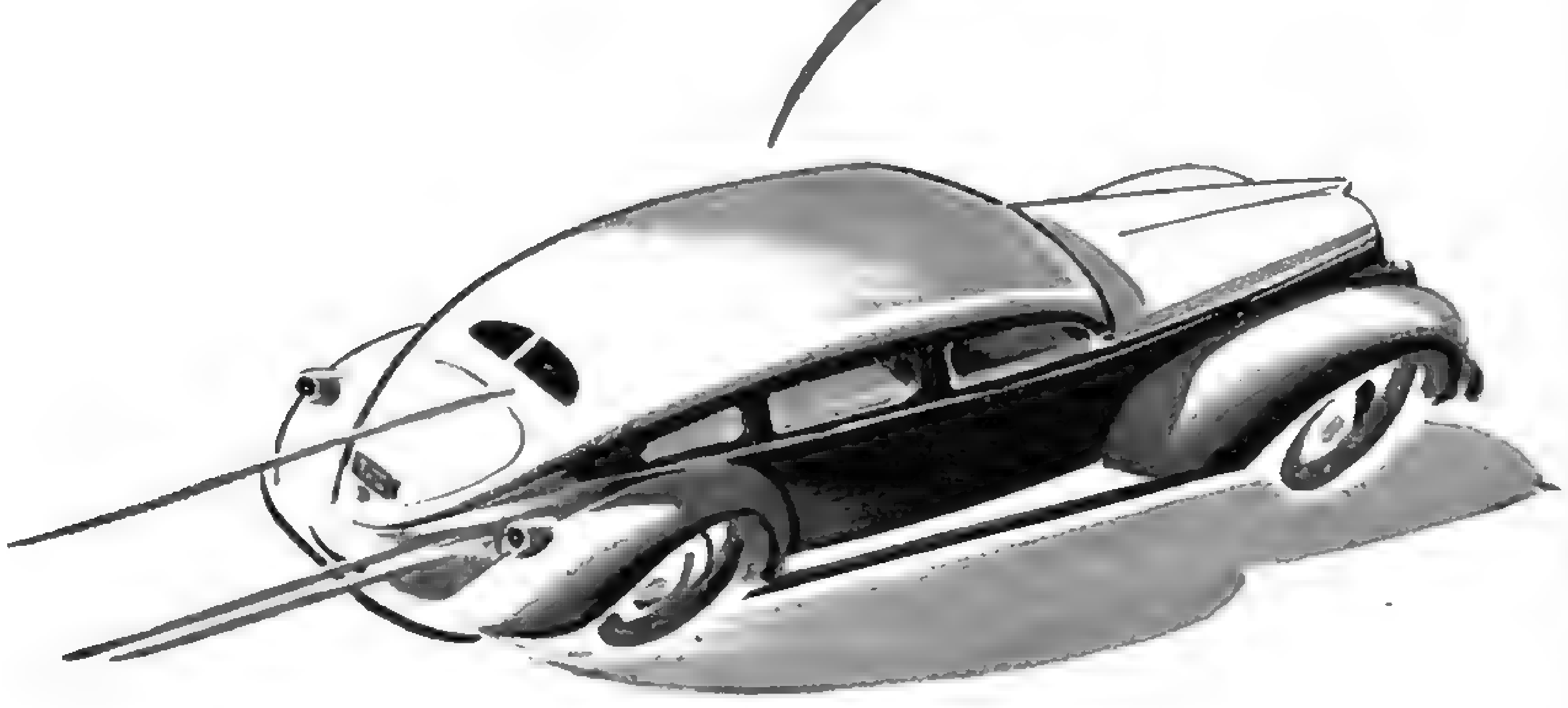
Harvey's "Hunting"—*A very fine, soft tawny, ideal for the after-dinner port.*

Imported Exclusively by

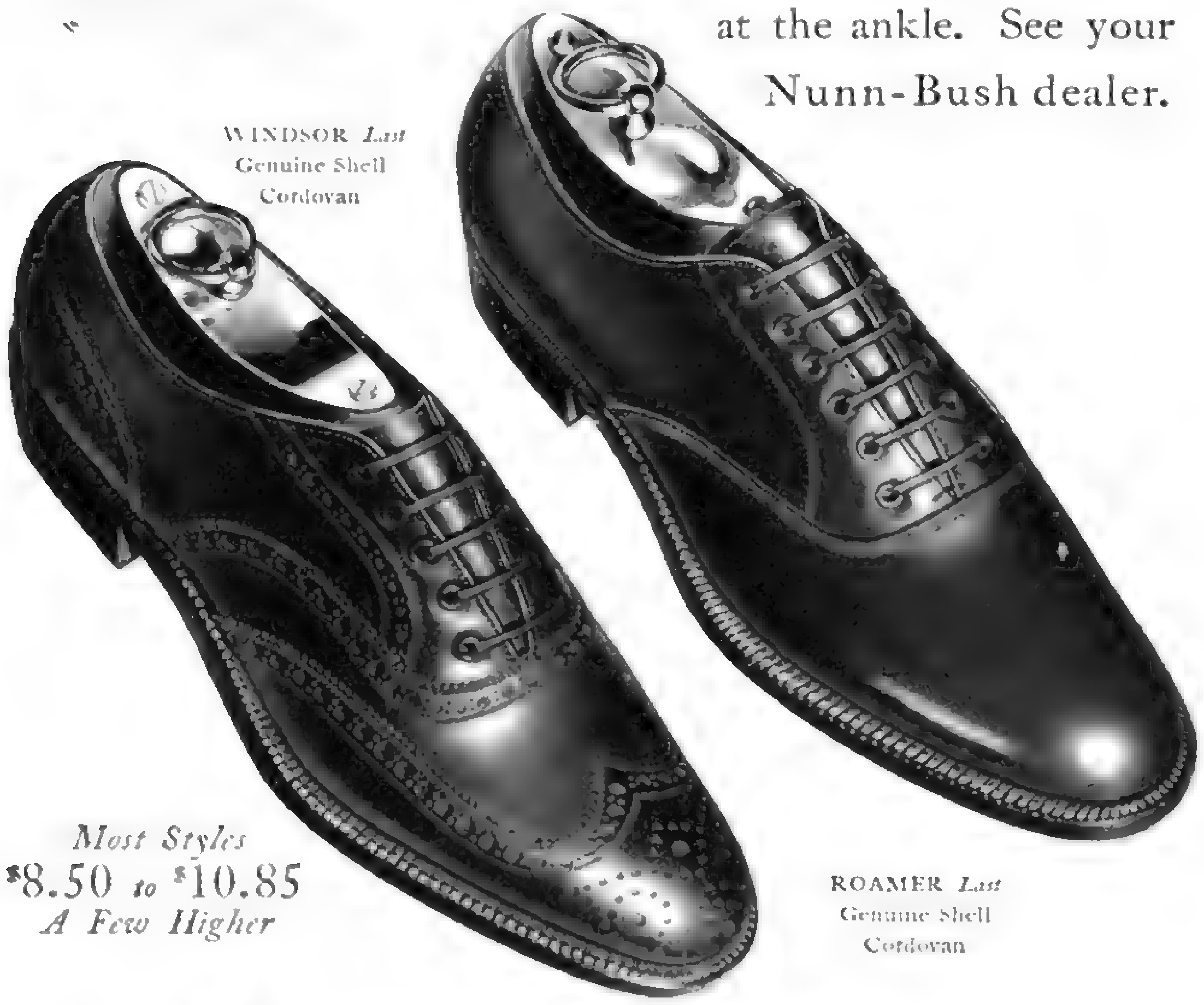
PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP. NEW YORK N.Y.
SOLE AGENT FOR UNITED STATES

"BOTH THE FIT AND THE STYLE LAST LONGER—BECAUSE OF ANKLE-FASHIONING"



● The man who is properly fitted with Nunn-Bush shoes can expect certain definite results. His shoes will look *neat*—they will be *comfortable*—and they will *stay* both neat and comfortable for an unusually long time. This is largely due to Ankle-Fashioning, a Nunn-Bush feature that retards gaping and bulging at the ankle. See your Nunn-Bush dealer.



Most Styles
$8.50 *to* $10.85
A Few Higher

Nunn-Bush
Ankle fashioned Oxfords

Made by Salaried Craftsmen—Not by Pieceworkers

NUNN-BUSH • MILWAUKEE • NEW YORK • SAN FRANCISCO

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 151

yet no cause to be drawn into actual conflict.

Yes, it may be a replica of the first World War. And this is why we are looking at films such as *Nurse Edith Cavell*. The plea of this film is most skillfully attuned to the moment of war's commencement. For it is essentially a pacifist film. Its plea is escape from war. A week ago it might have been reviewed as a film that begged for peace under any conditions; today it is an atrocity film.

Nurse Edith Cavell, it will be remembered, was the British nurse who conducted a private hospital in Brussels, and who, soon after the outbreak of the World War, became the leader of a humanitarian underground movement, something like our underground railway of slavery times, for she and her group were engaged in running fugitive allied soldiers out of the German-occupied territory, to neutral ground.

The film shows Nurse Cavell and her fellow conspirators—women and boys, for the most part, prowling over old battlefields, snatching wounded soldiers, driving them to the hospital, nursing them in a secret basement room, conducting them to a canal barge that takes them over the border. The work they are engaged in does not seem so much the saving of one group of soldiers from another group, but rather the saving of men from war. This thesis is directly stated in the preamble to the film. There are two codes, the makers of this film declare: the code of war, which is a total dedication to destruction, and the medical code, which is a dedication in direct opposition to that of war.

In times of war, the medical profession finds itself in a conflict of loyalties. For its professional code is opposed to its patriotic code. For most medical men this is solved by service in their own army's units, by the saving of the wounded. Yet in the purest moral sense this does not give the sanction of healers to the code of war. It is simply a way for the healers to escape their moral dilemma.

Nurse Cavell had no such way of escape. Her medical code led her into direct violation of military laws. And hence her resolution, which is also the resolution of this film about her life and death: that there is a duty above patriotism, that healing is above destruction.

Last week it was possible to reflect in this manner upon the theme of Nurse Cavell, and to decide that, upon analysis, the film was essentially a pacifist film. For nowhere is it suggested that Nurse Cavell hopes the men she rescues and heals and helps to escape will find their way back to the front. In her trial scenes, such a suggestion is brought forward by others; indeed she is convicted for giving aid to the enemy by supplying them with men. But to the character of Nurse Cavell, such an intention could only seem abhorrent; and as she is the central figure of the film, its message is projected through her character: a direct abhorrence of war.

But this week, such analysis is vitiated by the fact of war. Instead of seeing this as a film about a nurse who hated war, we would see it as a film about a beautiful nurse who was murdered by the Huns.

Last week, it seemed of little significance that the German officers were played by taut, brutal men, inflexible to the mercy pleas of the bed-ridden ambassador of the United States. They were thick-necked men with ugly scars on their faces, they were harsh-voiced, insensible disciplinarians.

This week, the scar-faced German officers of the film are figures of today's war; we shall see them as brutes and beasts, but not only as generalized representatives of militarism; we shall be thinking of them specifically as our possible opponents.

Last week, we stressed the fact that the film shows several Germans out of sympathy with their command. The German doctor who is stationed in Nurse Cavell's hospital discovers her secretly treating the wounds of a fallen British aviator, who has been smuggled into her nursing home. The medical officer clicks his heels, salutes, and leaves; he does not betray her. Later, a German soldier refuses duty on the firing squad which is to execute the nurse, taking prison instead. Last week, we could say: see, the film shows how all people are prepared to violate the code of war, in favor of the humanitarian codes.

Today, however, we would be studying these incidents of disaffection as if they were clues to weaknesses in the German army of the present war. We would be wondering how long it might be before the German people could be led to revolt. It is no longer a film of peace, but a film of war.

Other films of war will come soon enough. At the moment of writing, Warner Brothers have recalled all their scripts, halted all production, that they may align product-in-the-making with the fact of war.

We can only try to retain objectivity; to watch what is being done to us in the hope that, if we are permitted to make our own decisions, we may measure propaganda at its proper worth, discount its effect if necessary, in making those decisions. And if our individual wills are merged in some general, people's action, and we no longer may exercise the power of decision, we can at least retain the sanity-saving faculty of watching the operation upon our deadened limbs of will.

OF MICE AND MEN

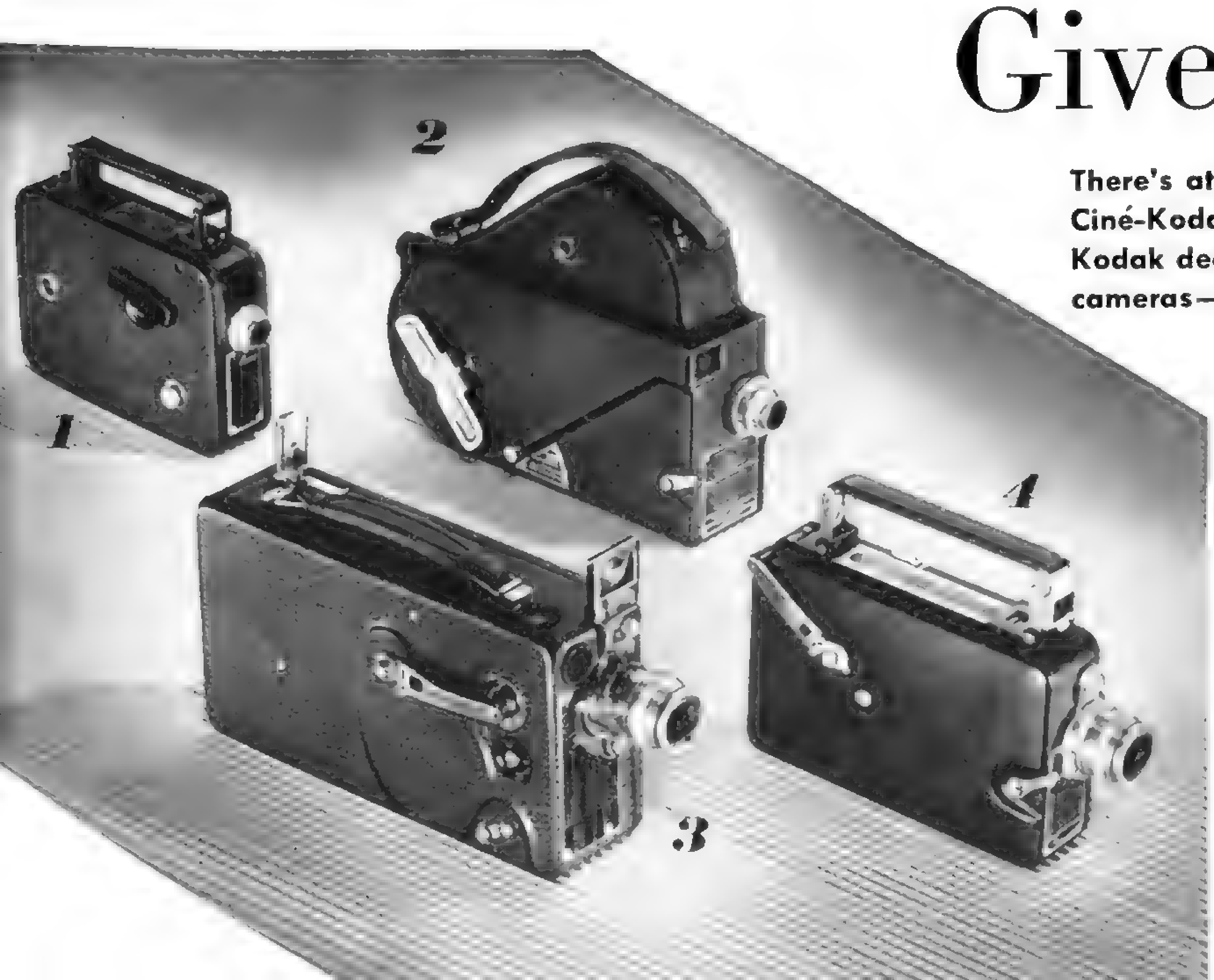
The works of John Steinbeck are unique among the works of

Continued on page 154

"We'll always keep our baby in movies now"

Give a Ciné-Kodak

There's at least one person on your Christmas list to whom a Ciné-Kodak will be the most welcome of gifts. Stop in at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's—see the beauty and simplicity of these movie cameras—the excellent quality of the movies they make.



1. CINÉ-KODAK EIGHT—the economy movie maker that brings home movies within the reach of almost everyone. Simple, dependable. Price, $29.50.

2. CINÉ-KODAK "E"—Eastman's remarkable low-cost 16 mm. home movie camera—has precision-made Kodak Anastigmat *f*/3.5 lens. Price, $39.50.

3. CINÉ-KODAK "K"—the world's most widely used 16 mm. home movie camera. Price, with fast Kodak Anastigmat *f*/1.9 lens, $80; with case, $91.50.

4. MAGAZINE CINÉ-KODAK—this 16 mm. movie camera loads in three seconds. Price, with Kodak Anastigmat *f*/1.9 lens, $117.50; with case, $130.

. . . AND FOR PROJECTION
For more brilliant projection, use Kodascope, the Eastman-made projector. Ciné-Kodaks, Kodascopes, and Ciné-Kodak Film are all Eastman-made, designed to work together, and backed by convenient Eastman service . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

KER-CHOO!
WOW, POP! BETTER ASK SANTA TO BRING YOU SOME JOCKEY LONGS!
TOYS
SANTA'S HEADQUARTERS THIRD FLOOR

GIVE HIM Jockey Longs!
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Longs, 75c up per garment. Shorts, 50c up. Modern, two-piece underwear

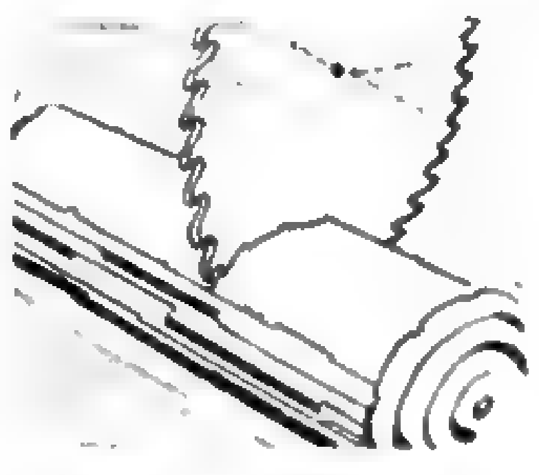
Here's the ideal Christmas present for the men in your family!

● Jockey Longs are trim, modern, yet afford that extra leg protection needed for cold-weather wear outdoors. Don't confuse with bulky, old-fashioned garments. Jockey Longs are masculinized to fit like a glove—everywhere, not just around the waist. Y-Front construction provides mild, restful support. No bulk, no bind, no buttons, hence—no squirming! A well-groomed foundation for outer clothing. Knitted so the skin can breathe. Get Longs for all the men in your family. Light or heavy cotton; wool mixtures. Contoured shirts to match. Children's sizes down to 6 years. It isn't Jockey without the Jockey label. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

Y-FRONT, PATENT of COOPERS, Inc.
OPENING
Jockey UNDERWEAR
NO GAP OPENING
WEARING KEEPS IT CLOSED
SUPPORT FROM THE BELT
VARIED LENGTHS

Copr. 1939 by Coopers, Inc.

■ NO BULKING —*molded to your muscles*



■ NO SAWING— *gives mild, restful support*

■ NO SNEAKING UP—*always stays put*

■ NO GAPPING —*wearing keeps it closed*

Coopers INC.
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO SEATTLE
Made and Distributed
In Canada by Moodies, Hamilton, Ont.; In Australia by MacRae Knitting Mills, Sydney;
In British Isles by Lyle & Scott, Ideal House, London

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 151-152

contemporary literary figures, in that they have become part of the folk-literature of America; Steinbeck's stories are translatable into films and plays, and the people who win the tasks of translation, treat this material with almost gospel reverence.

Currently, the highest ambition of any film worker who believes in the dignity of the medium, is to be permitted to work in either *Of Mice and Men* or *Grapes of Wrath*. The Steinbeck worship has almost assumed cult proportions. Consequently, it was with some trepidation that we went out to watch Lewis Milestone filming *Of Mice and Men*.

The location was out in the San Fernando Valley, off the main road, and then off a dirt road onto a tire track across a few fields and through a few fence gates to a copse of trees almost hiding a group of gray weather-beaten houses and barns, the typical California ranch.

A location scout, we were informed, had scouted all of California, but finally Milestone had decided to erect the typical ranch, as no existing ranch seemed to be exactly typical. Some of the weather-beaten houses had no backs to them. The barns and sheds were real enough, so were the chickens underfoot, and the tractors and the bales of hay.

The location was a corner of the vast Hearst ranch domain; the film was being shot on rented Hearst property. Mr. Milestone wasn't certain whether the joke was on Hearst or Steinbeck; anyone who has read a certain passage in *Grapes of Wrath*, describing a certain newspaper and ranch owner, may decide for himself.

It was a baking hot day; all hands were stripped to the waist, and looked as though they had been working in the fields rather than in films. Mr. Milestone was making a difficult, long-truck shot, beginning with Burgess Meredith and Charles Bickford in the wash-house, following them across a bit of yard and then into the long barn, with Meredith telling Bickford how he happened to be palled up with Lennie, and along the barn to the point where they discover Lennie behind the hay. It was a difficult shot because the characters walked through three kinds of light—the shed, outdoors, the barn, and because the speeches had to be timed so a laugh would be allowed for as the men were passing behind the barn door.

But the production was proceeding in a workmanlike atmosphere of calm and confidence, with none of the cult frenzy that characterized talk about the project, among Hollywood's intellectuals.

It is possible to predict, even during the shooting, that this will be a remarkably good film, for Milestone has gone about the project, from the first, in a remarkably intelligent way.

It was a simple but effective bit of thinking on the part of producer-director Milestone and screen-playwriter Eugene Solow that saved the story for the films, to begin with. All the big producers had considered *Of Mice and Men*, and turned it down with a sigh because they were convinced it violated the Hays office production codes. The violation was a technical one. The end of the film showed a man getting away with murder. George, in mercy, kills the unfortunate Lennie as the posse is about to catch him. And George's humane destruction of the incomplete hulk of a man is condoned. This would never get by the Hays office.

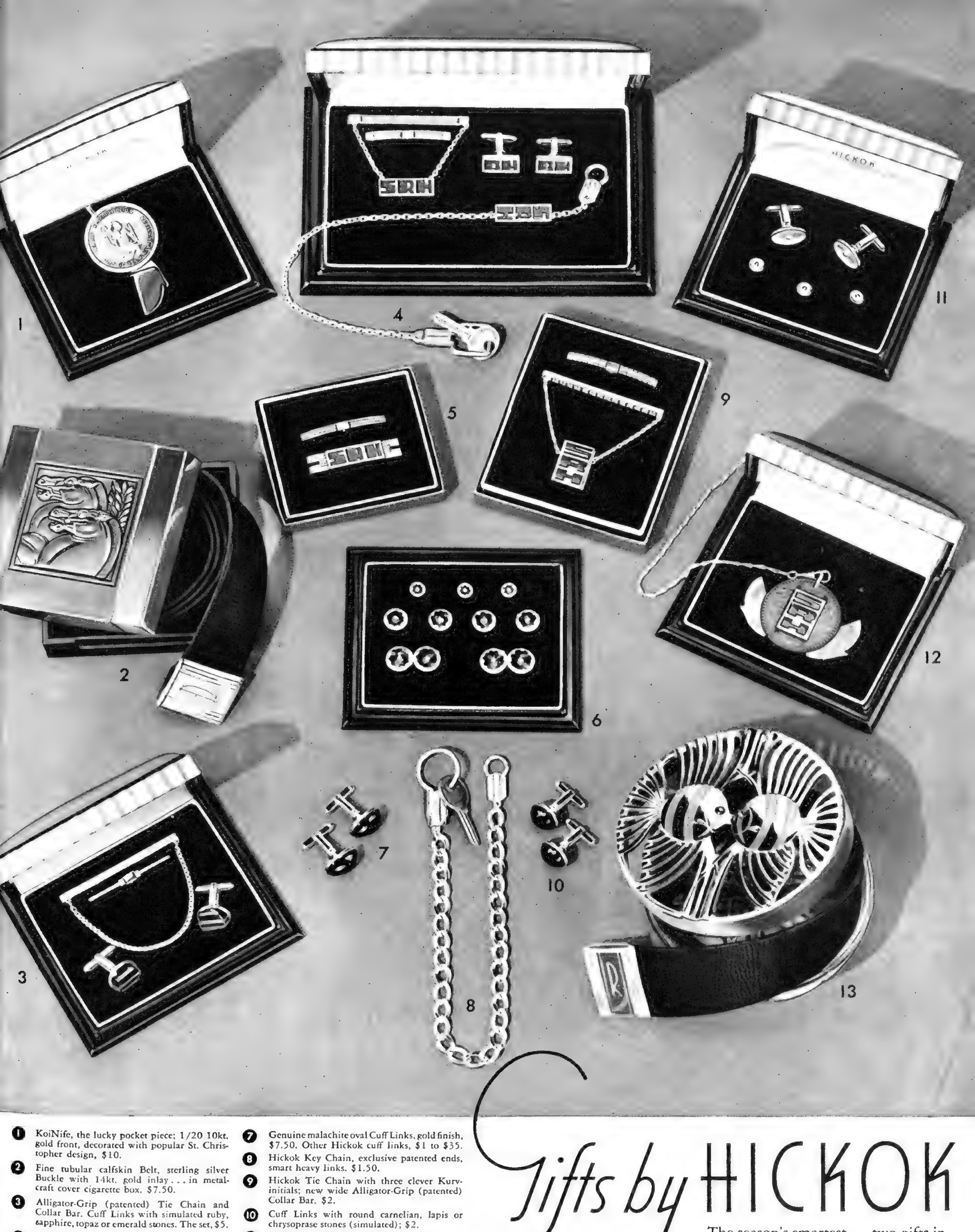
"But if you want to do a thing," Milestone says, "you can find a way to do it." The problem was resolved by a very simple extension of the final scene. Milestone tells how, when the script was brought to the Hays office, the censors leafed through it hurriedly, going straight for the final scene, where they expected to say "No." And then their eyes popped. For in the film, George, after the mercy killing, hands his gun over to the sheriff, who wraps it in a handkerchief, and walks off with George and his friend. Thus, the "killer" is surrendered to the law, without violation of the meaning of the story, and the picture is made without violation of the Hays office production code.

There have been very few other additions to the original. A prologue shows the boys leaving Lennie's good Aunt Clara. The part of Mae is clarified by a few extra early scenes. In the stage play, Mae was erroneously presented as a sort of Sadie Thompson, a tart, whereas it is perfectly clear in the original story that she is just a lonesome, naïve girl dying for someone to talk to. The film restores this interpretation.

When Milestone was casting the film, every intelligent actor in Hollywood haunted the studio. For the producer director had let it be known that he was not after names, that anybody could see him, that what he wanted was the best acting cast for this film. And he did see just about everybody that had a remote chance of suiting a part. The final selection was a very skillful group of names-with-talent. For while Burgess Meredith and Lon Chaney, Jr. are not box office names in the sense that Cagney or Gable are names, the Meredith and Chaney monikers are far from unknown; Meredith will attract all those who take movies seriously, because of his performance in *Winterset;* and Lon Chaney, Jr. is a name to which the mass audience should respond, out of simple curiosity, if for no other reason. The other reason is that Chaney, Jr. is a mighty fine actor.

It was the casting of Mae, the girl, that had Hollywood on tenterhooks; every voluptuous blonde in filmtown thought she had the part cinched. And then it went to de-

Continued on page 156



❶ KoiNife, the lucky pocket piece; 1/20 10kt. gold front, decorated with popular St. Christopher design, $10.

❷ Fine tubular calfskin Belt, sterling silver Buckle with 14kt. gold inlay . . . in metal-craft cover cigarette box. $7.50.

❸ Alligator-Grip (patented) Tie Chain and Collar Bar. Cuff Links with simulated ruby, sapphire, topaz or emerald stones. The set, $5.

❹ New Block Initials on Hickok Tie Chain, Key Chain and Cuff Links. With non-slip Alligator-Grip Collar Bar, $6.50.

❺ Tie Bar with smart new Block Initials; new wide Collar Bar with the patented Hickok Alligator-Grip. $2.

❻ Genuine Rock Crystal Dress Set. Links and studs, $35; with vest buttons, $50. Other dress sets from $2.50.

❼ Genuine malachite oval Cuff Links, gold finish, $7.50. Other Hickok cuff links, $1 to $35.

❽ Hickok Key Chain, exclusive patented ends, smart heavy links. $1.50.

❾ Hickok Tie Chain with three clever Kurv-initials; new wide Alligator-Grip (patented) Collar Bar. $2.

❿ Cuff Links with round carnelian, lapis or chrysoprase stones (simulated); $2.

⓫ White or smoked pearl Dress Set with gold dot center. Links and studs, $5. With vest buttons, $8.

⓬ Lucky Pocket Piece . . . Famous Hickok Koi-Nife . . . bronze or white finish, with three Kurv-initials, $3; Hickok Watch Chain, $2. The set, $5.

⓭ "Live Leather" Belt; sterling silver Buckle with 10kt. gold inlay; in handsome glass ashtray with metal-craft grill cover. $5.

Gifts by HICKOK

The season's smartest . . . two gifts in one . . . from $1 to $50! Right—in style . . . right—in Holiday spirit . . . right you are always . . . with Hickok!

HICKOK MFG. CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

It's an Old American Custom

GIVE

BOTANY

WRINKLE-PROOF TIES

Made in America, from source to consumer, Botany Wrinkle-Proof Ties spring back to fresh smoothness when hung up overnight. Your dealer has a complete selection of the new "Planned Patterns"... ideal for gifts.

$1

BOTANY ROBES, like Botany Ties, are made in America, from source to consumer. Ideal for gifts. At good stores everywhere, from $10.

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

COPYRIGHT 1939, BOTANY WORSTED MILLS

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J.

Other Botany Products: Shirts • Mufflers • Knitting Yarns • Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 151-152-154

mure, almost mousy Betty Fields, because Betty Fields could act the girl like a human being instead of a freak.

Out on location, director Milestone found a lot of angles. His biggest reason for building his own "typical ranch" was that in any existing ranch, the buildings sprawled a little too far apart; by setting his buildings where he wanted them he was able to supply the camera with interesting composition at every turn, and to infuse the whole film with ranch activity. The dialogue is spread out, broken up so that the full round of work on the ranch is shown, the scenes have distance and normalcy, they are not the detached bits of a theatrical creation; while men talk in the foreground, tractors shuttle in the far distance, things move, on the farm.

The production is interesting from another aspect, too: it is to some extent a co-operative venture. If successful, it should make possible the production of other distinguished photoplays. ⵌ

WHAT'S GOOD—WHAT'S BAD

	Good	Bad
Dust Be My Destiny	John Garfield's best performance since *Four Daughters;* mature, forceful, and with a finished style of his own, in which the imitative mannerisms of his early films are absent. Powerful justice plea for jobless youngsters, in the final court scene. Good use of atmospheric lighting, and sharp direction by Lewis Seiler, take audience-mind off the obvious and predictable plot.	While pretending to generalize about the youth problem, this solves nothing as it is only the special story of a boy who got in a murder-jam. A film truly dealing with this vital problem would have to attack it in a mass-story, or a story of a more typical individual. The string of innocent acts that give the appearance of crime is a stale plot device.
Fifth Avenue Girl	Allan Scott's dialogue for this film is the brightest and truest-ringing talk on the screen this season. Here is a typically American attack on many issues of the day: all good humored and slangy and optimistic. Ginger Rogers has become the most skillful comedienne on the screen. Her bench-scene with Walter Connelly is a classic bit of playing. This rivals *Bachelor Mother* for first honors. Gregory La Cava's direction is impish and gleeful. RKO is to be congratulated upon the new note in civilized comedy sounded by the two Ginger Rogers films.	Approximately nothing.
Golden Boy	The old Italian grocery store keeper who loves beauty more than money was the only vital character in Clifford Odets' pot-boiler, and Lee J. Cobb makes him a powerful figure on the screen. Director Mamoulian has provided three or four compositions so beautiful that he ought to get pinched for being ordinary in the rest of the picture. Watch for the home-scene where Golden Boy plays for the family in the parlor, and they are seen arranged, in the spaces made by his violin-arm silhouetted across the screen. And again for the figure of the sprawled Negro fighter, on the white canvas.	The tawdry and stale little drama is pitifully revealed for what it is on the screen; on the stage the Group Theatre was able to glamorize the piece. Not that Columbia doesn't try. But the story just never had the elements of significant art. William Holden, the curly-head discovered for the title role is okay in the early, cheery scenes but is incapable of such heavy moments as that in which he reveals that his fiddle-playing hand is broken.
Intermezzo	Introducing that new Swedish delight, Ingrid Bergman, a simple, intelligent, and beautiful girl who shouldn't be burdened with the forecast that she may become a second Garbo, but who may become a second Garbo. She has all the skill and charm of Elisabeth Bergner, without the affectations. Leslie Howard is good, in a standard role, and the atmosphere of the film is dignified.	The story of the maestro who deserts his wife for a beautiful young talented girl is not new; and we know his children will draw him home.

Continued on page 158

DOBBS

Suggests

THE SMART WAY

to give him

A SMART HAT!

1.

It's as easy as it is fun to give him a Dobbs hat. Just go to your nearest Dobbs dealer. He will supply you with a Gift Certificate in a miniature hat box.

2.

Watch his expression as he reads the certificate Christmas day. He'll mark you as the cleverest little lady he ever met!

3.

. . . But wait till you see how fine he looks in his new Dobbs. That's the greatest thrill of all!

SOME SUGGESTIONS:

☐Opera ☐Homburg ☐Derby ☐Cavanagh Edge
☐Gamebird Mixtures ☐Sport ☐Cross Country

HERE'S the way to give him a personal gift—yet a gift that he can select for *himself* carefully and leisurely! Send him a Dobbs Gift Certificate tucked away in a tiny hat box. He'll be mighty proud to show off this gift certificate on Christmas day . . . And prouder still to wear the becoming hat it buys him! . . **$5** OTHERS UP TO **$20**

AVAILABLE IN FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

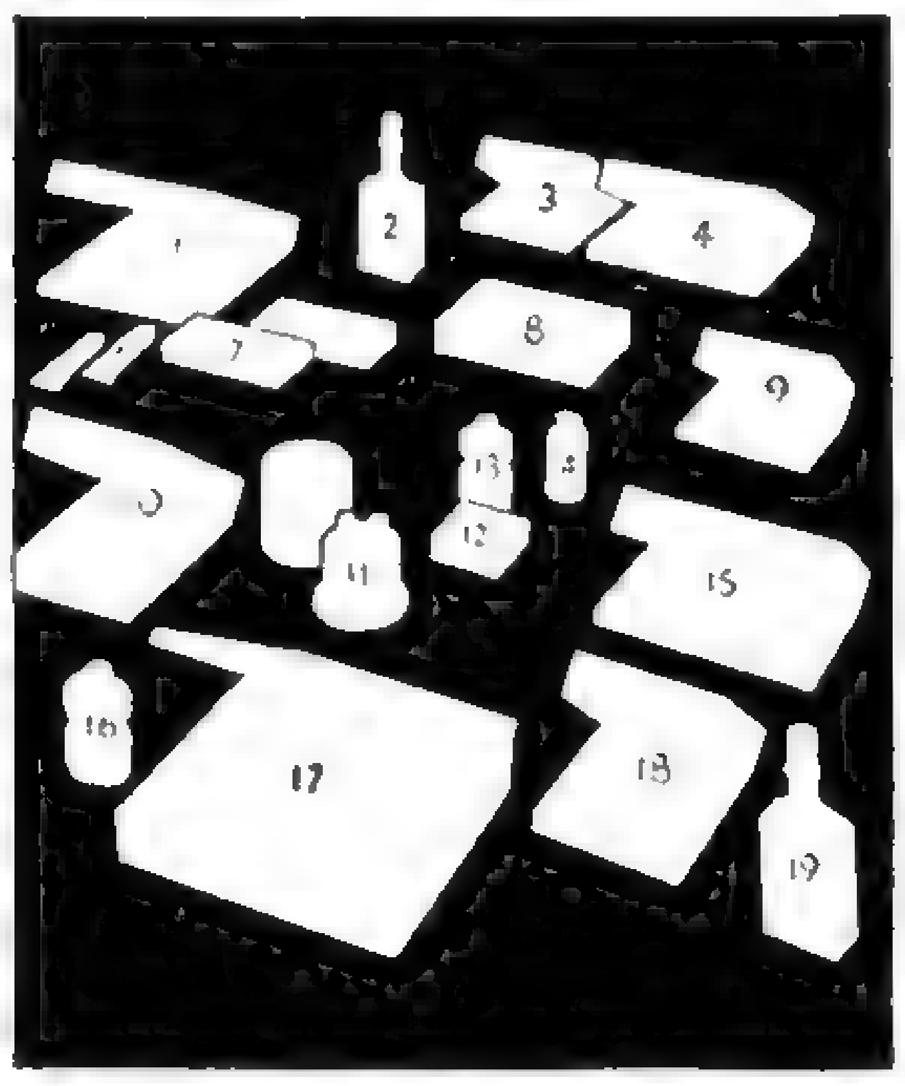
NEW YORK'S LEADING HATTERS • FIFTH AVENUE • PARK AVENUE

for men of action

QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING

You give him more than just a remembrance, when you give him Requisites by Lenthéric. These are gifts that he himself would choose, to play their daily part in his scheme of things, and to give that special sense of well-being that is for him a luxury and a necessity.

ILLUSTRATED ON OPPOSITE PAGE



1 5-oz. pinch-bottles of After-Shave Lotion, Men's Eau de Cologne, and Scalp Stimulant; with Ivory-tone bowl of Shaving Soap, matching container of After-Shave Powder, and Men's Soap, $5.00.
2 "High-Hat" Decanter: Men's Eau de Cologne. Also After-Shave Lotion, 8-oz., $2.50 and 16-oz. $4.00.
3 Ivory-tone bowl of Shaving Soap and 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, $2.00.
4 5-oz. pinch-bottles of Men's Eau de Cologne and After-Shave Lotion, with Ivory-tone bowl of Shaving Soap, and After-Shave Powder, $3.75.
5 Brushless Shaving Cream: 50c.
6 Lather Shaving Cream: 50c.
7 Men's Toilet Soap: 3 cakes, 75c.
8 Gift Presentation, closed.
9 Ivory-tone Bowl of Shaving Soap, and After-Shave Powder, $1.75.
10 Men's Soap, 5-oz. pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion, and After-Shave Powder, $2.00.
11 "The Three Musketeers": (new "Hunt" presentation); 3-oz. pinch-bottles of Men's Eau de Cologne, After-Shave Lotion, and Eau de Quinine or After-Shave Powder, $1.95.
12 Ivory-tone Bowl of Shaving Soap, $1.00.
13 Men's Shampoo: in 5-oz. pinch-bottle. Also After-Shave Lotion, Men's Eau de Cologne, Eau de Quinine, and Hair Dressing, $1.00.
14 After-Shave Powder: in Ivory-tone container, 75c.
15 Ivory-tone bowl of Shaving Soap, 5-oz. pinch-bottle of Eau de Cologne, and After-Shave Powder, $2.75.
16 Scalp Stimulant: in 16-oz. pinch-bottle. Also Men's Eau de Cologne, and After-Shave Lotion, $2.50.
17 Cowhide Humidor Case: Cedar-lined, fitted with 8-oz. "High-Hat" decanters of After-Shave Lotion and Men's Eau de Cologne; Ivory-tone bowl of Shaving Soap, and After-Shave Powder, $10.00.
18 Lather Shaving Cream and pinch-bottle After-Shave Lotion, $1.50.
19 "High Hat" Decanter: of After-Shave Lotion. Also Men's Eau de Cologne, 8-oz., $2.50 and 16-oz., $4.00.

Gifts by Lenthéric

NEW YORK • PARIS • LONDON

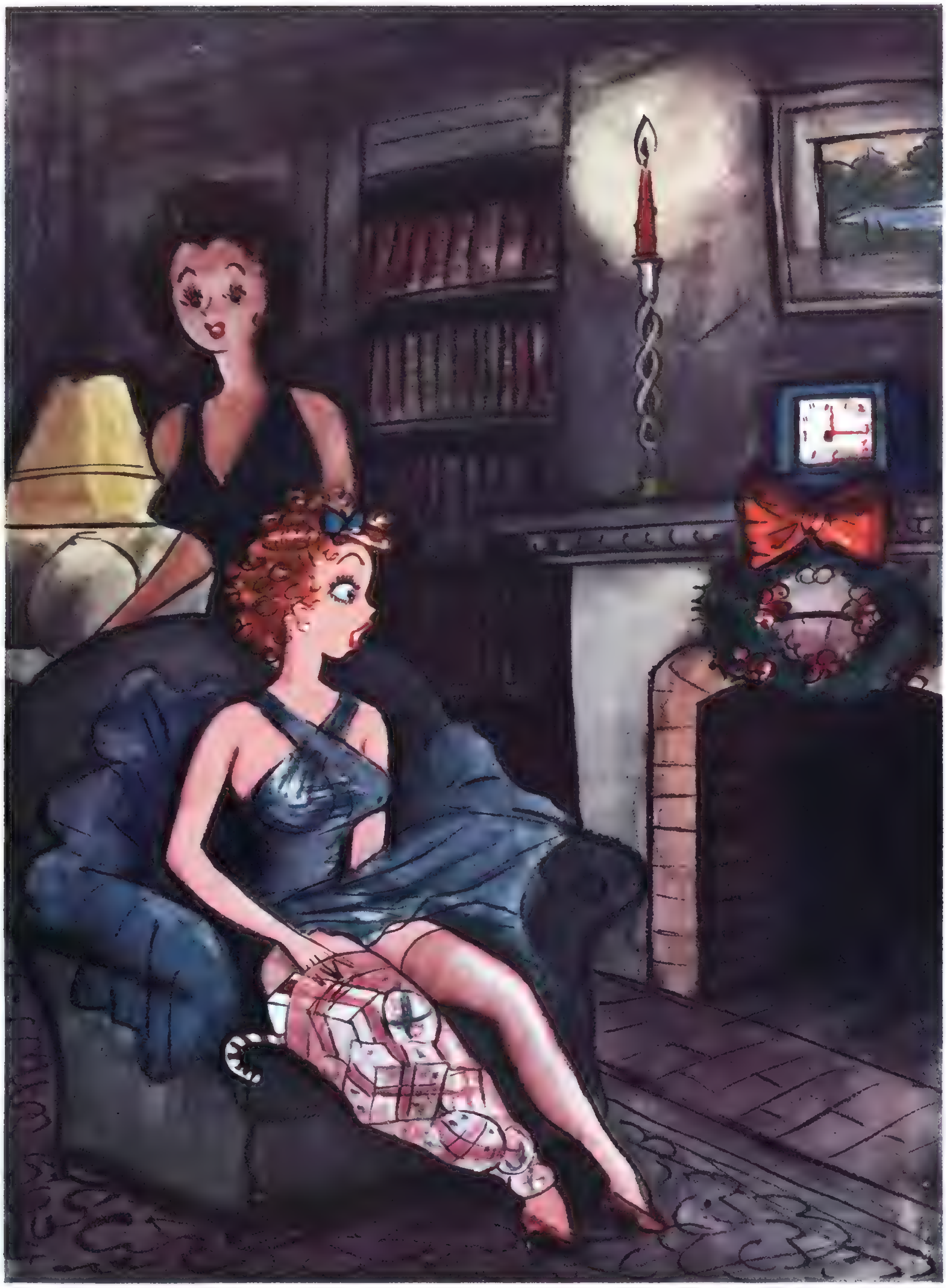
At the Better Shops

WHAT'S GOOD—WHAT'S BAD

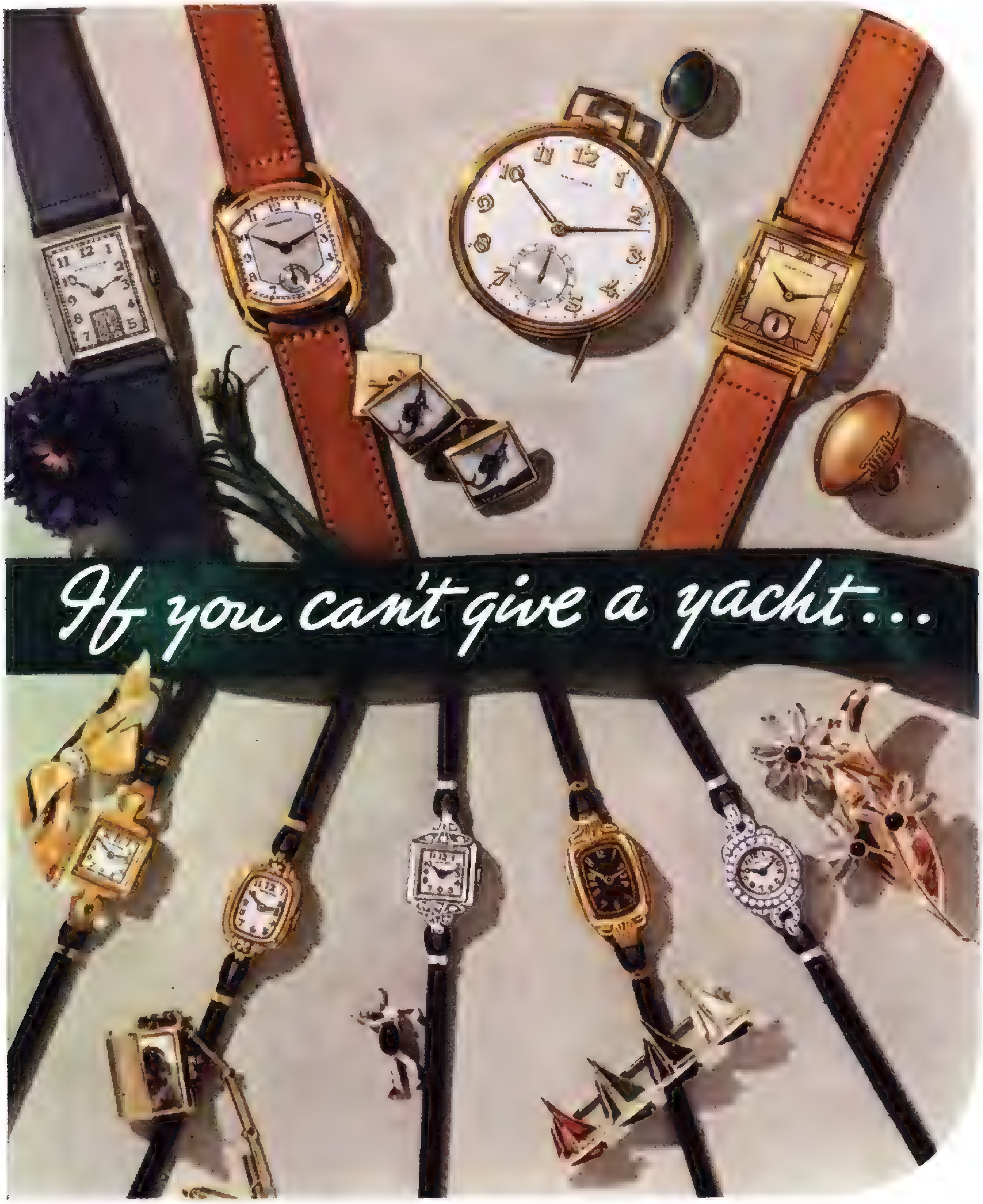
Continued from page 156

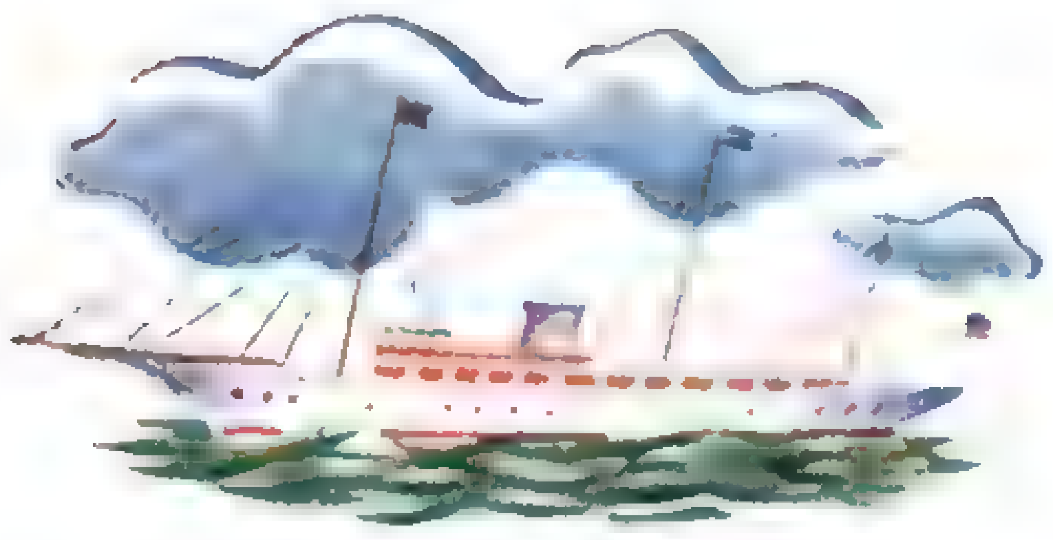
	Good	Bad
The Star Maker	A few of the Crosby songs are pleasant.	Supreme example of an overloaded production. A symphony orchestra, Walter Damrosch, a dozen Shirley Temples, a new Deanna Durbin—Linda Ware (this is the Linda season)—hot numbers and operatic numbers, all jumbled together in the hope of catching all the customers. Result, a dull string of stunts. The producer should study *They Shall Have Music*, and *100 Men and a Girl:* those pictures had suspense.
The Under-Pup	Like RKO's *Fifth Avenue Girl*, Universal's *Under-pup* is a brightly written satire on the class order of society; it is to be hoped that this witty, sharp-edged type of comedy comes into vogue. Grover Jones's screenplay is an excellent medium for Universal's new Durbin—a lass named Gloria Jean, who is all full of expression and fun. Virginia Weidler, among the best of the kid actresses, teams well with Gloria. Grover Jones and director Richard Wallace deftly suggest fascist militarism in the mystic rigmarole of the rich little girls' camp and their "secret order of the penguins."	Gloria really doesn't have to warble coloratura arias. We love her for herself.
Three Sons	A solid and valid tale of post-fire, boom Chicago, when father Pardway (of Lester Cohen's *Sweepings*) built a great department store in the hope that his children would follow him in trade. But, typical of so many second generations of great fortune, they were wastrels. J. Edward Bromberg, as the faithful store manager whose one desire was to own a little piece of the business he had helped build, is a very memorable figure. The latter half of the film has epic quality.	The early parts of the film are routine; it is apparent that the children will grow up. Edward Ellis's performance is somewhat stereotyped.
When Tomorrow Comes	Good-natured treatment of a waitress strike, unique in that it shows labor union activity as a normal part of a heroine's life.	Aside from boy meeting girl at a strike meeting, it is *Love Affair* all over again. And the strike meeting will amuse anyone who has ever been near a union hall. Producer Stahl should learn that *Solidarity* is not sung as incessantly as *Wishing*.
The Women	Even with most of the teeth pulled, Clare Boothe's play emerges in screenform as a semi-Swiftian satire of the lap-dog section of society. There has never been so terrific a portrait of the sugary decay of civilization, as this study of New York's rich bitches. Director Cukor had a casting holiday, with every big femme star (saving only Myrna Loy) on his call-sheet. Warners gave the world Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins for the price of one; MGM counters with Shearer, Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Paulette Goddard and etc., etc. Rosalind steals the picture, for she is the only one permitted to play it as comedy. She half-stylized her part, carrying her paws claw-fashion. Actually, by contrast with the others, she seems to be overplaying: but the rest of them are all out of step. *The Women* was intended as a comedy. The film is superbly mounted and gowned. Russell's surrealist blouses, God help us, will probably start a fad.	By emphasizing the divorce drama, the film over weighted the story, and lost a good deal of the force of the play. For in the play the divorce story was merely a thread of plot upon which to hang a series of pictures of women at work and play, bitterly vital caricatures. While touches of caricature remain, enough to distinguish this from ordinary movie fare, the emphasis is disarranged to an extent that almost ruins the piece. Crawford is miscast as the siren; she is no longer young enough for such roles. Shearer gets by pleasantly, by being allowed to force most of the crying scenes. Some of the décor is incongruous. Notably, the contradiction of taste exhibited in the house furnishings. Old fashioned rococo furniture, coupled with modernistic pictures and statuary.

for men of action
QUIET PERFECT GROOMING
THREE MUSKETEERS
MEN'S SHAMPOO
LENTHERIC LEATHER CREAM
Gifts by Lenthéric
NEW YORK · PARIS · LONDON



"Good heavens!—I must have fallen asleep and forgotten to hang up my stocking"





THEN . . . why not give the next nicest thing!

Not just because Hamilton is "America's fine watch." Not just because it's "the watch of railroad accuracy."* But because there are no more beautiful watches in America than the Hamiltons on your jeweler's counter today.

Which model to give? You couldn't go wrong if you just closed your eyes and picked the first one you laid your hands on.

Human nature being what it is, however, perhaps we can help you in your selection if we suggest here the type of watch that might impress most that pretty important somebody in your life.

Check over the list at the right. Then, make a bee-line for your jeweler's for one of the finest Christmas presents you ever gave or got.

**Hamilton's experience building watches for railroad men insures greatest possible accuracy in all other sizes and grades that Hamilton makes.*

* * *

Hamilton makes only high-grade watches—with 17 or more fine jewels, precious metal cases, $37.50 to $5000. Made in U.S.A. Write for illustrated folder. Note: All genuine diamond cased Hamilton watches are stamped Hamilton on the back of the case. Hamilton Watch Company, 956 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

MEN'S WATCHES—*Left to right:*

If he's a man-about-town and dresses like an Esquire fashion plate, give him this stunning Hamilton RUTLEDGE, and *you* can have *his* yacht—any time you say. (19 jewels. 10% iridium platinum. 18K applied gold numerals and hands to match. White gold buckle. $175.)

If he's the big outdoor type and stands for no nonsense, give him this virile Hamilton BAGLEY and see if he doesn't ask you to go with him on that fishing trip. (17 jewels. 10K natural gold-filled. 18K applied gold numerals, $40. With two-tone black enamel numeral dial [shown], $37.50.)

If he's the banker type, a solid citizen with conservative tastes, give him this dignified Hamilton BLAINE and see if your stock doesn't go up with the old boy. (17 jewels. 14K natural gold. 18K applied gold numerals [shown], $80. With 21-jewel movement and black numerals, $100.)

If he's shirking his way through college, see if this accurate, smooth-looking Hamilton ROSS doesn't get him to classes on time. (17 jewels. 14K natural gold-filled. With 18K applied gold numerals, $52.50. With two-tone gilt marker and Roman numeral dial [shown], $50.)

WOMEN'S WATCHES—*Left to right:*

If she's a sweet young thing with wide-open eyes, give her this exquisitely tiny Lady Hamilton SYLVIA and she'll give you a look that will make your heart stand still. (17 jewels. Brilliant mirror-lapped 14K natural gold with special ends. 18K applied gold numeral dial. 14K gold fittings. $70.)

If she's somebody's mother and appreciates fine things (including you), give her this lovely Lady Hamilton ROSALIE. Then—see who gets the best part of the turkey! (17 jewels. 14K natural gold with white decorative relief. 18K applied gold numerals. Engraved gold-filled fittings. $60.)

If she's a glamour girl, gets around a bit, and knows all the best people, give her this exciting Lady Hamilton D-10 and you'll be No. 1 man on *her* list from now till doomsday. (17 jewels. 10 diamonds set in white gold. Case of 14K white or natural gold. Engraved gold-filled fittings. $85.)

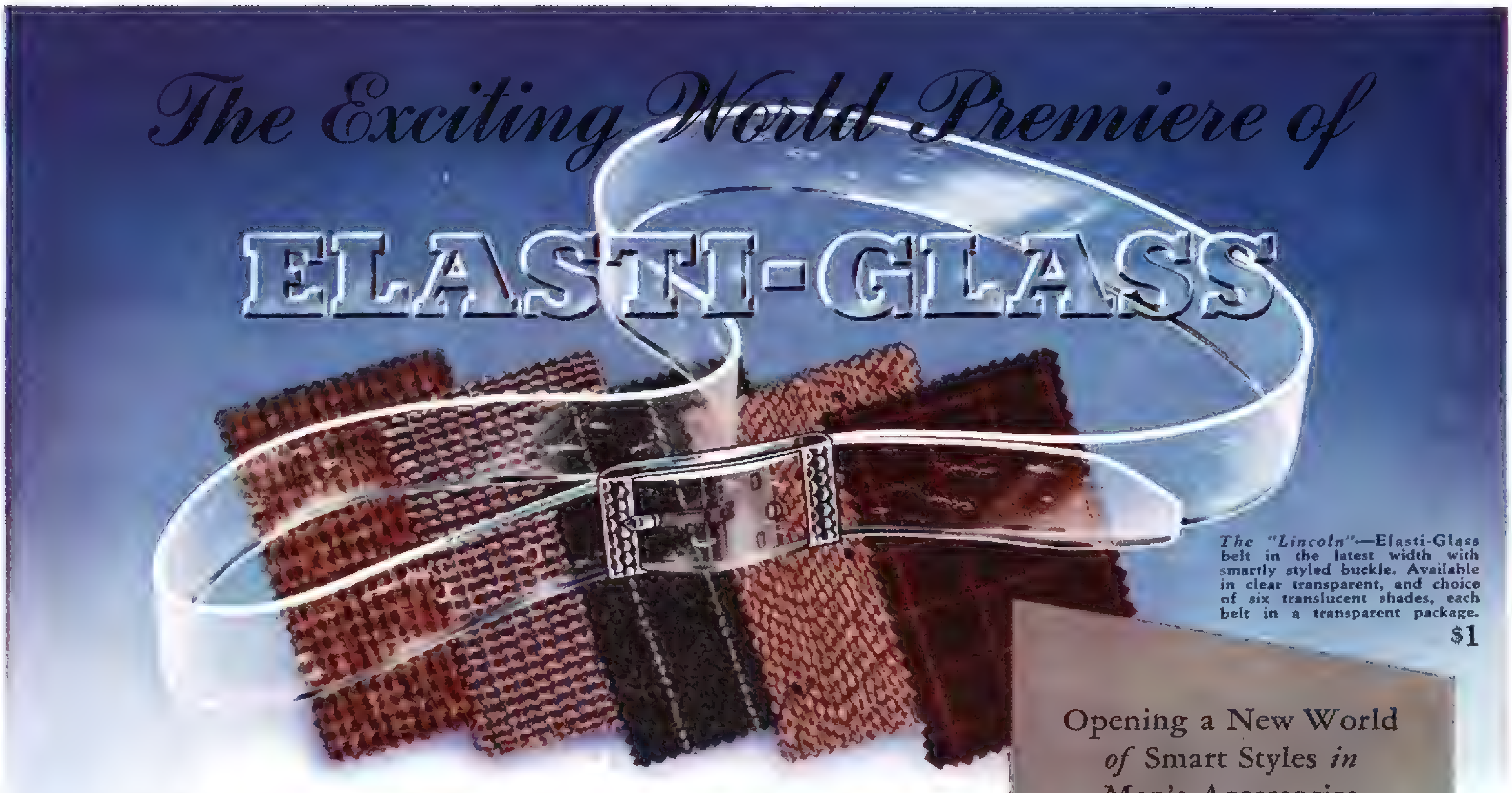
If she paddles her own canoe and plays better tennis than you, give her this smart, daring black-dial LETA—and maybe she'll let you take a game away from her some time! (17 jewels. 10K natural gold-filled. Black or raised numeral silver finish dial, $40. Gold-filled bracelet, $42.50.)

If she's got a bankroll and you want to inherit some of it, give her this lavishly diamond-studded Lady Hamilton VERONICA. If that doesn't make her call up her lawyer first thing in the morning, nothing will. (17 jewels. 10% iridium platinum set with 56 diamonds. 14K gold fittings. $275.)

. . . . give a **HAMILTON**

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

The Exciting World Premiere of
ELASTI-GLASS



The "Lincoln"—Elasti-Glass belt in the latest width with smartly styled buckle. Available in clear transparent, and choice of six translucent shades, each belt in a transparent package. $1

SCIENCE'S NEWEST MIRACLE

It Stretches—Is Transparent—Matches Every Color

NOW—for the first time—science releases its latest contribution to the world of smart fashion—a remarkable technical development that is revolutionizing men's accessories. Elasti-Glass actually stretches—yields gently to body pressure—then eases back to its *exact original shape.*

In natural color it is clearly transparent—blends with every shade and pattern perfectly—offering an ensemble never before attainable. In sparkling hues, it is strikingly handsome and every color is absolutely fast and non-fading.

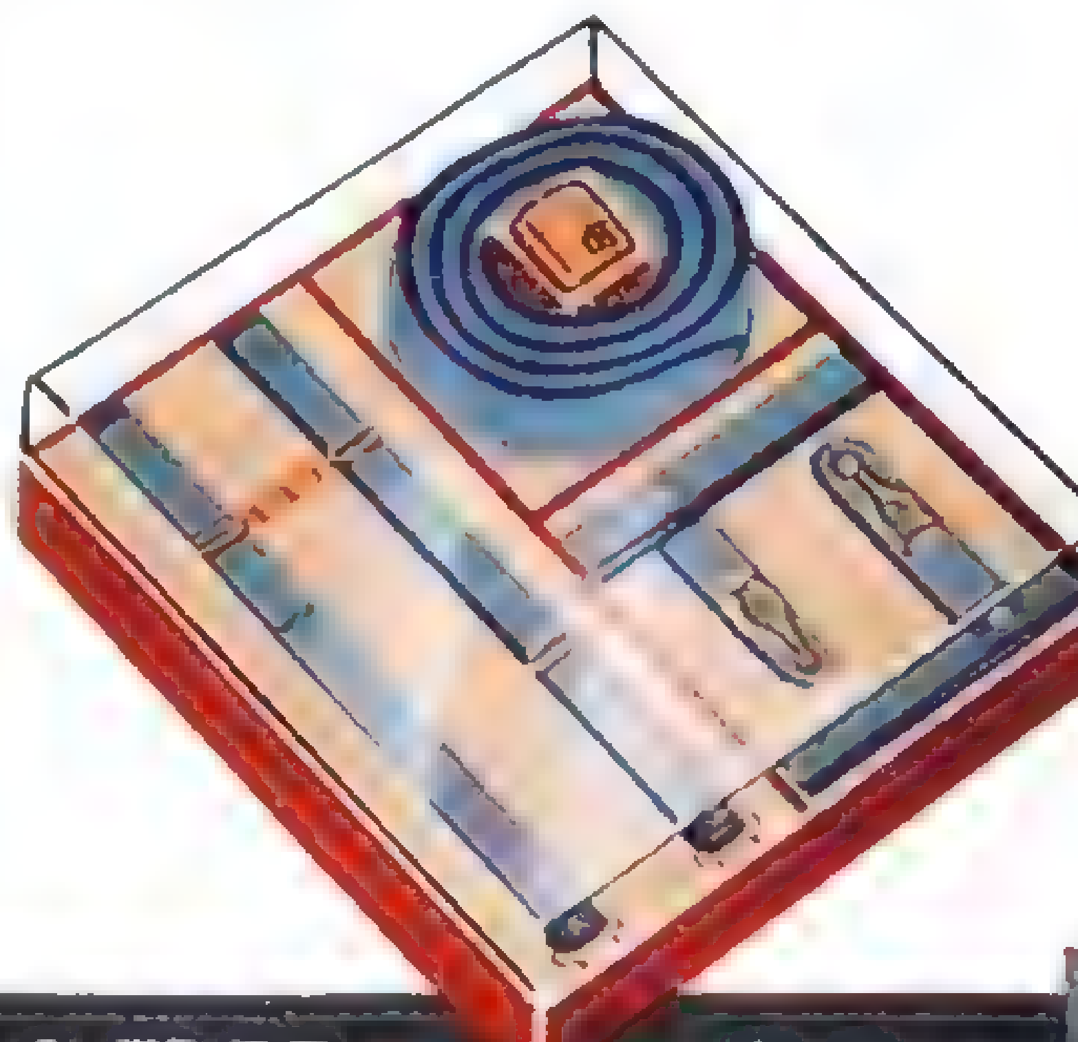
Enduring Elasti-Glass is water-proof, perspiration-proof, easily cleanable—and is guaranteed to make the most comfortable and durable belt you have ever worn.

Elasti-Glass is S. Buchsbaum & Co.'s Trade Mark and can be used for a wide variety of products. Interested manufacturers are invited to write for full details.

Elasti-Glass Gift Ensemble

The "Ensemble"—A completely matched set of Belt, Braces and Garters of enduring Elasti-Glass. Here is a gift combination that will set any man's heart pounding in warm appreciation . . . because it is new, novel, exciting—and supremely useful. The ensemble includes the "Washington" Belt with handsome initialled gold-plated buckle, the "Hamilton" luxurious Braces and the smart "Adams" Garters, with all metal parts gold-plated—in modern "show-case" gift package—complete for $5.00! If your dealer cannot supply you with this Gift Ensemble—send us his name and use order blank below.

All Elasti-Glass Belts, Braces, and Garters are offered in clear transparent and your choice of black, white, garnet, sapphire, emerald, brown. There is a sparkle, lustre and depth of coloring in Elasti-Glass that adds a rich beauty to each shade.



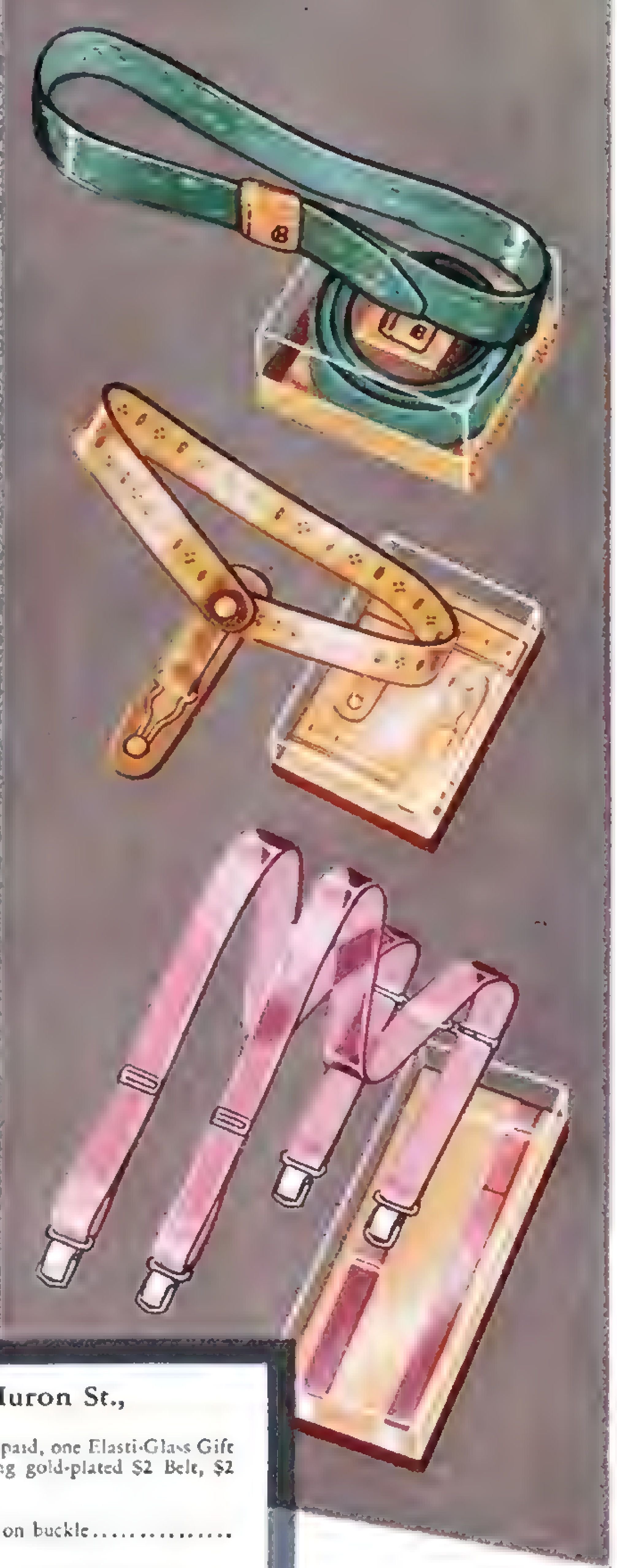
The "Washington"—Adds a distinctive touch to any wardrobe. Newest individually initialled hammered gold-plated buckle. Available in clear transparent that matches every suit for sport or dress, or choice of six translucent shades. Each packed in a transparent luxurious "show-case" package $2

The "Adams"—The simplest garter ever made! Will give many years of comfortable service. Holds firmly with new low pressure elasticity. Absorbs no perspiration—is always fresh and clean. A revelation in garter comfort. Gold-plated metal parts cannot touch skin. Choice of seven shades in the new "show-case" package $1

The "Jefferson"—In the clear transparent—Elasti-Glass presents the perfect "invisible brace" for which every man has been searching! And enduring Elasti-Glass braces offer a yielding body comfort that is unbelievable. All metal parts chromium plated. Self-adjusting chain back, and of course, the newest Giant Grip clip fasteners that hold *firmly!* Choice of six translucent shades, in the attractive "show-case" package. $1

The "Hamilton"—Luxurious Elasti-Glass Braces with all gold-plated parts. $2

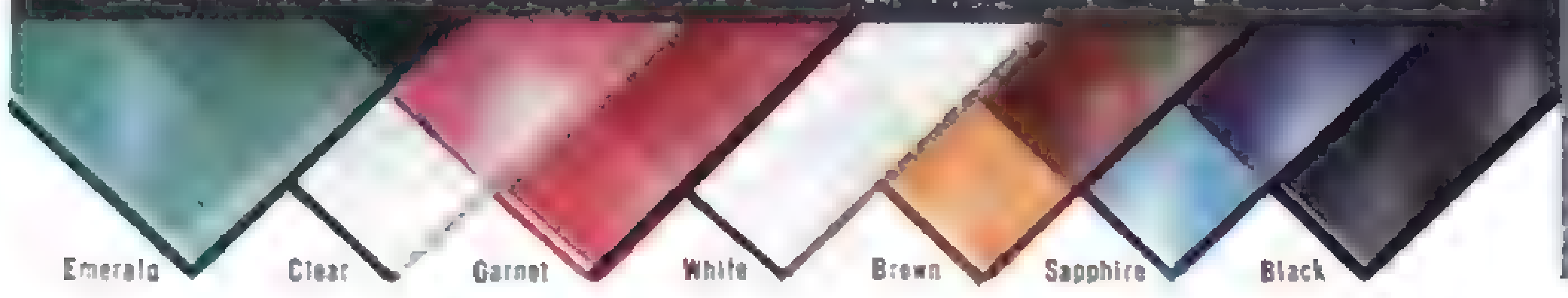
Opening a New World *of* Smart Styles *in* Men's Accessories



S. BUCHSBAUM & CO.

Manufacturers Since 1888

243 EAST HURON STREET, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



S. Buchsbaum & Co., 243 E. Huron St.,
Chicago, Illinois.

I enclose $5 for which send direct to me, postpaid, one Elasti-Glass Gift Ensemble in *CLEAR TRANSPARENT* including gold-plated $2 Belt, $2 Braces and $1 Garter, in presentation package.

Waist measure........................Initial on buckle................

Name..

Address...

My dealer's name is...

What's Happened to Love?

Hollywood takes its cue from those boys in the balcony who laugh during clinches

by **GILBERT SELDES**

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

A FIERCE and semi-private controversy broke into the columns of the *New York Times* a few weeks ago. It was about the movies, more or less, but it involved a human failing—the tendency to laugh at the wrong moment—so it became universally interesting. It's particularly interesting to me because the starting point was the misplaced laughter of audiences when they saw films of 1916 and 1924, in revival; whereas I had myself been making notes on the laughter of audiences at films which their producers took seriously in 1939.

The older fight had its points, too. The Film Library, associated with the Museum of Modern Art, has been celebrating the World's Fair and the dedication of a big new building and the passing into limbo of the movies' worst year, by putting on revivals on a tremendous scale. Some seventy films, divided into thirty programs, were on schedule; you could, after seeing the entire lot, qualify as an expert historian of the films. Usually the Library showed the best examples of a type; but they didn't shrink from some of the more horrible instances. The directors of the Library are enthusiasts for the old films and enthusiasts for their work; they want you to enjoy going to see old films; and, in my judgment, they present the films fairly.

I had heard of little "incidents" during the showing of some of the films. People would light matches apparently to read program notes or to write notes of their own. Once there was a scuffle because a match lighter wouldn't lay off. And often and often, people laughed at the wrong time. So it wasn't surprising when Mr. B. G. Braver-Mann, well known as a critical observer of the films, complained to the *Times* that people were laughing and—but this was surprising—accused the Library of deliberately encouraging the laughter, by, among other things, presenting the old films in versions cut down to the requirements of "entertainment" as of 1939, and not left intact, for the lover of the old films and the historian to enjoy.

On the whole, I think the Library came off the better in the controversy. The director, John Abbott, said that he was showing a print of *Intolerance* cut by D. W. Griffith himself; his critic retorted, in effect, that Griffith had made several different cuttings and some were better than others; but the fact remained that Griffith was, you might say, an authority on his own films. As for the presentation, I had myself found the program notes of Miss Iris Barry so sound, as criticism, that I had either stolen from them or patiently quoted them for a long time.

But the Library was still faced with the fact that people laughed "in the wrong places." If the critics hadn't explained the laughter, who could? If no attempt was made to induce laughter, why did the people laugh? This looks like the beginning of quite a study, in a subject which always trips everyone, so let's skip it. Let us go only to a few specific instances:

Everyone laughs at movies showing the latest thing in skirts as of 1902, 1924, 1928, but not 1936-37, in which period the clothes merely look out of date, not funny. Note also that a picture set in the year 1902, presenting the costumes of the period, gets no laughter from them; you do get a faint laugh from the motor cars of that era, even in a fiction picture. You never get a laugh from a horse and buggy, unless there are extraneous humorous elements.

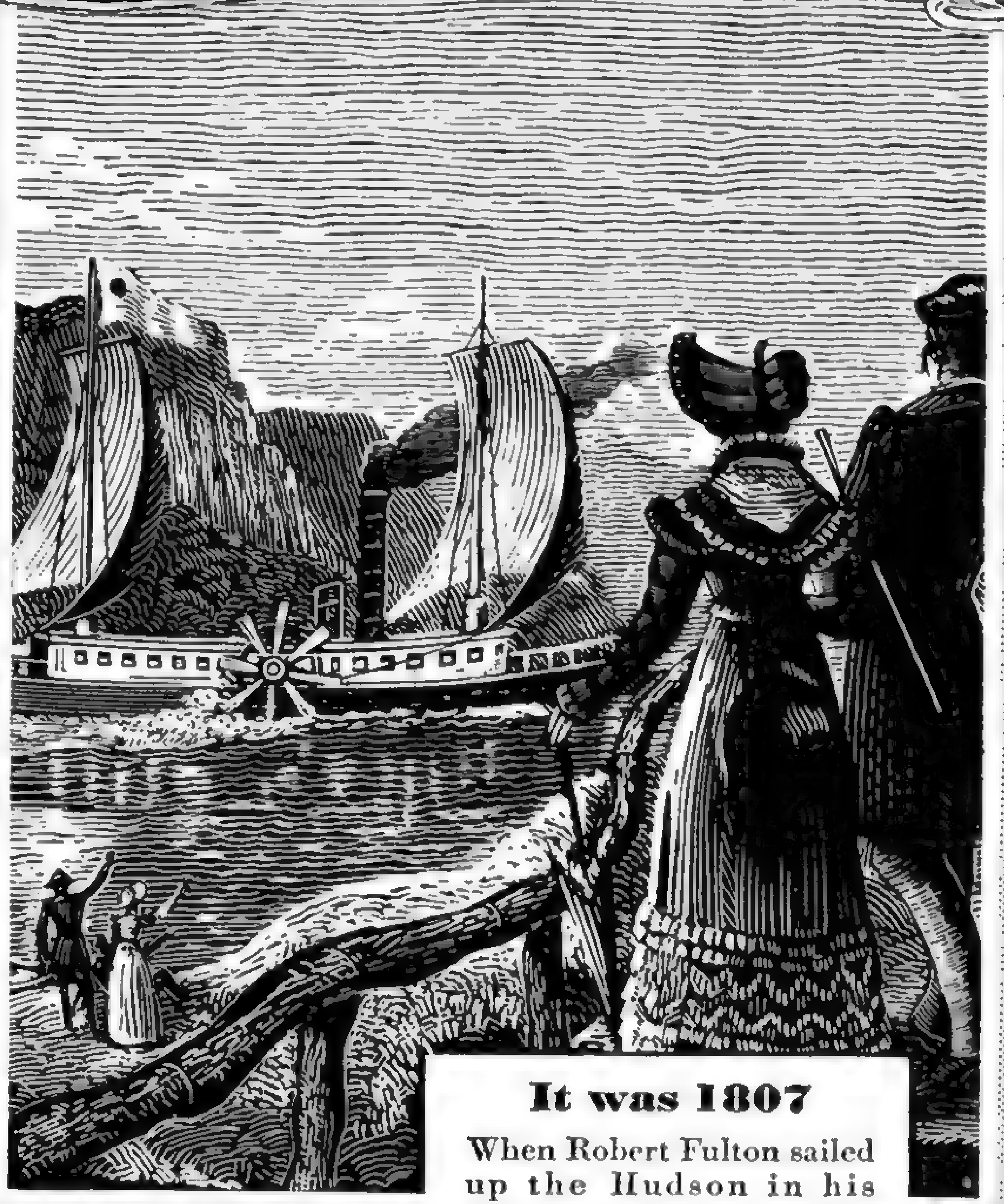
There is also the matter of the speed of projection. Pictures were taken and projected in the old days to give a bewildering effect of staccato speed; presently they quieted down, but silents, to the end, were projected at 16 frames per second and sound pictures move at 24 per second. You have to recondition a silent picture, even if you do not add sound, to make it run smoothly through the modern projector. In general, old pictures still seem jerky, and nothing can be done about it. The technique of direction called for a flow which seemed smooth enough at the time, but when you consider that they tried *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* in one reel, and *Romeo and Juliet* in two was considered a super-spectacle, you can see that our standards of flow and continuity were not theirs.

It is my recollection that Tess was a great novel; I also recall that it possessed a dyed-in-the-wool, curly-mustached villain: a seducer, no less, of virgins and, what's more, he held the mortgage on the farm. (If you haven't read the book recently, don't try to check me up on this; I think his name was Alec and I think he was the Squire's son and if the Squire didn't hold the mortgage, who did?)

The mustaches and the seduction both seem silly to us nowadays. Put them together on the stage, and you have an antique, something to be done to the accompaniment of gas light, beer, and singing waiters. So when the equivalents of these elements appear on the screen, the audience takes out its fun not in laughter, but in hisses. It's an old, pleasurable reaction. The truth is that these characters of melodrama ap-

Continued on page 164

The Oldest Name in Scotch

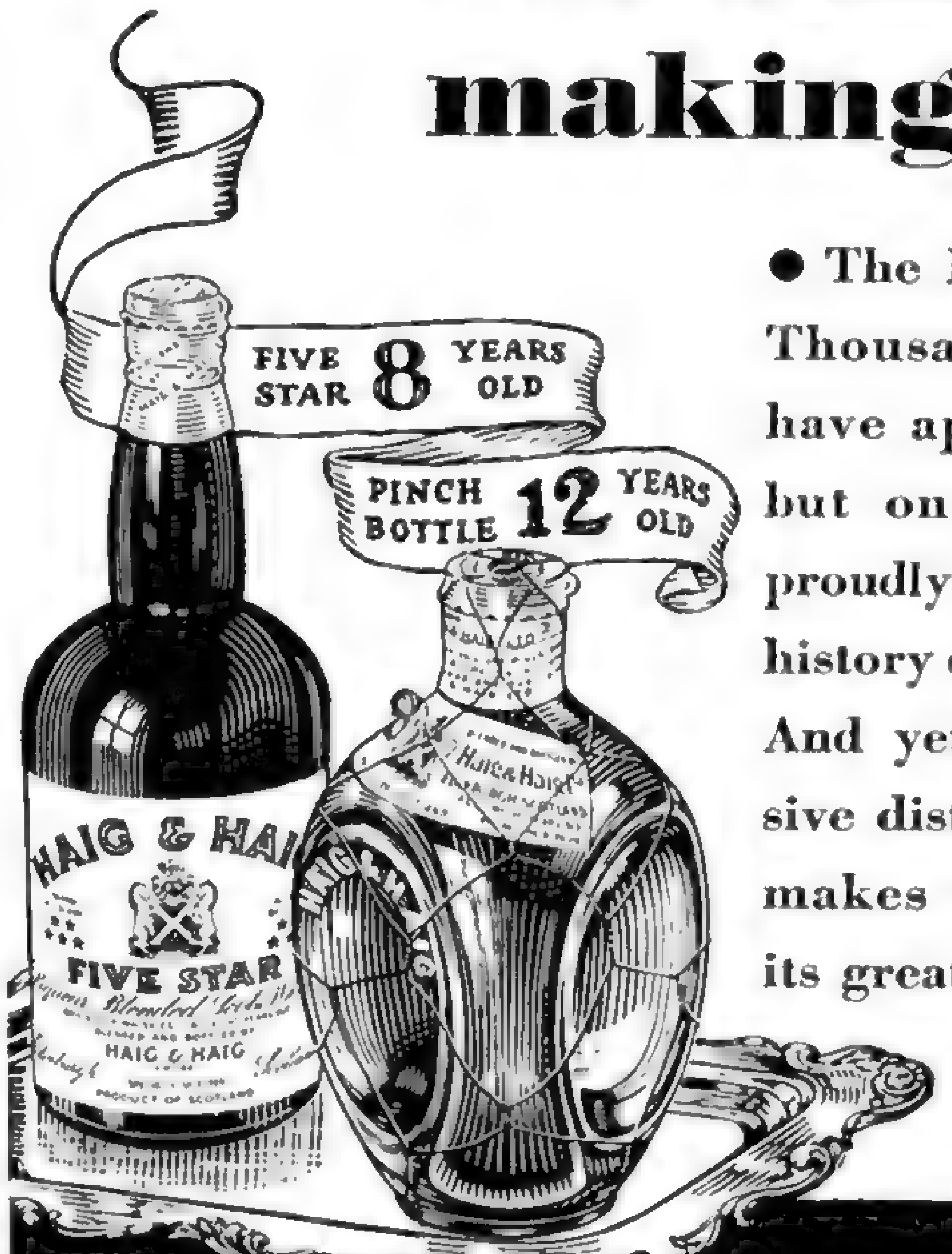


It was 1807

When Robert Fulton sailed up the Hudson in his "Clermont"—the world's first steamboat—and thus revolutionized navigation!

180 YEARS *BEFORE* ROBERT FULTON'S STEAMBOAT...

the Haigs were making Scotch!



● The Haigs started in 1627. Thousands of other brands have appeared since then—but only Haig & Haig can proudly point to a 312-year-old history of continuous pleasure! And yet—despite this exclusive distinction—Haig & Haig makes no extra charge for its great name and fame!

Don't be vague - Ask for Haig

Haig & Haig

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

Wherever you go

PARIS means

Style

The recognition gentlemen everywhere accord Paris for style supremacy is coupled with an appreciation for enduring quality and true craftsmanship.

Illustrated—Paris Belt, 1 inch pig-grain cowhide. Luggage stitched. Matching leather covered buckle. Choice of colors: green, tan, brown or navy, $1. Others $1 and up.

Paris "Free-Swing" Suspenders—¾ inch herringbone elastic; pig-grain leather backs and ends. Hammered jewelry buckles. $1. Other Winter styles $1 and up.

Paris Garters—Wide-weave comfortable elastic, gold-plated fittings. $1. Many attractive new styles 50c and $1.

A. Stein & Company • Chicago
New York • Los Angeles • Toronto

PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU
FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS
CAN'T SKID OFF YOUR SHOULDERS
BELTS
"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

What's Happened to Love?

Continued from page 163

peared rather silly to the very people who made them: witness the instant—or almost instant—appearance of parodies and burlesques of the same elements. By 1915 or so the Keystones were making fun of the movie melodramas and westerns; by that time the grandiloquent Griffith had been parodied and, I think, once made fun of himself in a picture with a "mysterious stranger" who turned out to be a stranger, totally unconnected with the plot. The people of melodrama were taken over from the Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model—by producers who saw their value, but didn't believe in anything more sentimental than the clink of money in the till.

The thing that bewilders and angers critics is that audiences also laugh at the moments of profound feeling in which the producers obviously did believe. It's possible that some rude and vulgar fellow might laugh at the lovely picture of Lillian Gish endlessly rocking the cradle in *Intolerance;* they certainly would laugh at the same lovely lady kissing a bedpost in *The Birth of a Nation.* (Miss Gish holds that she kissed the bedpost because girls weren't allowed to kiss lovers in those days; I think she kissed the bedpost because Griffith thought it was a wildly exciting way to indicate emotion.) I myself was heard to laugh no more than three or four years ago when Garbo did about the same thing (direction: Mamoulian) and ate grapes à la Theda Bara (direction: forgotten).

A great deal has been said about the aesthetic stupidity of the Hollywood producers, but one thing can be said: they aren't dumb in the common sense of the word. They found that audiences were laughing in the wrong places, so they *deliberately gave them something to laugh at in those places.*

Dearly beloved, that was as shrewd a stroke as the dramatic revolution in the 1920's which took the ancient melodrama, stripped away the sentimentality and morals, and threw in comedy in their places, giving birth to *Broadway, The Front Page, Twentieth Century, Chicago,* and so on down to date; it was as smart a move as the technique of the expressionists which gave us *Processional,* for instance. If you know your dramatic history, you can see that the movies nowadays never kill Macbeth without bringing on a comic scene of the drunken porter. Once in a thousand times you get love or death without the admixture of comedy; you got it in the death of Marguerite (Camille) but that is so rare it seems unique.

And the reason I think sits in the balconies of the neighborhood theatres to which I go. There and in the feeble imagination of movie directors, you will find out why the movies apparently cannot give you a full deep emotion without corrupting it and apologizing for it. The balcony boys begin to razz a scene the moment it becomes charged with any sort of feeling. They are as "sophisticated," God save the word, as the sub-debutantes—and they are tough and unlettered citizens, with two years of high school and five years of working in garages behind them. They laugh and jeer and cry out abusive terms to the hero, from the moment he casts an appreciative eye on the gal; and any delay in making her, brings forth more raucous encouragement.

I have mentioned one exception: the beautifully made Garbo-Camille; I saw it not around the corner, and I heard no jeers. I saw *Wuthering Heights* in a small town house, and it was received solemnly; it wasn't actually a well-made picture, being fairly well written and acted, but clumsily directed; yet the atmosphere of "a classic" helped to persuade people they were seeing "a great tragedy," and they were still. But you can't do that all the time. You've got to present average men and women, contemporaries, dressed as you and I dress, only better, and you've got to get them into entanglements which are interesting chiefly because these people are in love; and if the audience isn't going to believe in their love, what's going to happen to you, pretty soon?

I saw a pretty phony picture the other day called *Daughters Courageous.* (One snort of raw rye whiskey to the first person who explains that title, by the way.) John Garfield was again playing the movie version of Oscar Levant—I prefer Oscar. One of the Lane girls was playing one of the Lane girls. In one scene she leaned over and said, "If you kissed me now, we'd save a lot of time." Not a bad notion, like everything else in that picture; like everything else, just missing complete candor and simplicity. But the resultant kiss escaped the catcalls; it came too suddenly. In *Good Girls Go to Paris,* Joan Blondell is being kissed by all the men, congratulating her on her engagement, but when the man she really loves comes round, she gives him one of the old-time honeys, the kind they used to take you to jail for in the days of Olga Nethersole. That's played for a laugh, but it also gets a kind of dramatic reaction as well. You can, if you know how, short-circuit the destroyers of your mood.

Nonetheless, you face the fact that in large cities and in small towns, lads of sixteen to twenty-five or so are not being taken in by the movie version of love. Note further that children of eight to fourteen ape these elders, cry "mush" at the Crawfords and Gables, demand Shirley Temple or Doug Fairbanks, Jr., (and let him fight, not make love).

Whom have you left? The ladies, God bless them? I grant you that so far my investigations indicate a preponderance of males among the

Continued at top of page 166

Here is the Year's Most Exciting Xmas Gift

"JUVA-TEX" Automatic Compacts for Bath and Face Powders

TRADE MARK REG. PAT. PENDING

She'll Love You Forever if You Give Her "JUVA-TEX"

TRADE MARK REG. PAT. PENDING

"JUVA-TEX" COMPACTS HOLD TWO WEEKS SUPPLY OF POWDER

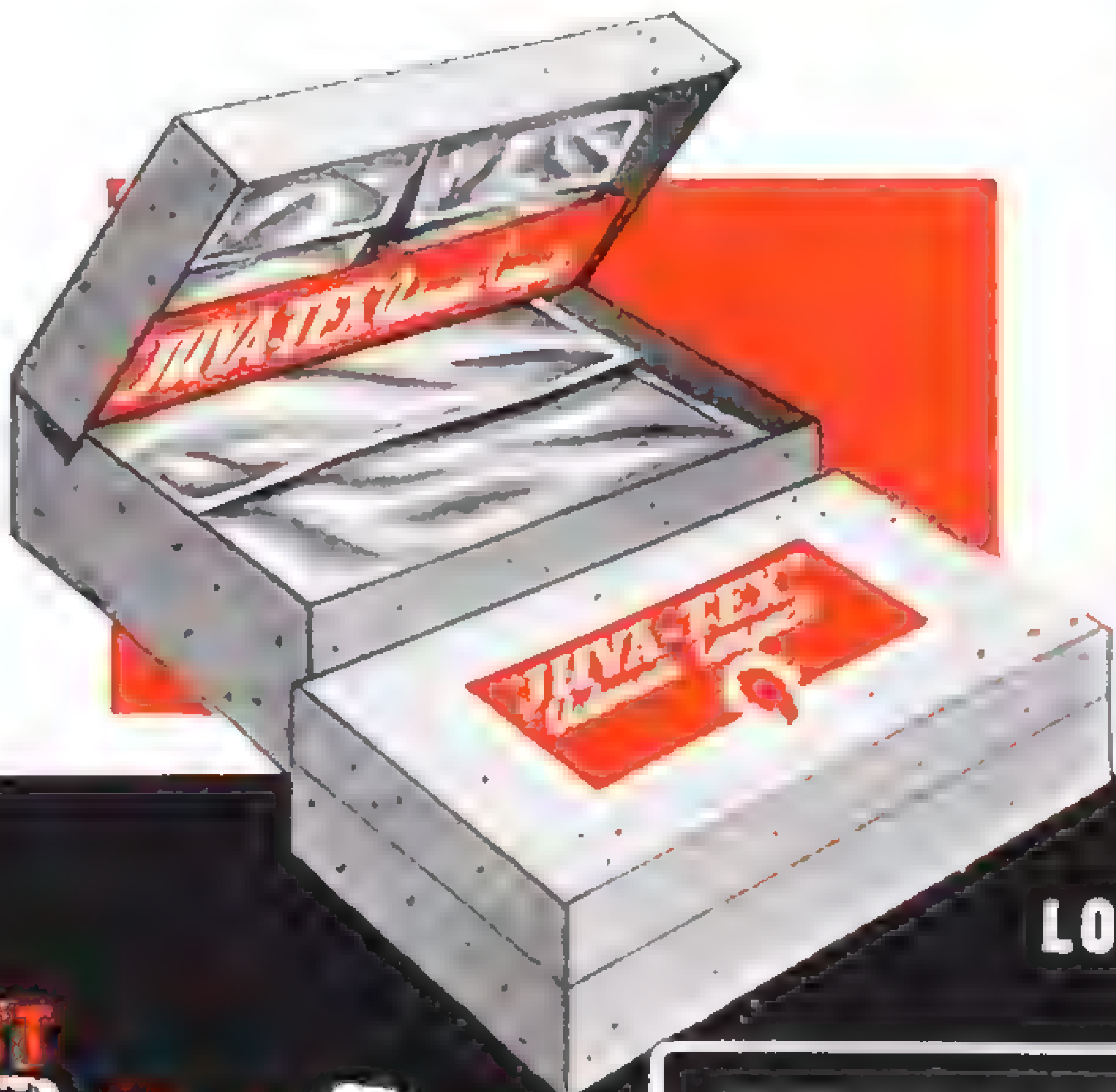
Like Magic, The Powder sifts through when lightly applied to Face or Body . . . Gorgeous Holiday package containing finest De Luxe Assortment of one bath compact and two face powder compacts

PRESENTED just a few short months ago, more than a million a month have been sold with no advertising or publicity. Now, the "Juva-Tex" way of applying face and bath powders is making all other methods and applicators as old fashioned as a kerosene lamp. A huge national advertising campaign is telling the world about "Juva-Tex".

Charles E. Zimmerman
Inventor and Manufacturer

You men reading this ad can pound your chests with pride for it was a man . . . Charles E. Zimmerman, who conceived, developed and perfected the first, perfect automatic compact. Women of all ages will remember the inventor of "Juva-Tex" automatic compacts with gratitude and appreciation.

Looks like a big $5 worth give several at only $1 each

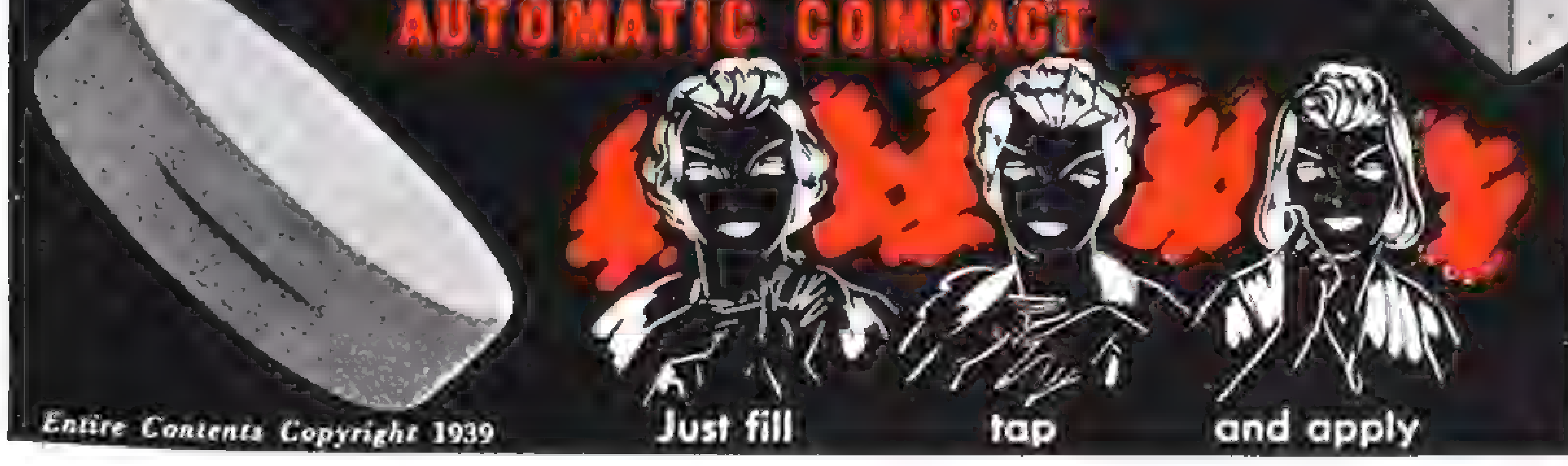


Washes 10 to 20 times

"JUVA-TEX" compacts are made of a special grade of the famous "Airfoam" . . . . . a material developed after the expenditure of great sums of money by the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. "Juva-Tex" Compacts are washable, get better with each washing. They are guaranteed hygienically pure and safe to even the most delicate skins by a special Lloyd's policy #9088.

Be the fair haired boy this Christmas 'cause she'll love you forever if you give her the "Juva-Tex" DeLuxe Gift Assortment — 2 DeLuxe face powder compacts, 1 Giant Bath powder compact — each in its own lovely pliofilm envelope. **If your Drug, Department or Variety Store cannot supply you, clip and mail the coupon!**

"JUVA-TEX"
TRADE MARK REG. PAT. PENDING
AUTOMATIC COMPACT



Entire Contents Copyright 1939

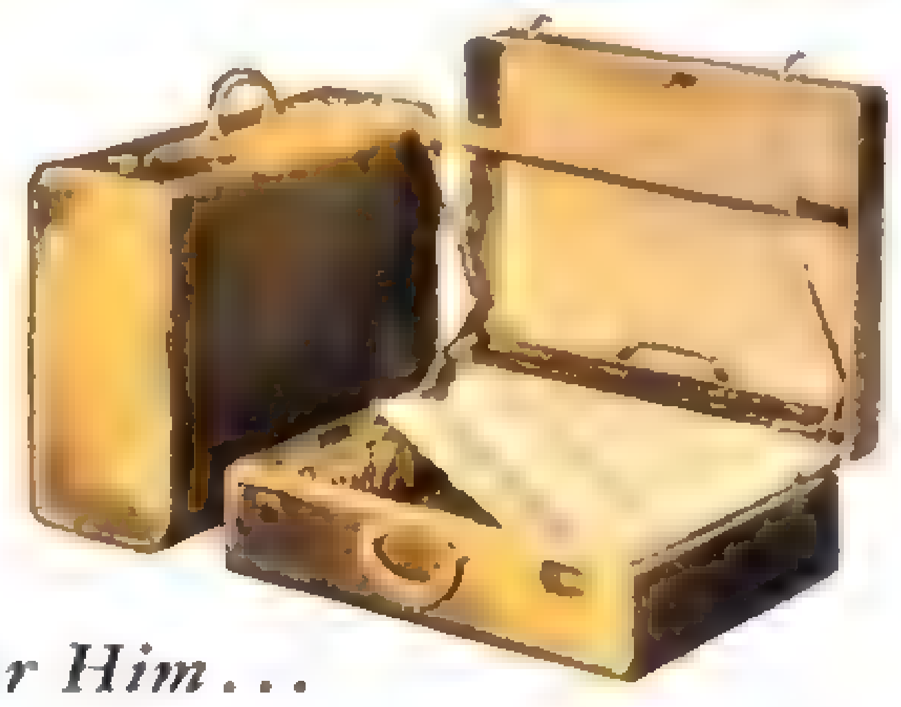
LOOKS LIKE $5 COSTS YOU ONLY $1

Charles E. Zimmerman, *Manufacturer*
225 N. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
You may send me 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, DeLuxe Holiday Assortments of "Juva-Tex" Automatic Compacts @ $1.00 each.
Name_______________
Address_______________

Merry Christmas now and for many years of carefree HARTMANN travel.

For Anyone...

A HARTMANN TRUNK finished in handsome Hartmann Rawhide is the gift of gifts. The choice of seasoned travelers. Holds everything you need for any trip. Also finished in a wide selection of coverings. From **$25.00** to **$320.00.**

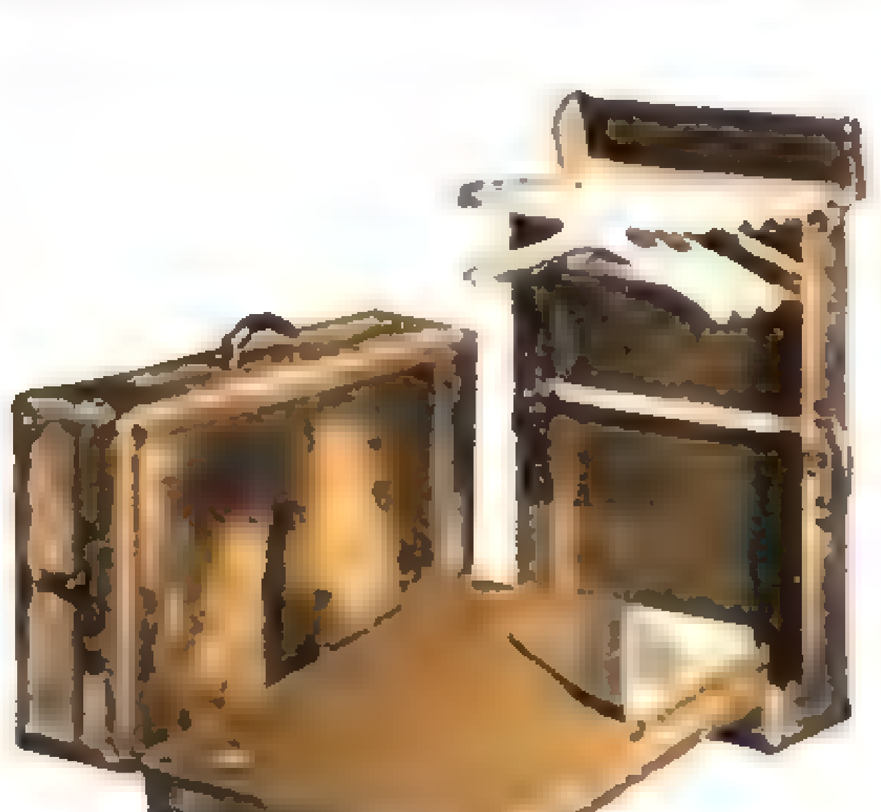


For Her...

THE HARTMANN SKYROBE, a lifetime tribute to the lady who travels. It cares for from 4 to 6 dresses on hangers in the lid, leaving an entire section free for other things. From **$15.00** to **$155.00.**

For Him...

THE HARTMANN BONDSTREETER, in a wide variety of coverings, is the aristocrat of traveling companions. Holds 2 suits in the suit tray, leaving an entire section free for shoes, shirts, and accessories. From **$22.50** to **$260.**



For Him—Or For Her...

THE HARTMANN TOUROBE, actually a trunk in miniature, keeps 3 to 5 suits or 6 to 10 dresses immaculate. Lots of room for other apparel, too. In a wide range of coverings. From **$16.50** to **$85.00.**

HARTMANN Luggage

Write for this free demonstrator illustrating the proper and simplest way to pack both men's and women's apparel for travel.

THE HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY, RACINE, WISCONSIN

What's Happened to Love?

Continued from pages 163-164

raspberry-givers; but these males are, in four cases out of five, slipping their arms around their companions' waists at the moment of sounding forth the razz. Bring back a really coy type to the screen, a modest maiden who isn't giving you a seductive highsign while she plays demure, and the girls will cackle and jeer no less than the men. Up to now, they still love their heroines, and write letters to sweet actresses, no matter what happens on the screen. But the emancipation of women proceeds apace. When they become as tough as the boys, what will the movies do for plots? Steal 'em, as usual? From whom?

That's of course the dead end for the whole business, and it's no part of my present interest. I say that the movie audiences are laughing in the clinches and that's bad for the movies. Beyond that is the fact that the great tradition of love as subject matter for fiction, drama, and even poetry, has been kicked out of the window. It creeps back only in historical fiction, as if men and women may go to bed in modern clothes, or without them, but can only make love, in the older sense of flirtation, in costume. The race continues to be perpetuated by inadvertence and a few people commit suicide for love. But compare Miss Millay of 1920 with the author of *Huntsman, What Quarry?* Where's love in the present work of A. MacLeigh? When you do find love popping into the drama, as in *The Philadelphia Story* and *No Time for Comedy*, you discover that the authors are strongly fragrant of 1904, whereas *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* feels of 1940 and on.

The movies are making a game fight. Mr. Zanuck will still lead you to believe that the hidden love life of Charles Darwin was more important than his ideas about Evolution (which came to him while he dreamed, in antipodean waters, of the English lass he loved); but the Warner Brothers are sticking to the idea that love may make the world go round, but other passions make it go forward—the passion for justice, for truth, for science; and MGM will presently heave in with the thought, I am sure, that Shearer can be as snooty about love as the next one. (Next what? Answer it yourself.)

It's a losing fight. The tone of literature will presently be the tone of the movies. The boys who laugh at the villain in the pictures of 1915 are mocking at the love affairs of the hero in 1939; the doom of the pictures and of humanity is simultaneously sealed.

About 1942 someone with the wild power of D. H. Lawrence and Thomas Wolfe will rise and shout that romantic love is the noblest manifestation of primal sex! He won't be a Buchmanite, either, and he'll tear literature up by the roots. By 1947 the reaction will have hit the movies—and if they have survived laughter that long, they'll be right there, waiting for their 15th rescue from suicide. ⌗

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Recommending Dalton Trumbo's *Johnny Got His Gun* to readers with strong stomachs

by CHARLES RUTHERFORD

• BOOKS •

UNLESS you are a penitentiary lifer, illiterate, an imbecile, an infant, or an octogenarian "on the town," take note of *What Will Happen and What to Do When War Comes* (Greystone, $2.25), edited by Larry Nixon of *Vagabond Voyaging* fame. In it five newspapermen set out to tell you what will happen, in the event we are mixed up in the war, to your property, your job, your business, your living routine, and your personal liberty.

The boys say the only thing we are certain about regarding the present war is that it will be worse in every way than the last one. Certainly the war that is marching through Europe in this year of civilization, 1939 A.D., is the first one to be preceded by guidebooks on war behavior.

Still and all, the last war is the best guide we have to go on—that and the various preliminary fights to the battle of the century waged or being waged in Ethiopia, China, Albania, Spain. So the experts lean heavily on the experiences of 1914-1918. You sort of figure roughly what happened then, and multiply by ten. You will be taxed more, regimented more both as citizen and as business man, you will buy more bonds, listen to more four-minute patriotic speeches, persecute more Germans (can there be any doubt about the potential enemy?), be more spied upon and worked up into greater mass hysteria, and be either the victim or the perpetrator of more graft than the last war dreamed of.

There will probably be a greater peace after the greater war. And the greater peace will probably collapse with a bigger bang.

Whether you are in the armed forces or hiding in your civilian burrow you will have less chance to survive. Just for checking up, consider that in the War between the Powers 10 million soldiers were killed and 20 million wounded. There were 10 million refugees, 9 million orphans, and 5 million war widows. The death rate rose

Continued on page 168

If he could choose his own Christmas present, it would be a Kirsten

Photograph by Burton Grinnell

THE Kirsten PATS. APP. FOR PIPE

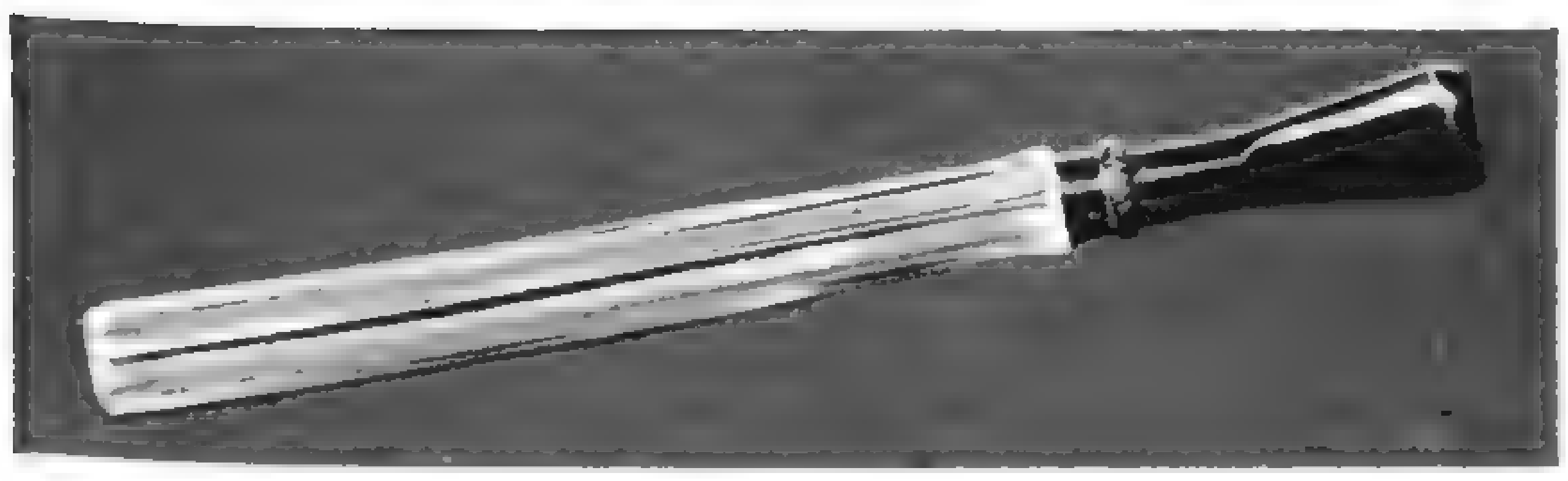
Confronted with a masculine Christmas sock to fill, the amateur St. Nick will rate top honors as gift-giver extraordinary if he (or she) slips in a KIRSTEN Pipe. For here is a pipe to warm the heart, please the pride and cool the mouth of every pipe-smoker, young or old—in fact, the pipe he's probably been eyeing covetously, in shop windows around town.

When Prof. Kirsten, internationally famous aeronautical engineer, invented the KIRSTEN Pipe, he combined scientific knowledge and dynamic modern design to produce a pipe of distinguished appearance that is actually engineered to give a cooler, sweeter, more fragrant smoke—from first puff to last.

The feather-light duralumin "radiator" cools the smoke between each puff and condenses the irritating oils, tar and water vapors before they can reach mouth or throat to produce that bitter "back-bite." A valve keeps these liquids from returning to the bowl . . . no juicy heel . . . no strong "pipe aroma" to linger in the air . . . and tobacco burns evenly to the last crumb—actually saving tobacco money! The radiator cleans like a gun-barrel—easily, thoroughly, using the built-in ramrod.

Even if he hasn't hinted, you can be sure the man on your Christmas list would choose a KIRSTEN . . . four sizes, scientifically designed to "fit" every manner of smoking . . . three styles in richly grained, choice briar bowls . . . at leading men's shops, department stores and tobacconists . .$10.00, $12.50, $15.00 and $17.50

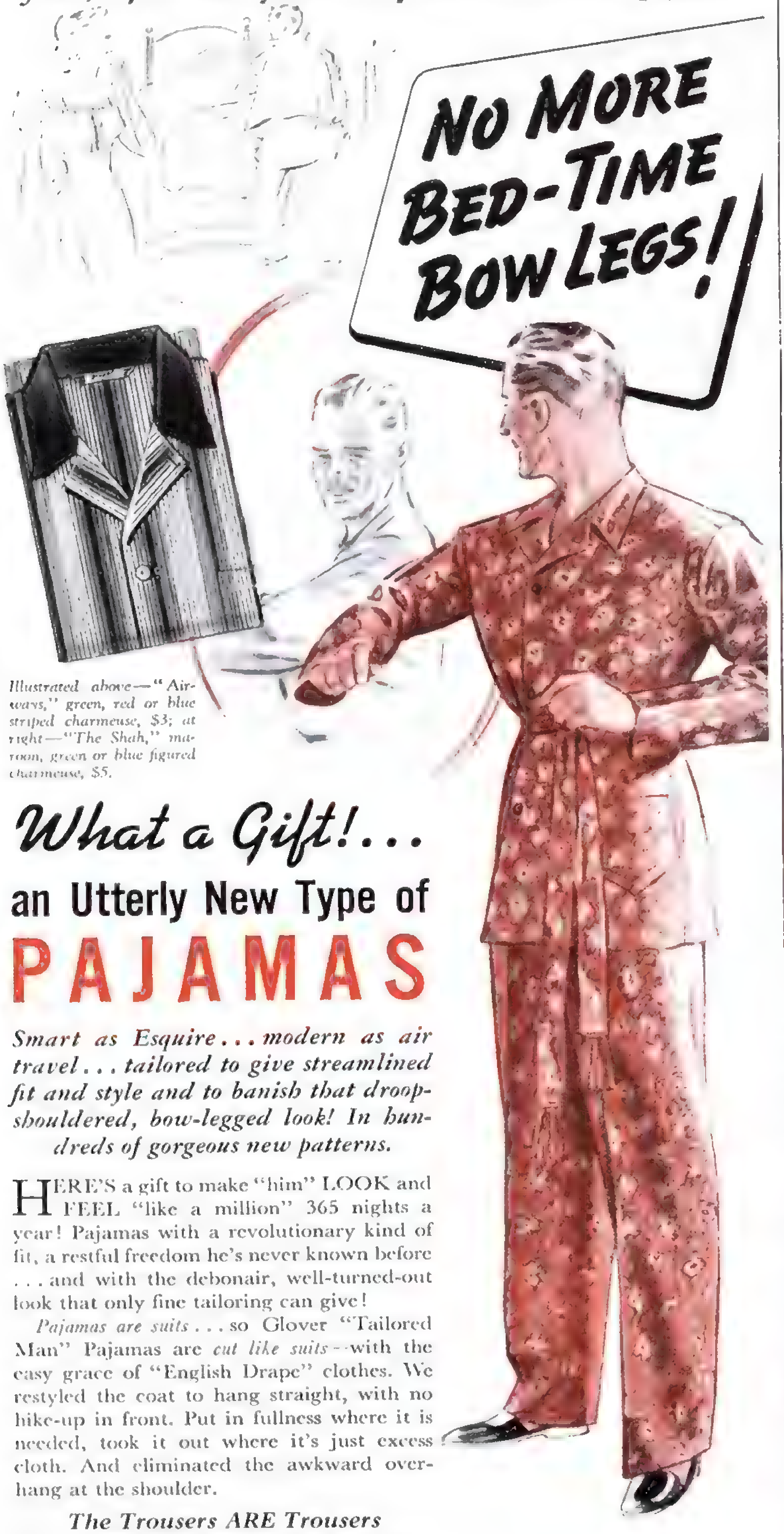
FOR CIGARETTE SMOKERS
the KIRSTEN Cigarette Holder—no filters—no fuss . . . always clean for the next smoke. It's featherlight, condenses oils and tars—ejects stub $3.00



★ IF YOUR DEALER CAN'T SUPPLY YOU,
WRITE FOR INFORMATION

KIRSTEN PIPE CO. • 3129-T WESTERN AVE. • SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

"John, I just wish you'd see yourself in those pajamas"


NO MORE BED-TIME BOW LEGS!

Illustrated above—"Airways," green, red or blue striped charmeuse, $3; at right—"The Shah," maroon, green or blue figured charmeuse, $5.

What a Gift!...

an Utterly New Type of

PAJAMAS

Smart as Esquire... modern as air travel... tailored to give streamlined fit and style and to banish that droop-shouldered, bow-legged look! In hundreds of gorgeous new patterns.

HERE'S a gift to make "him" LOOK and FEEL "like a million" 365 nights a year! Pajamas with a revolutionary kind of fit, a restful freedom he's never known before ... and with the debonair, well-turned-out look that only fine tailoring can give!

Pajamas are suits... so Glover "Tailored Man" Pajamas are *cut like suits*—with the easy grace of "English Drape" clothes. We restyled the coat to hang straight, with no hike-up in front. Put in fullness where it is needed, took it out where it's just excess cloth. And eliminated the awkward overhang at the shoulder.

The Trousers ARE Trousers

We cut these new trousers with wide legs, *shaped* them to hang straight like suit trousers, made them with *two-seam* legs instead of the one-seam construction which gives that bow-legged effect. We made sleeves, legs and coats longer too.

What a gift for a man's Christmas! Luxurious comfort! Dashing style! Thrilling satisfaction! Yet you can get Glover "Tailored Man" Pajamas for as little as $2. Hundreds of gorgeous patterns. At good stores everywhere.*

★

Tonight, Sir, *look at* yourself *in the mirror in your present pajamas. Do you see* style *you're proud of or bedtime bow legs?*

Made in 5 sizes instead of the usual 4... and clearly marked so you can buy by shirt or chest size and get an accurate fit!

TAILORED MAN PAJAMAS BY Glover

WITH ADJUSTO-BAND WAIST

*If you don't find these finer pajamas, write H. B. Glover Co., 880 Merchandise Mart, Chicago.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 166

by 10½ million, which means that that many people died before their time on account of war conditions. Twelve million fewer babies were born. The total bill, direct and indirect, was 360 billion dollars.

The chapter by War Correspondent Chaplin dealing with *Your Person*, is the most interesting in the book, possibly because the subject has the most scope. Chaplin says that as soon as we move into the war all our civil liberties will go. There won't be any speaking of your mind, or going on strike, or insisting on your God-given right to run your business your own way. Press, radio, movies will be doctored. You will report where and when ordered, sell and buy liberty bonds, snoop at your neighbor, learn to hate the enemy, parade, salute and cheer, pay your taxes, and bury your dead with honors more or less military.

The ironical thing is that the world will not have a decent day until Hitler is crushed. But Hitler will not be crushed without our help, especially now that Russia seems lost to the timorous Chamberlain and Daladier. And—this is the irony part—it seems we can't beat Nazism without Nazifying ourselves, at least for the duration.

Tough times are coming, and if I were named Carnelli or Schmidt (but especially Schmidt) I would take care from this date how I rejoiced in Germany's new-found strength, dignity, and pride. It will be very unhealthy for all the Schmidts here in the next war. In the last one there was a lot of mean picking on Americans of German descent, but that was a sweet caress to what it will be. Because when the last war began there was a lot of pro-German sentiment based on years of friendly exchange and good feeling. Compared with Hitler, the Kaiser was a plaster saint. A Gallup poll some months ago showed an overwhelming anti-Nazi sentiment, which means that popular feeling is already around to where it was after two years of world war twenty-three years ago. Add to this the probability that Hitler has started a war of frightfulness that will make the invasion of Belgium look like a *fête champêtre*—well, if I were a member of Herr Kuhn's Bund I would resign, change my name and address, and engage in social activities having more of a future.

* * *

When a war is in the offing, it is inevitable that books of a certain type get written and published. For example, the book that proves that the potential enemy is a fiend, or at least different from other human beings and a nuisance on the planet. And the book that proves that we ought to be buddies with the English. And the book that proves all over again that war is hell.

Well, I have these three books: they are (in order), *Germany Rampant*, by Ernest Hambloch (Carrick & Evans, $2.50), *Anglo-Saxony and Its Tradition*, by George Catlin (Macmillan, $2), and *Johnny Got His Gun*, by Dalton Trumbo (Lippincott, $2.50).

The chief argument of Mr. Hambloch, whose propaganda bit is subtitled *A Study in Economic Militarism*, is that the international and domestic nastiness, the anti-Semitism, the racial cockiness, mysticism, war-mindedness, anti-rationality, and hunger to dominate other peoples, is not a special product of Hitler or the Nazi regime, but an essential part of the German makeup. It would seem that from the beginning of history the Germans, in art, philosophy, history, education, literature, have been even as the boy in school who inevitably manages to get himself called Stinker, and won't play unless he's captain.

Mr. Hambloch (an Englishman) has looked up his subject and writes about it with the same specious plausibility as a Nazi philosopher proving that the Jews are the world's Stinkers. He is even able to use the phenomenon of Karl Marx to prove his case that Germans are a gang of mystics and fatalists with sadistic complications.

People who have traveled in Germany in pre-Hitler days and sampled the life *gemütlich* will not be taken in, nor will those who know the role of German immigration in the United States for a hundred years, nor those who are able to say, "Some of my best friends are Germans." Nevertheless the Hambloch half-truth has its appeal. It is more fun to hate without reservations.

Anglo-Saxony and Its Tradition is a pep (and pap) talk by Fabian Socialist Professor George Catlin in favor of a joint effort on the part of the two great "democracies," the U. S. and Britain, to rout Satan Stalin and Beelzebub Hitler by faith and some nebulous good works. I don't rightly know just what the professor is driving at with his talk about the Anglo-Saxon tradition, and it seems to me very odd and old-fashioned of a professor of political science to be thinking and writing in this kind of fog after Harold J. Laski has brought political science down to earth. But I manage to disentangle a few "musts":

1. We Anglo-Saxons must organize an energizing idea, based on Locke's humanism, in order to conquer the world "by prudent steps."

2. Britain must grow rich and successful by developing her colonies as Russia is developing her vast territory—perhaps by resettling them with Jews.

3. Englishmen must slough off apathy and snobbery and engage in long-time social planning and far-seeing public works.

4. We must kill internecine strife by promoting free trade.

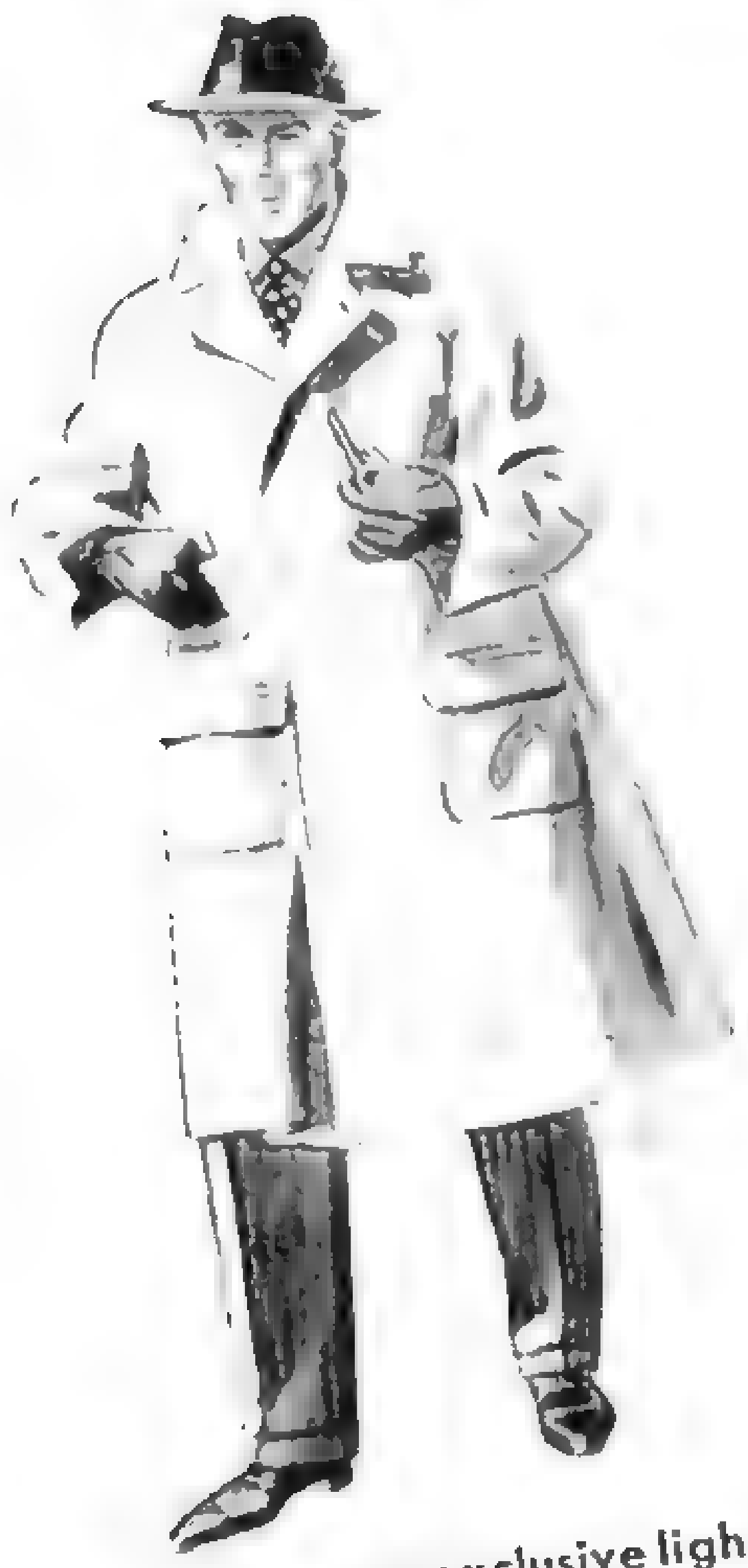
5. We must establish classless-

Continued on page 170

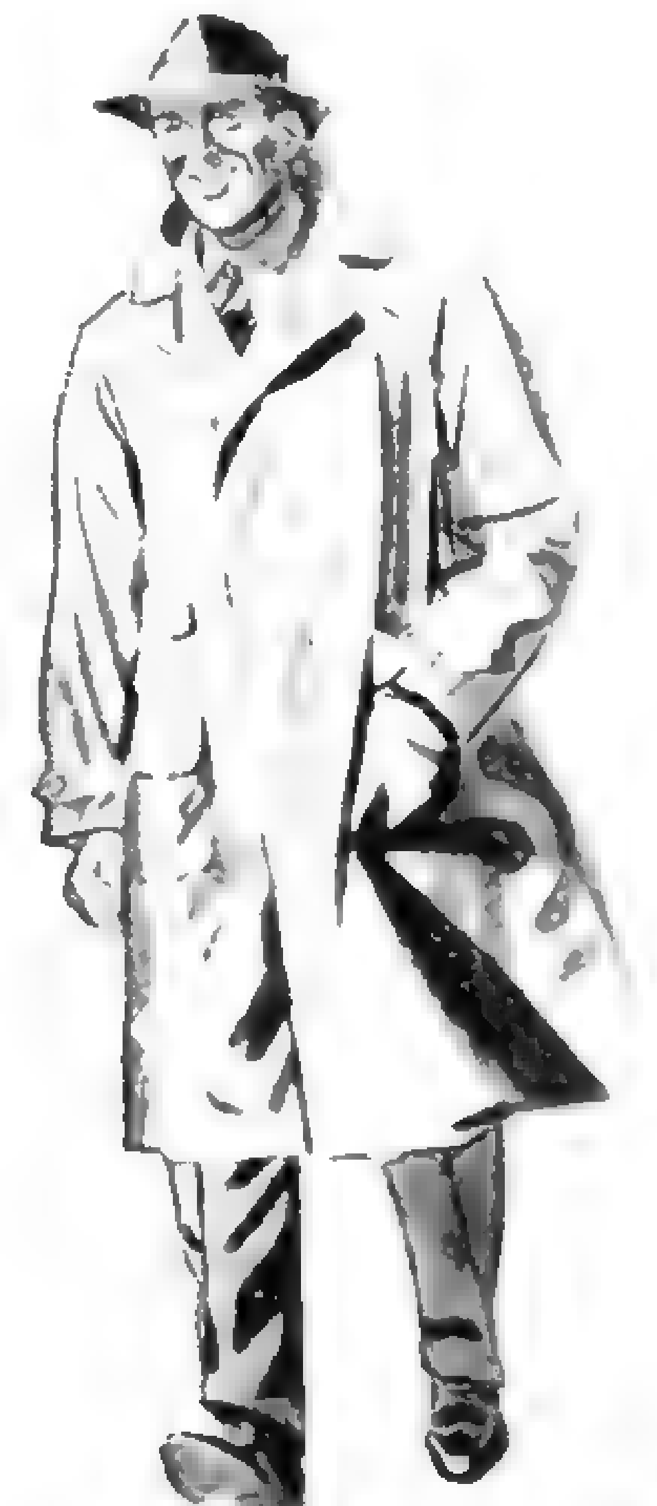
Say! that's a Smart Idea!

Give Him an Alligator Raincoat for Christmas

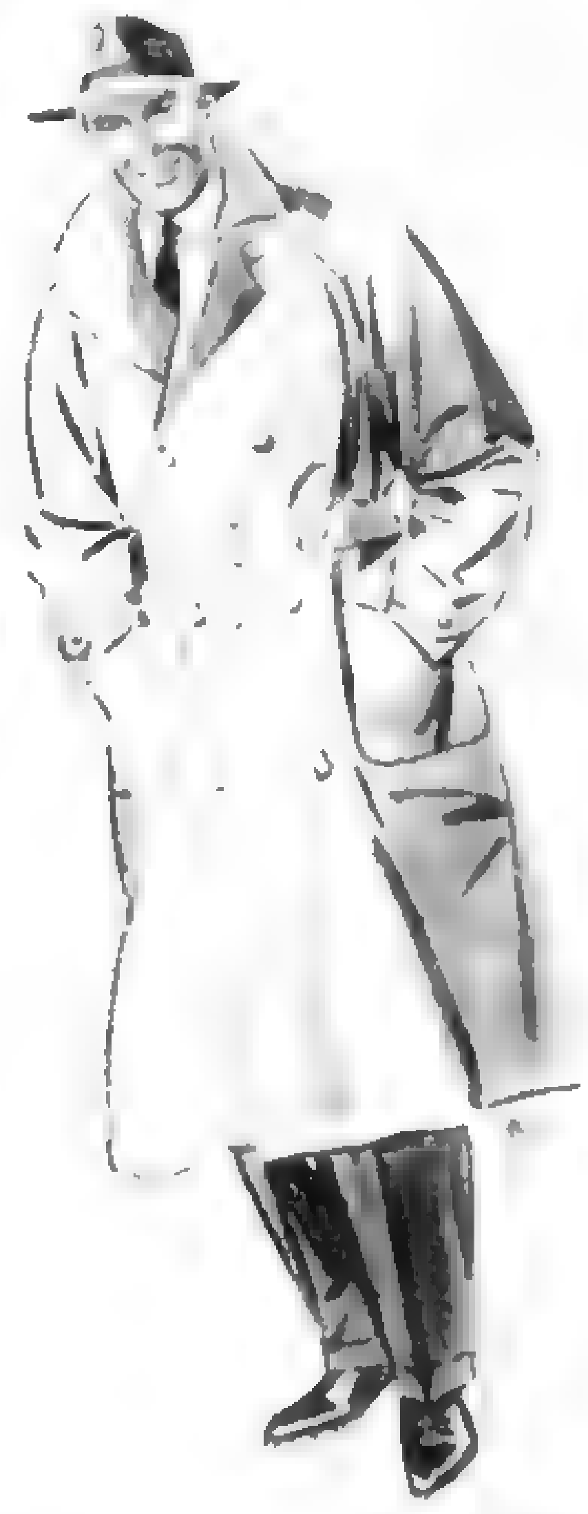
Be different this year . . . give him something he really wants. In selecting a smart raincoat or all-weather sport jacket, be sure to look for the Alligator label, your guide to the best in rainwear . . . best styling, best tailoring, best processing! See these handsome beauties at better stores everywhere.



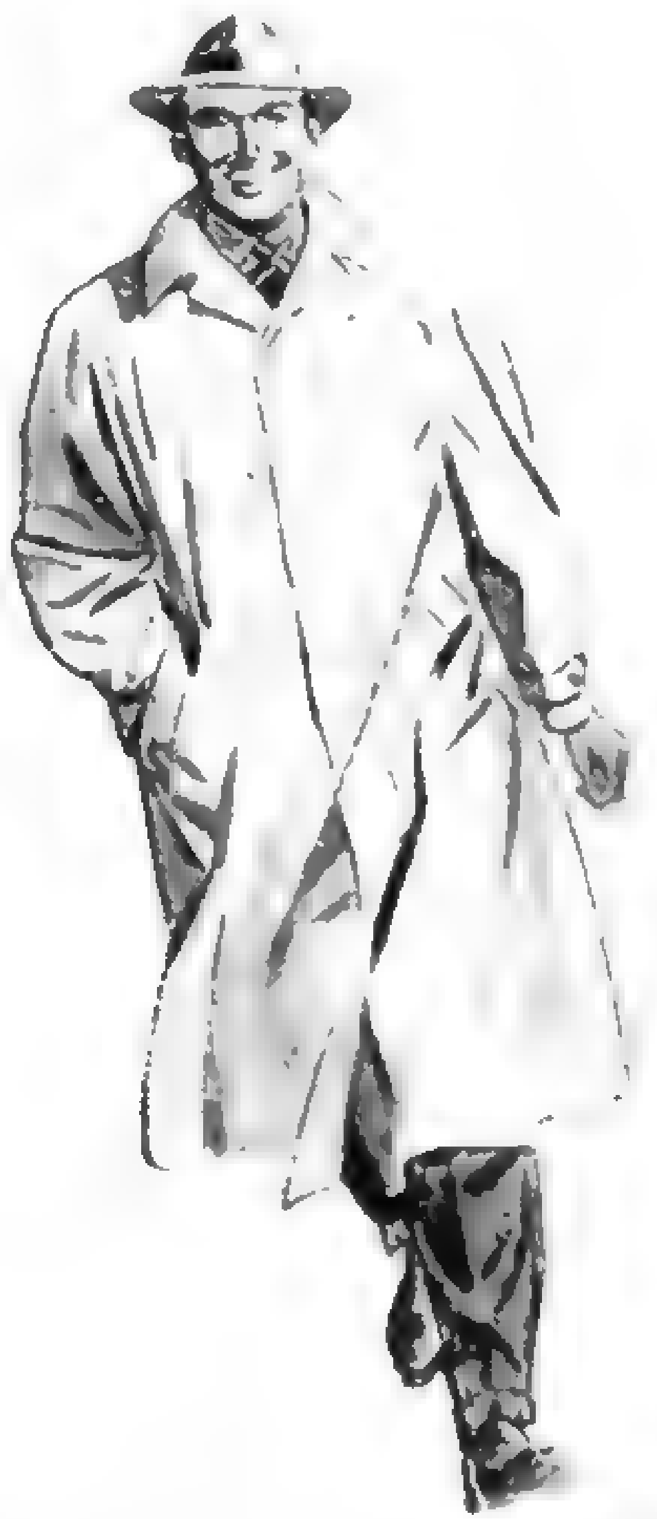
GALECLOTH . . . an exclusive light weight worsted-like fabric. Lasting, dependable water repellent finish. *High style Coacher model illustrated* **$18.50** —other Galecoats by Alligator $15.75 up.



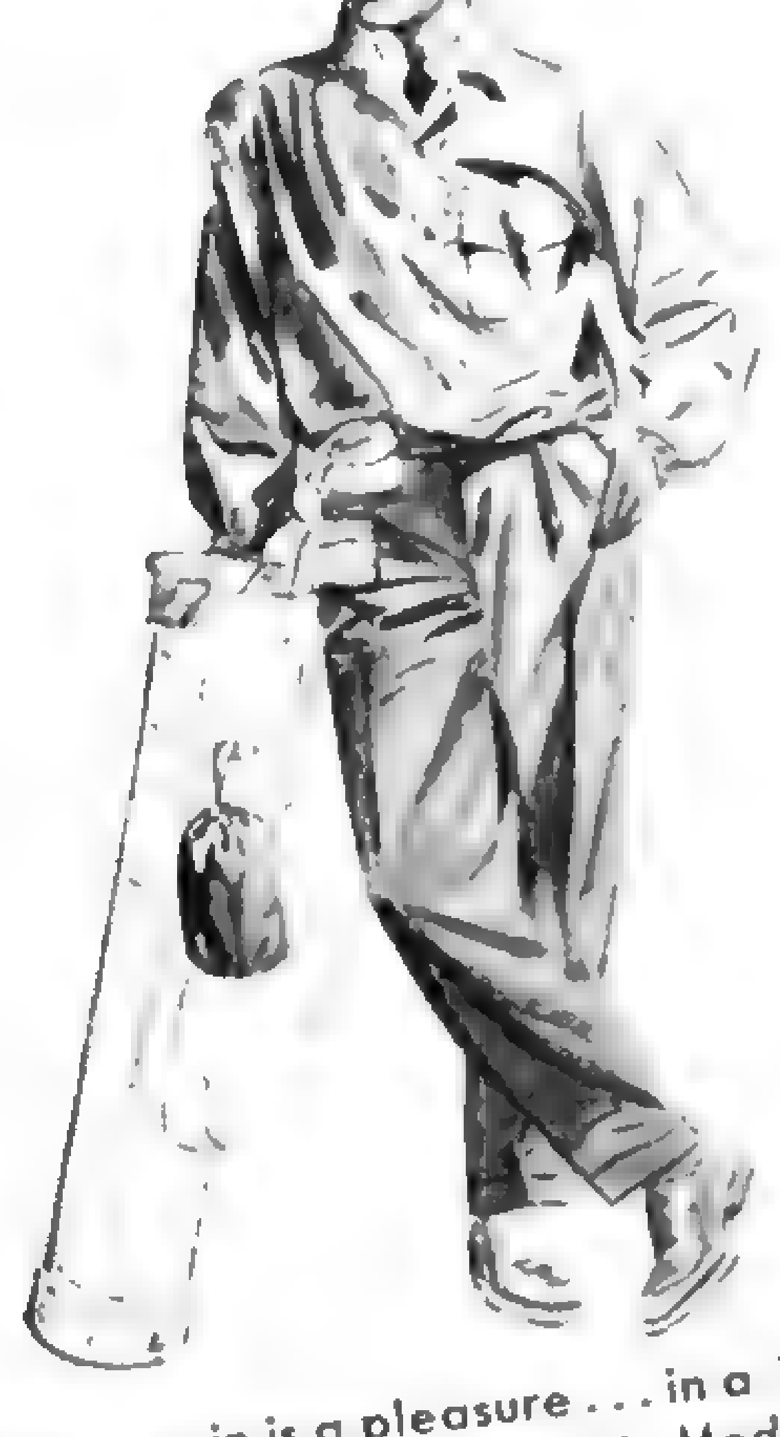
UNIVERSITY COACHER . . . Alligator's style sensation for young men. Famous light weight waterproof fabric in which no rubber is used. 85-inch sweep, fly front, convertible collar. **$7.50.**



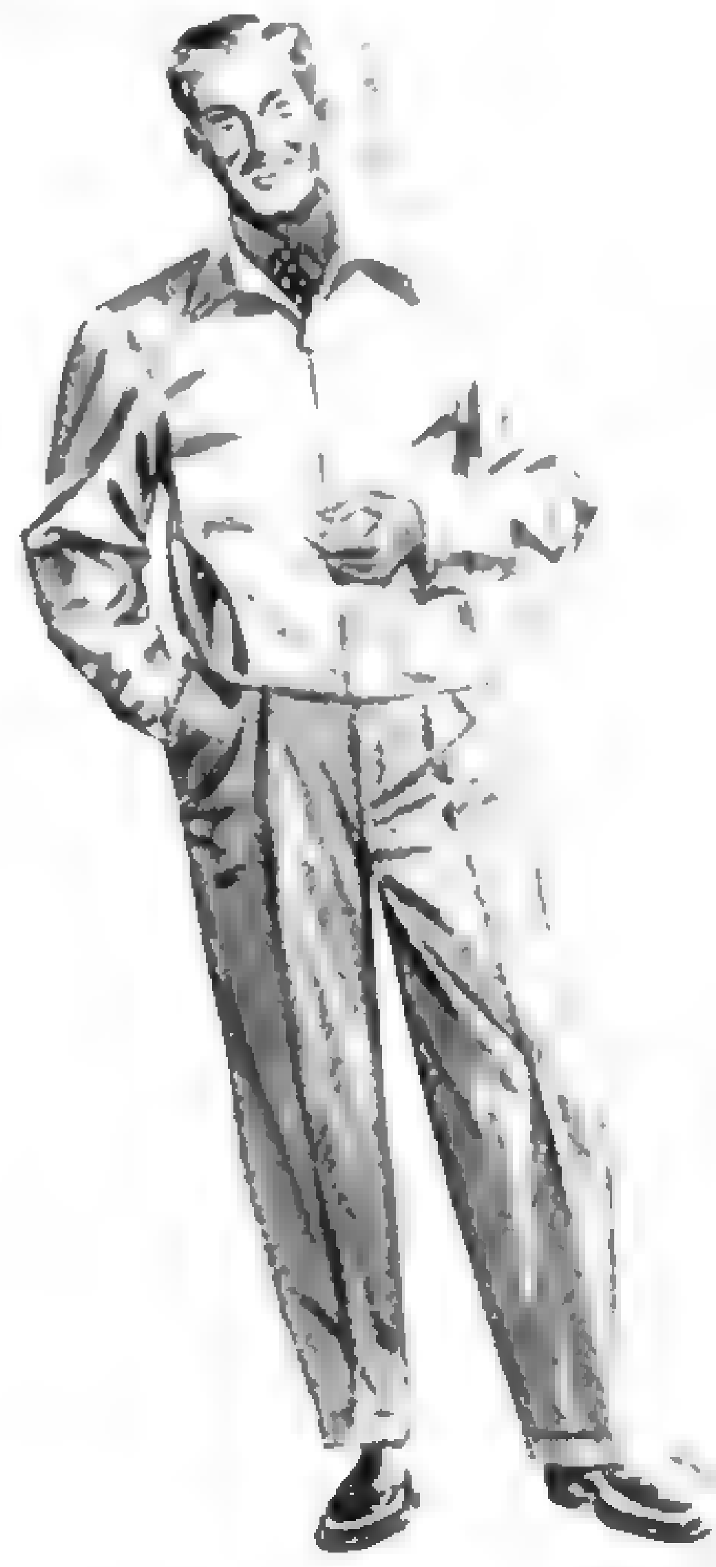
ALLIGATOR waterproof coats in several single and double breasted styles. *Model illustrated only* **$5.75**—others to $15.75. Always in good taste. Protection against rain, wind and dust.



SAMTHUR . . . medium light weight water repellent storm and sport fabric by Alligator. *Smart single breasted fly front model illustrated* **$12.50** —other Samthur coats by Alligator to $14.75.



GOLF in the rain is a pleasure . . . in a light weight waterproof Alligator Golf Shirt. *Model illustrated* **$6.75**—others $5.50 up. Cut full and roomy. Waterproof carrying bag included.



GALECLOTH sports jackets are light weight for comfort, firmly woven and water repellent to resist wind and rain. *All purpose style illustrated* **$8.50**—other styles and models up to $15.00.

\$5.75 TO \$25.00

At Better Dealers Everywhere

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, St. Louis, Los Angeles, New York

ALLIGATOR
Raincoats and Galecoats
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!

GIVE A MAN Jewelry HE WILL WEAR
COLLAR HOLDER $1
TIE HOLDER $1
NU-LOK
MRB
NU-LOK
NU-LOK
NU-LOK

That's NU-LOK. Choose his gift from the wide variety of smart designs including complete sets of daytime and evening jewelry, correctly styled and handsomely packaged.

NU-LOK initialed tie holders make ideal gifts—either singly or in sets with collar holders.
Initial tie holder $1.00. Sets $1.00 up.

You'll never go wrong if you give a man a NU-LOK set of daytime jewelry.

Above set, one of several sports designs, $5.00.

Set at left, collar holder, tie clip, cuff links, and key chain — matched stone-set design $7.00. Others $2.50 up.

NU-LOK
Quality Jewelry

Evening set — Studs and Airplane Links — $4.00. Others up to $15.00.

Insist on NU-LOK for better action, CORRECT style and quality.

Freeman Daughaday Co., Providence, R. I.

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 166-168

ness by replacing class consciousness with public sense.

Prof. Catlin says: "within four years, if we are to be saved, the grandeur of Anglo-Saxon culture must become a blazing conviction." What odds do I hear on doom?

* * *

As for *Johnny Got His Gun*, I consider that Dalton Trumbo has given us the Book of the Month, if we have the stomach for it. It's a man's book, that. But instead of reviewing it myself I pass on to you in parallel columns the reviews of two friends of mine, one a writer of fiction, the other a psychologist. From their disagreement you will see just how "final" and "authoritative" book reviewing is:

Fiction writer annoyed and sickened by "Johnny Got His Gun"

Dalton Trumbo, in *Johnny Got His Gun*, intended a condemnation of war. Here, embodied in one person, he amalgamated all the horror, the stench, the filth, the utter waste of war. He calls our attention to the hypocrisy of those who shout fine words, the gullibility and wanton sacrifice of the little guys. Here, personified by the mutilated hunk of meat that was once walking, talking, smelling, seeing Joe Bonham, he symbolizes the agony and degradation of all men caught in a war. In exciting narrative, in the imaginative selection of so unique a fragment of mankind as this faceless torso, he tries to put across a preachment that is perhaps more important now than ever before.

Mr. Trumbo's sincerity brings forth a lament that he has weakened his valuable preachment by trick writing. Such an overwhelming flood of unchecked emotion ceases to be art and becomes a torrent of stinking water.

By page 18 we find that our hero Joe Bonham is wounded and that he is deaf, after a battle in the late war. He realizes he's deaf and wounded bad and it's hell.

After this, the reader is quite ready for Mr. Trumbo's message. The writing has been powerful and the mental processes forcefully put across in a kind of stream-of-consciousness. Joe has our sympathy. O.K.

Then on page 39, after flashbacks of his youth and his father's courtship of his mother, we find that Joe hasn't any arms. Oh Jesus that certainly is hell my God it's hell not to have any arms Christ how can he hold Kareen again if he hasn't any arms? Then he thinks about the night before he went to war and how Kareen's father told them to go to bed and even brought them breakfast.

Now we're really receptive for Mr. Trumbo's significant point. No fooling! But we can't have it yet. We get more flashbacks, telling us about Joe's life in Shale City, and how swell it was. Then on page 80 we find that Joe hasn't any legs. My God! Now he can't walk it's hell not to be able to walk they can't do this to him my God! They can't! He throws his head back to yell but Christ he can't yell he hasn't got a mouth he hasn't got a nose and he hasn't got any eyes. There's a stinking hole in his side and he dreams that a rat is eating him alive and he

Continued on 1st col. page 175

Psychologist thrilled and chilled by "Johnny Got His Gun"

Johnny Got His Gun, by Dalton Trumbo, is unique. I've never read anything like it. Essentially it is an anti-war tract, concerned exclusively with the dreams, reminiscences, thoughts and mental struggles of a limbless and faceless torso, the product of an exploding shell in September, 1918. Robbed of sight, hearing, speech, locomotion, smell, taste and the usually ignored privilege of having something to do with breathing and eating, this combination of stomach and brain spends five years in a hospital with no communication whatsoever.

Joe Bonham's physical condition is revealed to the reader gradually, as the victim recovers from weeks or months of unconsciousness and semi-consciousness, and gains insight into his own situation. You read with an accumulating sense of horror, relieved by back flashes into the life of Joe Bonham, a good guy, before he left his girl and his mother to go to war at the age of twenty.

Once you accept the situation that Joe is the next thing to a corpse, you are confronted with the loneliest human being alive. He is completely helpless, and his thoughts about having returned to the womb are a vivid reflection of his helplessness. It is incredible and devastating to conceive that such a shell of a man could exist and think. And yet there was no question in my mind that it had happened. You are reminded of Poe when you read: "The rat was eating on him now. He could feel its sharp little teeth as they bit into the edge of the wound and then he could feel the quick little movements through the rat's body as it chewed. Then it would dig its feet in and scoop out a bit more of flesh and that would hurt and then it would chew again." But Joe, unlike Poe's victim, had no legs, so he couldn't kick, he had no arms to fight with, his face was gone so he couldn't yell. He couldn't even roll over. "The only thing he could do was to go into that slow rocking motion. But the rat evidently liked that because it stayed right where it was. The rat was eating very carefully now taking only the choicest parts and then squatting flat on its stomach with its little jaws chewing chewing chewing." You are vastly relieved to learn that Joe only dreamed this, but you are horrified when you realize that Joe has

Continued on 2nd col. page 175

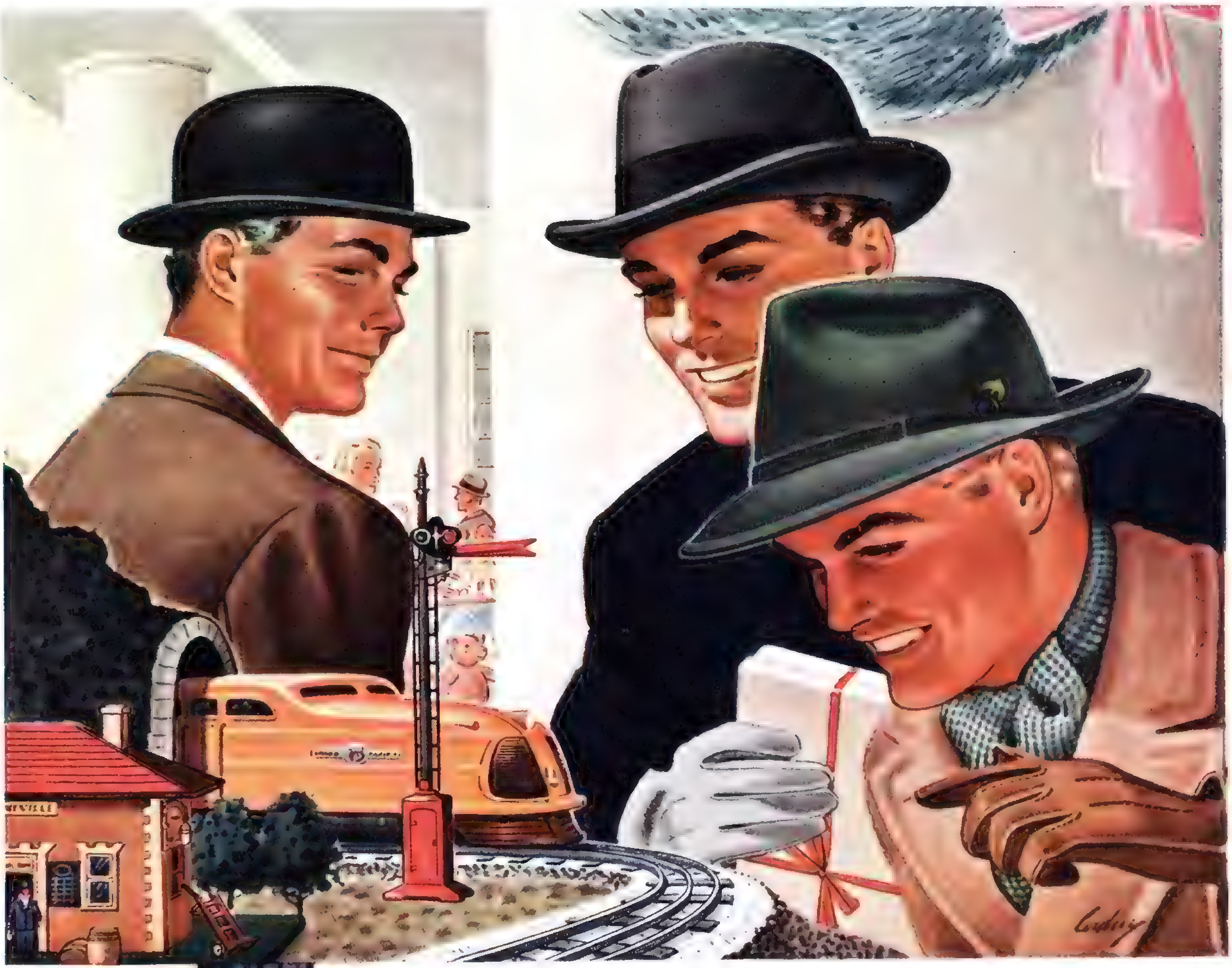
Why a *Mallory Christmas* means a *Happy New Year*

Name the most puzzling male on your holiday gift list. . . . Name *any* man from 17 to 70 and you name somebody who'll be tickled down to his toes to receive a Mallory hat on Christmas. Or better yet

Make it a gay toy hat box containing a certificate that lets *him* do the choosing! But just be sure it's a *Mallory* you give—for to superb styling Mallory adds *the most enduring style life . . . the longest-lasting* good looks ever bestowed on felt.

That's partly because only the world's choice furs go into a Mallory . . . partly because of the Mallory family's peerless 116 years of experience. Moreover, *only Mallory offers the matchless style protection of "Cravenette" weatherproofing.*

So for aptness, smartness, *lasting* pleasure—from *every* angle—a Mallory Christmas means a Merry Christmas . . . a hatful of style for New Year's and a long, long time to come. Most styles are $5. The lightweight *Sportabout*, $4. Others, $7.50 and $10.



The Derby (left, above) is a genuine stroke of Mallory genius. Supremely *comfortable*, thanks to its self-conforming construction. And it's irreproachably correct. $5

The Diplomat (center) is the latest, smartest homburg—just in time for what promises to be the most important homburg season in a decade. $5

The Polo (right) sports an entirely new "suede-soft" finish that's perfect with a camel's hair or other sports-minded overcoat. A slim self-band and new jewel-tone buckle add to the rakish effect. In fashion colors. $5

Mallory
Gift Certificate

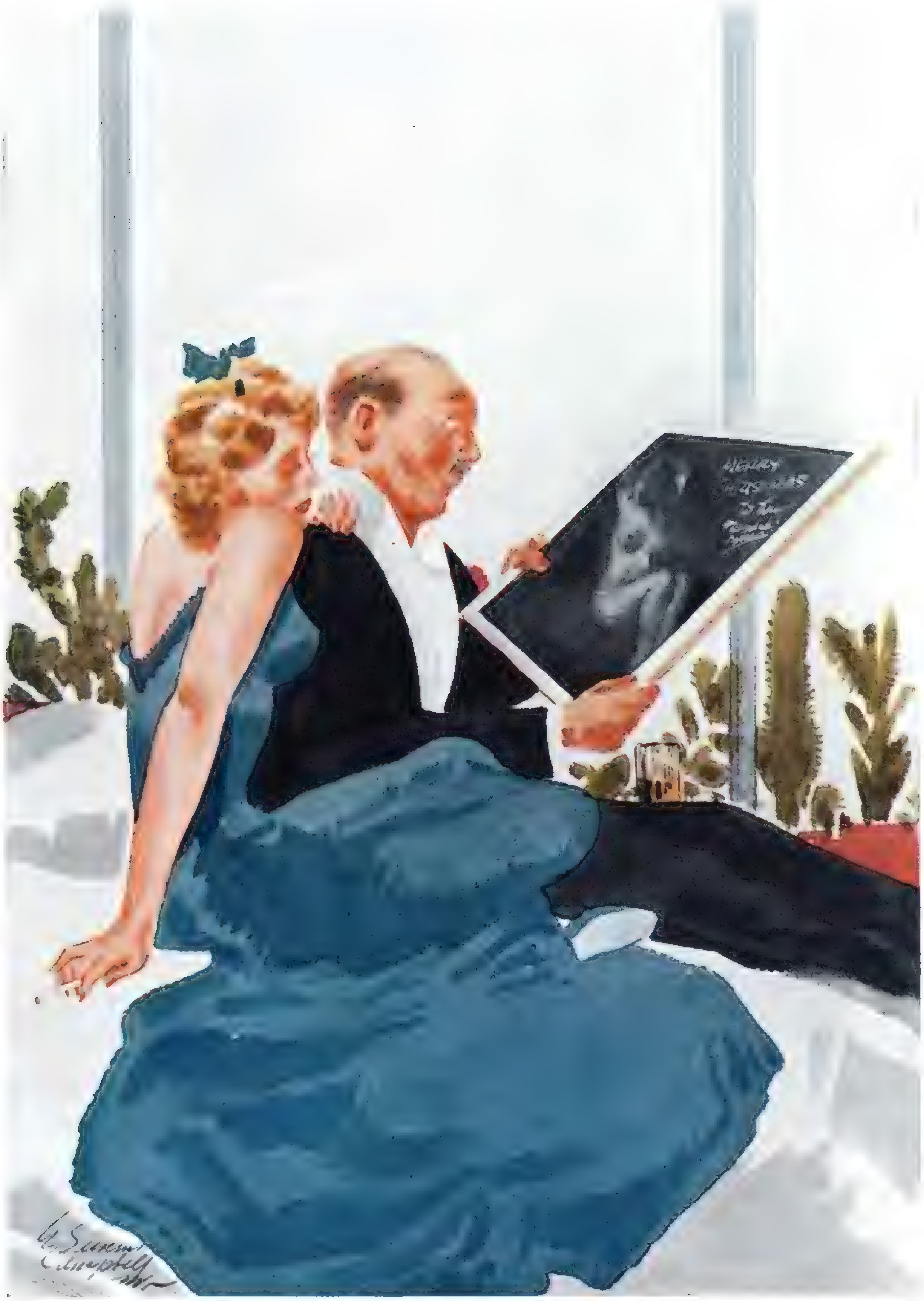
Fit for a king (fine for Dad!) . . . a Mallory Christmas Gift Certificate in a toy hat box will make *any* man cheer.

Right on time for New Year's . . . when every man likes to look his best!

EVERY DAY YOU SEE MORE HATS BY

MALLORY

FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK


MERRY CHRISTMAS

"I wouldn't dream of giving that photograph to anyone but you, Mr. Carter— you and the Cosmopolitan Newspaper Syndicate"

For Distinguished Service

HONOURS OF

The Scots Guards

Namur, 1695 Dettingen Lincelles Talavera
Barrosa Fuentes d'Onor Nive Peninsula Waterloo
Alma Inkerman Sevastapol Tel-el-Kebir Egypt, 1882 Suakin, 1885
Modder River South Africa, 1899-1902 Retreat from Mons
Marne, 1914 Aisne, 1914 Ypres, 1914, '17
Festubert, 1915 Loos Somme, 1916, '18
Cambrai, 1917, '18 Hindenburg Line
France and Flanders, 1914-18

HONOURS OF DEWAR'S

"White Label"

THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Award of the International Exposition of Agriculture, Buenos Aires, Argentina, 1910 . . . one of more than 60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING
Six 9 x 12 prints of Scotch officers, Edition No. 2, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Schenley Import Corp., New York City, Dept. E.

White Label
8 years old

Victoria Vat
12 years old
also known as Ne Plus Ultra

EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
White Label
Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons
DISTILLERS
PERTH
12 YEARS OLD
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
Specially Selected and Blended
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH

Seasoned veterans never fail to salute it at bars, old campaigners always enlist it to garrison their cellars, for the order of the day and night . . . is DEWAR'S *White Label*, the medal Scotch of the world. Use your intelligence department. Command the highball of the highlands, DEWAR'S *White Label* and soda! Gentlemen, "At ease!"

Dewar's
"White Label"

The Medal SCOTCH *of the World*
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

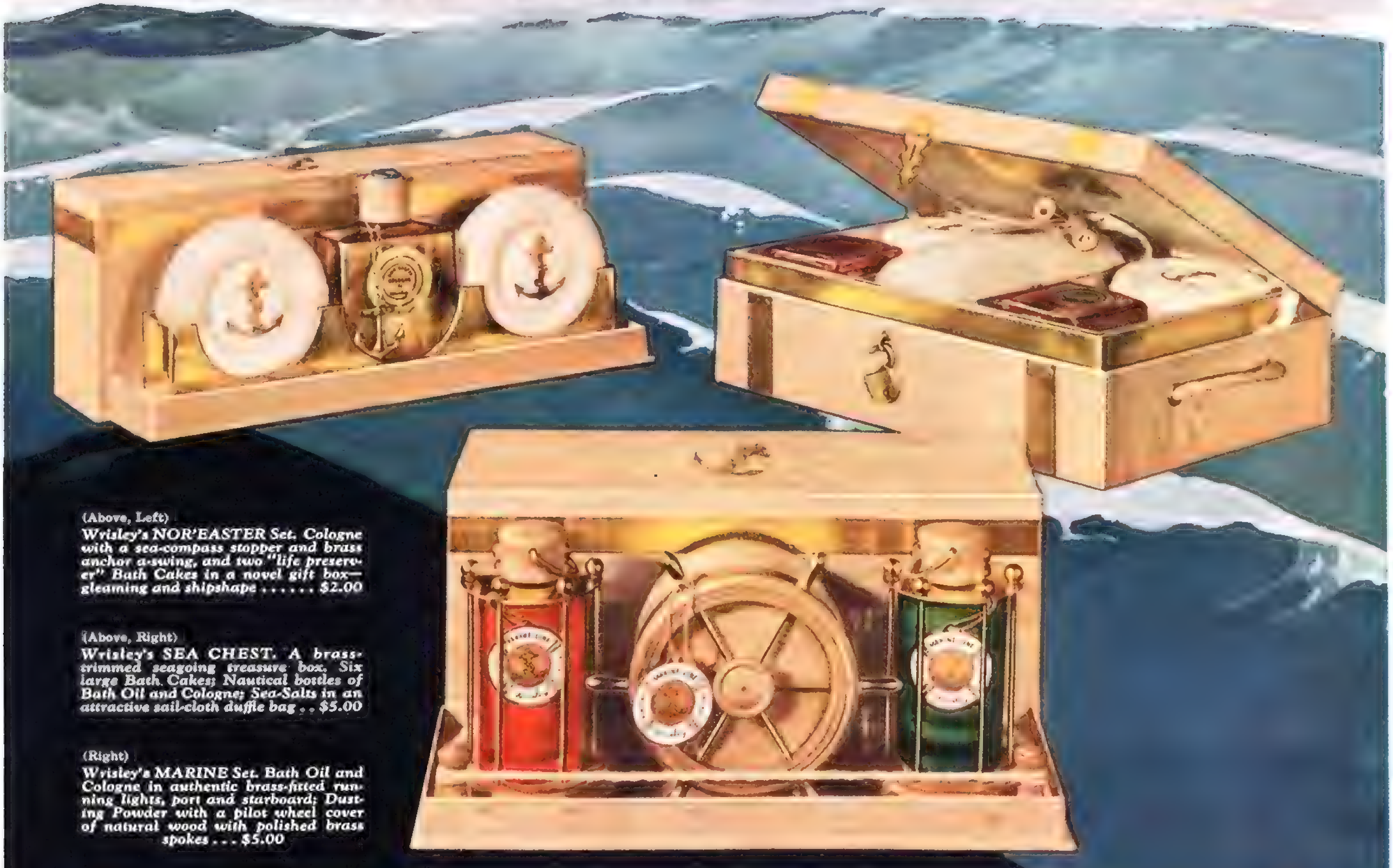
Schenley IMPORT

Both 86.8 Proof • Blended Scotch Whisky

Copr. 1939, Schenley Import Corp., New York.

For that certain Enslavement you are planning

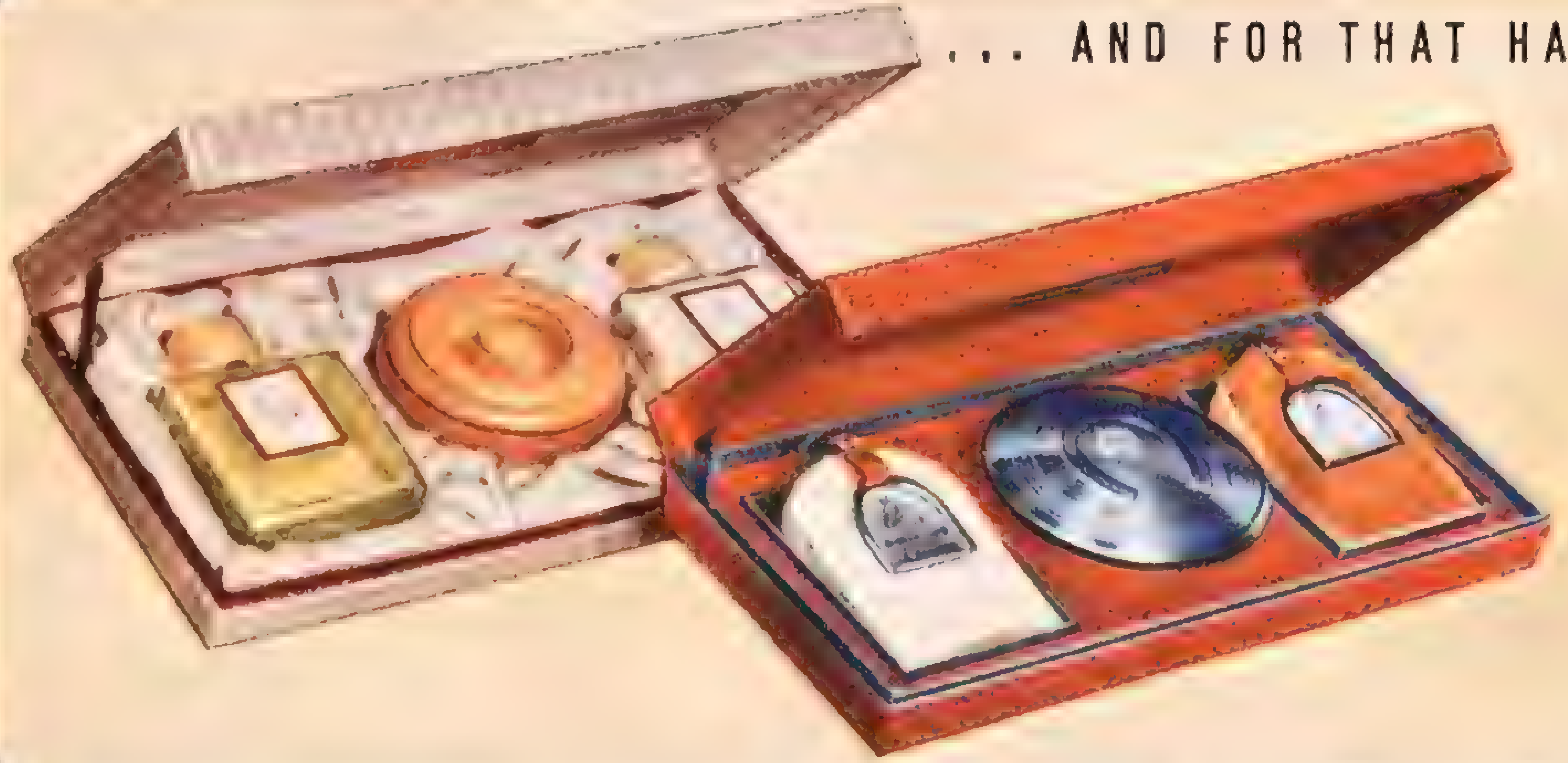
..CHOOSE A TRULY NOVEL GIFT!



(Above, Left)
Wrisley's NOR'EASTER Set. *Cologne with a sea-compass stopper and brass anchor a-swing, and two "life preserver" Bath Cakes in a novel gift box—gleaming and shipshape* $2.00

(Above, Right)
Wrisley's SEA CHEST. *A brass-trimmed seagoing treasure box. Six large Bath Cakes; Nautical bottles of Bath Oil and Cologne; Sea-Salts in an attractive sail-cloth duffle bag* . . $5.00

(Right)
Wrisley's MARINE Set. *Bath Oil and Cologne in authentic brass-fitted running lights, port and starboard; Dusting Powder with a pilot wheel cover of natural wood with polished brass spokes* . . . $5.00



... AND FOR THAT HARD-RIDING HOMBRE on YOUR List, Madame . . .

(Left)
Wrisley's LAVENDER Men's Set. *The famous Lavender Shaving Bowl of natural wood, with after-shave Lotion and Talc, in a new tweed-dressed box* $1.50

SADDLE CLUB by Wrisley. *Chrome finished Shaving Bowl, chrome topped bottles of Lotion and Talc with leather-and-chrome miniature stirrups, in a smart saddle-brown box* . . . $3.00

At Department Store and Drug Store Toiletry Counters

Wrisley

347 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK   MERCHANDISE MART CHICAGO

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from 1st col. page 170

remembers how the rats used to eat the faces off the dead soldiers and how much they stunk when nobody buried them . . . etc.

By now the reader is gasping, the significant lesson is forgotten and for many pages and through a number of flashbacks showing Joe as a kid out a-whoring, a-fishing with his father, each a separate short story in itself, we pant and exhaust ourselves with him to establish communication with the outside world by tapping out the Morse Code with his head. We count his bowel movements with him. Then one of the nurses catches on, she brings a man who understands the Morse Code and taps Joe's forehead with his finger, saying, "What do you want?"

After a chapter of thinking about it, Joe taps back the message that he wants to go about the world in a glass case, exhibiting himself, to awaken the world to the horrors of war, and what fools the little guys are to let the Big Guys hypnotize them with fancy words.

The reply tapped back to him is, "That would be against hospital regulations."

Then in another chapter, for Mr. Trumbo is a man of a few thousand words, Joe realizes that the Big Guys don't want the little guys to know the horrors of war because there's to be another war one day maybe soon a new war is coming and the little guys are to be hypnotized by words again.

Joe Bonham rails against the Big Guys from the soapbox in his mind and at the bottom of the page it says THE END and we feel sick to our stomach.

That horror stuff on page 111 had made us want to vomit and as we read it we weren't so angry about the possibilities of another war as we were angry at Mr. Trumbo. What the hell does he mean, writing such stuff? Doesn't he know anything about restraint? He wants to make us realize before it is too late what war really is? Then let him send his book to every Big Guy in the world and let us little guys who haven't any say-so anyway go on enjoying the things like fishing and sleeping with our girls and eating mother's bread and preserves which he says are the most important things in life. Maybe they are more important than Decency or Democracy or Liberty. O.K. Then, let's have them.

Continued from 2nd col. page 170

no ready way of telling dreams from waking, and might be mistaken. Perhaps the rat is real, and when he thinks he feels the nurse's hands perhaps that is the dream.

The whole thing is handled skillfully, a professional job. Some of the writing—in the dream periods and the delirium—doesn't bother with conventional sentence structure, but it's good:

"He started to kick out with his feet to move what was under his legs. He only started because he didn't have any legs to kick with. Somewhere just below his hip joints they had cut both of his legs off.

"No legs.

"No more running walking crawling if you have no more legs. No more working.

"No legs you see.

"Never again to wiggle your toes. What a hell of a thing what a wonderful beautiful thing to wiggle your toes.

"No no.

"If he could only think of real things he would destroy this dream of having no legs. Steamships loaves of bread girls Kareen machine guns books chewing gum pieces of wood Kareen but thinking of real things didn't help because it wasn't a dream.

"It was the truth."

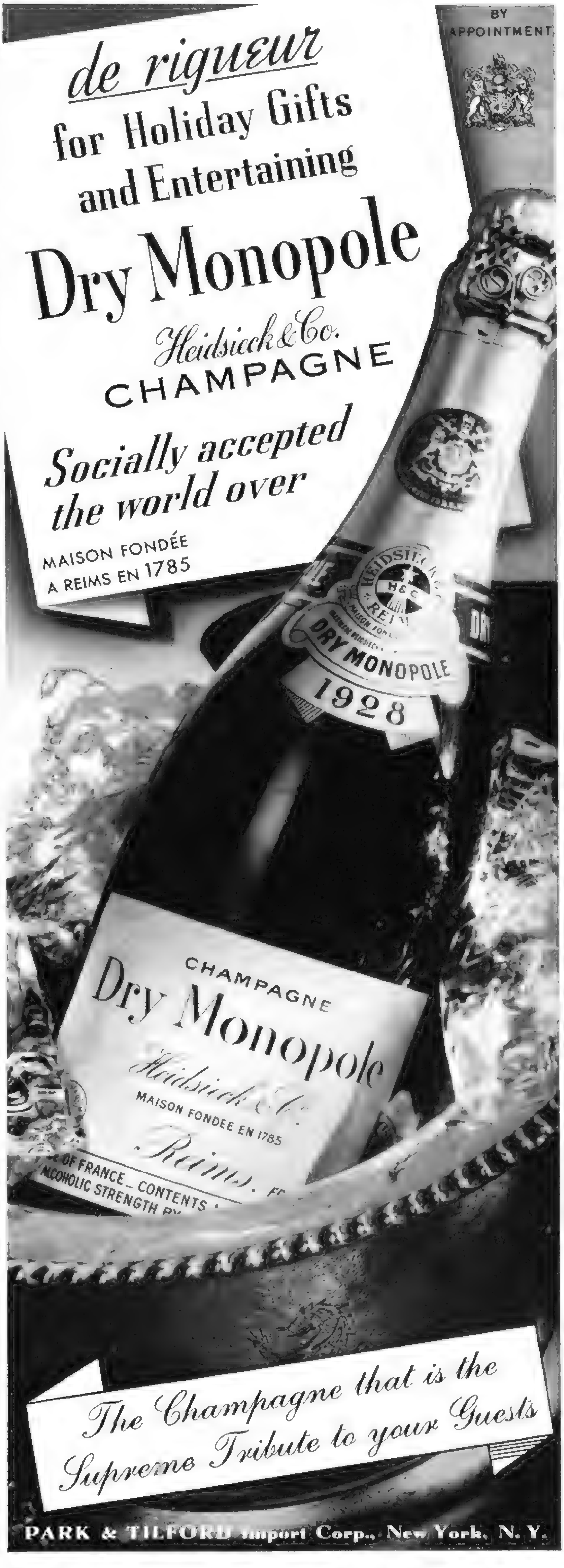
Particularly impressive is the passage where Joe finally communicates through tapping with his head in the Morse Code. His sense of triumph—" . . . inside he was all confetti and high-flying flags and double-time band music that marched up and up straight into the face of the sun." I almost jumped out of the chair with a yell when I got to this point. In the next page or two you find out how happy he is, and it's really something.

The book is terrific. It chills you and it thrills you and it's full of beauty. There are even a few real belly laughs. And I haven't said a word about the thoughts of war and death which come so tellingly from this brain and stomach. As a pacifist document, an argument against war, it beats "Bury the Dead," because there's no fantasy or mysticism here. I don't think anyone who reads it will forget Joe Bonham and the futility of all contemporary arguments for war, or justifications of war. And that's a large order for any book.

Military Strength of the Powers, A Soldier's Forecast for Citizens, by Max Werner (Modern Age, $.95) is wry reading since Russia signed a couple of pacts with Germany, for the author, said to be a military authority who cannot use his name because he has hostages in Germany, argues mainly that Russia's military strength and economic reserves make her the most powerful nation in Europe and a pal in time of trouble that not England nor France nor the United States can afford to pass by. In fact, he rather overproves his case. But that is not all of it: there are chapters on Italy, France, Poland, Japan. A good background book to have if you want to follow the war blow by blow.

I hope that the picture Charles Chaplin is making about Hitler turns out to be better than Feature Writer H. Allen Smith's weak spoof, *Mr. Klein's Kampf* (Stackpole, $1.50). Orson Klein, an actor out of work, makes up as Hitler's

Continued on page 176



Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 166-168-170-175

double and has one hell of a time, not only with the girl and a newspaperman who drinks (odd) but with Chamberlain and Daladier. Klein-Hitler's descent on No. 10 Downing Street, the fishing trip with Neville, the Daladier business, try awfully hard to be funny. It was a swell idea, but Mr. Smith writes like a gag artist, broad and hammy, so that you have to be pretty naïve in the world of belly-laughs to believe in this, even as farce. That H. Allen can write funny stuff is apparent from his first two chapters—the run-in with the cops is good fun. But that rich Broadway humor is so much schmalz in the European sector.

More humor gone wrong is Count Ferdinand Czernin's *Europe—Going, Going, Gone!* (Greystone, $2.75). A year ago I started to write an article for this magazine to be entitled "Joe Doaks' Guide to Foreign Affairs." It was to be a satiric piece, flippant and sparkling, but underneath all the reader would feel the bitterness, the poignancy, and the damned idiocy of man's dealings with man clear across the map. I never finished it, because it was about as funny as—as—well, as what the Count has done.

Apparently it's a tough job, being satiric about the way things are going. Maybe if Count Czernin had tried to do the job the Austrian way, whatever that is, something might have come out of it. But he stooped too much, cheapened his style with flavorless cracks and American slang expressions. A Viennese string orchestra that can play ravishingly a Lanner waltz here goes to pieces trying to render the folksong about the fishes that fam over the dam.

Rogue Male, by Geoffrey Household (Little Brown, $2.50) is one of those exciting books that keep you reading all night. A titled and wealthy Englishman sets out from Poland to see if he can get a long-distance rifle shot at an unnamed dictator. After days of stalking through the forests and eluding guards he manages to get set in a clearing five hundred yards from the Berchtesgaden retreat—excuse me, the author doesn't mention Berchtesgaden—draws a bead on the dictator's mid-section, pauses a moment to let the breeze die down, and gets nabbed. That's a little piece of it.

It goes on through tortures, cliff-tossings, pursuits, and retribution, pure adventure stuff of the finest kind. There's no moralizing or sentiment, and the Englishman is no political fanatic.

You see we are still dealing with war, and our last offering of the month in this field is Vicki Baum's *Shanghai '37* (Doubleday Doran, $2.75), a 600-page fiction about nine people who get killed in the bombing of a Shanghai hotel. Miss Baum warns you in the introduction that they will all be killed, and that death comes for all of them at the right time.

Miss Baum handles her story well, with all its intertwinings of Chinese, Japanese, American, German lives.

I have two and one-sixth books on Mexico. The best, and in fact the only good one, is the one-sixth: John T. Whitaker's *Americas to the South* (Macmillan, $2.50). Whitaker, a crack *Chicago Daily News* correspondent, recently traveled through Peru, Bolivia, Chile, the Argentine, Brazil, and Mexico, and writes with liveliness and penetration on those countries in which so much is popping right now. Shortly after his book came out, for example, the dictator-president of Bolivia was either bumped off or committed hara-kiri and an army revolt was scotched in Chile.

The other two are implausible polemics. Frank L. Kluckhohn's *The Mexican Challenge* (Doubleday Doran, $2.50) is from the age-old point of view of "the interests" in Mexico. Evelyn Waugh's *Mexico: An Object Lesson* (Little Brown, $2.50) is by an Englishman and a Catholic, and the most provocative thing about it is that in England the book was published as *Robbery Under the Law*.

The Waugh gentleman, whose book is an odd combination of conservative piety and British imperial oil, spent less than two months in the country, and liked the Ritz bar over on Madero Avenue in Mexico City, where I suspect he gathered a good many of his facts. He is the soul of candor: "This is a political book; its aim, roughly, is to examine a single problem: why it was that last summer a small and almost friendless Republic recalled its Minister from London."

By their Credos shall ye know them, and Mr. Waugh starts off by telling us his philosophy of life. He is conservative; pro-Franco; believes man is by nature an exile on earth and will never be self-sufficient or complete; that his happiness or virtue is not much affected by political or economic conditions; that war and conquest are inevitable; and so on.

I have known Mexico for five years, and not only in the Ritz bar but among the Indians and the villages, and I find the book full of snobbery and untruths.

Examples of misstatements: "As far as Mexico is concerned the

Continued on page 178

Plant Marlboro under his Christmas Tree!
Wimbledon Oxford
Sparkle Twist
Rue de la Paix Cord Tone
Torrentor
Vitagab Ensemble
Norwick
Rue de la Paix
La Playa' Sport Jacket
Marlboro
†Prices slightly higher west of Mississippi

MARLBORO has a million practical ways to a man's heart—Christmas morning! From the splendor of Marlboro's Sparkle Twist Shirts to the Christmasy luxury of the La Playa' Sport Jacket . . . here are the gifts that will bring loud cheers of "Just what I wanted"!

Check off the Gift Ideas on this little list and see your Marlboro dealer early. If you don't know his name, write Marlboro Shirt Co., Inc., Baltimore, Md.

✓	MARLBORO CHRISTMAS LIST	
☐	Vitagab ensemble—Luxurious gabardine suit.	$8.50 †
☐	Wimbledon Oxford—New button down collar.	$1.65 †
☐	La Playa' Sport Jacket—Handsomely satin lined.	$6.50 †
☐	Sparkle Twist—9 colors—Sta-Neat* collar and band.	$1.65 †
☐	Rue de la Paix—Superbly tailored—white broadcloth.	$2.00 †
☐	Rue de la Paix Cord Tone—Novelty stripe effects—all colors.	$2.00 †
☐	Torrentor—Rain proof and wind proof jacket—zipper front.	$3.00 †
☐	Norwick—smart styled broadcloth—Sta-Neat* features.	$1.65 †

OLD CROW

A TRULY GREAT NAME AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

› › › › › › › Make it a true old time Christmas by serving (and giving) that old time favorite—famous Old Crow—one of the finest whiskies ever distilled.

Bottled-in-Bond

Your Guide to NATIONAL DISTILLERS *Good Liquors*

A case (or even a bottle or two) makes a Fine Holiday Gift.

RYE OR BOURBON

QUART
OLD CROW
BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT
BOURBON WHISKEY

Spring house, over 70 years old, at Old Crow Distillery, where original limestone spring used by founder James Crow is still used exclusively in the distillation of Old Crow Whiskey.

100 PROOF • COPYRIGHT 1939 • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP. • NEW YORK

"TAKE A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS"

Dear Santa: You don't know what a load this new Zephyr Raincoat has taken off my mind! Here I am with three sons and several good he-man friends and I'm going to salt away the gift problem for each of them with a Zephyr. I know they'll like it because I have one myself. So here's the coupon from the corner of this page and my check's attached.

Merry Christmas!

John Wottaguy

P.S. I'll take care of my secretary's gift!

YEAR 'ROUND GIFT-CHEER FOR EVERY MAN AND YOUNG MAN:

The New, Phantomweight

Zephyr

by

RAINFAIR

Here's the only coat in the world with all of these highly desirable features:

- Made of finest, pure silk, treated with an amazing new discovery to make it *absolutely waterproof*
- Odorless . . . thank Heaven
- Contains no rubber or oil
- Sun proof, grease and oil proof, stain proof, mildew proof
- Will not stick, harden or crack
- Can be washed, or cleaned with a damp cloth
- Smart looking, and *stays* that way . . . even if it's packed in the pocket of your car for a couple of years
- Weighs less than 5 ounces in its handy envelope-container
- Has a phantomweight price, too: $5.00

NEW CHRISTMAS WRAPPER!

Here it is—a Zephyr all wrapped up in glistening red cellophane, complete with verse and card—ready for Christmas giving.

Zephyr GOLF JACKET with Talon Fastener

. . . Same marvelous features.
Same Christmas package.

ONLY $3.95

If Your Dealer Can't Supply You

USE THIS CONVENIENT ORDER BLANK NOW!

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED
Sizes or colors gladly exchanged

RAINFAIR, Racine, Wisconsin:

Send me Parcel Post Prepaid, Zephyr Raincoats ($5) and Zephyr Golf Jackets ($3.95) as shown.
The Zephyr: ☐ Black ☐ Green ☐ Brown Zephyr Golf Jacket ☐ Green
My Size is________ My Length is: ☐ Regular ☐ Long
Check or Money Order ☐ Cash ☐ C.O.D. (15c extra) ☐

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*______________*State*________

RAINFAIR
Zephyrs AND Storm Coats

COPYRIGHT 1939, CHICAGO RUBBER CLOTHING COMPANY
RACINE, WISCONSIN

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 166-168-170-175-176

"tourists are not popular." Was Waugh not popular? Give a Mexican a smile and he'll hail you as the most *simpatico* guy on earth . . . Tourists "get a few execrable objects as presents for those at home." The average Englishman's taste is so deplorable that one is astounded at the temerity of one of the tribe passing judgment on native crafts . . . "Cárdenas, since his accession, has fallen under the influence of Lombardo Toledano." About as true as the reactionary charge that John L. Lewis has President Roosevelt under his thumb . . . "Certainly it (Mexico) is now a spectacle of decay; the little valleys are often rank and deserted." The little valleys are flourishing as they never did, and the towns and cities are doing more building than any towns in England or the United States . . . "That peculiar mirthlessness that characterizes the Mexican Indian." The Indian is a merry fellow, but probably not near a Waugh . . . "I am told" that the army is recruited in the villages "usually" by forcible methods. Who told him? Why didn't he check up?

Latin-American men, in common with many Europeans, have a custom of embracing their men friends on meeting and parting for any length of time. Evelyn Waugh doesn't like the custom. He says that harrowing tales are the staple conversation in Mexico—they may be, at the Ritz bar. It is obvious what company he kept and whom he regards as "Mexicans." He believes that the old Spanish Colonial rule was a better system "in many ways" than anything Mexico has known since. If pressed maybe he would concede that our own Revolution was a mistake, and that America enjoyed a better system under British exploitation than it has enjoyed since.

Mexico has her troubles, and men like Waugh, and Kluckhohn, are two of them. With the British Empire full of wretched colonial slums, it is a mystery, unless oil is at the bottom of it, why this fine literary gentleman should have come to Mexico, which is a paradise compared to near-by Jamaica, where poverty, disease, moral depravity, and semi-starvation are the lot of the natives under British rule.

I filled a whole notebook with comments on *New York Times* correspondent Kluckhohn's *opus*, which has its vindictive aspects but at least is not snobbish or superficial. It is possible that Mr. K., having been run out of Mexico last February, is getting a bit of his own back. Not necessarily. He may have been run out because they saw, down there, that he was no friend.

The weirdest thing about *The Mexican Challenge* is that Ernest Gruening reviewed it favorably for the *Saturday Review*. This is the Gruening of whose book, *Mexico and Its Heritage*, the British Waugh says in a footnote: "for most Americans and many Englishmen the standard defense of the Revolution."

Mr. Kluckhohn writes of the land reforms, education, Cárdenas, labor, the generals, the Church, the intrigue of the totalitarian states, the oil row, the Good Neighbor policy. He is sometimes informative, but his book is not information but argument—a plea for an American strong-arm policy. He develops the possibilities of that in the last chapter, where Possible Policies 4, 5, and 6, unassigned to any specific personal or group backing, may reveal a newspaper correspondent in the role of imperial fenagler.

In the land of the tamale and oil expropriation, State Socialism, according to Mr. Kluckhohn, has gone far already, "and the end is not in sight." The end, of course, is that thing which is never in sight, but Mr. Kluckhohn has not the long view. To one who has lived on intimate terms with the people, been with them day by day as they went about their normal chores, the reporting and interpretation of a Kluckhohn seem Hearstian, sensational, an attempt to blow up a big story out of nothing.

You get the idea, from the misreporting of Kluckhohn, that Mexico is a tyranny, a land of regimentation; the people are worse off than ever; the government tells the peasant what and how much to plant and markets their products for them; there is violence; lack of security and an uncertain future are commonplaces, and the press isn't free.

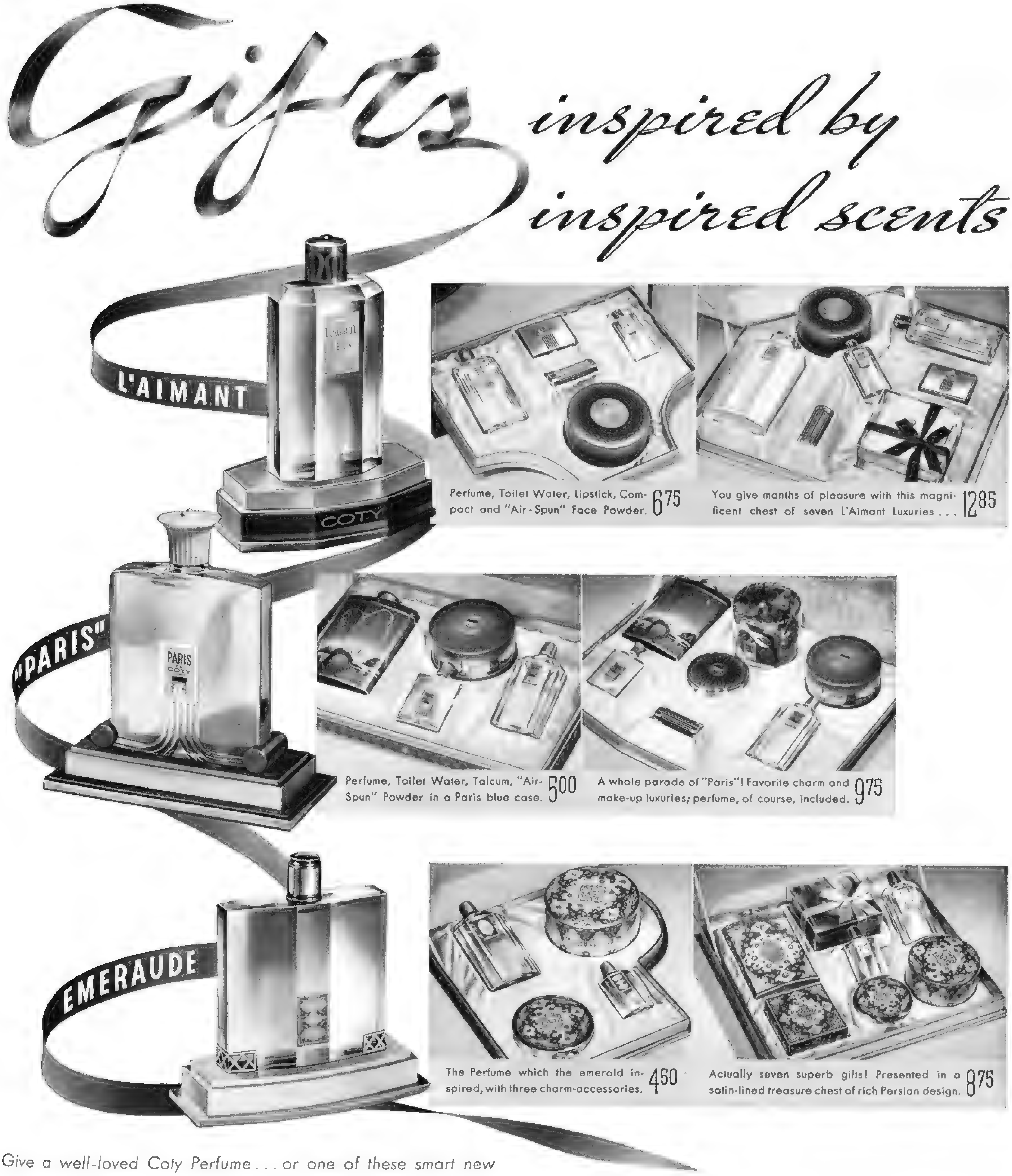
It's hokum; the truth of the matter is that Kluckhohn on Mexico ranks with the reporters the *New York Times* used to believe on Red Russia before Lippmann and Merz exposed that kind of journalism in a supplement to the *New Republic* in 1920—an exposé that led the *Times* to give Walter Duranty his chance. What is needed in Mexico today is another Duranty.

For instance: in some respects there is less freedom in Mexico and in some respects more, than in the U. S. There are no millions of jobless down there; and the unfreest man is the man without a job. Moreover most Mexicans work for themselves; they don't own cars or electric master-toasters or duralumin cocktail shakers, but they can tell any man to go to hell and not suffer economic consequences. Everybody has and exercises complete freedom to criticize the present regime; there is violence in Mexico, but no side has a monopoly of it, and the U. S. has its Harlan and its South Chicago massacres; the Mexicans enjoy greater security than the Americans and have, I maintain, a less uncertain future.

As for the press, it is far too free, because President Cárdenas is a fanatic on the subject. Except

Continued on page 180

Gifts inspired by inspired scents



Perfume, Toilet Water, Lipstick, Compact and "Air-Spun" Face Powder. 6^{75}

You give months of pleasure with this magnificent chest of seven L'Aimant Luxuries . . . 12^{85}

Perfume, Toilet Water, Talcum, "Air-Spun" Powder in a Paris blue case. 5^{00}

A whole parade of "Paris"! Favorite charm and make-up luxuries; perfume, of course, included. 9^{75}

The Perfume which the emerald inspired, with three charm-accessories. 4^{50}

Actually seven superb gifts! Presented in a satin-lined treasure chest of rich Persian design. 8^{75}

Give a well-loved Coty Perfume . . . or one of these smart new Ensembles, in which a famous fragrance takes unto itself other Coty luxuries in scents to match. Shown above: L'Aimant, "Paris", Emeraude Perfumes, each a Coty star, each $9.75. At the right, some of the treasure gifts which these perfumes have inspired . . .

Coty

THE HI-LO BAK
ADJUSTABLE
TO YOUR BUILD

DUO-GRAM PAT. APP. FOR
JEWELER-CRAFTED
by SWANK

TWO IDEAL ANSWERS TO THE MAN'S GIFT PROBLEM

- Swank Braces with †Grip-Tite ends and Hi-lo Bak...with the wearer's initials in new crest-like Duo-gram design. $1.50.
- A Swank Belt and Buckle Set in a smart ashtray. The buckle individualized with his initials in the Duo-gram design. $2.50.
- At leading department stores and men's shops everywhere.

SWANK PRODUCTS, INC., ATTLEBORO, MASS.

†U. S. Pat. No 1,997,425

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 166-168-170-175-176-178

for two papers of small circulation, it is all on the side of the rich and against the regime. In a shoddy passage, Mr. Kluckhohn notes that certain totalitarian states have subsidized the press, but he fails to say that precisely those journals that see eye to eye with his arguments, and not the newspapers supporting Cárdenas, are accused.

It is the Kluckhohn sort of thing that makes you wonder about the truthfulness and the intelligence of all the rest of the newspaper. We readers are at the mercy of these writers. Even Whitaker, for whom I have much respect, fills me with doubts—not about Bolivia, because I was never there, but about Mexico, which I know well. Take just one paragraph:

"The nature of the struggle has never been understood by the (Mexican) millions. The peon, who has received an ejidal farm in the expropriated area, works no longer for a haciendado, or master; but the state is just as truly his master, and the peon understands nothing of production for Mexico City or for export. He grew enough to keep body and soul together. Now that he owns his own land and farms in a collective organization he can get a dividend in cash and frequently does when production is good, and the sale of his produce brings a profit . . . But what does he need cash for? He has never known the things for which an American farmer needs cash. I was surprised to see on several farms the bewilderment of peons before the radio purchased by a neighbor."

Was a man who is as innocent as all that allowed to wander alone in Peru and Bolivia, not to speak of decayed and insecure Mexico? Where are these farmers, these peons, that don't know what to do with cash? There are ten thousand village and town markets in Mexico where centavos keep on changing hands. There are ten thousand pulquerías where you can get drunk for far less than an American dime. But I don't need to bother refuting Whitaker; he does it himself farther on where he tells of improvements he has seen in the new collective farms over the old haciendas. "Instead of feeding chili and beans to the new-born baby . . . the mother has literature from Mexico City about oranges and milk and has the money, most of the time, with which to buy them." The ex-peon, now a free farmer, formerly held down to the land by the boss, now has time to get into town "twice a month for a picture show." "There is cash to spend for the first time in the life of the peon."

They are human beings exactly as we are, and they even read magazines, some of which have cartoons that go Esquire several better. As for those bewildered peons before the neighbor's radio, just what do you suppose bewildered them? The fact that they had never known the things for which an American farmer needs cash? Or the prospect—a future in which they too would have a magic box that brought political oratory and Sousa marches from God knows where?

Here is where the Waugh and the Kluckhohn and their kind do harm: if their propaganda prevails, Mexico will always be poor. I like the Mexicans, but I would not dream of asking anyone to shed tears over their future poverty. My concern comes closer home. There are sixteen million of them below the Rio Grande. The best politics for the United States is to help them prosper, to help them have cash, for that means sales—sales of radios, refrigerators, master-toasters, electric stoves, Coca-Cola, autos, machinery, plumbing, and the host of other things in the fabrication of which we excel so much more easily than we do in Good Neighborliness.

* * *

Here are two books that will make good Christmas or New Year gifts (and I don't mean to discriminate against the others): *The Last of the Troubadours*, by Hendrik Willem van Loon and Grace Castagnetta (Simon-Schuster, $2.50), and *Small Beer* by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking, $2.50). They have the Christmas spirit. Carl Michael Bellman was a sort of Swedish Stephen Foster of the 18th century, and Miss Castagnetta has done a fine job of putting together his music, while van Loon contributes a popularizing introduction and drawings. Swell book for whoever has a piano at home.

Small Beer is urbane writing at its best. There are ten small beers, little stories of the theatre, of travel in Ecuador and an island off France, a satire of Nazism, troubles of head-waiters, etc., by the author of *Life Class* and *My War with the United States*. Bemelmans does wonders with a quiet, casual style in which economy seems to be the main element. I mean that he hits off scenes and people in a few words, and as for his drawings, they are, to my mind, better than van Loon and Thurber put together.

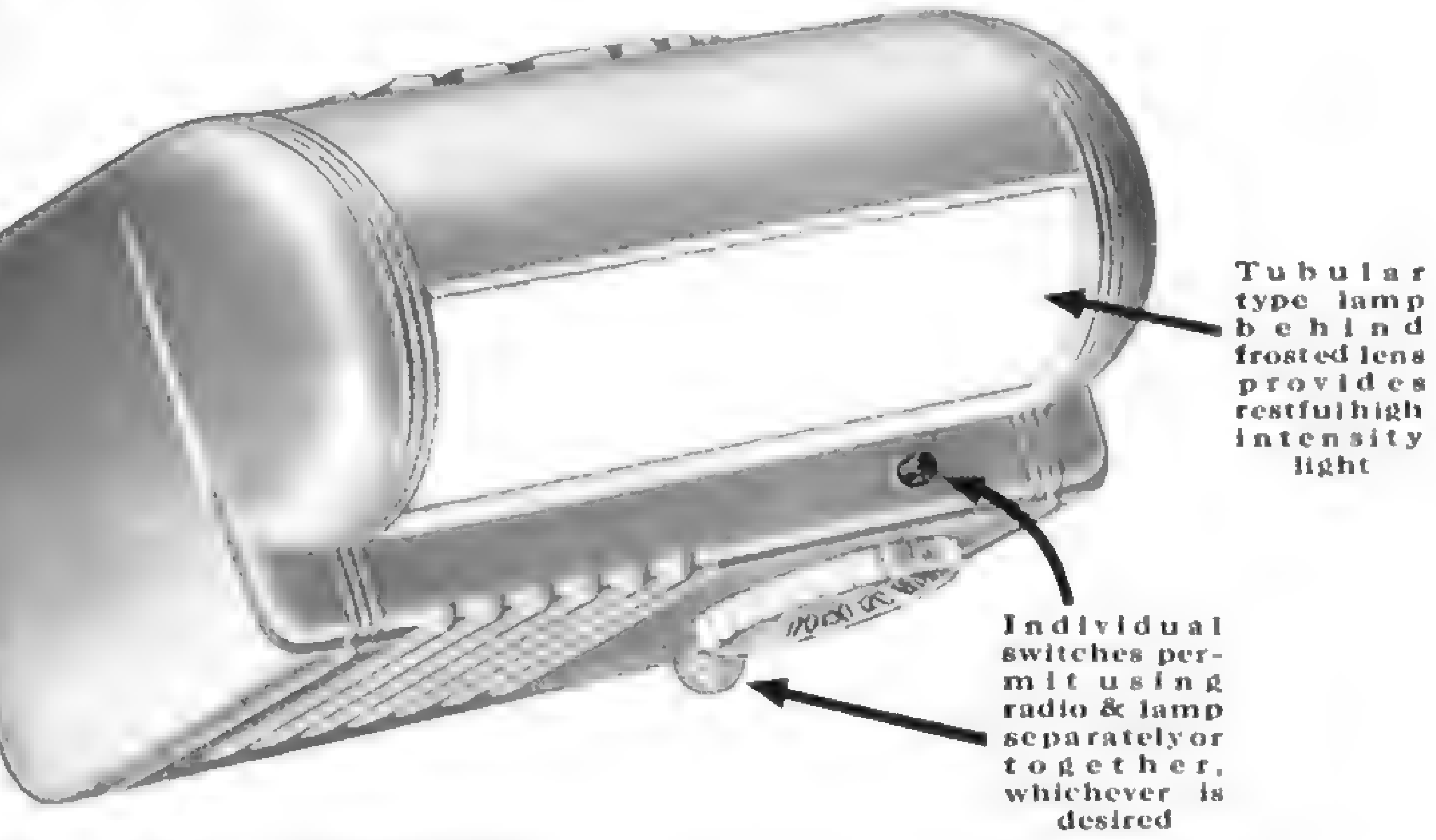
Can't say as much for Leonard Q. Ross's *The Strangest Places* (Harcourt Brace, $2) many stories in which are done in that dreadful, condescending style the *New Yorker* magazine has fathered, and which one of these days will be as dull and old-fashioned as *Godey's Lady's Book*. The *New Yorker* is nice third-convolution journalism, but its complacent sophistication sometimes stinks gently, and one regrets that so able an author as Leo. C. Rosten (*The Washington Correspondents*) has caught the tone and patter so well. Read *Cafe Royal* in this book and then call me a liar. Other pieces do better: the account of the cockeyed opera

Continued on page 182

Here's how to have MORE FUN IN BED!

Increased Comfort plus Greater Convenience and Enjoyment a BED LAMP and RADIO in one Streamlined Compact Unit

Just imagine the added convenience, comfort and enjoyment of having your bed lamp and radio in one streamlined, compact unit—just above your head where it can be easily reached to turn on or off! You climb into bed, magazine in hand and prepare to read under light that is kind to your eyes, while listening to your favorite radio programs. Then when your head begins to droop and you feel that you just can't read another line you reach up and—click!—the light's out, the radio's silent and off you go to sleep. For more fun in bed—buy a LULLABY!


Tubular type lamp behind frosted lens provides restful high intensity light
Flexible brackets fit any size or shape bed
Individual switches permit using radio & lamp separately or together, whichever is desired

MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION is provided by the powerful 5-tube superheterodyne radio built into the LULLABY. Its powerful full-size electro-dynamic speaker assures clear bell-like tones and clear undisturbed reception. The radio has a built-in "Air Magnet" that eliminates the need for aerial wires and unsightly ground attachments. Complete band coverage—includes the entire broadcast band and 1712 K.C. police channels. Operates on A.C. or D.C. current.

The LULLABY has been scientifically engineered to provide ample glareless high-intensity light on reading matter. Its high-power tubular lamp and frosted curved lens are built to provide a maximum of reading-ease and eye-comfort.

The LULLABY cabinet was created by one of the country's foremost designers—is of beautifully molded bakelite—an outstanding achievement of modern streamlined appearance. Available in a choice of soft ivory or deep-toned walnut.

NO NEED TO GET OUT OF BED

Having a LULLABY above your head means that when you get in bed, you stay there. No need to grope for slippers and stumble across the room to fumble for an elusive dial when you've decided to go to sleep. When that time comes, with a LULLABY, you reach up and with a flip of the finger—the deed is done!

The LULLABY is the never-to-be-forgotten gift of Christmas '39. For those who want to give the new and exciting, it is the perfect gift suggestion. Its price makes it even more so—$19.95 for a magnificent radio, an excellent reading lamp and a lifetime of enjoyment! On sale at most better dealers.

For your convenience, LULLABY Bed Lamp-Radios are sent in appropriate gift wrappings.

ALL I SAID WAS 'I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO OWN A LULLABY'

THE *Lullaby*
BED LAMP - RADIO

Manufactured and Guaranteed by the Mitchell Mfg. Company
The World's Largest Manufacturer of Better-Sight Lamps

MITCHELL MFG. CO., Dept. E12
1550 Dayton Street, Chicago, Illinois

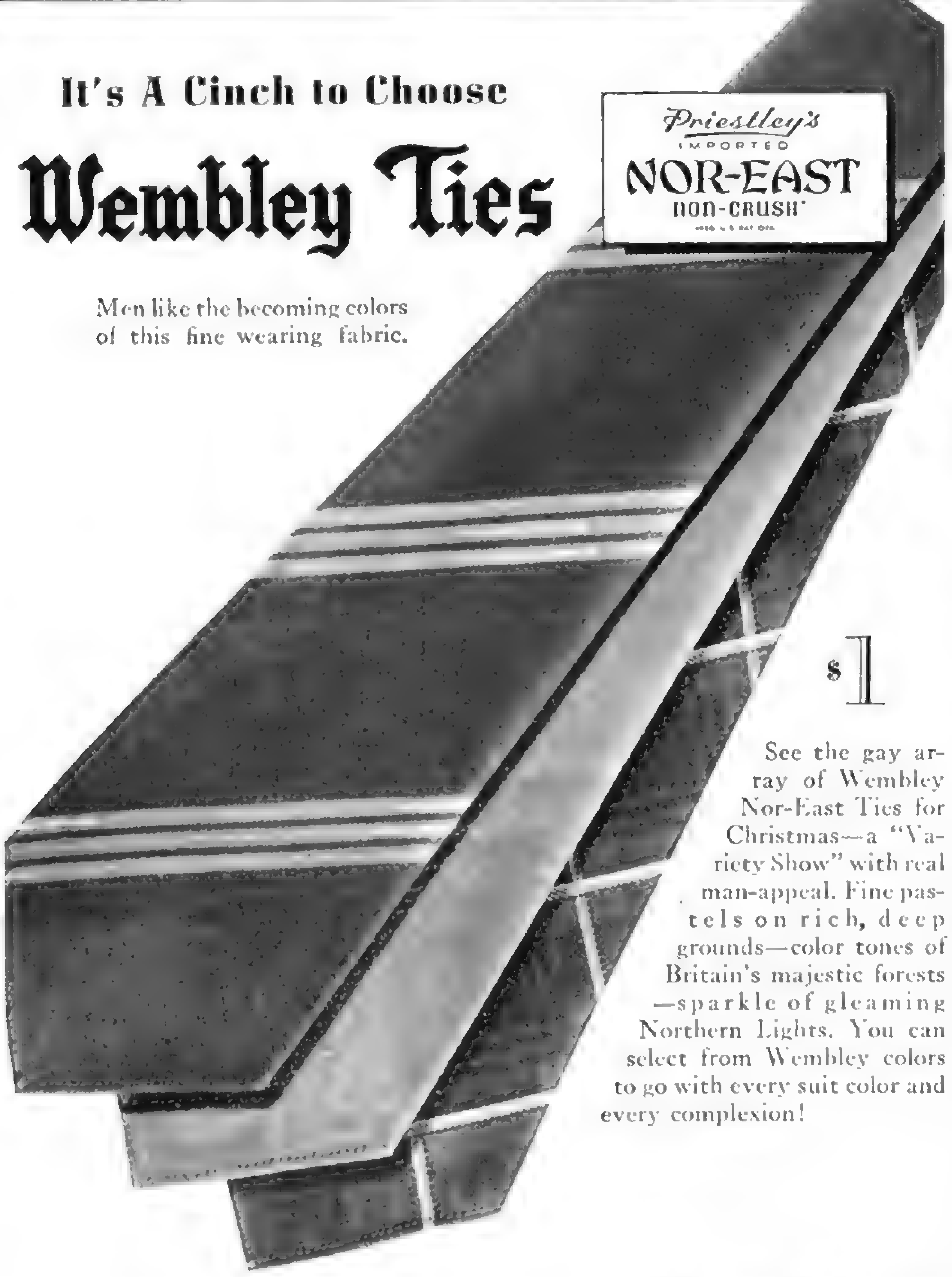
Enclosed please find ☐ check ☐ money order for $19.95 for which please send me postpaid the new LULLABY Bed Lamp-Radio. I prefer ☐ Ivory Finish ☐ Walnut Finish.

Name ....

Address..

City .... *State* ....

"RESOLVED: IN ORDER THAT THERE BE NO MORE JOKES ABOUT CHRISTMAS TIES—WE SHALL ALL GIVE WEMBLEYS—"



It's A Cinch to Choose

Wembley Ties

Men like the becoming colors of this fine wearing fabric.

$1

See the gay array of Wembley Nor-East Ties for Christmas—a "Variety Show" with real man-appeal. Fine pastels on rich, deep grounds—color tones of Britain's majestic forests—sparkle of gleaming Northern Lights. You can select from Wembley colors to go with every suit color and every complexion!

All styles exclusive—designed by Wembley STYLE INSTITUTE

AT BETTER STORES FROM COAST-TO-COAST

Crush it!
Twist it!
Knot it!
Not a wrinkle!

COPYRIGHT 1939 BY WEMBLEY, INC., NEW ORLEANS

To be sure it's a NOR-EAST tie look for this label

Priestley's
IMPORTED
NOR-EAST
non-crush

©1939 BY WEMBLEY INC., NEW ORLEANS

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 166-168-170-175-176-178-180

night in Washington, the peepshow on Chicago's South State Street.

You'll find P. G. Wodehouse hitting in his usual stride in *Uncle Fred in the Springtime* (Doubleday Doran, $2), a writer who produces as regularly and as evenly as Lou Gehrig did. A not bad satire is Alan Griffith's *Authors in Paradise* (Stokes, $2.50) about the difficulties a Cockney medium got into when he took dictation from Swift and Shakespeare and passed off the stuff as his own. Some wallops at book reviewers in it, but didn't make me wince once.

Anyone that enjoyed the *Bounty* books will like *Captain Horatio Hornblower*, by C. S. Forester (Little Brown, $2.75), a long sea adventure story now in the best-seller lists. Another best-seller, which will make a good gift for uncle or grandfather or a young upstart nephew at law school is Bellamy Partridge's *Country Lawyer* (Whittlesey, $2.75). It has real flavor, brings back the small town and the old days of neighborliness, large families, the horse and buggy and the outhouse, and it tells many an interesting yarn.

For a New Year's present to yourself, I advise (though with reservations) the book of intimate credos, *I Believe* (Simon&Schuster, $3.75), edited by the indefatigable Clifton Fadiman, the Grover Whalen of American letters. Here twenty and one illustrious scientists, humorists, explorers, writers, philosophers and other takers of the Long View give you their summing up of the meaning of life. As if this were not enough to occupy a long year, there are added seventeen re-summings up by contributors to the *Living Philosophies* book of eight years ago.

My space runs out and I still have ten detective stories on hand so my remarks are limited to a couple of exclamations. One is that a discreet poll I conducted revealed that James Thurber's credo was the first one consulted by most people. The other is that anyone venturing to read this volume should first of all write out his own creed, as far as he can think it up. Then he should put it on ice, not to be referred to until he has read the whole lot, including the portentous van Loon. Reading sometimes maketh too full a man and this book has enough in it to mess up what philosophy a man already has. If, as I suspect, it is better to play your own tennis than it is to watch Budge, better to sing off key than to listen to Tibbett on the record, then it is better to hammer out your own philosophy than to lean on Plato, Goethe, and Pearl Buck.

Well, why not do both? I say that if *I Believe* moves you to re-examine and restate your own *Weltanschauung*, then it will be worth a lot more than $3.75 to you, but otherwise it will be just a lot of solemn nonsense swimming over the dam.

If Carolyn Wells' *Gilt-Edged Guilt* is rated at zero, and four stars are given to *Thin Man*, *Death in White Tie*, *Four of Hearts*, *Fast Company*, *Pit Prop Syndicate*, *Murder at World's Fair*, and *Murder Must Advertise*, then the following current productions get the following deserts:

Title and Author	Locale	Sleuth	Characters	Style	Rank	Remarks
The Ownley Inn, by Jos. C. and Freeman Lincoln	Island off Cape Cod	N. E. JP and summer hotel owner	Boy, girl, resorters	Humorous, exciting	☆☆☆	Juvenile lead's stupidities are a strain. Story at best when Ham Ownley tells it Since 1902 Joe Lincoln has written 40 best-sellers
Death on the Doormat, by M. V. Heberden	Backstage	Red-haired-tough private dick	Actors, actresses, foreign adventurers	Tough and exciting	☆☆☆☆	
The Reader is Warned, by Carter Dickson	Eng. country home	Fat but keen Sir Henry	Constables, hosts, girl, mindreader	Funny, but toils at it; queer, absorbing	☆☆☆☆	Ingenious plot, unique in presentation of new international menace, Teleforce.
Casual Slaughters, by Virginia Hanson	Army post	Major and beautiful intelligence officer	Daughter of regiment, naked chaplain, etc.	Good writing, some humor	☆☆☆☆	Fast-mover, with handsome upright men and beautiful gals all over the place.
Murder's Coming, by D. C. Cameron	N.E mill town	Criminologist and skinny psych. detective	Mill owner, relatives, labor organizers, newsp. editor, etc.	Melodramatic, realistic, exciting	☆☆☆☆	Action takes place around a labor situation. Liberal point of view.
Death Dines Out, by Theodora DuBois	Seaside resort	Physician amateur	Well-to-do suburbanites	Some fun but only one exciting scene	☆☆	Everyone in book has access to rare poison. Two murders, but story thin.
The Fox Prowls, by Valentine Williams	Bessarabian castle	Bulldog Drummond type of secret service ace	Millionaire, darling daughter, international conspirators	Melodrama	☆½	Hard to believe in. Author has written 20 mysteries.
Exit a Dictator, by E. Phillips Oppenheim	Ship and Europe	Eh?	Russians, white and red	As bad as they come	½	Must have been dictated but not read

If you appreciate fine whisky you'll surely be guided by this 70 year old assurance on the Old Forester label:

"There is nothing better in the market"

LAW FORBIDS
·BROWN-FORMAN·
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is bottled by us only, and we are responsible for its
BOTTLED IN BOND
Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed by age. There is nothing better in the market.
THIS WHISKY IS FOUR YEARS OLD
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
·KENTUCKY·
QUART · ONE QUART · ONE QUART

Expensive...Yes!
but look what you get

100 PROOF

Famous OLD FORESTER

America's "Guest Whisky," Since 1870

LABEL AND FORMULA UNCHANGED THROUGH THREE GENERATIONS

☆

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INCORPORATED... AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY... SINCE 1870

THE HOUSE OF
DRESNER
presents
Luggage of Tomorrow

GLADIATOR

It's here at last! A man's travel case supplying every packing need. Streamlined, light weight, tremendous capacity. Of particular merit for air travel.

Wardrobe case carries two suits on hangers. Individual pockets and dustproof compartments for shirts, shoes, etc. Coat case and Overnite case to match. Made in the smart British Tan, Suntan Aniline Russet and Top Grain Cowhide.

Trade Mark. Look For This Label.

Gladiator Wardrobes $25.00 to $45.00
Gladiator Overnites $15.95 to $26.50
Gladiator Coat Cases $18.50 to $30.00
At Dept. and Luggage Stores

Patent Applied For

The Gift Supreme
Miss 1940
America's Smartest Fitted Case

Milady's Portable Beauty Salon

Feminine hearts beat faster when they see this thrilling gift. Leather covered case in black, set off with red binding. Washable leatherette lining in red. Exquisite appointments.

Case includes essential manicure implements, containers for cosmetics, mirror with easel back, professional type Exton bristle brush, rattail comb, hosiery mending kit, velvet lined jewel case, pocket for cleansing tissues, oil silk zipper pocket for wash cloth, New Haven traveling clock.

$25.00 Complete

Size 15"x12½"

At Dept. & Luggage Stores

THE ORIGINAL
DRES-KIT
Travel Pal
PAT. PENDING
for Men or Women

Gay, swanky, streamlined leather zipper kit for short or long trips. Carries your toilet articles and those personal things needed for travel comfort. Lined with oil silk. Has extra pocket. Size, 10x6x3½.

FOUR SMART LEATHERS

Made in seal, cowhide, suntan aniline russet and pigskin. The gift that thrills every man or woman.

$3.95 $5.00 $7.50 $10.00
Sold in Department and Leather Goods Stores

Also Midget Size Kits
$2.95 to $8.50

S. DRESNER & SON INC.
MAIN OFFICE & FACTORY
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO

35 years of luggage craftsmanship

Roulades and Cadenzas

"Must" books on music are Virgil Thomson's, Aaron Copland's and best, the music itself

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

GALLEY proofs of a riotous and salty book have just come into my hands—Virgil Thomson's *The State of Music* (William Morrow, $2.75). Mr. Thomson, being a composer with a sense of humor and an awareness of the difference between cash and credit, is an excellent man to tell us how music and her sister arts stand in 1939, and to indicate the economic status and relation of the various members of the profession to each other, to society, and to other professions. This he does in as pointed and pungent a manner as ever composer did, romping sacred cows all around the pasture. Not a dangerous occupation for him as he spends most of his time in Paris.

"A strange thing this symphonic repertory," charges composer Thomson. "From Tokio to Lisbon, from Jerusalem to Seattle, ninety per cent of it is the same fifty pieces. The other ten is usually devoted to good-will performances of works by local celebrities. All the rest is standardized. So are the conductors, the players, the soloists. All the units of the system are interchangeable . . . Their limited repertory is a part of their standardization. The Appreciation-racket is a cog in their publicity machine."

Mr. Thomson hits hard the Appreciation racket, "which transmits no firm knowledge and describes no real practice . . . is a fake-ecstatic, holier-than-thou thing. Every school and college, even the most aristocratically anti-musical, is flooded with it. Book counters overflow with it. Mealy-mouthed men on the air serve it in little chunks between the numbers of every symphony orchestra concert broadcast. It is dispensed in high academic places by embittered ex-composers who don't believe a word of it. It is uncritical in its acceptance of imposed repertory as a criterion of musical excellence. It is formalist in its insistence on preaching principles of sonata form that every musician knows to be either nonexistent or extremely inaccurate. It is obscurantist because it pretends that a small section of music is either all of music or at least the heart of same, which is not true. It is dogmatic because it pontificates about musical 'taste.' Whose taste? All I see is a repertory chosen for standardization purposes by conductors (who are musicians of the second category) and managers (who are not even musicians) and expounded by unsuccessful pianists, disappointed composers, and all the well-meaning but irresponsible little school teachers who never had enough musical ability to learn to play any instrument correctly."

I will not say that Mr. Thomson expounds my own feelings about the army of music teachers—appreciation and otherwise—for no statement could be abusive enough for that and still circulate through the post at book rates. But then, as I have avoided them so long and painstakingly, I should probably type a very bad book about them.

The notable parts of *The State of Music* deal with how composers eat, how married wealth, patronage, subvention, commissions, prizes, doles, money earned from playing, teaching, lecturing, criticism and participating in the appreciation racket affect the subject matter and style of their works and their politics. This, Mr. Thomson is completely equipped to expose, as he admits having received money from all sources. His quips and cranks are invaluable to the young composer, his wife, angel—in fact, to everyone interested in music.

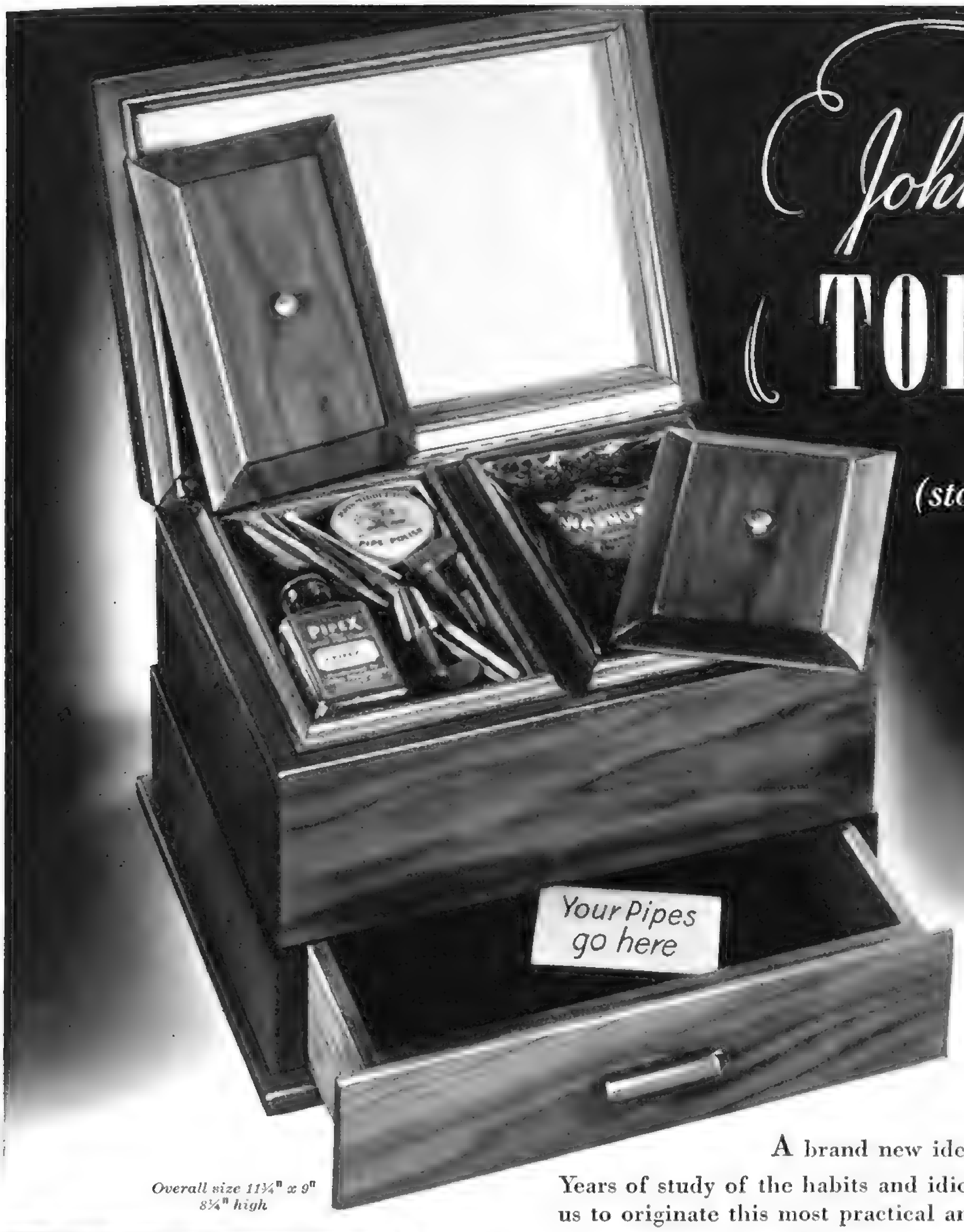
Penetrating, also, are his random remarks on *concerts:* "A form of the Communion of Saints, either a social ceremony or a place to let the mind wander pleasantly. For the unmusical, this mind wandering consists chiefly of sexual stirrings and memories of natural scenery."

On *the opera singer and his flat:* "Comfortable but crowded, the model is probably, unconsciously, a star's dressing room. It resembles at once a junk shop, a photographer's vestibule, a one-man museum, and a German kitchen . . . Any musician has a tendency to fill up whatever room he is in, but the opera singer is especially permeating. He just naturally acts at all times as if he were singing a solo on a two-hundred-foot stage. His gestures are large and simple; and he moves about a great deal, never looking at anybody else and never addressing a word to anybody privately but always speaking to the whole room. (Reminds me of Melchior—C.S.) He has a way of remaining quiet, motionless almost, when not speaking, but alert, like a soloist between cues."

On *painters:* "Disorder, both material and moral, is of the essence in their life. Their incomes and their love-lives are as jumpy as a fever chart . . . They make love to princesses as if they were housemaids and to housemaids as if they were princesses, accepting services and presents from both . . . An apple, a banknote, a pair of buttocks, all is one to them."

On *poets:* "Everything the poet does is desperate and excessive. He eats like a pig; he starves like a professional beauty; he tramps; he bums; he gets arrested; he

Continued on page 186



John Middleton's TOBACCO BAR

*(stocked with Walnut Blend)**

$24.50

* The blend that contains the world's 7 finest tobaccos.

Overall size 11¼" x 9"
8¼" high

A brand new idea—for the man who "has everything." Years of study of the habits and idiosyncrasies of pipe smokers, prompted us to originate this most practical and intriguing of Christmas gifts.

A distinguished Solid Walnut Cabinet containing every possible thing that a pipe smoker needs. Built to last a lifetime by a famous cabinet-maker—naturally, only a limited number available.

FEATURING:

1. A complete little pipe workshop fitted with special cleaners—bowl wax—sweetener—a break-in prescription—two sizes of reamers and a tamper.

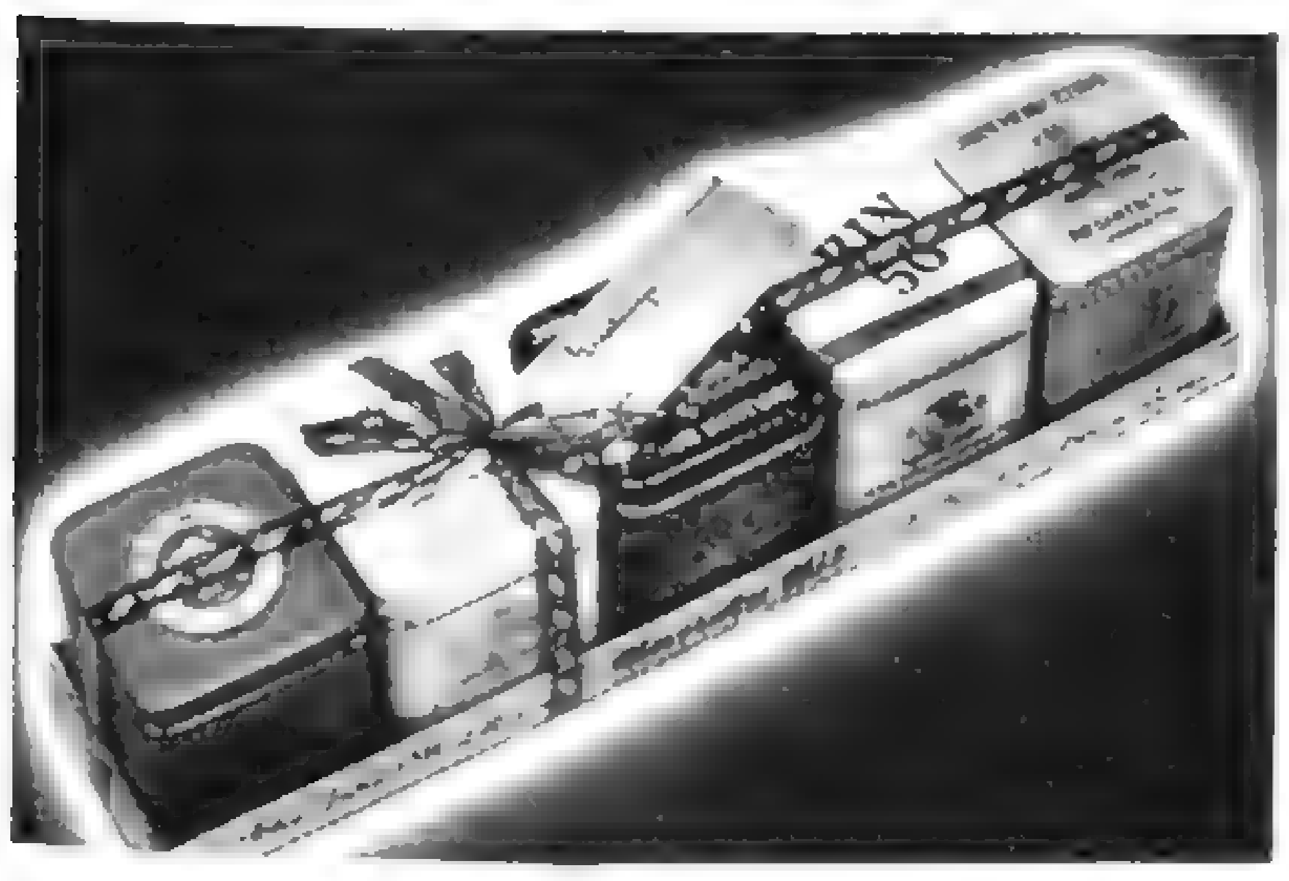
2. A specially designed ventilated drawer lined with "billiard felt," to keep as many as twelve of your pipes safe from dust.

3. A hidden record compartment for keeping a complete history of each favorite pipe.

4. A smart, porcelain lined, humidified compartment for tobacco—stocked with a full pound of internationally famous Walnut—the blend that contains the world's seven finest pipe tobaccos.

John Middleton's TOBACCO BAR and other products are sold at better dealers' everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply, use this coupon.

John Middleton's Blending Kit—for the smoker who likes to "blend his own." Contains nine tidy tins of various tobaccos, measuring jigger and instruction book of sample formulas—**$3.50.**



One of the world's most popular Christmas gifts—the original Variety Kit containing five handsome tins of Middleton's unique blends—Walnut, Regimental, Old Mariner, Club Mixture, Bin 56—**$1.00.**

The ever-welcome Christmas package of Walnut Blend, which contains the world's seven finest tobaccos—always the preference among discriminating smokers. **$2.25**—pound; **$1.15**—½ pound, in festive yule wrap.

Products of John Middleton, Fine Tobaccos Since 1856

JOHN MIDDLETON,
1211 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Send me *postpaid* and wrapped as gift, marked "do not open before Xmas;" OR send direct to____________________

____

☐ **TOBACCO BAR** .	**$24.50**
☐ Blending Kit	$3.50
☐ Variety Kit	$1.00
☐ 1 lb. Walnut Blend . .	$2.25
☐ ½ lb. Walnut Blend . .	$1.15

Check or m. o. enclosed.
Am't______________
(*Prompt refund if not satisfactory*)

Enclose greeting card reading:
Name__________________________________
Address________________________________

MOTHPROOF
GENUINE
ALPAGORA
WEAR TESTED
WARM BUT NOT WEIGHTY
SHOWERPROOF

alpagora is not just another overcoat. It's guaranteed against moth damage for 2 full years regardless of dry cleaning or bad weather conditions. Because of its fine yarn blend of Alpaca, lamb's wool, and mohair you get 25% more warmth and 38% more wear than the average coat affords. The amazing ease of the full cut models does not mean bulkiness, as scales indicate Alpagora is 2 lbs. lighter than ordinary coats. Leading clothiers and department stores feature a wide range of new colorings in both swagger and conservative styles. The year 'round weight

$\$27^{50}$ the overcoat $\$34^{50}$

For the dealer nearest you write

STRATBURY
GALION, OHIO

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 184

steals; he absconds; he blackmails; he dopes; he acquires every known vice and incurable disease, not the least common of which is solitary dipsomania."

On *why composers marry well:* "The composer, in fact, is rather in demand as a husband. Boston and New England generally are noted for the high position there allotted to composers in the social hierarchy and for the number of gifted musicians who have in consequence married into flowery beds of ease. I don't know why so many composers marry well, but they do. It is a fact. I don't suppose their sexuality is any more impressive than anybody else's, though certainly, as intellectuals go, the musician yields to none in that respect. After all, if a lady of means really wants an artistic husband, a composer is about the best bet, I suppose. Painters are notoriously unfaithful, and they don't age gracefully. They dry up and sour. Sculptors are of an incredible stupidity. Poets are either too violent or too tame and terrifyingly expensive. Also, due to the exhausting nature of their early lives, they are likely to be impotent after forty. Pianists and singers are megalomaniacs, conductors worse. Besides, executants don't stay home enough. The composer, of all the art-workers in the vineyard, has the prettiest manners and ripens the most satisfactorily. His intellectual and amorous powers seldom completely give out before death."

On *radio programs:* "There is always a speaker who manages to give you the idea that he is a hired salesman trying to make you sign something about the classics. It is pathetic the way he pleads with us to please believe everything in music is just hunky-dory, when we all know perfectly well that the last piece was a turkey and the house a frigidaire."

On *the state of music:* "The music world is like an alcoholic who has no digestion. He can't eat. He can only swallow more and more alcohol, any alcohol, till he falls down one day in delirium tremens. All the categories get confused and the values falsified. The opera becomes instrumental and unsingable. Ballet, instead of standing on its toes and holding its stomach in, which is where the ballet belongs if it expects to execute any variety of large free movements, stands flat on its feet and sticks its stomach out, waves an arm, and loses its balance. Song-and-dance folklore is imported from foreign climes, and the concert world is taken over by incompetent soloists and by overcompetent orchestral conductors who streamline the already predigested classics to a point of suavity where they go through everybody like a dose of castor oil."

But enough! Practically every sentence in the book carries a sock: "A performance is a flirtation. Its aim is seduction . . . Vocalists can't drink or smoke or stay up after ten o'clock without worrying about themselves . . . Dancers are auto-erotic and have no conversation . . . The opera has no time-limits. It can last ten minutes or seven hours . . . The invited radio audience is an unpaid stooge."

It is not often that one comes across a reasonable book about music, much less an entertaining one. And moreover, *The State of Music* is indulgent. It even finds a function for that perennial deadbeat, the critic, approves of his playing God in a magazine, and confirms our own suspicions: "It used to amuse me in Spain," sneers author Thomson, "that it should take three children to play bull-fight. One plays bull and another plays toreador, while the third stands on the side-lines and cries 'Holé!' Music is like that. It takes three people to make music properly, one man to write it, another to play it, and a third to criticize it. Anything else is just a rehearsal."

* * *

Mr. Thomson describes composers as "incurably literate," finds their writing interesting because it is both authoritative and passionately prejudiced. Aaron Copland, who has recently exposed us to his views on *What to Listen For in Music* (Whittlesey House, $2.50), conforms to the first but not the second. Authoritative but not prejudiced, he offers a clear, sane analysis of the listening process. Straightforward, without pose or pretense, offering no short cuts or frills, he is helpful to any guy with serious intentions.

"Music," according to Mr. Copland, "can only be really alive when there are listeners who are really alive. . . . To listen intently, to listen consciously, to listen with one's whole intelligence is the least we can do . . ."

* * *

Two discourses on music with English-length titles, arrived from the Oxford University Press: M. D. Calvocoressi's *Musical Taste and How to Form It* ($1.00) and *Predicaments or Music and The Future: An Essay in Constructive Criticism* by Cecil Gray ($3.00). Both have been bound some years, but in taste and outlook they are poles apart. The first gives practical advice to the ambitious listener, who will follow a definite procedure and consciously analyze his progress. The second frames a penetrating and provocative point of view, with some competent conclusions as to what road music is traveling and where it is likely to pause. About the art of his native land, Mr. Gray is pessimistic: "There can be no hope for English music until the fatal confusion of artistic with false social and ethical values has been broken down. Only then will the English composer gain that inner self-respect, that spiritual integrity born of isolation which is a necessary condi-

Continued on page 191

NOW AS LITTLE AS $7.50

buys the gift he'd choose for himself

A REMINGTON RAND MODEL NO. 40 CLOSE-SHAVER

Merry Xmas
REMINGTON CLOSE-SHAVER

SEE AMERICA'S NO. 1 SHAVERS with the famous Diamond Brand head. Fastest-shaving electric shavers. Highest-powered shaving units. *New low prices.*

SPECIAL XMAS OFFER — 2 GIFTS, 1 PRICE! Gift #1—a silvered cigarette box (retailing for $5). Gift #2—a Remington Close-Shaver (identical with the Shaver in the $14.75 package shown to the left). Both for only $13.75. (Cigarettes not included.)

THE SMART YOUNG LADY who gives this Remington Close-Shaver will have no need for mistletoe. It rates a kiss from any man. Ivory-colored shaver set off by a chromium-trimmed, lizard-grain case and chromium cord retainer.

REMINGTON CLOSE-SHAVER
WAS $15.75 **NOW $14.75**

SPEEDAK
To Bill

ANY MAN OF TASTE will appreciate this Remington Speedak...the first "vest-pocket" size electric shaver made. Weighs but a few ounces...but packs a ton of shave-power. Packed in chromium-trimmed, black velvet-lined, pin-seal case.

REMINGTON SPEEDAK
WAS $12.50 **NOW $10.00**

YOU CAN STAY WITHIN A MODEST BUDGET and still give a man America's No. 1 shaver when you buy this Rand Close-Shaver. More "shave-power" than many far more expensive shavers. Complete with traveling case and cloth-of-gold outer gift box.

RAND CLOSE-SHAVER
WAS $9.50 **NOW $7.50**

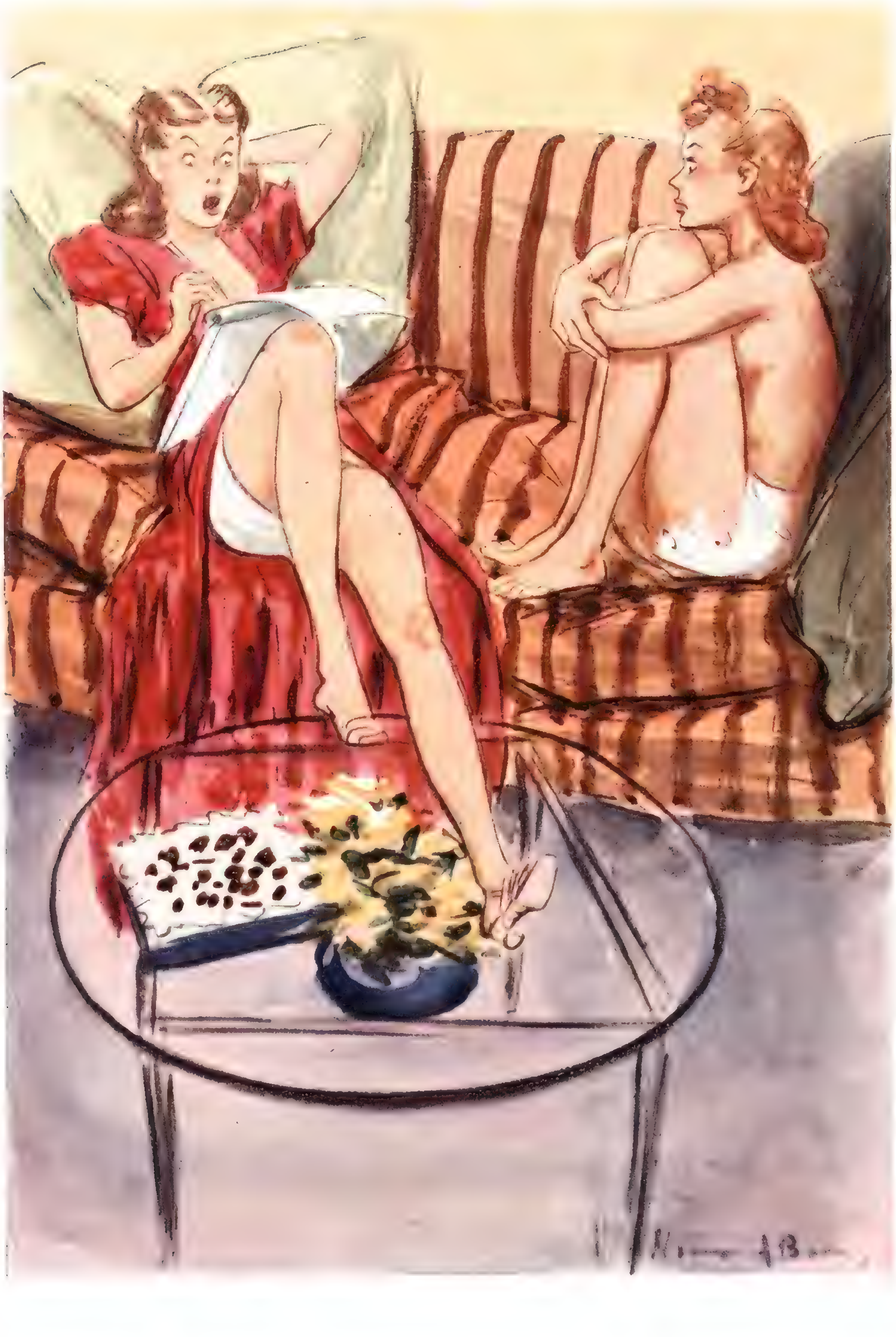
ALL REMINGTON RAND shavers have the improved and exclusive "double-action" Diamond Brand cutting head. It has two kinds of whisker openings for cutting both long and short hairs in one shaving stroke. Has no sharp edges to irritate the skin. And it doesn't have to be held "just so."

IT'S A RARE MAN who wouldn't rather have one important gift than a collection of knickknacks. That's why your favorite man will bless you for selecting an electric shaver made by Remington Rand.

Only Remington Rand offers and guarantees all these features: 1. The exclusive "double-action" Diamond Brand cutting head. 2. Fastest-shaving electric shavers. 3. Highest-powered shaving units. 4. Uniform speed — accurate as an electric clock. 5. Complete comfort — no sharp edges to irritate the skin.

See these Remington Rand Close-Shavers at your dealer's today and we'll warrant that Christmas shopping for the men on your list is going to be a lot easier. General Shaver Division of Remington Rand Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

REMINGTON RAND
Close-Shavers



"We'll leave our behavior out of it—last year I told Santa I was a good girl and he didn't show up"

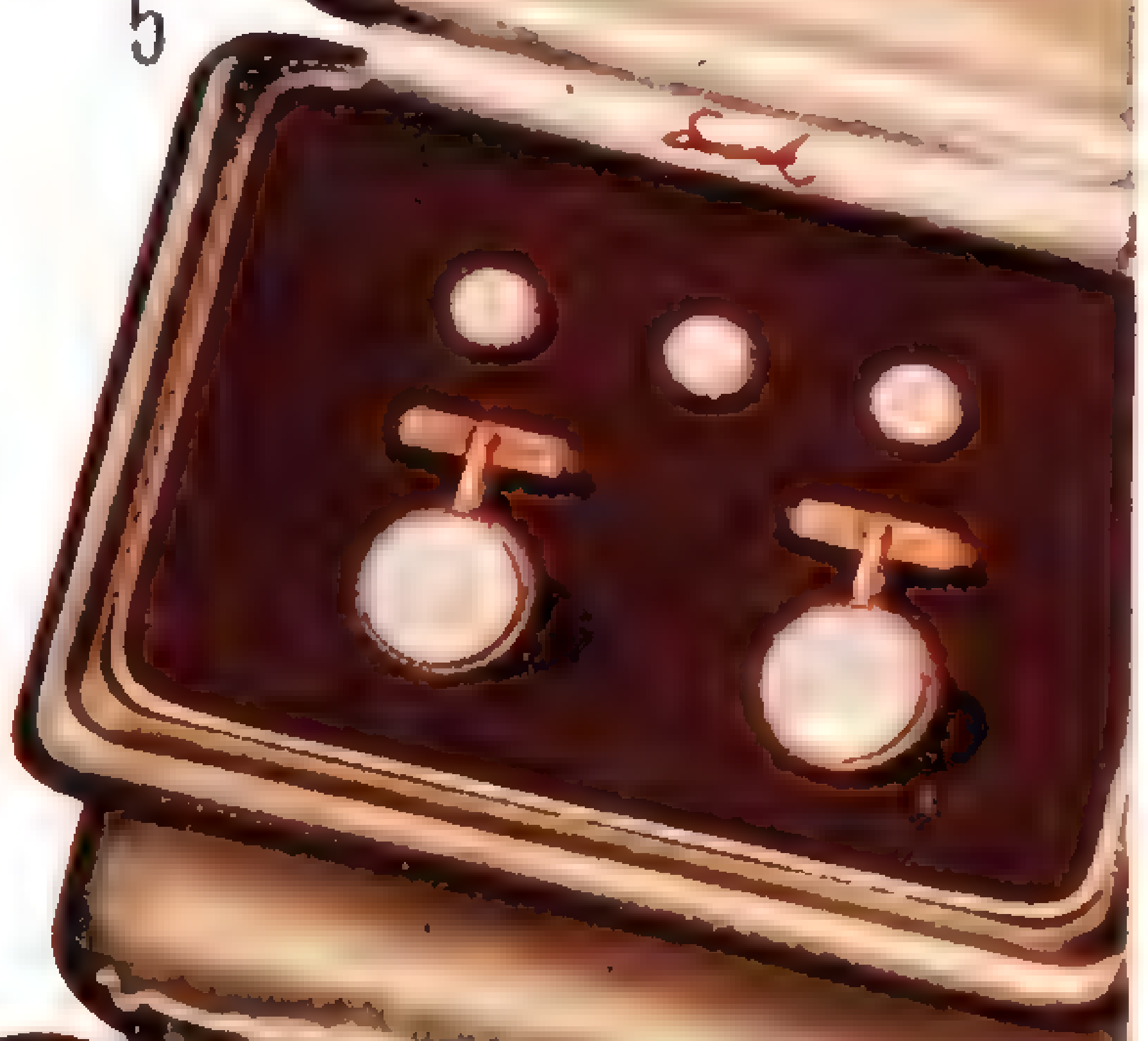
Put Your Heart in His Christmas Gift

SWANK

JEWELRY FOR MEN

Aids to good grooming...packages of pleasure... today's answer to the perennial problem of a man's Christmas gift...Swank jewelry has everything the giver could seek or the recipient could desire. At leading jewelers, department stores and men's shops.

SWANK PRODUCTS, INC. · ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS



1 Click-On Key Chain, Cravat Chain and Collar Holder...in the new massive style . . . Set $3.50

2 Elbo-Links and Tie Klip, in simulated ruby, sapphire, emerald or topaz . . . . Set $2.50

3 Duo-gram* Key Knife, with his initials...a novel combination of blade, file and key blank (quickly cut to fit any lock) ...with waldemar chain...Set $5
In 1/20 12 Kt. gold filled . . . Set $10

4 Click-On Key Chain, Airway Links and Tie Klip, in simulated ruby, sapphire, emerald or topaz. Set $3.50

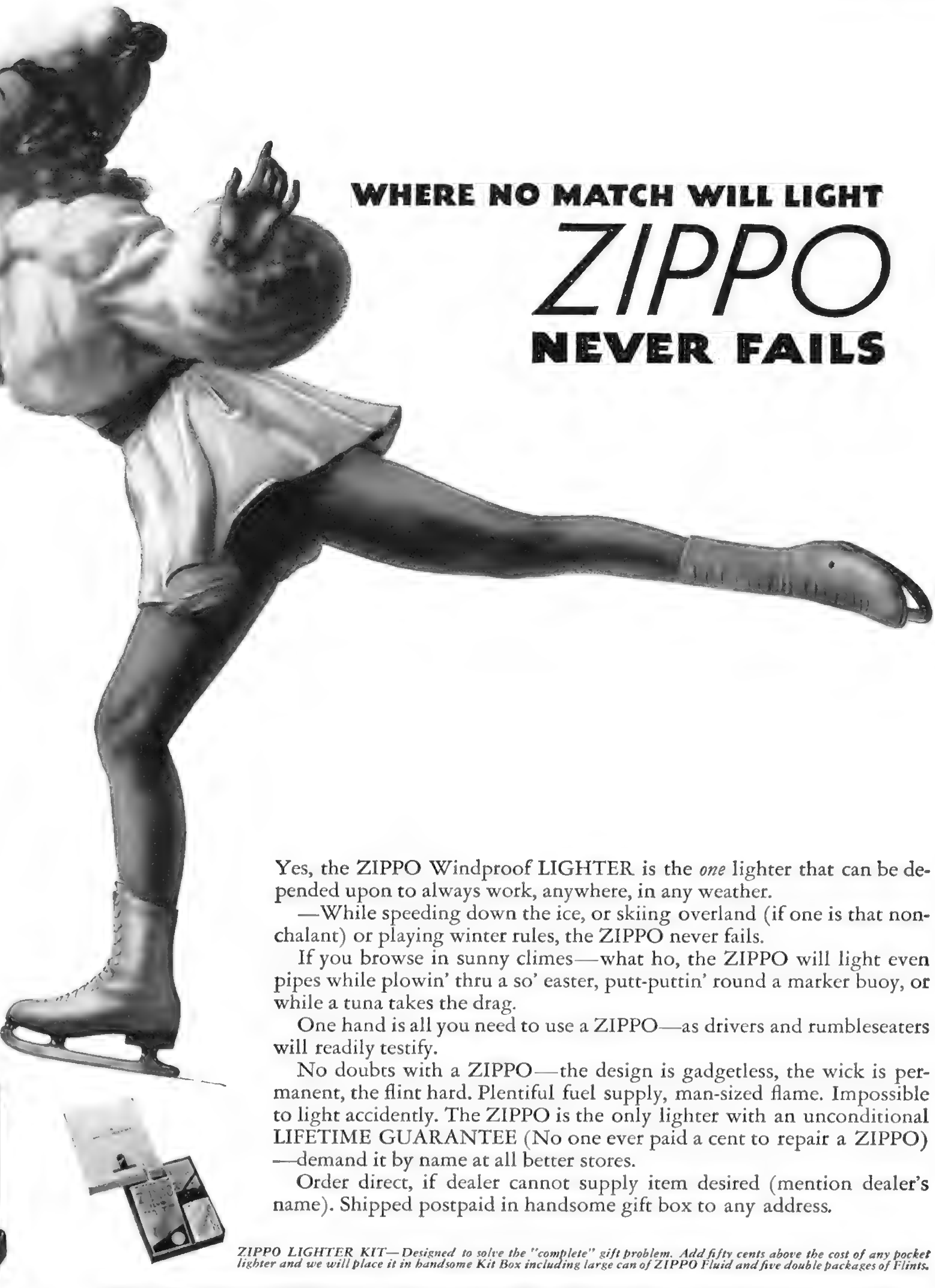
5 Evening Set in white mother-of-pearl for tail-coat, or smoked pearl for dinner jacket $3.50
Other Evening Sets from $2.50 to $35

6 Cravat Chain, Belt Buckle and Collar Holder in 1/20th 12 Kt. gold filled, handsomely hand engraved... ready for monogramming . . . Set $10
Other sets . . . . . $3.50 and up

7 Personalized Cravat Chain and Collar Holder . . . . Set $2
In 1/20th 12 Kt. gold filled . . . Set $5

8 Duo-gram* Key Chain, Cravat Chain, Belt Buckle...his initials in crest-like design, gold plated...Set $5
In 1/20th 12 Kt. gold filled...Set $13.50

*Pat. App. For



WHERE NO MATCH WILL LIGHT

ZIPPO

NEVER FAILS

No. 355 $3.50 Facsimile Signature High Buffed Chrome Case, resembles silver. No. 250 plain, $2.50.

Rich Engine Turned Designs—No. 175 14 K Gold $175.00. No. 20 Sterling $20.00. No. 350 Chrome $3.50.

Windproof Table Lighter a great gift for yachtsman, patio or cabana host, and indoor smoker. Great fuel capacity. Satin Chrome case $10.00. With monogram or your signature $11.00.

Yes, the ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER is the *one* lighter that can be depended upon to always work, anywhere, in any weather.

—While speeding down the ice, or skiing overland (if one is that nonchalant) or playing winter rules, the ZIPPO never fails.

If you browse in sunny climes—what ho, the ZIPPO will light even pipes while plowin' thru a so' easter, putt-puttin' round a marker buoy, or while a tuna takes the drag.

One hand is all you need to use a ZIPPO—as drivers and rumbleseaters will readily testify.

No doubts with a ZIPPO—the design is gadgetless, the wick is permanent, the flint hard. Plentiful fuel supply, man-sized flame. Impossible to light accidently. The ZIPPO is the only lighter with an unconditional LIFETIME GUARANTEE (No one ever paid a cent to repair a ZIPPO)—demand it by name at all better stores.

Order direct, if dealer cannot supply item desired (mention dealer's name). Shipped postpaid in handsome gift box to any address.

ZIPPO LIGHTER KIT—Designed to solve the "complete" gift problem. Add fifty cents above the cost of any pocket lighter and we will place it in handsome Kit Box including large can of ZIPPO Fluid and five double packages of Flints.

ZIPPO MANUFACTURING CO., Barbour St., BRADFORD, PA. ***New York Office:*** **52 Vanderbilt Ave.**

FOR YOUR PROTECTION: *Look for this engraving* ZIPPO MFG CO BRADFORD, PA ZIPPO PAT. 2032695 MADE IN U.S.A. *on the bottom of every genuine* ZIPPO LIGHTER

No. 300 $3.00. The popular personal lighter, Two-tone Chrome case, initials inlaid in color. No. 200 $2.00 (plain—no monogram.)

ZIPPO Windproof LIGHTER

EXECUTIVES ATTENTION: *A ZIPPO with your firm's insignia, trade-mark, or product faithfully reproduced in color (embossed, inlaid or engine turned) will solve your gift problem, make you remembered longer. Also fraternal and other insignias available.*

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 184-186

tion of great artistic achievements without which great art is indeed impossible."

* * *

Ingenious is Samuel G. Houghton's *The Music Album* (William Morrow, $2.50). A sort of stamp album, with gummed stickers in the back, its purpose is to encourage via the natural acquisitive instinct a collection of musical experiences. Every time you hear a famous piece of music on the radio or at a concert, you tear out the proper colored label and insert the date, orchestra, conductor, etc. It sounds like child's play and you, like me, have probably discovered more luxurious and devastating ways of passing the time. But there are, apparently, those who haven't.

* * *

Children are not being neglected in the wave of music that's engulfing us. Not at all. Gladys Burch and John Wolcott have provided *A Child's Book of Famous Composers* (A. S. Barnes, $1.50), alike in every respect to the collected biographies for tall folks but more entertaining and accurate. Robert Lawrence has told the story of the *Ring of the Nibelung* in language all can understand, and that's more than Wagner could do (Metropolitan Opera Guild Series, published by Grosset and Dunlap). Illustrations and themes are provided and, in addition to the *Ring*, *Carmen*, *Lohengrin*, *Aïda*, *Haensel and Gretel* are available, with *Tristan*, the *Mastersingers* and *Boris* in preparation.

For your next week-end party, whether the age limit is sixteen or sixty, get *Dances of Our Pioneers* (A. S. Barnes, $2.00). The old-time reels, jigs, quadrilles, polkas, square-dances, gallops, schottisches are all there—mixers and clinchers!

* * *

And now, best of all, the music itself. For those who read music, no prose description can ever replace a score. Thanks to Dr. Hugo Leichentritt, brilliant Harvard musicologist, the great masterpieces of the orchestral repertoire are now transcribed for the piano and arranged so that any reader of piano music can become intimately acquainted with their content. In the I.M.E. edition (Books and Music, Inc., paper-bound $3.00, cloth-bound $4.50 per volume) he has had a piano reduction printed below the full score, each measure directly beneath the corresponding measure of the orchestral partitur.

This was a stroke of genius. Why has it never been done before? If you can thump the piano at all, and are curious to know how music is made, here's your chance! Each volume contains the composer's biography, a history and synopsis of each composition. Seven volumes are ready and others are in preparation:

I. Beethoven's overtures: Leonore No. 1, 2, 3, Coriolan, Egmont, Fidelio, Prometheus.

II. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6, Romeo and Juliet, "1812" overture.

III. Brahms: Symphonies No. 1 and No. 2; Haydn Variations.

IV. Beethoven: Symphonies No. 1, 2, 3.

V. Mozart: Symphonies in D major, K. 385 (Haffner); D major, K. 504 (without Menuet); E-flat major, K. 543; G minor, K. 550; C major, K.551 (Jupiter).

VI. Beethoven: Symphonies No. 4, 5, 6.

VII. Brahms: Symphonies No. 3 and 4; Academic Festival and Tragic Overtures.

* * *

If it's analysis of music you want, and you don't read full scores, handy are the paper-backed brochures of the Musical Pilgrim Series (Oxford University Press-Carl Fischer, $.75 each). Edited by Dr. Arthur Somervell, the analyses and introductions are by noted English authorities. Bach's *Magnificat*, B minor Mass, Well Tempered Clavichord, Keyboard Suites, Passions, Cantatas, Oratorios, Brandenburg Concertos; Beethoven's piano sonatas, quartets; Berlioz' works; Brahms's chamber music, symphonies and orchestral works; Debussy and Ravel; Elgar; Handel's *Messiah;* Haydn's symphonies; Mendelssohn's *Elijah;* Mozart's string quartets and last three symphonies; Schubert's symphonies and quartets; Schumann's chamber music and piano works; Sibelius' symphonies; Strauss's tone poems and *Rose Cavalier;* Stravinsky's *Firebird* and *Petrouchka;* Tchaikovsky's orchestral works; R. Vaughan Williams' dramatic and other works; Wagner's *Master-Singers* and *Ring* have been analyzed.

Available, also, with analyses from the standard repertoire are five volumes of Rosa Newmarch's program notes for London concerts, 1908-1927: *The Concert-goer's Library of Descriptive Notes* (Oxford University Press-Carl Fischer, $1.50).

* * *

No more lasting souvenir of Their Majesties' visit—in fact, no more lasting souvenir of England—has made its appearance this year than *King's Music* (Oxford University Press-Carl Fischer, $3.75). This volume makes clear beyond dispute in King's English the fact that for over four centuries the monarchs of that "most unmusical people" were intimately and vitally linked with the development of the art. True, the development was not continuous but was more a "series of dissolving views, each growing to strength and clarity and then fading as another begins to appear over it." *King's Music* proves, with examples, that the periods of strength were intense and that the heritage is noble. If you suspect kings as music-makers, have a look at Henry VIII's

Continued at top of page 192

For Her.. BEAUTY and ALLURE
For Him.. PEP and SMART LOOKS

From the
HANOVIA ALPINE HOME SUN LAMP
THE MOST EFFICIENT HOME SUN LAMP IN THE WORLD

The tube is made from pure quartz—the only medium to transmit fully beneficial ultraviolet. Only a few minutes are required for a tonic sun bath, which will increase your vigor, build up your resistance against common ailments and make you feel and look well. A health aid for the entire family. Priced from $79.50; small monthly payments, if desired.

MAKES A MARVELOUS CHRISTMAS GIFT

There is only one HANOVIA—the best lamp for sun baths. Don't waste time and money on cheap substitutes.

HANOVIA CHEMICAL & MANUFACTURING CO.
NEWARK, N. J.

See it demonstrated in many department stores, electric and medical supply shops, also in our show rooms:

NEW YORK
155 W. 57th St.
CHICAGO
77 East Lake St.
DETROIT
4861 Woodward Ave.
BOSTON
543 Boylston St.
PHILADELPHIA
1718 Sansom Street
SAN FRANCISCO
455 Powell Street

In Canada at 86 Bloor St. West, Toronto.

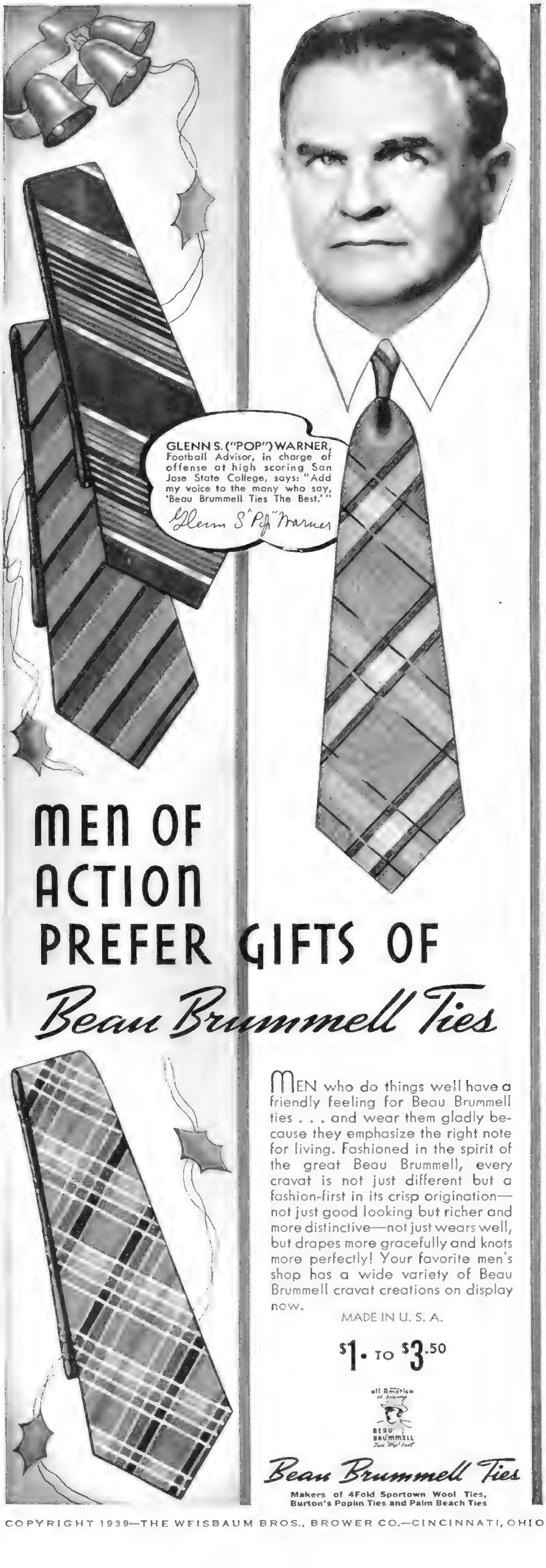
FOR COMPLETE DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLET

Mail this Coupon

Hanovia Chemical & Mfg. Co.
Dept. ES-2, Newark, N. J.

You may send booklet describing Hanovia Alpine Sun Lamps for the Home.

Name..............................
Address..............................
City & State..............................
(Please print clearly)



GLENN S. ("POP") WARNER, Football Advisor, in charge of offense at high scoring San Jose State College, says: "Add my voice to the many who say, 'Beau Brummell Ties The Best.'"

Glenn S "Pop" Warner

MEN OF ACTION PREFER GIFTS OF Beau Brummell Ties

MEN who do things well have a friendly feeling for Beau Brummell ties . . . and wear them gladly because they emphasize the right note for living. Fashioned in the spirit of the great Beau Brummell, every cravat is not just different but a fashion-first in its crisp origination—not just good looking but richer and more distinctive—not just wears well, but drapes more gracefully and knots more perfectly! Your favorite men's shop has a wide variety of Beau Brummell cravat creations on display now.

MADE IN U. S. A.

$1• TO $3.50

Beau Brummell Ties

Makers of 4Fold Sportown Wool Ties, Burton's Poplin Ties and Palm Beach Ties

COPYRIGHT 1939—THE WEISBAUM BROS., BROWER CO.—CINCINNATI, OHIO

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 184-186-191

If Love Now Reigned or Charles I's *Mark How the Blushfull Morne.* Still better is music the monarchs ordered from More, Byrd, Gibbons, Purcell, Handel and Dr. John Bull.

* * *

The Last of the Troubadours, by Hendrik Willem van Loon and Grace Castagnetta (Simon & Schuster, $2.50) contains twenty songs of that "Anacreon of the North," Carl Michael Bellmann (1740-95).

The grandson of a Lutheran minister, he studied like François Villon in a university and, like him, lived to mock the good and the learned, and poke fun at their ways. He played the flute and improvised, seldom wrote a song down but let his friends collect the ditties that to this day are sung the length and breadth of Sweden. And if Mr. van Loon's wish comes true, they will be sung the length and breadth of these United States. All good folk music is as international as the Ninth Symphony and war, but this is not the best—or else it refuses to be imbedded in the printed page. The verse—well, here's the conclusion to *Movitz Paints Mrs. Bergstrom:*

. . . Bosom cov'red with flowers gay,
On her arm the dog holds sway.
Earrings fella! Silk umbrella!
Movitz! What a mademoiselle!
I shall die yet, laughing at
Her face 'neath a shepherd's hat . . .
Cause for braggin'! See the saggin'
Of that double chin the dragon! . . .
Corseted tight, spreads just the same
This is no slight Innkeeper's Dame
That your canvas is depicting.

The words to *Joachim of Babylon:*
Joachim of Babylon,
Had a wife Susanna,
Sing Hosanna! Sing Hosanna!
Toast this paragon!
Joachim was a man for honor renowned.
Equally honest was his wife, it was found.
Oh Susanna! Oh Susanna!
Hear our praise resound! ⧺

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Actors' memoirs may divert the fans, but they can't fool an old horsefly

by **GEORGE JEAN NATHAN**

• THEATRE •

WITH very few exceptions, actors who confect autobiographical volumes put a dunce's cap on themselves coincidentally with the word *Finis.* The competent actor usually comes out of his book as one whose competence seems either excessively dubious or at best predicated on reasons quite different from those he offers. The charming actor, whether competent or not, usually emerges as something of a dissuading ass. The only species, in point of fact, that comes off with even faint honors seems to be the actor who hasn't anything much to recommend him critically and professionally (someone like Billy Bryant, the showboat mime, for example), who doesn't make any bones about it, and who just goes ahead and rattles off a lot of good-natured and amusing stories about his life and lack of art.

Speaking of the biographies of artists, Shaw once said that they all contain at least two anecdotes, one to illustrate the miraculous powers of the hero's brain, and another to exhibit his courage and dexterity in personal combat. The autobiographies of actors frequently adhere to much the same formula, particularly if the actors happen to be English. In that case, we are pretty sure to get the author's high tribute to his cerebral copings with Shakespeare and other classics, along with the implication that his interpretations are in all likelihood the only sound ones and that nobody else, especially the critics, knows what is really what in the matter, along with a due share of stories about his service and activities in the World War.

These latter customarily present him, through the mist of a heavily manufactured modesty, as a stoic and realistic soldier or airman for all his antecedent occupation with the world of make-believe, and are accompanied by details which reveal him to his admiring readers as one gifted in the simultaneous bayoneting of a Hun and the cynical quotation of Macbeth's first speech in Act 1, Scene VII, to say nothing of one who nonchalantly took the mud of Flanders in his stride quite as if it were the dance floor of the Embassy Club.

If the English actor happens to be of the non-classical species, of relatively younger years, and one whose art lies in the composition and acting of fashionable drawing-room comedy, what we get is several hundred pages of fluent chit-chat punctuated with photographs displaying him from the lovable age of six to his proud epiphany as a full-fledged leading man in the role of Lord Alastair Pincus in his first great success, *Riviera Rigadoon.*

The aforesaid chit-chat is purveyed in ferociously ingratiating terms, is so strainedly meek and modest that at times the reader fears the author will fall backward in a faint, and consists mainly of six recitations of what

Continued on page 194

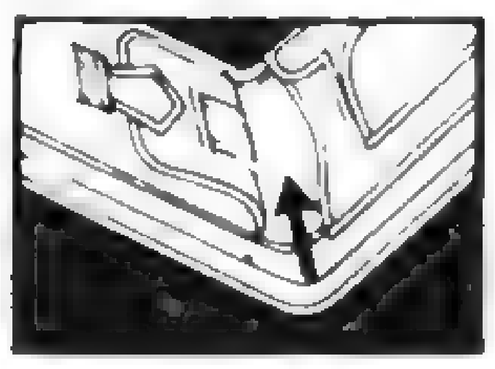
FOR MEN WHO LIKE FINE THINGS:

This new billfold that has a place for everything!

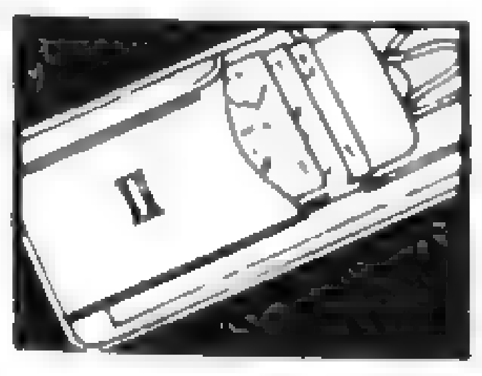
THE INVISIBLE STITCH
Classifier
CHECKS & BILLS
BILLS
DUPLICATE KEYS

6 IMPORTANT, POPULAR FEATURES:

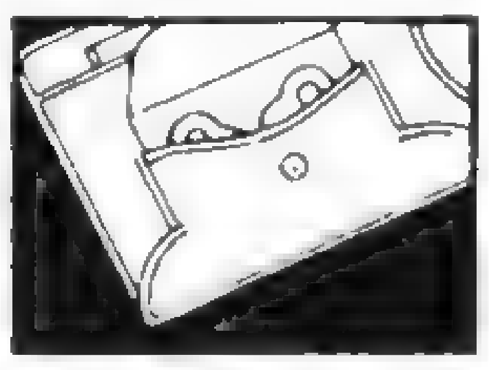
Invisible Stitches
Not a stitch in sight to wear, yet securely stitched to hold its shape and give long service.



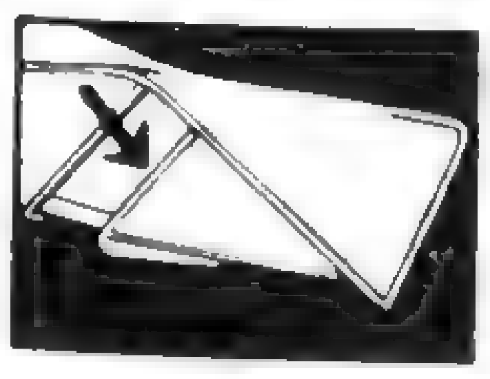
Non-Buckling
Always lies flat regardless of the load carried, because of the patented Non-Buckling center stay.



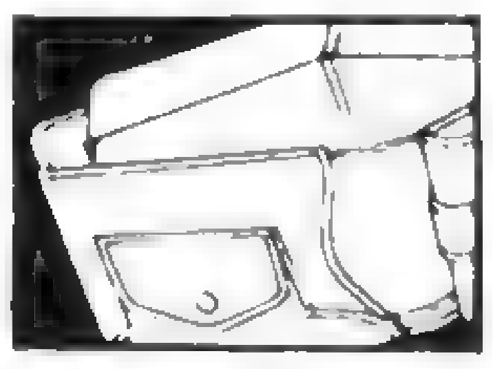
Pull-Out Card Pocket
A handy telescope file for credit cards, passes, lodge receipts.



Duplicate Key Pocket
Provides room for two "spares," so that you can't be locked out.



Secret Pocket
A hide-away for big bills, but if we told you where it is it wouldn't be secret. Ask your dealer!



Extra Money Pocket
A clever flap makes it possible to conceal one of the two bill pockets.

by PRINCE GARDNER

Here is one of the finest things a man can own—this new "Classifier" Billfold by Prince Gardner. It's smart, it's handsome, and it has a definite, handy place for all cards, bills, licenses, etc. a man carries.

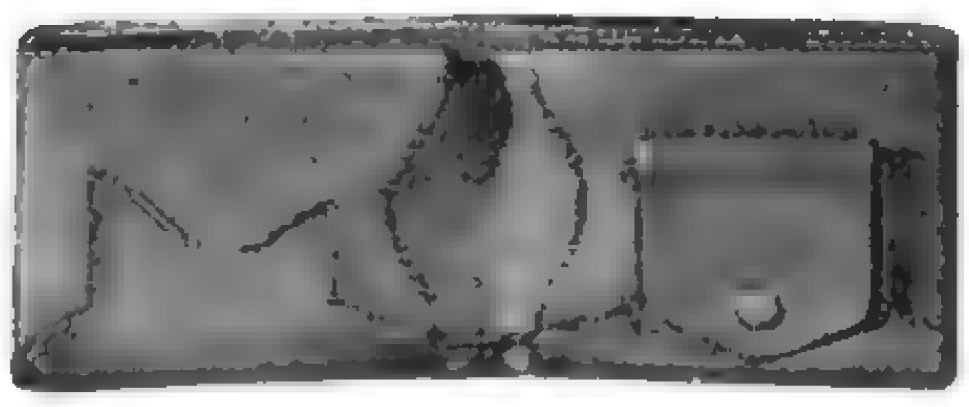
Made from a single piece of leather, "Invisibly Stitched" to prevent pulling apart, but with no outside stitches to rip, a Prince Gardner Billfold outwears several ordinary billfolds.

* * *

Shown Above: The new "Classifier" in genuine, hand-boarded Goatskin, $5.00. Key case to match, $2.00. Other billfolds, $1.00 to $18.50. DeLuxe sets, $7.50 to $50.00. At all leading stores.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

PRINCESS GARDNER BILLFOLDS



"They're Lovely!" say women; "and just what we want!"

The "Invisible Stitch" Model shown is made of French Saffian—soft, rich, durable. Holds bills, cards, theatre tickets, stamps, spare auto keys, etc. Five popular colors to match milady's handbag: wine, blue, green, brown and black. Billfold illustrated above $2.50. Zipper key case to match $1.50. Other Princess Gardner models and leathers, $1.00 up.

PRINCE GARDNER-*Pine St. at 19th—St. Louis, Mo.*
CANADIAN OFFICE · 468 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Live this Mellow Moment...

AFTER COFFEE, SIP

BENEDICTINE or B AND B LIQUEUR

All day, you live for this hour: when dinner is over and the evening's pleasure begins. Let Bénédictine mark the moment! After 400 years, the world has found no finer symbol of urbane living than this famous and delicious after-dinner liqueur.

•

If you prefer a drier liqueur, try bottled B and B. It is the famous Bénédictine perfectly blended with selected Cognac brandies. Bottled in Bénédictine's centuries-old cellars in Fécamp, it is far superior to hurriedly mixed Bénédictine and Brandy.

BOTTLED IN FRANCE

BENEDICTINE

D.O.M

Julius WILE Sons & Co. Inc. IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

BENEDICTINE Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. • B and B LIQUEUR Trademark Reg. applied for Both 86° proof. Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc., N.Y., Sole U.S. Agents

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 192

the witty Mrs. Pat Campbell once remarked to the author, two passages indicating his polite generosity upon encountering dramatic critics who had panned him, ten equally charming tributes to the ten actresses who have played in his various plays, several instances of advice which he received from famous older actors and playwrights, all of which he attests he was grateful for but which he resolutely rejected, a five hundred word paragraph telling of his enormous pride at the King and Queen's attendance of the five hundredth performance of one of his plays, and a chapter in which he describes, in humorously apologetic fashion, his early attempts at acting (Gerald Du Maurier brusquely informed him he should take up insurance salesmanship instead), his unsuccessful hawking of his early plays (Charles Cochran brusquely informed him he should devote himself to writing tupenny fiction instead), and the dinner dear old Gerald and dear old Charlie tendered him some years later at the Garrick Club on the occasion of his first overwhelming success.

The autobiographies of American actors vary principally only in detail. The same early hardships and the same belated recognitions are trotted through the routine paces. So are the anecdotes recounting the time when the scenery in Ashtabula, Ohio, fell on the author, who was acting Banquo's ghost, hit him a stunner on the head and caused him, when he came to, embarrassingly to recite his old lines from *The Ticket-of-Leave Man;* the time the manager vamoosed with the money and he stole down the fire escape of a hotel in Des Moines, Iowa, in order to evade his room bill and was caught in the jam of the rest of the company doing the same thing; and the time Bill Brady, by way of desperately economizing on expenses, persuaded him not only to double as Uncle Tom and Simon Legree but to play Little Eva and both the bloodhounds, to say nothing of tooting a cornet in front of the theatre before the performance, serving as an usher, and selling gumdrops between the acts.

If the American actor is of vintage years his book will inevitably contain a diatribe against the old theatrical syndicate headed by Klaw and Erlanger. He will demonstrate at length how the Syndicate throttled theatrical art, of which he was so august and important a part, and how only his own great resource in getting them to put up a tent for him in El Paso, Texas, and installing chairs for him in an old barn in Waco saved the day for the American theatre. Having duly exhausted his indignation over Klaw and Erlanger by page 253, he then proceeds to get all boiled up again over the machinations of the Shuberts and it is only some hundred or so pages later that he recovers his equanimity sufficiently, after sharply telling off all the dramatic critics, to convey to the reader a final intimation of his own enduring eminence.

The books of lady actors are in general fabric and essence not greatly dissimilar to those of their gentlemen friends and enjoy few variations.

The same encounters with world celebrities are sprinkled through the pages; if the actress is English, there will be examples of the witty manner in which she put them to embarrassed rout; if she happens to be American, there will be traces of feigned schoolgirl humility and awe at the kind things they said to her when they forced their way through the crowd of admirers in her dressing room or showed up unexpectedly and surprisingly one day for tea in her cozy apartment overlooking some river or other, or in slightly less affluent circumstances, maybe only a garden. ("Lawdy, lawdy, Miss Jo," flutters Ruby, her colored maid, "Ah bets it'll be President Roosevelt, d' King o' England and Mistah Einstein comin' in here to see you-all next!") Also in evidence are the sympathetic trials and humors of beginning days, with parents skeptical of their daughter's ambition, with the red velour curtain pulled off the parlor window to serve as a costume for our heroine's appearance as Portia in a neighborhood kid's attic exhibit, with the first word of encouragement spoken by the local stock company leading woman sought out after a Wednesday matinée, with the unrewarding and endless visits to producers' offices, and with the matchless thrill of the day when at long last our little sweetheart got the chance to walk on as a Nubian slave in the second road company of *Quo Vadis.*

The autobiographies of English and American actresses appear to differ chiefly in one important detail.

Whereas English actresses all seem to have had fathers, American actresses seem for the most part to have had only mothers. In most of the books written by the American girls if papa is mentioned at all, which is rarely, he seems either to have died (often from overindulgence in alcohol the day our heroine was born or to have deserted mama when our heroine was one year old. English fathers, on the other hand, seem to have stuck around for years. But in America it is dear old patient mother who has had to do all the chores to help our baby keep life in her body and to assist and guide her on her career. It is thus that whereas the English autobiographer divides her gratitude mainly between her father and mother (with an overlapping fraction reserved, if she be past fifty-five, for a note of encouragement from Ellen Terry or, if she be under forty-five, for one from Sybil Thorndike), the American actress bestows hers mainly upon her mother, reserving what share is left over for her pet dog.

It is an uncommon actress who doesn't seem to devote almost as much attention to her pet dog as to her histrionic art. Fewer dogs and more acting would benefit the stage no end.

Aside from this, the autobiographies of both the English and American girls are, as noted, for the major part as generally alike as the usual remark about two peas.

Both are at great pains to assure the reader how much they love the theatre—"it is the breath of life to me; it is my whole existence; without it, I could not live"; both are obsessed by one or more little superstitions upon which they dwell at considerable length and in relation to which they offer several droll personal experiences; both go in for lavish praise of their various leading men (most of whom they in all probability disliked intensely and fought with); and both invariably have at least one story to tell about how they and the company they were in triumphed over an earthquake, flood or some other such catastrophe of nature which threatened to keep them from getting to their destination in time for a performance.

The greatest difficulty experienced in these memoirs, whether male or female, is the author's clearly obvious struggle at least in part to suppress the actor's natural conceit and vanity and to give the book a winning veneer of modesty. As I have said before, this is a tough compromise for any actor and it isn't long before his book betrays his disrelish of it and automatically again reverts to first principles.

The one thing that a mime seems never able to learn is that while one may offer a mental and intellectual superiority with grace and profit, it is the mark of bounderism to offer a personal and emotional superiority. The complete absence of any trace of the former and the crude and transparent effort and failure to conceal the latter are what make nine out of every ten actors' autobiographies the pickledust they are.

But the leading deficiency of the autobiographies is their uniform evasion and prevarication. To read many of them is to believe that actors and actresses invariably lead a life as sexless as a dead rabbit's; that they are—even often when they marry—coldly indifferent to the anatomical *divertissements* of the rest of the human family; that they are, in short, so many male and female virgins who would be shocked to death if, in the first instance, a pretty ingénue gave them the naughty eye or, in the second, if a handsome leading man pinched them on the cheek. Forgive at least one reader for laughing. Also forgive the laughter of at least one reader when he finds in none of the books such piquant episodes as those related to the authors' regular squabbles over money matters, fights with minor actors and actresses who threatened to steal certain moments of a play, scraps with playwrights over lines and scenes, and all the other customarily and scrupulously deleted anchovies.

It is a characteristic and peculiarity of most such autobiographies that their authors reserve their most copious admiration for fellow players who have died and who thus are no longer in a position to offer their vanity any active and serious competition. Here and there, of course, you will encounter some fairly sweet words about an associate who is still alive—about an actor if the littérateur is an actress, about an actress if the littérateur is an actor, but seldom the other way 'round—but the real Grade-A goosegrease goes in the main to one or more of the dear departed.

There is, too, invariably one producer or manager who is nominated not only an uncommon genius but who is further affectionately endorsed as a wonderful friend, ever thoughtful, ever gently understanding and considerate, and ever intuitive as to the author's various difficult and trying problems.

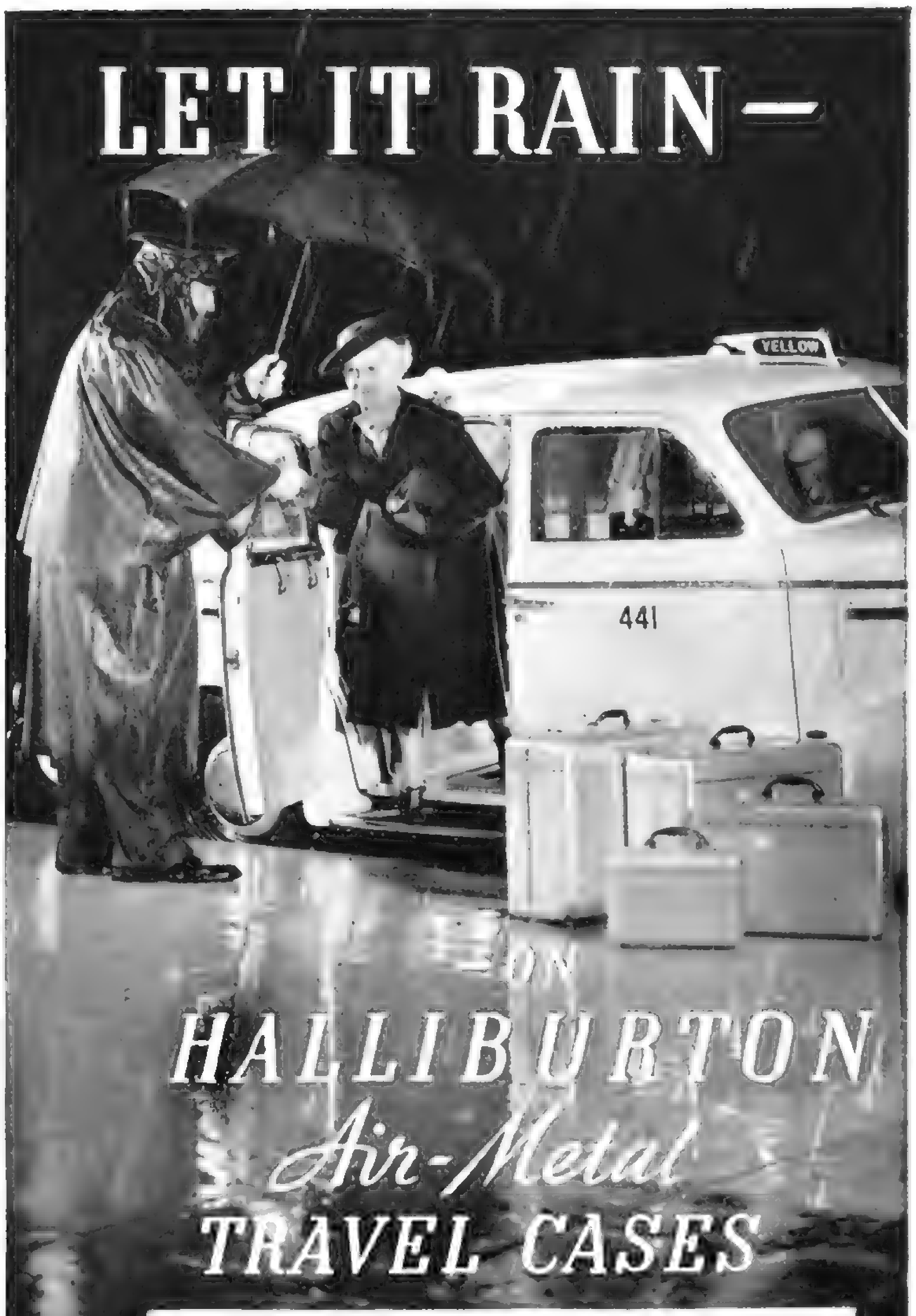
All of the other managers and producers for whom the author has worked are indirectly implied to be lice. The actor rarely any longer comes right out and says so—that sort of thing went out of fashion, as I have indicated, when the older hams exhausted animosity toward the Syndicate and, later, the Shuberts—but it isn't very hard to read between the lines.

With so many actors these days going in for writing and so many writers these days going in for acting, it is small wonder that both arts are suffering some pretty cruel wallops.

The only hope, so far as the particular art of histrionic literature goes, seems to rest in the kind of actor who not only can't write but who can't act either. Such a one, for example, as the Billy Bryant I have earlier mentioned.

I append a sample of Billy's belletristic charm and intelligence, culled from the collection of Mr. John Chapman. After telling how he has been polling his Ohio River showboat audiences as to who is the World's Worst Actor, Billy continues:

"I'm safe as long as I can buy long underwear to play Hamlet in, but people keep ringing radio actors in on me and I'm worried. I get a good, solid vote like 'Bryant is the worst. After five years I know'—and then somebody cuts into my lead by writing, 'I think Ben Bernie is worse. He smokes cigars while he acts. Until you can smell up your acting the same way you'll have to be content to be second worse.' I may have to go out there in *Agnes, The Switchman's Daughter* and really show 'em some bad acting to hold my lead." ⧻



Unaffected by rain or snow, sleet, salty ocean spray or desert dust, protected in a Halliburton *Air-Metal* Travel Case, whole wardrobes or simple overnight necessities arrive as fresh and clean as when packed, irrespective of length of trip or mode of travel!

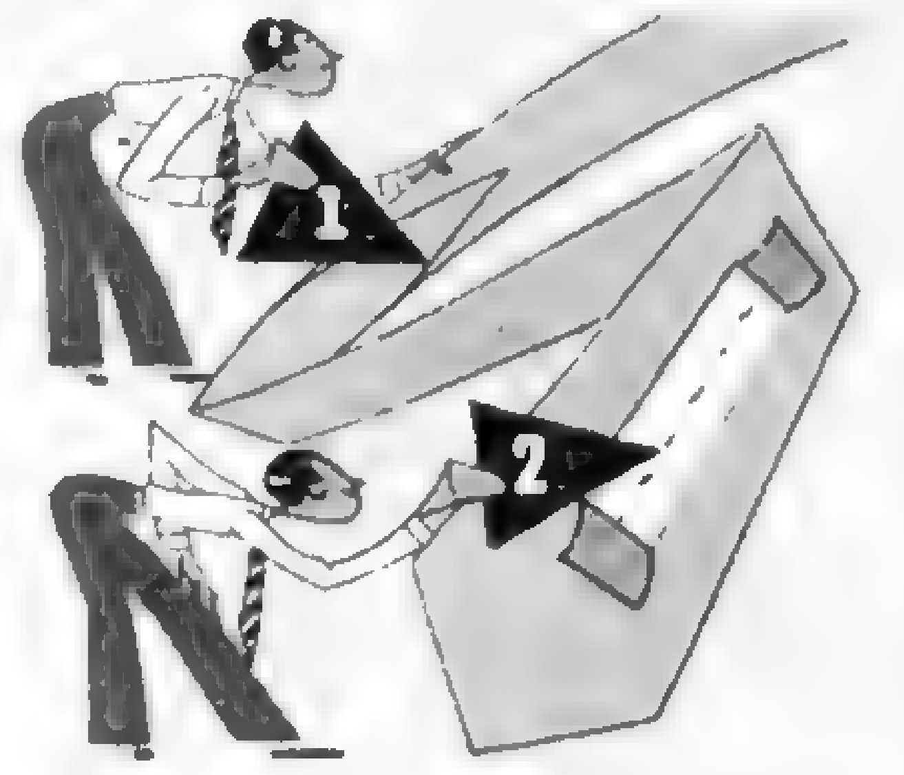
Modern Air-Metal lends a new social note to the smart luggage field. Its anodized smooth bright finish and high-tensile strength with minimum weight have here been expertly fashioned by air craftsmen into Travel Cases of lifetime distinction. Eight models from which to choose. Priced from $24.50 to $67.50. Complete accessories, fittings, zipper compartments, cylinder locks. . . . **At department stores** and exclusive luggage shops everywhere or write — Erle P. Halliburton, Inc., 4059 Goodwin Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

HALLIBURTON AIR-METAL TRAVEL CASES

AIR SEALED
against dust and dirt
MOISTURE PROOF
to prevent mildew
CORROSION PROOF
inside and out
PRECISION MADE
for lifetime ownership

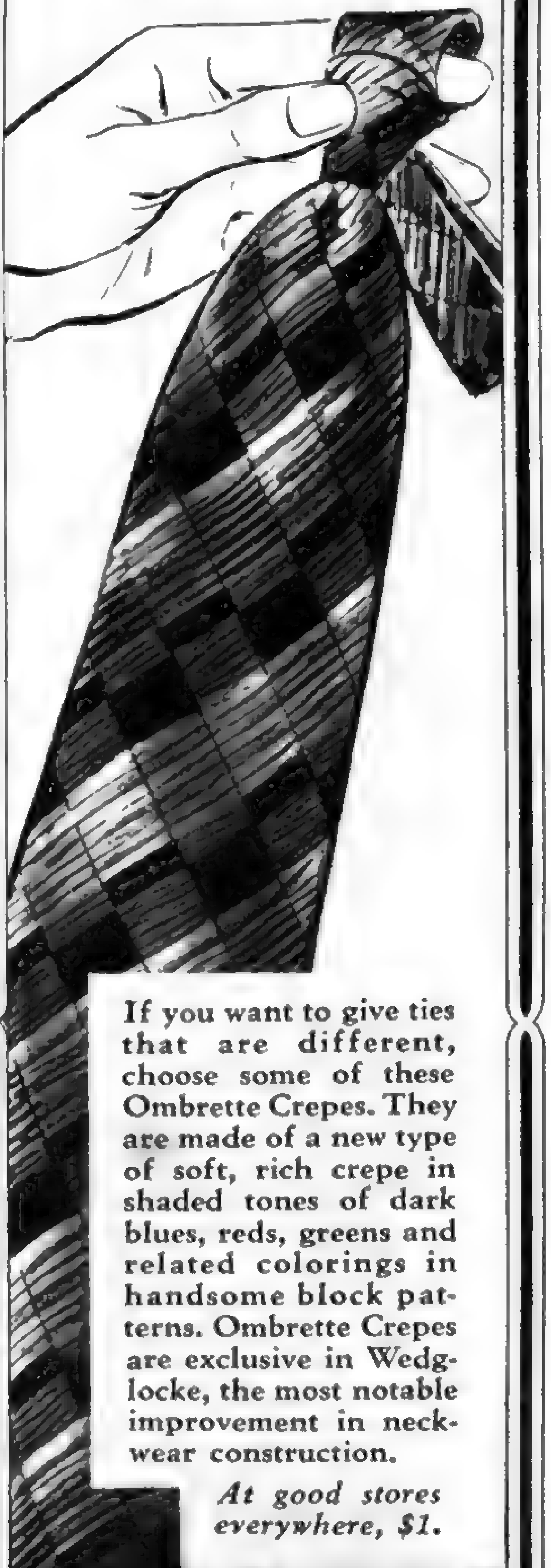
This Christmas **let Halliburton solve your one difficult gift problem!**

Wedglocke NECKWEAR



1. *Patented Wedge seam prevents twisting, insures smooth, graceful drape.*
2. *Lock stitch prevents seam from pulling out, assures lasting service.*

Ombrette CREPE



If you want to give ties that are different, choose some of these Ombrette Crepes. They are made of a new type of soft, rich crepe in shaded tones of dark blues, reds, greens and related colorings in handsome block patterns. Ombrette Crepes are exclusive in Wedglocke, the most notable improvement in neckwear construction.

At good stores everywhere, $1.

WILSON BROTHERS
Chicago · New York
San Francisco

CONTEMPO Related Fashions for Christmas Gifts

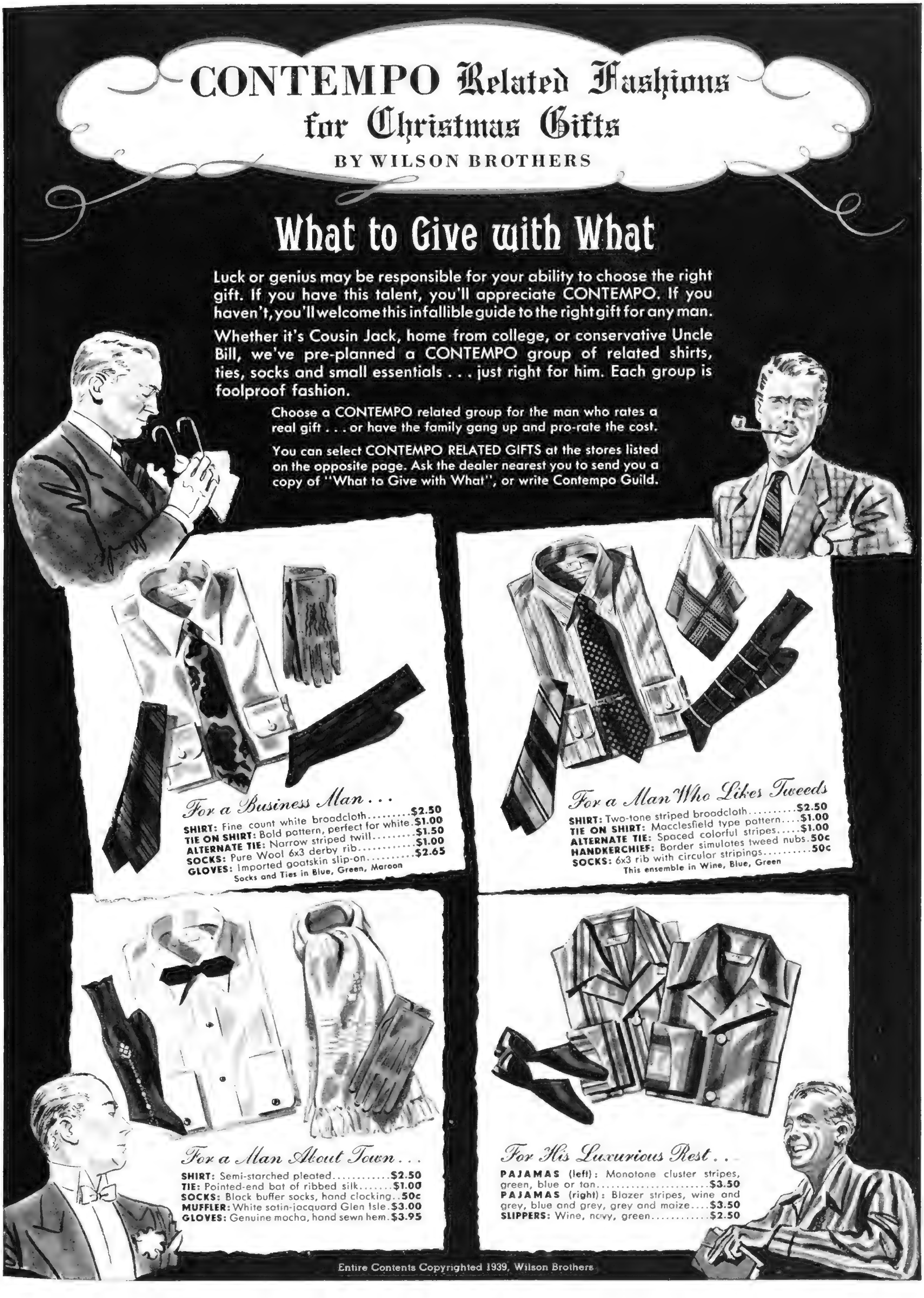
BY WILSON BROTHERS

WILL BE FOUND EXCLUSIVELY AT THE FOLLOWING STORES

Albany, Ga	Hal & Ed's
Albuquerque, N. M.	Meyer and Meyer
Alhambra, Cal	Woodruff's
Alice, Tex	Stickler's
Ann Arbor, Mich	Masten & Chase
Ansonia, Conn	Seccombe's
Appleton, Wis	Wm. Petersen Clo.
Atlantic City, N. J.	Sam Hyman, Inc.
Augusta, Me	D. W. Adams Co.
Aurora, Ill	Stewart's, Inc.
Baltimore, Md	Leed's, Inc.
Bastrop, La	Sol Snyder, Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich	M. S. Gordon Co.
Bay City, Mich	May Clo. Co.
Beardstown, Ill	Mac's Clothes Shop
Beaumont, Tex	George Wilson
Bellingham, Wash	Adams Style Shop
Beloit, Wis	National Clo. House
Berkeley, Cal	J. F. Hink & Son
Big Spring, Texas	Lee Hanson's H'b'dy
Billings, Mont	The D. J. Cole Co.
Blackfoot, Idaho	Massie-Tuohy Co.
Blytheville, Ark	R. D. Hughes
Boise, Idaho	The Mode, Ltd.
Bozeman, Mont	McCracken Bros.
Bridgeport, Conn	Howland's
Bristol, Va	Blakley-Mitchell Co.
Brockton, Mass	Linehan
Brownsville, Texas	Collins Toggery
Brownwood, Tex	Gus. J. Rosenberg
Buffalo, N. Y.	Jacobi Brothers, Inc.
Burlington, Ia	Johnson-Rasmussen
Butte, Mont	O'Neill & Tiddy
Camden, Ark	Watts' & Bro.
Carmel, Cal	Charmak & Chandler
Casper, Wyoming	A. J. Woods
Catskill, N. Y.	Joseph's
Champaign, Ill	Kaufman's
Charleston, W. Va.	Harmon-Isaac-Martin
Charlottesville, Va	Wood's
Chattanooga, Tenn	Koblentz
Chicago, Ill	Baer Bros. & Prodie
Chicago, Ill	Helander & Godey
Chicago, Ill	Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.
Chicago, Ill	Morris Men's Shop
Chicago, Ill	Weiss & Weiss, Inc.
Chico, Cal	Donohue's
Chillicothe, Mo	The Stagg
Cincinnati, Ohio	Burkhardt's
Circleville, Ohio	I. W. Kinsey
Cleveland, O	Geiger's Men's Shop
Coffeyville, Kansas	Belt's
Columbia, S. C.	Copeland Co.
Columbus, Ga	Chancellor Co.
Cortland, N. Y.	A. Louis
Dalton, Ga	John Neal and Sons
Denver, Colo	Denver Dry Goods Co.
Dillon, Mont	McCracken Bros.
Duluth, Minn	The Big Duluth
East Chicago, Ind	Lewin's
Eau Claire, Wis	Campen's
Elmhurst, Ill	H. C. Hesse & Co.
Englewood, N. J.	Law, Inc.
Evansville, Ind	Schear's Dept. Store
Exeter, Cal	Schelling's
Fall River, Mass	McWhirr's
Glencoe, Ill	Fell's
Glendale, Cal	Wilson's
Grand Junction, Col	Rush-Sanford
Grand Rapids, Mich	A. May & Sons
Greenville, Miss	Greenley's
Greenville, Texas	Young's
Gulfport, Miss	Anderson's
Hackensack, N. J.	Law, Inc.
Hammond, Ind	Jack Fox & Sons
Hannibal, Mo	Bowles
Harlingen, Tex	Baum's
Harrisburg, Pa	Ratcliff & Swartz
Havre, Mont	Lou Lucke Co.
Hazleton, Pa	Ben Gauz
Helena, Ark	Ciener's
Helena, Mont	Anderson's
Hempstead, N. Y.	Harry Wolf
Highland Park, Ill	Fell's
Hollywood, Cal	Schwab's
Holyoke, Mass	Fred Johnson
Houston, Texas	Byrd's
Huntington, W. Va.	Amsbary & Johnson
Huron, S. Dak	Hedblom, the Clothier
Idaho Falls, Ida	Rowles-Mack Co.
Indiana Harbor, Ind	Lewin's
Iowa City, Ia	Ewer's
Jackson, Miss	The Hub
Jacksonville, Fla	Donaldson's, Inc.
Jacksonville, Ill	Mac's Clothes Shop
Jamaica, L. I., N. Y.	Gertz, Inc.
Jamestown, N. D.	Beck Clo. Co.
Janesville, Wis	R. M. Bostwick
Johnson City, Tenn	Thomas'
Joliet, Ill	Al Baskin
Kankakee, Ill	Lueth & Cooley
Kansas City, Mo	Rothschild & Sons
Kenosha, Wis	Bell Clothing House
Kingston, N. Y.	Flanagan's
Kirksville, Mo.	Herboth's
Kokomo, Ind.	Galbreath & Stewart, Inc.
Lafayette, Ind	Baltimore Clo. Shop
Lakewood, Ohio	Geiger's
Laramie, Wyo	Woodford Clo. Co.
Laurel, Miss	Mundell's
Lead, S. D.	Finola's Store
Lincoln, Nebraska	Magee's
Little Rock, Ark	Bauman's
Longview, Wash	Myklebust's
Los Angeles, Cal	Harris & Frank
Lubbock, Tex	Durham Burdine Co.
Lynchburg, Va	Franklin's
Macon, Ga	H. Smart Clo. Co.
Madison, Wis	Karstens
Manchester, Conn	Keller's
Manchester, N.H.	Charles M. Floyd Co.
Manhattan, Kan	Don & Jerry, Clothiers
Manitowoc, Wis	Lutz-Scheurell Co.
Mankato, Minn	Matt J. Graif
Marion, Ind	Price-Hutchins Co.
Marion, Ohio	Smith Clothing Co.
McAllen, Tex	Baum's
Medford, Ore	Mann's
Mercedes, Tex	Baum's
Middletown, N. Y.	Wood & Doty
Miles City, Mont	Holt's
Mill Valley, Cal	Albert's
Milwaukee, Wis	Gimbel Bros.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.
Mitchell, S. D.	Grigg Clothing Co.
Moberly, Mo	Duval-Reid Clo. Co.
Monroe, La	Fink, the Tailor
Monterey, Cal	Charmak & Chandler
Monticello, Ark	Model Shoe Store
Mt. Clemens, Mich	Kibble's
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	The Langdon Shop
Muskegon, Mich	Cutshall and Whitney
Nashua, N. H.	Avard's
Newark, N. J.	Hahne & Co.
Newark, Ohio	J. M. Mitchell
New Brunswick, N. J.	Fixler's
New Castle, Pa	The Winter Co.
Newport, Ark	Star Clo. Company
Newport News, Va	Young Men's Shop
New Rochelle, N.Y.	The Langdon Shop
New Ulm, Minn	Tauscheck and Green
New York City, N. Y.	I. Hess
N. Dighton, Mass	Mt. Hope Toggery
Norwich, Conn	John Carvill Co.
Oakland, Cal	Kahn's
Oak Park, Ill	Wm. Y. Gilmore & Sons
Ogden, Utah	C. C. Anderson Co.
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Rothschild's B&M
Parkersburg, W. Va	Devine's
Pasadena, Cal	Leddy's
Paterson, N. J.	Kaplan & Kaplan
Peekskill, N. Y.	Pisani Brothers
Pensacola, Fla	Bland's
Phila., Pa	Broadwood Toggery
Pittsburg, Kansas	Holden's
Pittsfield, Ill	Mac's Clothes Shop
Pocatello, Idaho	Rowles-Mack Co.
Pomona, Cal	Ewart's
Poplar Bluff, Mo	O'Neal Clo. Co.
Port Arthur, Tex	C. T. Baker & Co.
Portland, Me	Hogan Bros.
Portland, Ore	Lipman Wolfe's
Portsmouth, Ohio	Phil Wolff
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	Joseph's
Pueblo, Colo	White & Davis
Quincy, Ill.	Schemmings
Racine, Wis	J. Jorgensen Clo. Co.
Raleigh, N. C.	McLeod & Watson
Reading, Pa	F. A. Iacone
Redding, Cal	Thompsons
Reno, Nevada	Hatton's
Richmond, Va	Jacobs & Levy
Riverside, Cal	McGrath-Olson
Roanoke, Va	Davidson's
Rochester, Minn	O'Connor's
Rockford, Ill	Owens Men's Shop
Rock Island, Ill	Gorham's
Ruston, La	Lewis & Co., Ltd.
Rutland, Vt	Carbine Clo. Co.
St. Cloud, Minn	The Toggery
St. Joseph, Mich	Blake-Wilcox
St. Louis, Mo	Boyd's
St. Paul, Minn.	Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah	Mullett-Kelly
San Angelo, Tex	S. & Q. Clothiers
San Anselmo, Cal	Albert's
San Francisco, Cal	The Emporium
San Francisco, Cal	Hirsch & Price
San Rafael, Cal	Albert's
Santa Ana, Cal	Swanberger's
Santa Barbara, Cal	Oscar Nelson
Seattle, Wash	Martin & Eckmann
Seattle, Wash	Rhodes Dept. Store
Selma, Ala	Lilienthal Mercantile Co.
Shawnee, Ok	Johnson & Templeton
Sioux Falls, So. Dakota	Weatherwax's
South Bend, Ind	Heck & Aker
Spokane, Wash	Fogelquist's, Inc.
Springfield, Ill	Myers Bros.
Springfield, Mo	Marx
Stamford, Conn.	Frank Martin & Sons' Inc.
Tacoma, Wash	Rhodes Bros.
Taft, Cal	Wilson & Pruiett
Terre Haute, Ind	The Herz Store
Toledo, Ohio	The B. R. Baker Co.
Traverse City, Mich	Hamilton's
Tucson, Ariz	Jacome's
Twin Falls, Idaho	Rowles-Mack Co.
Tyler, Texas	Fry & Sons, Inc.
University, Wash	Martin & Eckmann
Visalia, Cal	Schelling's
Warren, Ohio	Rose & Sons
Watertown, S. D.	Michael's
Watsonville Cal	Beazell
Waukegan, Ill	Goldstein's
Waukesha, Wis	Jay Laing & Sons
West Palm Beach, Fla.	Anthony & Sons, Inc.
Whitehall, N. Y.	Carbine Clo. Co.
Whiting, Ind	Winsberg's
Williamsport, Pa	Troisi Tailor, Inc.
Wilmington, Del	Shusters, Inc.
Winnetka, Ill	Fell's
Yankton, S. D.	The Toggery
Yazoo City, Miss	De Ment Warren
York, Pa	McFall's

★ Ask your CONTEMPO store for a copy of the CONTEMPO Gift Book, beautifully illustrated in full actual colors. Or write direct to us. ★

Contempo Men's Wear Guild
New York: 180 Madison Avenue
Chicago: P. O. Box 772
San Francisco: 536 Mission Street
Please send Contempo Book of Fashions to
Name____________________
Street____________________
City__________________ State________



CONTEMPO Related Fashions for Christmas Gifts

BY WILSON BROTHERS

What to Give with What

Luck or genius may be responsible for your ability to choose the right gift. If you have this talent, you'll appreciate CONTEMPO. If you haven't, you'll welcome this infallible guide to the right gift for any man.

Whether it's Cousin Jack, home from college, or conservative Uncle Bill, we've pre-planned a CONTEMPO group of related shirts, ties, socks and small essentials . . . just right for him. Each group is foolproof fashion.

Choose a CONTEMPO related group for the man who rates a real gift . . . or have the family gang up and pro-rate the cost.

You can select CONTEMPO RELATED GIFTS at the stores listed on the opposite page. Ask the dealer nearest you to send you a copy of "What to Give with What", or write Contempo Guild.

For a Business Man . . .

SHIRT: Fine count white broadcloth	$2.50
TIE ON SHIRT: Bold pattern, perfect for white	$1.00
ALTERNATE TIE: Narrow striped twill	$1.50
SOCKS: Pure Wool 6x3 derby rib	$1.00
GLOVES: Imported goatskin slip-on	$2.65

Socks and Ties in Blue, Green, Maroon

For a Man Who Likes Tweeds

SHIRT: Two-tone striped broadcloth	$2.50
TIE ON SHIRT: Macclesfield type pattern	$1.00
ALTERNATE TIE: Spaced colorful stripes	$1.00
HANDKERCHIEF: Border simulates tweed nubs	50c
SOCKS: 6x3 rib with circular stripings	50c

This ensemble in Wine, Blue, Green

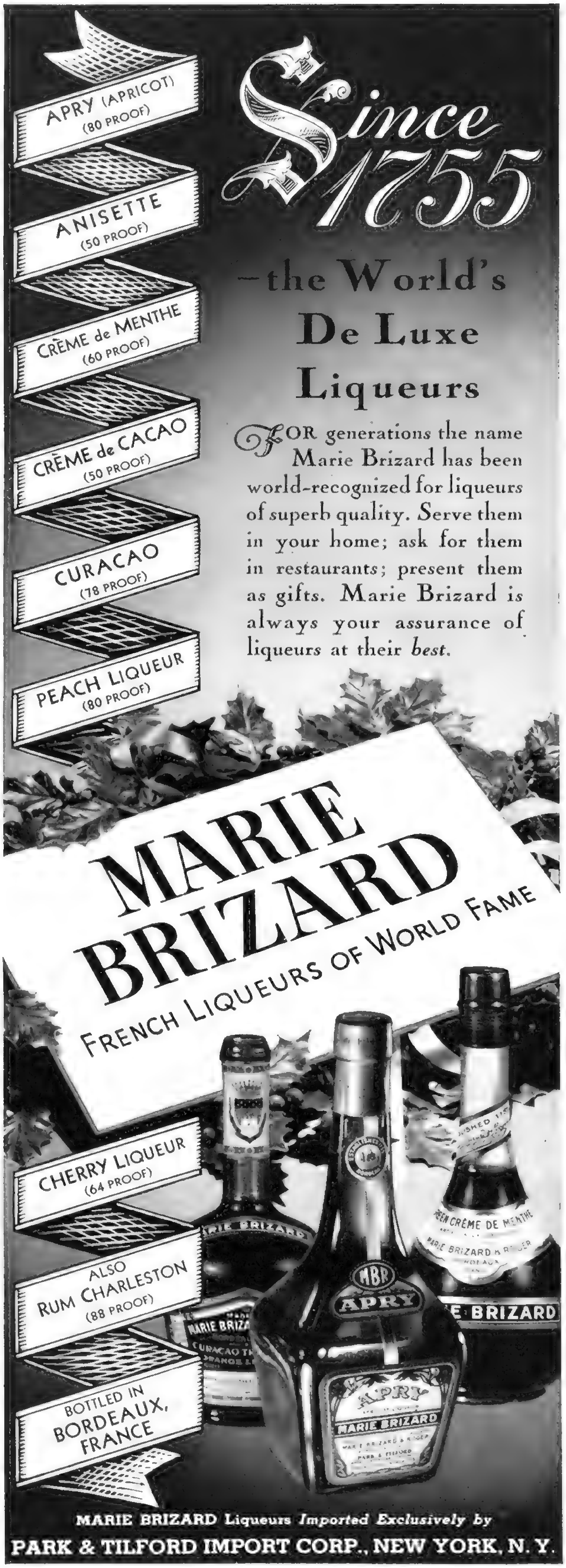
For a Man About Town . . .

SHIRT: Semi-starched pleated	$2.50
TIE: Pointed-end bat of ribbed silk	$1.00
SOCKS: Black buffer socks, hand clocking	50c
MUFFLER: White satin-jacquard Glen Isle	$3.00
GLOVES: Genuine mocha, hand sewn hem	$3.95

For His Luxurious Rest . .

PAJAMAS (left): Monotone cluster stripes, green, blue or tan	$3.50
PAJAMAS (right): Blazer stripes, wine and grey, blue and grey, grey and maize	$3.50
SLIPPERS: Wine, navy, green	$2.50

Entire Contents Copyrighted 1939, Wilson Brothers



Since 1755 — the World's De Luxe Liqueurs

FOR generations the name Marie Brizard has been world-recognized for liqueurs of superb quality. Serve them in your home; ask for them in restaurants; present them as gifts. Marie Brizard is always your assurance of liqueurs at their *best.*

APRY (APRICOT) (80 PROOF)
ANISETTE (50 PROOF)
CRÈME de MENTHE (60 PROOF)
CRÈME de CACAO (50 PROOF)
CURACAO (78 PROOF)
PEACH LIQUEUR (80 PROOF)
CHERRY LIQUEUR (64 PROOF)
ALSO RUM CHARLESTON (88 PROOF)
BOTTLED IN BORDEAUX, FRANCE

MARIE BRIZARD
FRENCH LIQUEURS OF WORLD FAME

MARIE BRIZARD Liqueurs *Imported Exclusively by*
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y.

On the Record

If anyone wants to give this reviewer a record for Christmas here's his list

by **CARLETON SMITH**

• RECORDS •

THE European eruption has kept a few of our favorite artists from us. Some of them are busily working in the armies of their native countries; others are marooned in lands still neutral. Fortunately, many who usually spend their summers abroad were elsewhere. Artur Schnabel and Marjorie Lawrence toured Australia. Rosa Pauly, José Iturbi, Alexander Brailowsky were in South America. Artur Rubinstein and Rose Bampton were in South Africa. Serge Koussevitzky, Eugene Ormandy, Fritz Reiner, Artur Bodansky, Marian Anderson, Lotte Lehmann, Lily Pons, Heifetz, Tibbett and a host of others spent their vacations in this country. The number lost to us is not large, but we shall not forget the missing. In their absence, their discs are the more precious.

In these months of horror and suspense, recorded music is a great boon. It may serve eventually as a means of individual expression and liberty. Should the hate and hysteria which armed conflict engenders one day deter our public from hearing Wagner or Schubert or Brahms or Strauss — not likely, though it did in 1918 — then each individual in the quiet of his home may hear their lieder, operas, tone poems, symphonies — whatever he feels like. Let us never forsake, even temporarily, the great German spirits who are not of "the past," but are actually an indestructible reality of the present.

Music, trite though it is to repeat it, is universal. Now, as seldom before, we realize that it transcends boundaries of time, nationality and war.

Next year the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Middle West's No. 1 musical institution, celebrates its fiftieth birthday — its thirty-sixth season under the baton of Frederick Stock. Exciting plans are in the offing: Beethoven, Brahms, Sibelius and Wagner cycles are planned. Dr. Stock spent the summer scouting around Europe, visited a dozen countries, and more than twenty composers, including Stravinsky, promised him new works. But, knowing composers, he is keeping his fingers crossed until he gets them.

Whatever turns up that is worth recording will be shared by the country. Most significant record news of the year is that the Chicago orchestra has been signed up by the Columbia Broadcasting System's new record subsidiary, and has already cut its first batch of masters. Those who know the distinctive qualities of Frederick Stock's musicianship, its inner warmth and glow, its insight and understanding, anticipate what's in store. Those who are a bit fatigued by the edgy virtuosity to which our eastern orchestras have abandoned themselves look forward to the first of the new releases of Dr. Stock and his band.

The presence of an actual competitor in the field means more outlets and a wider choice in repertoire and artists. Today, RCA-Victor has the lion's share of the top talent under contract, but new artists are always coming up and, from time to time, certain Victor performers will undoubtedly transfer their allegiance to Columbia, to avail themselves of the opportunity of wider repertoire. First big name to swing over is Nelson Eddy, whose initial Columbia album, *In a Persian Garden*, has been released.

Columbia announces that, in addition to its foreign list and repressings of European masters, it will do its utmost for American composers. In sponsoring native music, the English companies have been pioneers. For example, they recorded the entire output of several of their leading contemporaries when their public was apathetic. By making their music available and promoting it, they created a public for it. Of course, union rates for recording sessions in England are but a fraction of what they are here. Columbia will start with compositions for smaller combinations, and later do works requiring full orchestra.

The forgotten American composer may shortly find himself bombarded for new compositions. To have rival record companies knocking on his door will be indeed a novel experience. The companies can be of great assistance to contemporary music. All of us like old faces, old friends, old music—and nothing makes new music old so quickly as a record.

* * *

Not even Santa Claus could induce me to choose records for my friends. In nothing is taste more unpredictable, irrational, and screwy. This list, therefore, goes only for me:

FOR THE COLLECTION

Boyce: *Eight Symphonies.* The New York Simfonietta, Max Goberman conducting. Timely Set 1-K. Exuberant, fresh, unhackneyed, strong 18th century English music that wears forever. The performance is crisp, competent, and to the point. Recording: well balanced except for occasional blasting trumpets and one or two mechanical flaws.

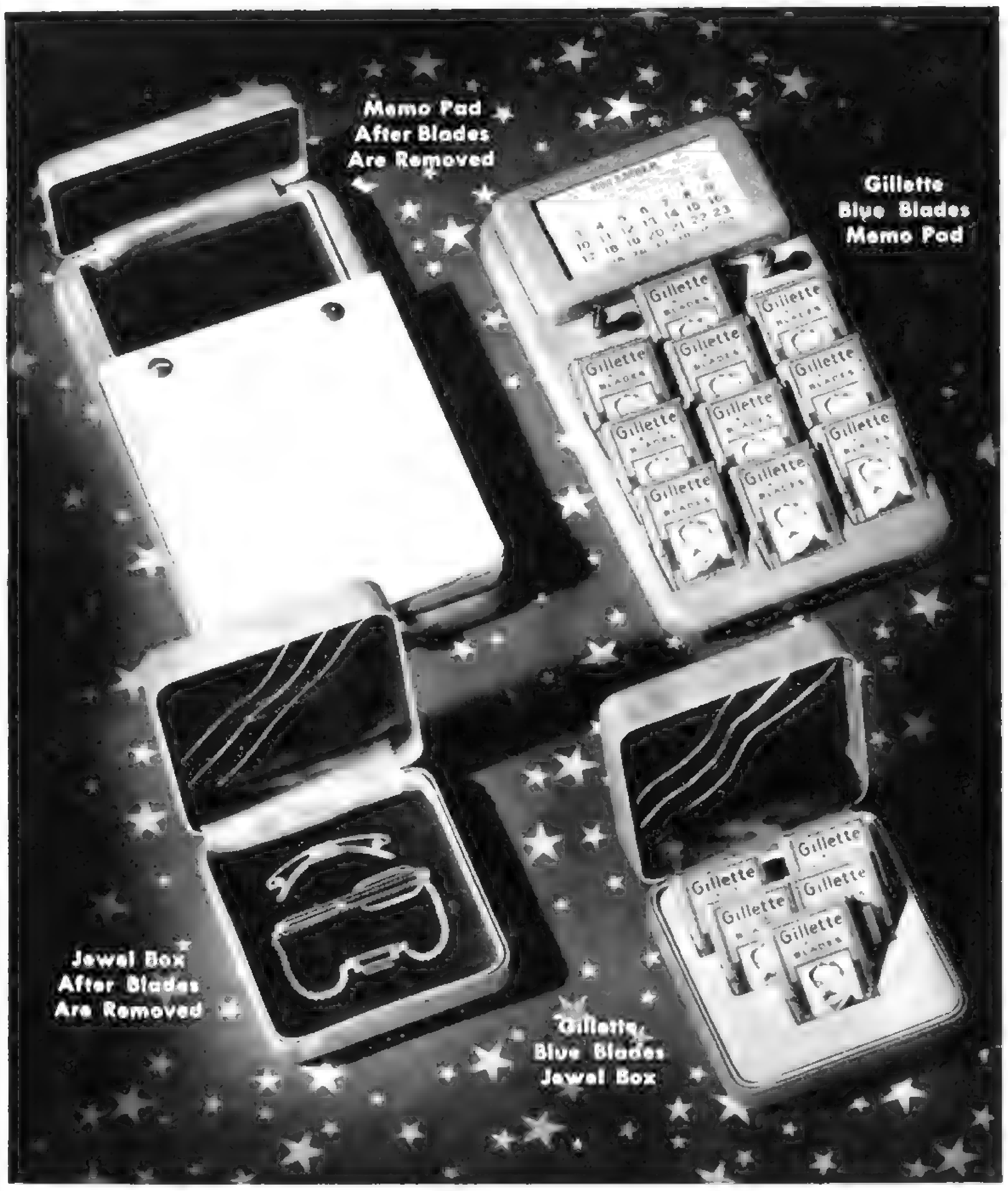
Brahms: *Violin Concerto.* Jascha Heifetz and the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting. Victor Album M-581. Tops in concerto recordings, if you take to Mr. Heifetz' impec-

Continued on page 200

extensive laboratories and employ
metallurgists, who prescribe the
needed and determine
by the manu-
ments. To
ample
fficient
bles and
a beau-
pean
or-

Personal-Practical-7 Gifts Sure to Please

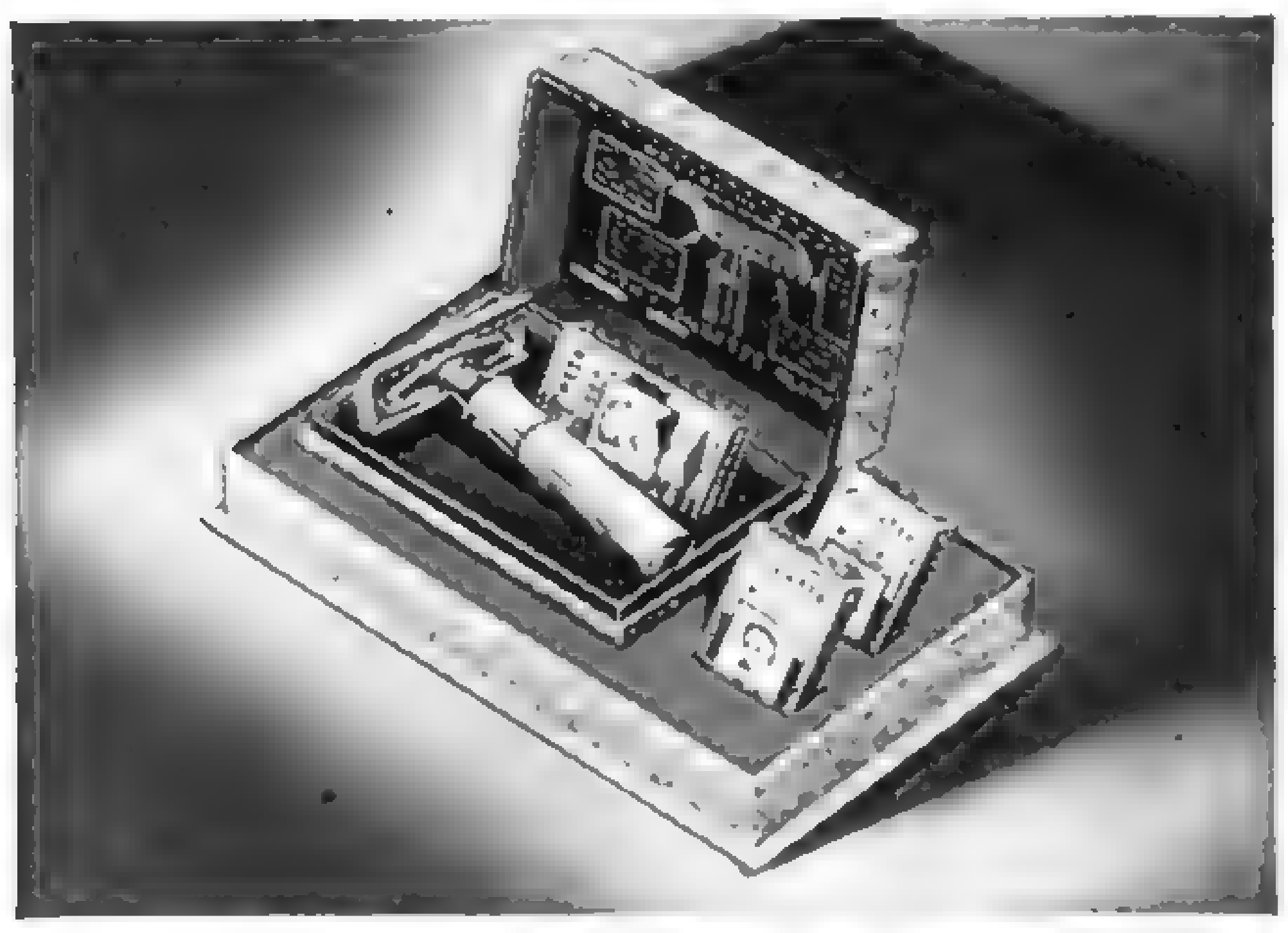
Make This Gillette Page Your Shopping List For Men!


Memo Pad After Blades Are Removed
Gillette Blue Blades Memo Pad
Jewel Box After Blades Are Removed
Gillette Blue Blades Jewel Box

SO YOU can't think of a single thing to give a man for Christmas! Well, don't wrack your brain another minute. Gillette offers seven sure ways to please any man . . . from Dad and Uncle Jim to the postman on your street. For here are gifts every man wants . . . and they're as personal or impersonal as "Merry Christmas" itself.

Prices start at only 98c, so these brilliantly styled gifts are within even a child's Christmas budget. The attractive and useful packages cost you nothing extra . . . you pay only the regular prices for the Gillette merchandise.

Pictured on this page are gift sets both with and without Gillette Razors. In making your selections, remember that every man enjoys owning an extra razor for home, office, traveling kit or locker room. Ask your dealer to show you all seven of these Gillette gift sets. He has them, or can get them for you quickly.



★ **GILLETTE MEMO PAD UNIT** containing 50 Gillette Blue Blades. Made of metal, covered with durable, pigskin-grained fabric, it includes pad of memo paper and perpetual calendar adjustable to any year. Calendar top covers receptacle for stamps, clips, rubber bands, etc. Only $2.45.

★ **GILLETTE JEWEL BOX UNIT** containing 25 Gillette Blue Blades in attractive jewel box constructed of metal, covered with durable pigskin-grained fabric and lined with maroon velveteen. A practical holiday item of year-round utility. Jewel box is free—you pay for the blades alone—$1.25.

★ **THE GILLETTE TECH.** Handsome, transparent casing contains 15 Gillette Blue Blades and nickel-plated Gillette Tech Razor. This razor has four big improvements. (1) Solid bar guard for comfort. (2) Non-skid tread to prevent nicks. (3) Rigid blade support—edges can't vibrate. (4) Non-clogging construction—cleans instantly. Only 98c.

★ **THE GILLETTE SENATOR.** Consisting of a nickel-plated one-piece razor and five Gillette Blue Blades. A twist of the handle opens razor cap to remove or replace blade. Fifteen additional Gillette Blue Blades included. Outstanding value at $1.39.

★ **THE GILLETTE SHERATON** includes one-piece, gold-plated Sheraton Razor and five Gillette Blue Blades in metal case covered with leather-grained fabric. Also 25 additional Gillette Blue Blades and tube of Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream, $2.48.

★ **THE GILLETTE ARISTOCRAT** set contains $4 Gillette Aristocrat one-piece, 24 kt. gold-plated razor and shell with 10 Gillette Blue Blades. Also 20 additional Gillette Blue Blades in special container and tube of Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream, $5.

★ **THE GILLETTE ARISTOCRAT DE LUXE** set contains the $4 Gillette Aristocrat one-piece, 24 kt. gold-plated razor. Also 70 Gillette Blue Blades and two large tubes of Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. An exceptionally impressive gift for $7.23.

"Elected to the Elite"

For Christmas Gifts REMEMBER The Sophistocrat of Cigars

Robt. Burns de Luxe

New York Social Registerites Miss Esme O'Brien and Mr. Harry B. Potts, strong Eli partisans, stop at Yale's campus en route to The Bowl.

● As if by vote, the Robt. Burns Panatela de Luxe has captured the heart of smart society. The reason is at once manifest to a modern man or a sophisticated lady with an eye for the effect of her escort's cigar. Its long, streamlined gracefulness imparts a suavity strictly in harmony with the mood moderne.

Underlying its vogue there is, of course, substantial smoking satisfaction. Credit this to a 100% choice Havana filler, giving mildness without sacrifice of luscious taste. Patrons of higher priced cigars relish its imported taste as a relief to heavy smoking.

Smoke this masterpiece of de luxe cigar making and see for yourself why society has made a vogue of the sophistocratic Robt. Burns Panatela de Luxe.

Robt. Burns

Panatela de Luxe 10¢

THE SOPHISTOCRAT OF CIGARS

COPYRIGHT 1936, GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC

On the Record

Continued from page 198

cable artistry and Dr. Koussevitzky's Brahms. Recording: AAAA-1.

Haydn: *London Trios No. 1 in C major, No. 3 in C major, for flutes and cello.* Henri Bové and Frederick Wilkins (flutes), Sterling Hunkins, (cello). Musicraft 1024, 1025. Music and performance that beggar description, deserving only rave notices. The flutes sing as I had forgotten they could. Recording: 100%.

Richard Strauss: *Ariadne and Naxos.* Ariadne's air. Lotte Lehmann. Decca PG25816. The heroine's call from a music drama absent from our opera houses. It is on records that we must rely for any acquaintance with chamber opera. No theatre in our land produces them. Fortunately, this excerpt was waxed long enough ago to catch the quality, the pure erotic sensuality of Mme Lehmann's voice in its prime—before her vocal faults became so pronounced as they are today. Even here, though, her top notes are not as beautiful as the others. She helps herself with vitality and youthful exuberance, and gives the full feeling to the text. Recording: clear, one of Decca's best.

Wagner: *Koenig's Gebet* (*Lohengrin*) *and Abendstern* (*Tannhauser*). Alexander Kipnis. Columbia 7280-M. The Metropolitan's new bass suggests what he holds in store for discriminating opera goers. Hear the opening plea of the King, and you know that a great man speaks. An operatic album by Kipnis should be cut this winter.

* * *

FOR THE SEASON

Beethoven: *Symphony No. 6* ("*Pastoral*"). Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Max von Schilling. Decca 25493-98. A pleasant, amiable performance full of naïve charm and beauty. It is healthy and flows. If not profound and clear, it gives a view of Beethoven to which we can return with amazement and profit. The recording, made over a decade ago, is not first class. It is sold at reduced prices and is for those who do not insist on higher fidelity.

Milhaud: *Operas Minutes.* Ensemble Pro Musica, directed by the composer. Columbia Set No. 309. The utmost in concentration, three discs here present three entire operas, based on the texts of a French John Erskine, Henri Hoppenot, who has modernized the stories of Ariadne, Theseus and Europa. The voices, as voices, are not beautiful. The music is effective, but only for ears prepared to receive it. Recording: good.

Prokofieff: *Peter and the Wolf.* Boston Symphony Orchestra, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, with Richard Hale, narrator. Victor M-566. An orchestral fairy tale, like *Alice in Wonderland*, for children from six to sixty. Soviet Russia's most effective experiment in music for the people, this is an apt and suggestive commentary on recognizable everyday happenings. You can read as much political implication as you like into it. If you like, you can find none: only delightful, catchy music. The work has more than surface charm. Prokofieff, formerly music's big bad wolf, has softened from sneering to an indulgent smile. Doctor Koussevitzky supplies the exact quality of pictorial imagination to make the tale live, and Richard Hale absorbs from him a sense of the precise timbre and expression. 99.44% sure-fire as a gift for connoisseurs and novices. Would rate the Collection if its clever, tuny leading motives were better.

Ernest Charles: *The House on a Hill* and *My Parting Gift* (Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett-Elinor R. Warren). Sung by Frederick Jagel. Victor 1979. Typical American ballads of casual value. Mr. Jagel's diction is good, his intention admirable, his quality a bit throaty and his high tones forced.

* * *

FOR THE WEEK END

French Piano Music (Fauré, Chabrier, Pierné, de Severac, Debussy). Emma Boynet. Victor M-549. Playing is good as would be expected from the pupil and collaborator of Isidor Phillip. Conception and feeling are not overwhelming. They are authoritative and obviously the effort of a specialist. Might extend into Season if you are susceptible to the music. Recording, O.K.

Gershwin: *Piano Concerto in F.* Paul Whiteman and his concert orchestra with Roy Bargy, pianist. Decca Album No. 57. Gershwin at his best in a recording that, for all present purposes, does him justice. It's music that millions like, music Paul Whiteman can do. The surfaces are smooth, the balance between solo instruments and orchestra, good. Worth more than the dough it costs.

Gluck: *Iphigenie En Aulide, Overture and Adagio* from Corelli Sonata. Columbia Broadcasting Symphony directed by Howard Barlow. Columbia Set No. X-138. Wagner's re-shaping of the Gluck overture is not to my taste and neither is Mr. Barlow's performance. The essential Gluck escapes them both: it will not yield itself to Wagner's obvious dramatizing nor to Mr. Barlow's small spirit. The detail is clear, the approach correct, and the recording splendid. The Corelli fares better.

Poulenc: *Deux Novelettes, Caprice pour Piano.* Composer at the piano. Columbia 68919-D. Plays like most composers conduct. Technique, muddy; sleeps on the pedal. Tone: sweet. For Poulenc fans.

* * *

FOR THE INCINERATOR

Delius: *Cradle Song, Nightingale, Evening Voices.* Dora Labette, soprano, accompanied by Sir Thomas Beecham. Columbia 9092-M. Combines a dilettante's raving with a bombardment by Sir Thomas on the piano. Miss Labette's voice is flat, artificial. Delius is lost in the scrimmage.

De Falla: *Jota, and Consejo*

Continued on page 202

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW . . .

the Man behind the Mask?

It's not just a man to whom you are giving a Christmas gift. He's a certain kind of man. If you know him well enough to peer behind that mask, you know that your gift should be a certain kind of gift. If shirts are your intended Xmas beneficence, you'll do well to follow Essley's 3-way blending of man and gift. Anyway is a good way because famed Essley Shirts are superlatively good with their deft Troy Tailoring and their connoisseur's choice of patterns.

FOR THE NEAT CONSERVATIVE DRESSER... Essley Shirts with the original Trubenized* Collar that stays fresh and neat all day long . . . morning to night!

FOR THE ECONOMY-MINDED MAN... Essley Shirts with the famous Everness Collar that is guaranteed to outwear even the body of the shirt.

FOR THE FASHION-ALERT MAN... Essley Fraternity Row Shirts are precisely the fashions now being worn by the best dressed upper classmen at leading universities.

$1.65 to $2.50

ESSLEY SHIRTS

ESSLEY SHIRT COMPANY · EMPIRE STATE BLDG. NEW YORK, N. Y.

THIS YEAR
Give Leather
by RUMPP

Leading stores are showing a fascinating variety* of gifts in leather by Rumpp.

THE "STERLING OF LEATHERWARE"
No other mark distinguishes so *many different* gifts in leather.

1—OVERNIGHTERS Amazingly complete, compact, and light. Stow easily in briefcase or overnight bag. This has 9 essentials in a 4 x 8 inch compartment! Choice of many assortments and leathers for both men and women. $2.50 to $7.50.

2—POKER CHIP SETS—marvelously compact. 6 individual chip trays for 50 chips. $20. And many other styles.

3—TIE-DEES are kind to ties. Fold flat for travel. Stand or hang up at journey's end. In many leathers. $3.50 to $7.50. Also collar cases to match.

4—BILLFOLDS—slim and trim with numerous compartments. With or without zippers. $1 to $10. KEY-PURS 50c to $2. Some with identification pockets. Matched sets, too. Such outstanding leathers as goat, seal and ostrich.

5—JEWEL CASES for jewelry needed on the trip. Pins, rings, collar buttons. Padded suede interior. Variety of leathers and colors. Also can be used by milady. $3 to $7.50.

6—TRAVEL CASES—smart, new, air-light. Will carry all the needs for your travels. Belt grip for comb, nail file, etc. Snap clasp. Various styles. $3.50 to $10. Completely fitted cases, too, for men and women.

*Tobacco pouches, clothes brushes, fitted travel cases, picture frames, desk sets, and many other fine leather gifts for men and women have been styled in leather by Rumpp—since 1850.

TRADE MARK

C. F. RUMPP & SONS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

On the Record

Continued from pages 198-200

from Don Quijote de la Manche. Lucrezia Bori, assisted by George Copeland at the piano. Victor 1928. Miss Bori's voice was usually hard, cold and wiry. Here it is flat and spreads. She screeches and scoops it beyond all recognition.

Teeter-Totter Tessie, Wishing from *One for the Money; All the Time, Terribly Attractive* from *Stars in Your Eyes.* Ted Straeter and orchestra. Liberty Music Shop 259-260. Drab, ordinary playing distorts the tune; solo voices bad. Surfaces scratchy and fourth-class.

Victor Black Label Classics:

Brahms: *Lullaby and Hungarian Dance No. 5*

Kreisler: *Tambourin Chinois and Caprice Viennois.* Rosario Bourdon and Victor Salon Orchestra. Victor 26307-06.

Debussy: *Claire de Lune* and Sibelius: *Valse Triste.* Victor Concert Orchestra. Victor No. 36227.

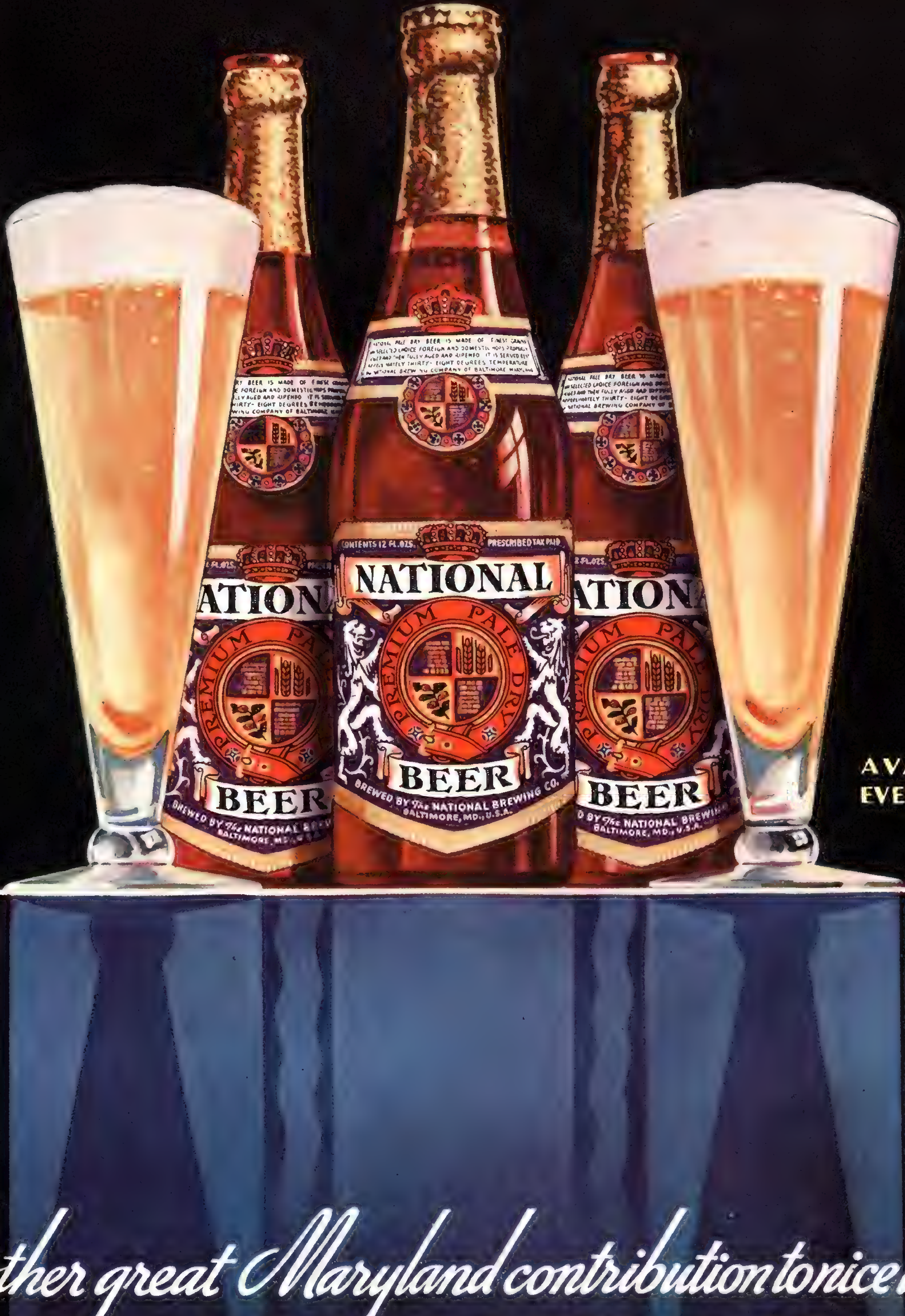
Sibelius: *Finlandia.* Victor Symphony Orchestra. Victor No. 36228.

The blurbs describe these popular priced records as "played by splendid new orchestras assembled exclusively for Victor Records, and enlisting the services of the very cream of American orchestral players. . . . Directed by a conductor of the first rank . . . etc., etc." Reads well, but doesn't sound so good.

These house orchestras, inferior in tone and quality, are definitely third-rate. Lack of distinguished leadership hits you in the face as hackneyed pieces suffer without it more than substantial ones. Technically, the recordings are okay, but in records as elsewhere you get what you pay for. ⌗

BEST SELLERS

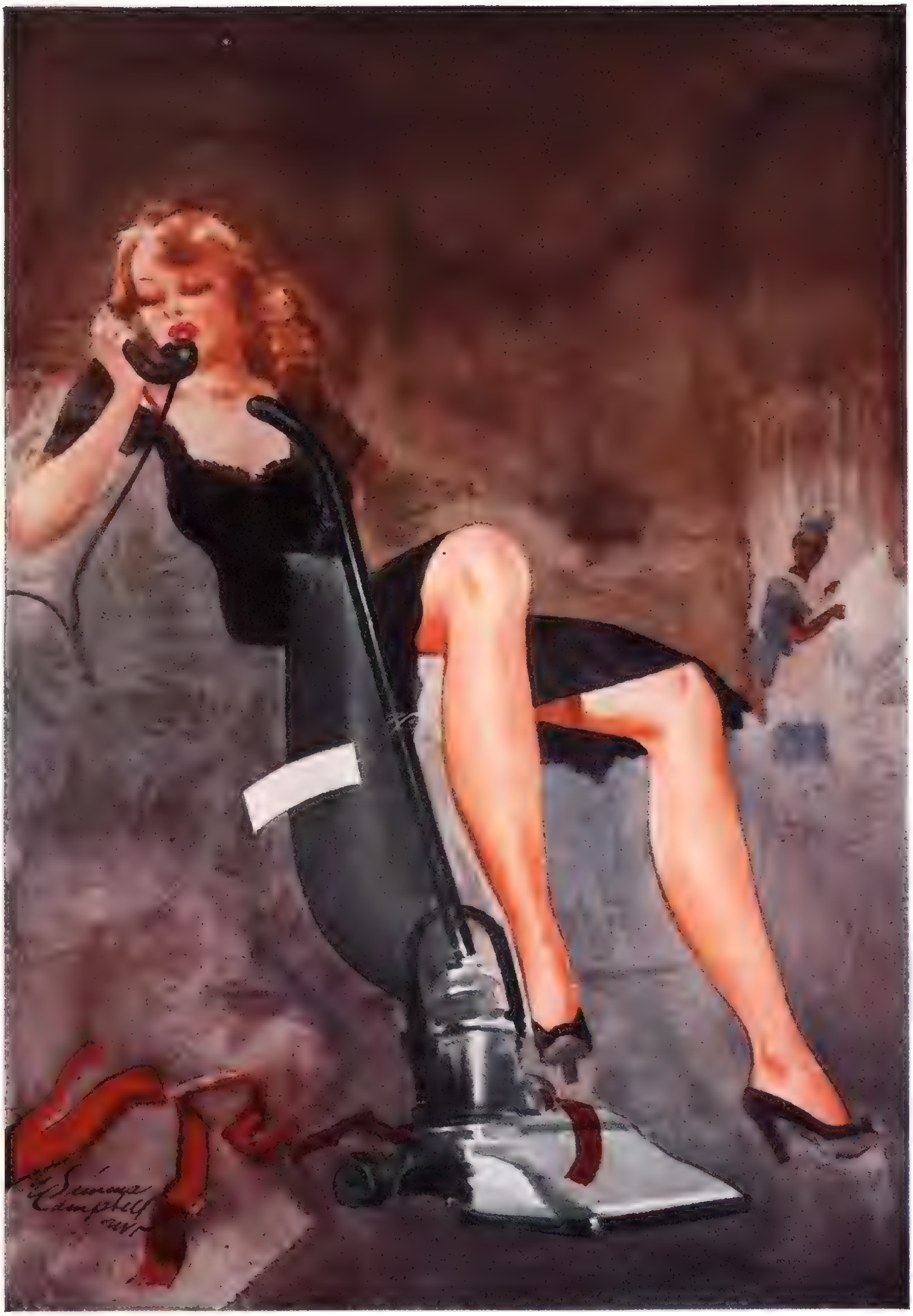
Permanent	*Transient*
RCA Manufacturing Co., Camden, N. J.	
(VICTOR)	
Blue Danube Waltz Op. 314; Tales From The Vienna Woods Op. 325; (J. Strauss); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. 15425	*Beer Barrel Polka; Hot Pretzels;* Glahe Muzette. V-710
Gershwin Memorial Album; Victor Salon Group. C-29 12332-12336	*Over The Rainbow; The Jitterbug;* Larry Clinton. 26174
None But The Lonely Heart, Op. 6 (Tschaikowsky); *Myself When Young (In a Persian Garden);* Lawrence Tibbett. 1706	*The Man With The Mandolin; Winter Blossoms;* Wayne King. 26314
	(BLUEBIRD)
Ave Maria (Schubert); *Aufenthalt* (Schubert); Marian Anderson. 14210	*Sunrise Serenade; Moonlight Serenade;* Glenn Miller. B-10214
A Boston "Pops" Concert; Arthur Fiedler & Boston "Pops" Orchestra. M-551 4427-4429 12428-12429	*Cinderella Stay In My Arms; Moon Love;* Glenn Miller. B-10303
Hungarian Rhapsody—No. 2 (Parts I and II) (Liszt—arr. Muller); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. 14422	*I Can't Afford to Dream; Comes Love;* Artie Shaw. B-10324
	I Poured My Heart Into A Song; When Winter Comes; Artie Shaw. B-10307
Musicraft Records, Inc., New York	**Decca Records, Inc., New York**
(MUSICRAFT)	**(DECCA)**
Negro Sinful Songs; Lead Belly. Album No. 31	*An Apple for the Teacher;* Bing Crosby & Connie Boswell; *Still the Bluebird Sings;* Bing Crosby & John Scott Trotter. 2640
A Harpsichord Recital; Ralph Kirkpatrick. Album No. 25	*Over the Rainbow; The Jitterbug;* Judy Garland & Victor Young. 2672
Nine Choral Preludes (Bach); Carl Weinrich. Album No. 22	*Medley of Gus Edwards Song Hits; In My Merry Oldsmobile;* Bing Crosby & The Music Maids. 2700
Trio in E Major, K. 542; *Trio in C Major,* K. 548 (Mozart); Kurt Appelbaum, Roman Totenberg, Fritz Magg. Album No. 29	
From the American Songbag; Carl Sandburg. Album No. 11	
Liberty Music Shop, Inc., New York	
Die Walküre—Act II; (Wagner); Lotte Lehmann, Lauritz Melchior, etc. & The Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Victor M-582	*Over The Rainbow; Merry Old Land of Oz;* Ralph Blane. Liberty L-268
Concerto No. 5, E. Flat Major (Emperor); (Beethoven); Walter Gieseking. Columbia Set 243	*Good Night My Beautiful; Are You Having Any Fun;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26335
Petrouchka Ballet (Strawinsky); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-574	*Siberian Sleighride; The Tobacco Auctioneer;* Raymond Scott Quintet. Brunswick 8452
The Gramophone Shop, Inc., New York	
Overture of Consecration of the House, Opus 124; (Beethoven); Weingartner & The London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia Set X-140	*Good Night My Beautiful; Are You Having Any Fun;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26335
Suite for Viola and Piano (Bloch); William Primrose and Fritz Kirzinger. Victor Set 575	*Off To See The Wizard; If I Only Had A Brain;* Gray Gordon. Victor 26328
Symphony No. 86 in D. Major; (Haydn); Bruno Walter & London Symphony Orchestra. Victor Set 578	*Over The Rainbow; Address Unknown;* Horace Heidt. Brunswick 8441


CONTENTS 12 FL.OZS.
PRESCRIBED TAX PAID
NATIONAL
PREMIUM PALE DRY
BEER
BREWED BY The NATIONAL BREWING CO.
BALTIMORE, MD., U.S.A.

AVAILABLE
EVERYWHERE

Another great Maryland contribution to nice living.

THE NATIONAL BREWING CO.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
A. H. DEUTE, PRESIDENT


E. Simms Campbell

"Mrs. Corbett, I think your husband mixed up our Christmas presents—did you receive a mink coat?"

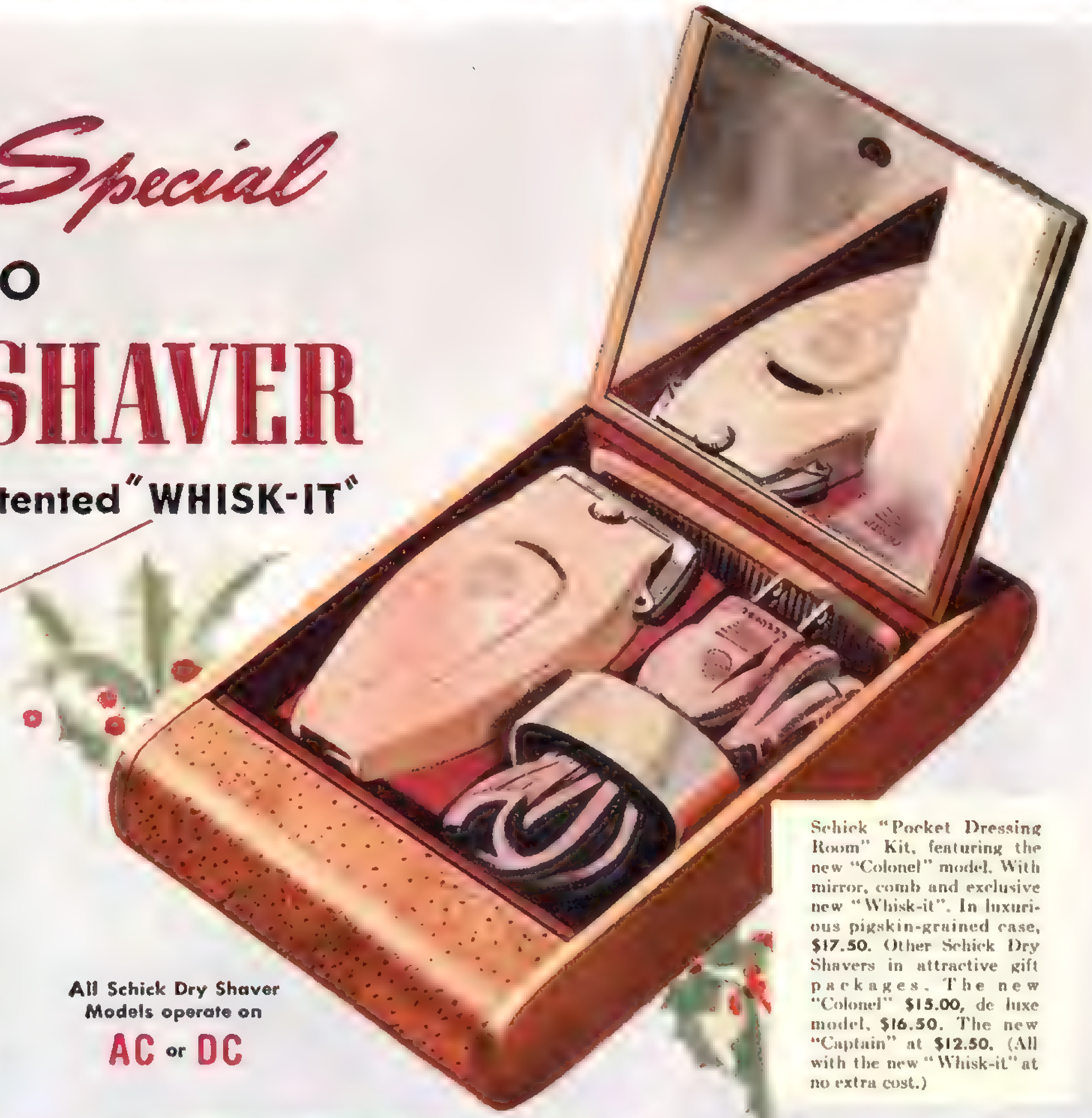
Give Him an "Extra Bathroom" for Christmas!

Christmas Special

NEW 1940

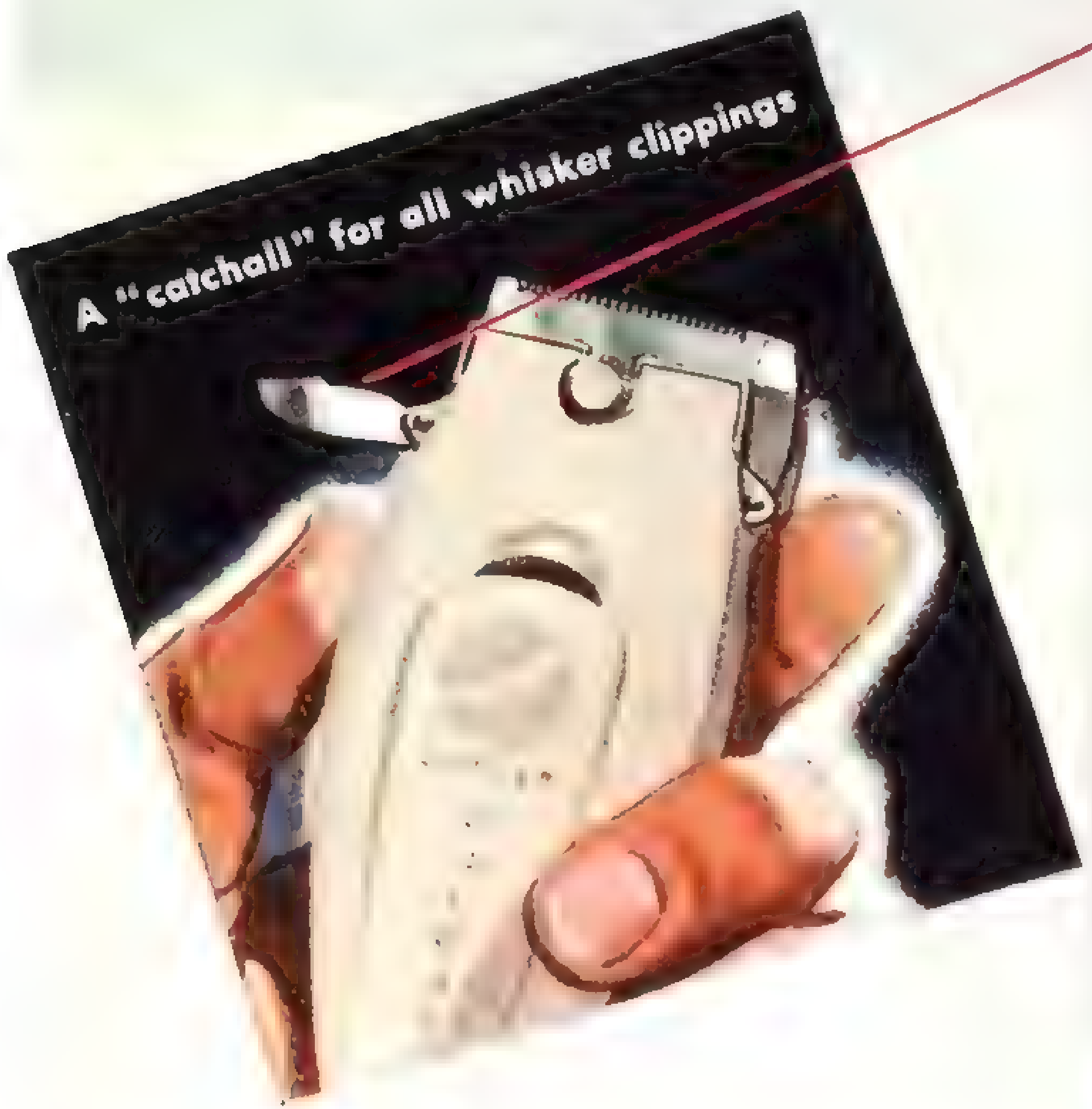
SCHICK DRY SHAVER

equipped with the new patented "WHISK-IT"



All Schick Dry Shaver Models operate on AC or DC

Schick "Pocket Dressing Room" Kit, featuring the new "Colonel" model. With mirror, comb and exclusive new "Whisk-it". In luxurious pigskin-grained case, **$17.50.** Other Schick Dry Shavers in attractive gift packages. The new "Colonel" **$15.00,** de luxe model, **$16.50.** The new "Captain" at **$12.50.** (All with the new "Whisk-it" at no extra cost.)


A "catchall" for all whisker clippings

FREE! . . . with all Christmas Schick Dry Shaver models, an ingenious new improvement, the "Whisk-it". Fitted to the shearing head, it catches all whisker clippings, removes last vestige of fuss and muss from shaving. Takes shaving out of the bathroom. Permits shaving anywhere, in any room, at home or office, before or after dressing!

He can shave after dressing, if he likes, as he reads his morning newspaper, or looks over his morning mail.

Now he can shave anywhere in the house; any electric outlet becomes an extra bathroom, so far as shaving is concerned.

Schick Dry Shaver leads again with another big advance in electrical shaving. New "Whisk-it" feature ends morning bathroom jam —permits shaving anywhere.

THE "WHISK-IT" comes with every Christmas Schick Dry Shaver . . . that's our special Christmas bonus for your man. But above all, he'll welcome the Schick Dry Shaver itself. Because it means years of civilized, nickless, painless shaving. No more expense for blades, soaps and lotions. Freedom from razor-blade skin. When you give him a Schick Dry Shaver, you give him the best.

Of the millions of dry shavers in use today, more than half are Schicks. Many imitators have gone as far as they dared in infringing Schick Dry Shaver patented principles. But compromises, made in their efforts to conceal infringement, have kept imitators far behind Schick in efficient, dependable performance.

Powered by a real Universal Motor . . . not merely a vibrating mechanism. Operates on AC or DC, with no annoying vibration . . . insures uniform cutting speed, hence no jerks, no pull.

Faster, Safer, Cleaner Shaves . . . Patented "Speed King" shearing head whisks off beard clean and close with no nicks, cuts or skin irritation possible.

• • •

SCHICK DRY SHAVER, INC., STAMFORD, CONN.
In Canada: (at slightly higher prices) distributed by Schick Shaver, Ltd. . . . Schick Dry Shaver, Inc., has no connection with—and is not responsible for—the Schick Injector Razor, or the Schick Magazine Repeating Razor, made by the Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

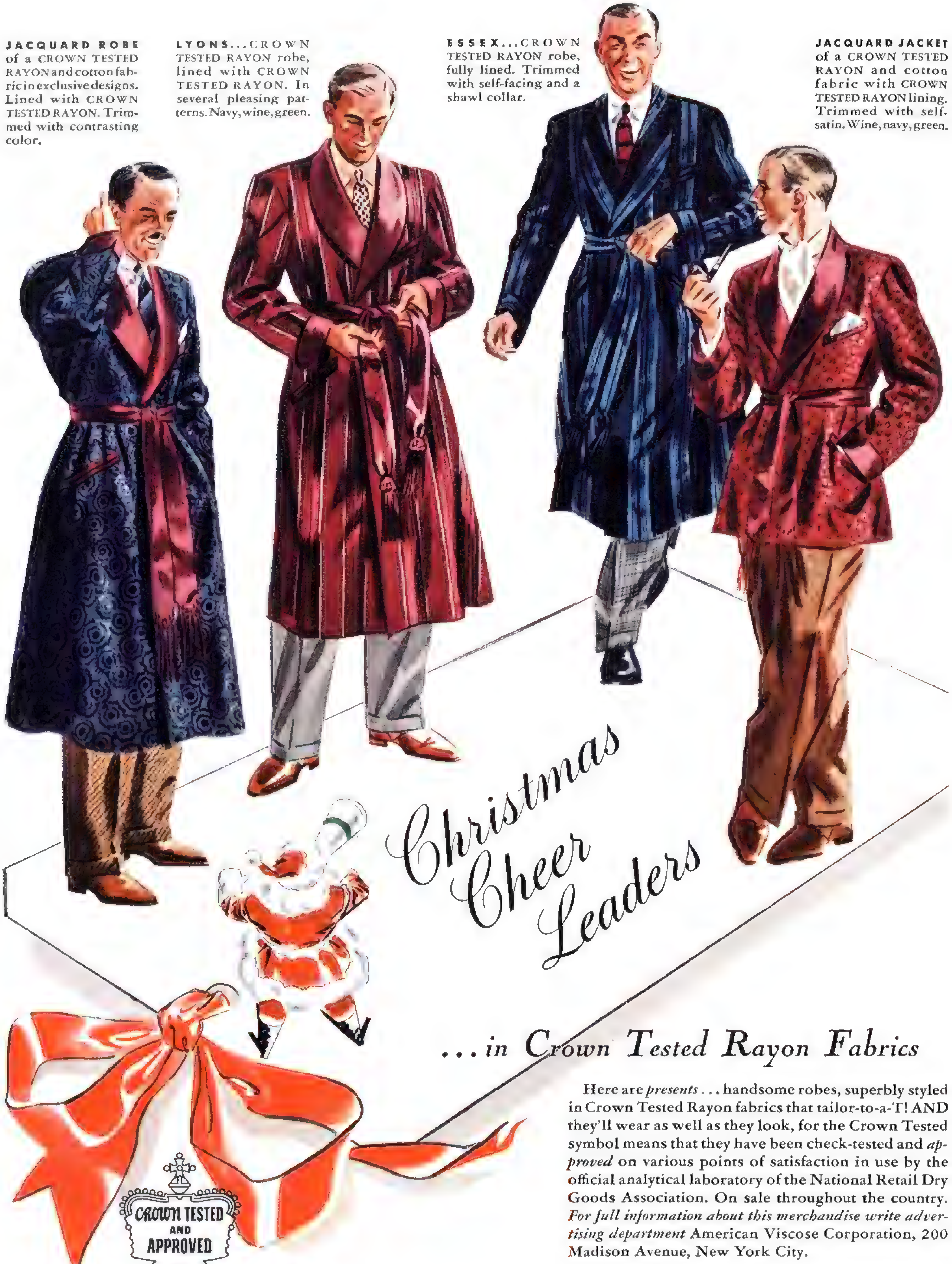
. . . and, on mornings when he oversleeps, he can skip shaving entirely until after he gets to the office.

JACQUARD ROBE of a CROWN TESTED RAYON and cotton fabric in exclusive designs. Lined with CROWN TESTED RAYON. Trimmed with contrasting color.

LYONS...CROWN TESTED RAYON robe, lined with CROWN TESTED RAYON. In several pleasing patterns. Navy, wine, green.

ESSEX...CROWN TESTED RAYON robe, fully lined. Trimmed with self-facing and a shawl collar.

JACQUARD JACKET of a CROWN TESTED RAYON and cotton fabric with CROWN TESTED RAYON lining. Trimmed with self-satin. Wine, navy, green.



Christmas Cheer Leaders

...in Crown Tested Rayon Fabrics

Here are *presents*... handsome robes, superbly styled in Crown Tested Rayon fabrics that tailor-to-a-T! AND they'll wear as well as they look, for the Crown Tested symbol means that they have been check-tested and *approved* on various points of satisfaction in use by the official analytical laboratory of the National Retail Dry Goods Association. On sale throughout the country. *For full information about this merchandise write advertising department* American Viscose Corporation, 200 Madison Avenue, New York City.

CROWN TESTED AND APPROVED
CROWN RAYON

Copr. 1939
American Viscose Corp.
The World's Largest Producer of Rayon Yarn

The First Name in Rayon . . . The First in Tested Quality

Fit To Be Yuletide

How to make Wynken, Blynken and Nod, Tom and Jerry, Thomas and Jeremiah

by LAWTON MACKALL

▪ POTABLES ▪

NOEL *is* important, if only for its nuisance value. Something just has to be done about it. But we moderns, in rising to the occasion, are so cramped, so hambound. When we might be rushing out into Central Park to cut down great logs for the fireplace, we're sitting grouching over what the hell to give Aunt Hannah (Whiskey? Rum? Milk?) and figuring whether or not we can stand the Gimishes at our festive board. You'd think Kris Kringle was the Collector of Internal Revenue.

It isn't so much that man's capacity for enjoyment has shrunk as that his stupidity, which he likes to think of as sophistication, has ballooned up and dragged him after it kicking and screaming about "the complications of life." Workdays and holidays he's this same self-made marionette, except that Christmas brings fancier harness and more of it. So don't expect capers.

Good thing the Squire of Mount Vernon isn't here today to witness this denatured gaiety on the part of his alleged spiritual carry-oners. We'd seem more like foundlings (to put it mildly) than heirs. I know so because of a document I once had the privilege of handling, signed "G. Washington," which states that John Whoozis is hereby engaged as butler at so many pounds per year with the proviso that he is to give diligent, faithful service and stay sober at all times with the exception of Christmas and New Year's. Particulars as to deportment on the specified occasions are not gone into, but the tone of the document breathes mutual understanding.

Now I ask you, are we Americans as thoughtful today of the interests and party rights of parties of the second part? Are we our butlers' keepers, making clear to them the fine distinction between the 363 days of the year when they must remain strictly upright on the job, and the two special days when we must try to remember not to trip over them? Hardly. In fact, consulting my own heart which I take to be typical, I would say that if *I* possessed a cellar equal to that of Mount Vernon in George Washington's time, with its hundreds upon hundreds of gallons of whiskey, rum, Madeira, port, sherry, and claret, any butler I engaged would walk a chalk line, forty feet away, with a detective watching him. And the only difference on holidays would be that there would be two detectives instead of one. But don't misjudge me. I'd *want* to be my butler's keeper and would gladly attempt to be for, say, fifteen minutes or half an hour. Anything more would overtax my nerve stamina. That the founder of our nation was able to carry this responsibility for years without a fissure appearing in his *sang-froid*, or a cask missing, was an achievement which no doubt prepared him for subsequent cares in our behalf.

Those were great days anyway you look at them. The early settlers had planted apple trees and started importing Madeira, and by the middle of the eighteenth century a New England clergyman, stowing away forty barrels of hard cider for winter, wondered anxiously whether spring would find him short. Obviously a real Christmaser. And we puny successors think we are diving off the deep end when we take three Jack Roses in a row: one-quarter lemon juice, one-quarter grenadine, one-half apple brandy. (Some use sixths against two-thirds apple.)

Speaking of derivatives of the fruit that Eve bit into, a retired Major of Marines has entrusted me with a days-of-yore holiday time concoction which is slightly on the haymaker side if toyed with carelessly, to wit:

THOMAS AND JEREMIAH

Procure one great big tall glass. Instead of using hot water, use hot sweet cider. But not yet. Instead of using white sugar, use brown sugar. But not yet. Pour in one and one-half jiggers of either white or brown rum. White preferred. Just a touch of either lime or lemon juice. Lime preferred. Add sugar to taste. After injecting the rum, and other ingredients, fill with the hot cider, and then. . . . GOOD NIGHT, DEAR.

Tush! If the major's true nature hadn't been undermined by the softening influence of trout fishing, which he confesses he has been indulging in since on the loose, he wouldn't be speaking of a mere silken nightcap. He would fume of the joys of flapdragoning—that old Dutch parlor sport which, introduced into England in the time of Good Queen Bess, spread its popularity there and over here till well into the nineteenth century. Also known as snapdragon, it's a game of bobbing for lighted sugarplums, raisins, or grapes at the edge of a shallow dish of flaming liquor. Only cowards use fingers as go-betweens. Where whiskers are involved, virtuosity is essential; the actual swallowing, however, is less alarming than it looks, for the captives go out the instant they go in. Our one real handicap is the fact that, thanks to the smoother liquors of today, we are not as fire-acclimated as were our forefathers, whose throats must have become vague as to whether a beverage was ignited or not.

Lest I seem to forget in my gladness at meeting Thomas and

Continued on page 208

Merry Christmas

FOR HEDONISTS*

*Hedonists . . . those who believe in the philosophy that positive pleasure is the aim of life.

FOR the man who chooses his tobaccos as carefully as he selects his wines—we recommend Balkan Sobranie . . . the world's most exclusive blend . . . Created 60 years ago in London, Balkan Sobranie is today a favorite among the connoisseurs of the Courts, Clubs and Embassies of Europe. It is a blend of fine old Virginia and magnificent Yenidje (Turkish) . . . a blend that affords a *naturally* cool smoke and a soft, mellow flavor, an exquisite aroma. For Balkan Sobranie contains no artificial flavorings. If you want to thrill the heart and palate of a Hedonist, give him Balkan Sobranie for Christmas.

Packed in vacuum tins that bring you the tobacco in perfectly fresh condition exactly as it leaves the London blender . . . now available in the handsome Christmas carton above, containing two 50¢ tins. For the de Luxe gift, choose the Sobranie Sampler, containing four full-size tins, each of a different blend—price $2.00. If your dealer cannot supply you, send check with attached coupon to Sobranie House, 119 West 23rd St., N. Y. C., and your order will be mailed to you prepaid.

Sobranie Ltd., Sobranie House, London, England

SOBRANIE HOUSE, 119 West 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.
Gentlemen:
Enclosed please find:

$......for ( ) Christmas cartons of Balkan Sobranie Smoking Mixture (containing two 50c tins) . . . at $1.00 per carton.
$......for ( ) Christmas cartons of Sobranie Sampler (containing a 50c tin each of four different blends) . . . at $2.00 per carton.
$......for ( ) 50c tins of Balkan Sobranie Smoking Mixture.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....

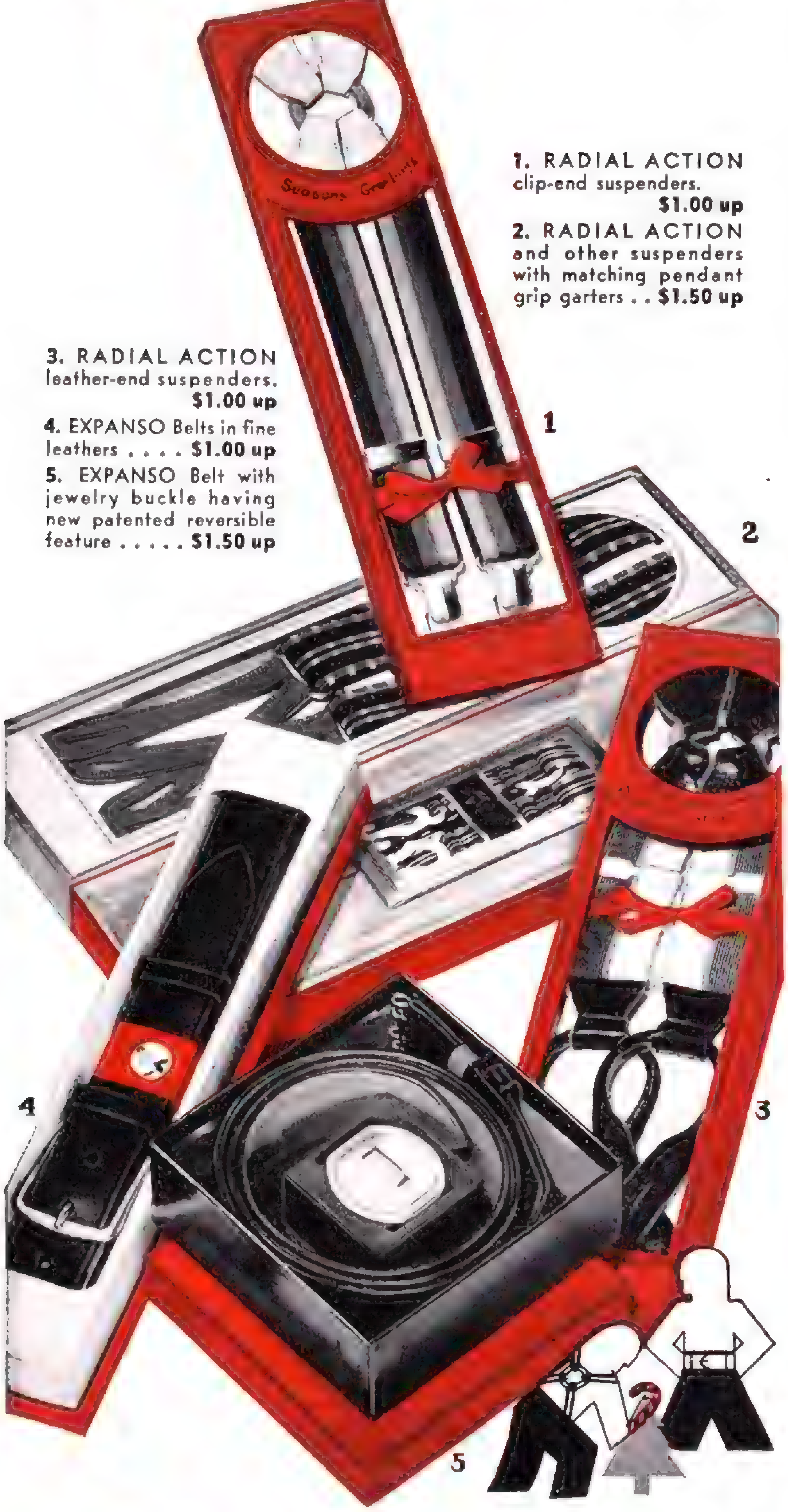
BALKAN SOBRANIE

SMOKING TOBACCOS

GIVE HIM Comfort ALL-WAYS

KNOthe EXPANSO
(U. S. Pat. No. 2137796)
BELTS

KNOthe RADIAL ACTION
(Reg. Pending)
SUSPENDERS



1. RADIAL ACTION clip-end suspenders. $1.00 up

2. RADIAL ACTION and other suspenders with matching pendant grip garters . . $1.50 up

3. RADIAL ACTION leather-end suspenders. $1.00 up

4. EXPANSO Belts in fine leathers . . . . $1.00 up

5. EXPANSO Belt with jewelry buckle having new patented reversible feature . . . . . $1.50 up

Every man loves his comfort. Give it to him on Christmas! EXPANSO'S tiny hidden springs give him plenty of breathing space at the beltline. And the gum rubber ring of RADIAL ACTION suspenders responds to every shoulder action in every direction. Both in a variety of styles . . . and all dressed up in Christmas boxes!

AT THE BEST BELT AND SUSPENDER COUNTERS

KNOTHE BROS. CO., INC., 24 West 40th Street, N. Y.
In Canada, EXPANSO Belts are made by W. A. Brophey Co., Ltd.
63 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Ontario

Fit to Be Yuletide

Continued from page 207

Jeremiah that their briefer-named cousins are still good and in but slight danger of eclipse, let me quote a formula for the latter team:

TOM AND JERRY

Separate 6 eggs. Beat yolks briskly, adding 1½ tablespoons powdered sugar and 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg; continue beating until smooth. Now add 3 jiggers Jamaica rum. Beat egg whites to a stiff froth. Stir this into mixture and then add 1½ jiggers brandy. Divide result into 6 glasses or mugs; fill them up with piping hot water or hot milk. Wrap in napkin petticoats.

Yes, good in its intercostal way, but lacking the grandiosity of eggnogg, that Southern suds triumph without a bowl of which no sideboard south of the Canadian Border could be considered decently dressed during the greeting season. Here is an eggnog recipe I sat up and begged for from the chatelaine of Bellevue, a few miles from Luray Caverns, Virginia. She explained to me that it had come down four generations, but what struck me especially was the winsome ballet of the stalactites and the stalagmites of the Caverns after sundry dippers of it.

"BELLEVUE" EGGNOG

One dozen eggs of the freshest. Separate. Put whites aside for the moment. Beat yolks strenuously. While still beating, slowly add 12 tablespoons of granulated sugar and continue *à tempo* till sugar is entirely dissolved. Slowly pour in 1 generous pint cognac, still stirring the while. Follow with ½ pint (on the slim side) full-bodied rum. (The completed concoction should not taste of rum-in-the-nude. In other words, the rum must not boss the mixture. If it is very pungent, pull down the rum content and increase the cognac. In any case, the quality of the cognac will determine the character of the brew. So have your cognac good!) Pouring the liquor into the yolks has the effect of cooking them more lovingly than any stove could. Now take 1 pint milk and ½ pint heavy cream. (Cream may be whipped, but this makes the result a bit rich, so to some tastes plain cream is preferable.) Stir in milk and cream. Clean off egg-beating equipment and go at the whites till they will stand without hitching. Fold the whites into the general mixture. Then stir in 1 grated nutmeg. If outcome is too sweet to suit taste, extra brandy may now be added till it fits. Will serve 10 to 12 people. For open-house purposes, you would need double, treble, or quadruple this amount. For convenience's sake, some people make this eggnog the day before the party and put it in the refrigerator till wanted. Parked there—or even on the pantry window sill—it will keep perfectly for several days if air-tight glass jars are used.

A Virginia doctor who does his eggnoging according to this prescription and is hence a bit captious of concoctions encountered up North, alleged to be eggnogs, found one of the weirdest specimens of abomination at a dinner of a Southern society. The stuff was milky, milky, milky with practically no spirituous underpinning. "Get me a nipple!" he cried indignantly. When he pours cognac or bourbon, he *pours*.

In whatever manner your eggnog may be constructed, it should be served in the traditional punch cups and accompanied by full-jeweled Southern fruit cake.

Personally, I hate to talk about such matters here in this skimpy Yankee metropolis where you'll find homes that never *heard* of eggnogs. Savannah, Louisville and Baltimore were different. In these cities the afternoon of New Year's day brought the ceremonial bowl into action as a welcomer wherever you rang a doorbell. You carried a cane as you went your rounds, jauntying it as you strolled, and by midnight you were perhaps accosting the moon with, "Have at you, old boy!" The one-day-old year was a success already.

But eggs aren't everything, nor can they all be carried in one man's basket. Doing entirely without them, a nice little Savannah salvo of a local militia battery, with which I have affiliations through kinfolks, is set off as follows:

CHATHAM ARTILLERY PUNCH

1½ gals. Catawba wine
½ gal. St. Croix Rum
1 quart London Dry Gin
1 quart ☆☆☆ Brandy
½ pint Benedictine
1½ quarts Rye
1½ gals. Strong Tea
2½ lbs. Brown Sugar
Juice of 18 Oranges
Juice of 18 Lemons
1 bottle Maraschino Cherries

Mingle and let rest in a cold spot for 2 days. Then add 1 case Champagne and serve.

It's a drink you remember, if you remember anything.

Less ambitious, yet delicious, are the Wynken, Blynken and Nod of the Cup category. Wynken, a Champagne Cup (meaning bowl), is thusly'd: 1 bottle each of champagne and Club Soda; 1 pony each of Cointreau and best brandy; rind of 1 orange, cut very thin; ice, in form of single large lump if possible; decorate with sliced fresh pineapple, orange (but never lemon!), crushed strawberries, and (if obtainable) fresh mint.

Blynken, a Red Wine Cup, rejoices in 1 bottle of claret or Burgundy, 1 of Club Soda, 1 wine glass of sherry, and single ponies of curaçao and brandy; rind of 1 lemon, cut very thin; smidgen of powdered sugar; adorned with fresh pineapple, orange, fresh mint, and slice of fresh cucumber rind. Let stand an hour or so for interjubilation of ingredients; add berg of ice when bowled.

The third member of the trio, Nod, a White Wine Cup, gives notice of the following: 1 bottle of White Burgundy or dryish Graves, 1 bottle of Club Soda, 1 wine glass of sherry, a pony apiece of anisette and brandy; rind of 1 lemon; powdered sugar in moderation; thin slices of fresh pineapple; mint; ice. I'm stating proportions, not volume. Number and size of thirsts will govern your arithmetic. If the party planned for is large, a pair of contrasting cups, one red and one blonde, will two-tone the affair attractively. (If you feel lost without a brunette in the picture, her

Continued on page 210

ESQUIRE
Compare VAT 69 and you will be convinced that it is definitely No. 1 in Taste!
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
"Quality Tells"
PARK & TILFORD Import Corporation New York N.Y.

Because
"Quality Tells"
VAT 69 is the No. 1 Scotch for all Holiday Entertaining and Gift Purposes

8
YEARS
OLD
86 PROOF

PARK & TILFORD Import Corporation, New York, N. Y.

"No Wonder You've Been Hinting For A NEW 1940 Majestic FOR CHRISTMAS!"

New FOR A LADY WHO DESERVES A CHARMING GIFT

It's radio time all the time, with this combination of rich-toned Majestic radio and accurate electric clock with genuine Middlebury movement. True modern beauty, in ivory or onyx plastic.

NEW Perfect "Present to the House"

Turn it on, tuned in, by pushing ANY button! No aerial, no ground. Gets everything—American, foreign, police, amateurs, ships!

NEW To Make Christmas Funds Go Further

Value sensation! Two wave-bands get standard U. S., foreign, amateurs, aviation. Priced LOWER than many sets that get U. S., only.

NEW Battery, AC, DC, Portable!

New kind of push-button control. Add hours to the battery life playing with both battery and house current; won't hurt batteries or set!

SHOWN OPEN AND CLOSED

Automatic Record-Player That Tunes In the World!

Want to be the most popular man in your house? See your Majestic dealer for a new 1940 Majestic for Christmas! The glorious-toned console-combination above is just one of the 1940 Majestics, now ready to make this the most perfect Christmas you've had! It plays 10- and 12-inch records inter-mixed! Self-starting, with automatic stop! 6-tube radio gets all standard U. S. broadcasts, plus foreign, ships, amateurs. No aerial, no ground; newest Majestic features! Gorgeous walnut case. See your Majestic dealer, now.

Write for illustrated literature and name of nearest dealer to MAJESTIC RADIO & TELEVISION CORP., 2622 W. 50th Street, Chicago. Cable Address, "Majestico, Chicago." Dealers! Write for name of nearest distributor today.

Majestic
MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR
TRADE IN YOUR OLD MAJESTIC ON A *NEW* MAJESTIC

Fit to Be Yuletide

Continued from pages 207-208

name is Black Velvet and her makeup is champagne and Guinness Stout, 50-50, poured carefully into a tall glass.)

The petty individual glass handleware in which we shirking moderns drink our bowl concoctions, would have been scoffed at by the valiants of Colonial days. With them a "glass" was a flip glass, tumbler-shaped and holding from a couple of quarts to a gallon, to be swigged from in sequence. As for their great huge punch-bowls, which figured at any gathering worth while, these too—thanks to flip-glass training—were passed from grasper to grasper, up, down, and around the room, with everybody getting in his work at the brim and not a clutch slipping and seldom a drop wasted on anybody's jerkin. Strangers in taverns and inns got bowl-acquainted after this manner; lads at college tables, though knowing no football, showed an instinct for the delayed pass. Apparently the kick from placement hadn't been thought of.

Another time-honored circulatory exercise, the trenchermen's trudge around the table between courses for space-retrieving purposes, was actively participated in and still has its place among our folkways and means. But we've gone dainty as compared with the days of doughtiness. With food scarcer in the land than it is now, diners didn't consider they were dining—even on an ordinary day of the year—unless confronted by two or three mighty joints of meat, an assortment of fowls from pigeon up, mayhap a rabbit or so, and a few pasties, with wines and liquors scaled accordingly; so their Lambeth Walk between one course and another was no idle gesture. If we can't vie with them, we can at least make a sincere try.

That is to say, in this present-day America of Plenty, we can do honor to the sort of country it is by staging one swell Christmas feast, accompanied by drinkables befitting the occasion. For a preliminary, your pet cocktail (but not a thickie, please!). With the oysters and soup, dry sherry. With ye Bird, champagne or red or white Burgundy or a Bordeaux château. (Chicken takes white; duck takes red. Turkey is ambidextrous.) With the rummed or brandied plum pudding, sauternes. With the coffee: Cognac brandy (it deserves to be older than three-star), B. & B., chartreuse, Cointreau, Apricot brandy, and other liqueurs. And a decanter of oldest and finest port for the males to rotate while telling each other stories which the modestly withdrawn females will be swapping tomorrow, or vice versa.

If I seem waylaid by the Cheer side of Christmas to the neglect of the grim Chore side, I'm not really dodging the issue. I'm just getting around to it as best I can. And what I've been secretly burning to suggest to list-worried mankind is the beauty and serenity of *baskets* as a way out. Gift suggestions described and pictured in other departments of this magazine may catch your eye—are apt to distract you. But don't let them. Steel yourself. *Baskets* are the thing.

The classic simplicity of them, for example. Before bestowing a basket, do you have to find out the size of your friend's hand, foot, waist, circumference of neck below Adam's apple? No! The fit is a natural without alterations. All you have to think of is his appreciation of good beverages and his regard for reputable brands. But on this point let me whisper a word of caution. Yuletide, coming but once in a twelvemonth, is hopped onto by some retailers as a lovely opportunity for pushing off the dogs. One or two tucked into a basket, on the same principle as rotten strawberries at the bottom of a box, and before long, hurray, the kennel is empty of them. Inventory conversion, it's called. But don't you fall for that sort of religion by signalizing friendship with the gift of a fly-specked something sponsored by Flyebye-Knight, Inc. (up two dirty flights of stairs over the fish market). No matter how great may be your friend's need of something to drink, it is hardly complimentary to imply that he is *that* desperate.

However, there's no obligation to part with one's shirt in order to avoid seeming a piker. Friend Steve can be "remembered" with as little as one tidily parceled bottle, and he'd rather have this single, well-chosen tribute to his discrimination than a wheelbarrow load of junk. Nor is any vast outlay involved in conferring upon some Martini-fancier among one's acquaintance a set of the makings.

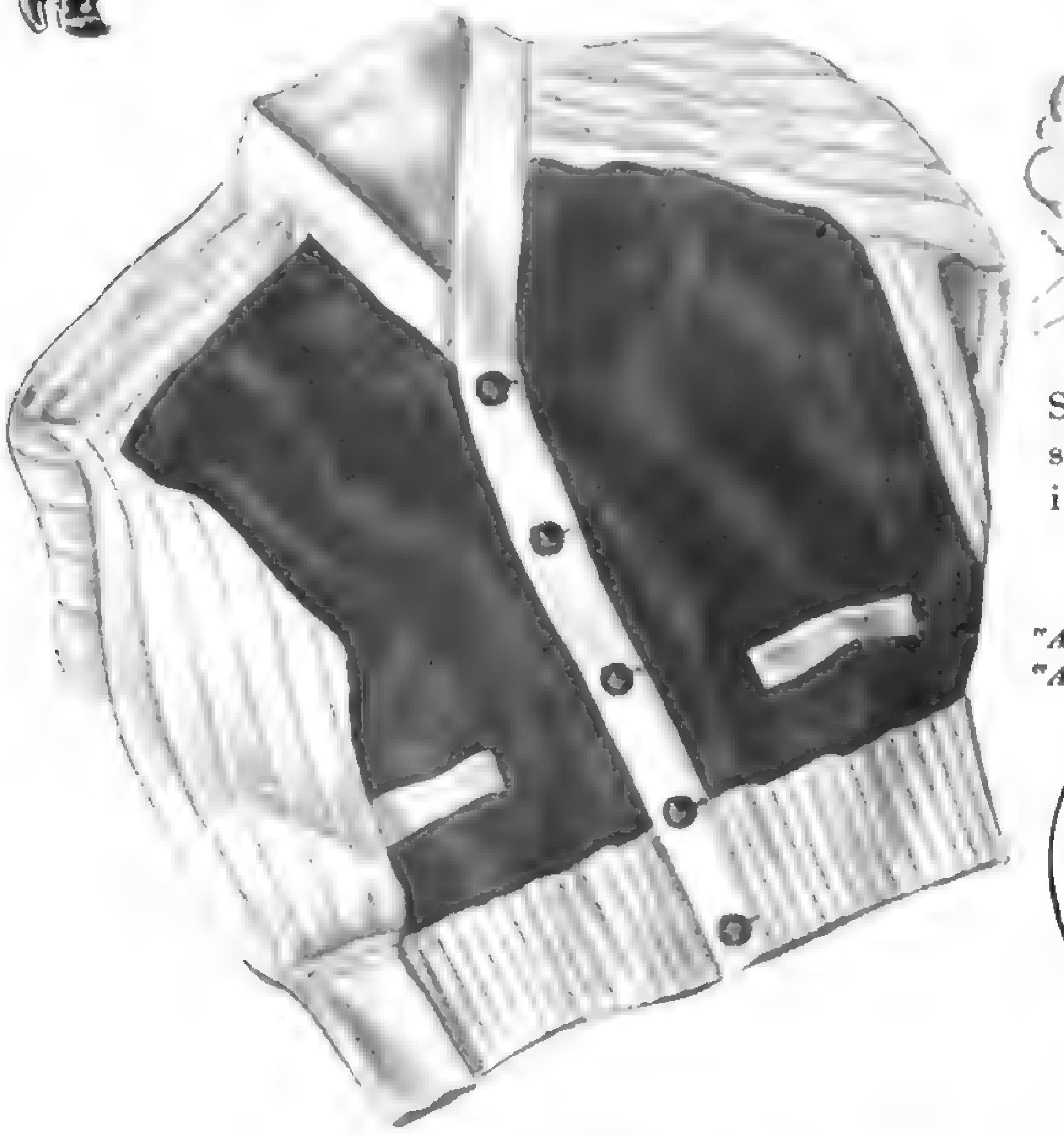
By the same token, an Irish-descended crony will be visibly moved by your thought of his liking for a few bottles of whiskey from the Ould Sod. Your Scandinavian neighbor will be knocked for a skoal by your intuition in shipping Akvavit and Swedish Punch to his door. Your Latin client will be overjoyed at the sight of the rum and cognac you have hit his taste with. Your Southerner will bless you, suh, for the bourbon, with which he'll probably make his eggnog as millions of Southerners do. Your Pennsylvania prince will clasp that case of rye to his bosom before anybody gets at it. As for your Scotch golf partner, I give you eleven guesses as to what *he* wants of Kris Kringle—the smokier the better. But do put in a bottle of honeyed and heathered Drambuie liqueur if you want his eternal devotion.

In any case, when the basket or box is delivered, I would recommend a certain stand-offishness on your part. It's hardly cricket to rush over and start helping your friend drink it up. Give him at least a day's grace before you close in on him.

So—Happy Hampering. With deferred follow-ups. ⵌ

Allen-A

SAVES A MILLION WOMEN FROM COMMITTING CHRISTMAS TREASON!



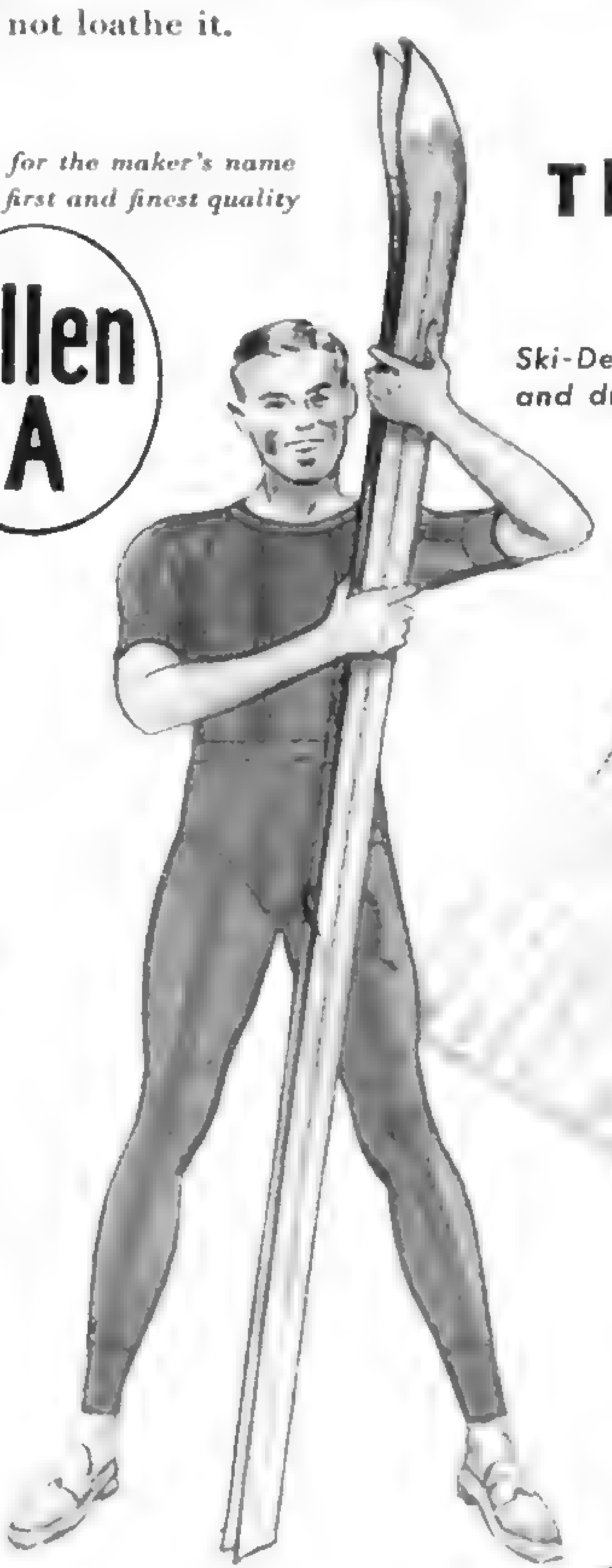
Makes no difference whether she is wife, mother, sister, or girl friend, she'll be thrilled to learn that — come Christmas — she need no longer betray her man (or men). Now with the handsome help of Allen-A style-right Socks, Sweaters, and very mentionable "Unmentionables," she can buy HIS Christmas gift knowing he'll love it . . . not loathe it.

Step into your Allen-A dealer's today. He'll be delighted to show you the gorgeous array of Socks-in-the-Public-Eye; the nation's most notable assemblage of Spring-Needle-Knit Underwear (including the merry Ski-Devils in Turkey Red and Pirate Blue); a collection of Sweaters and Sport Jackets, any one of which is guaranteed to make a man's Christmas.

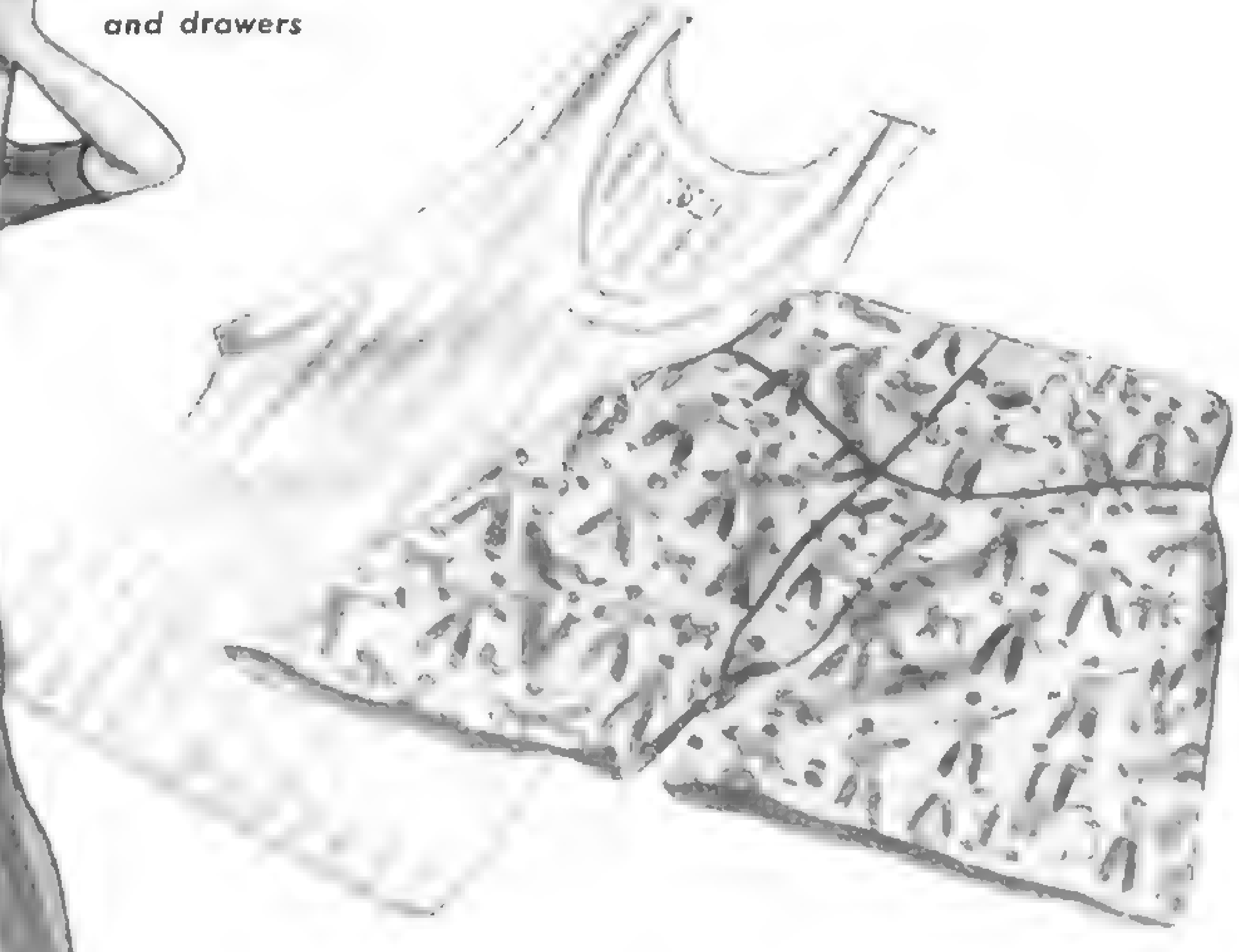
"Allen" for the maker's name
"A" for first and finest quality

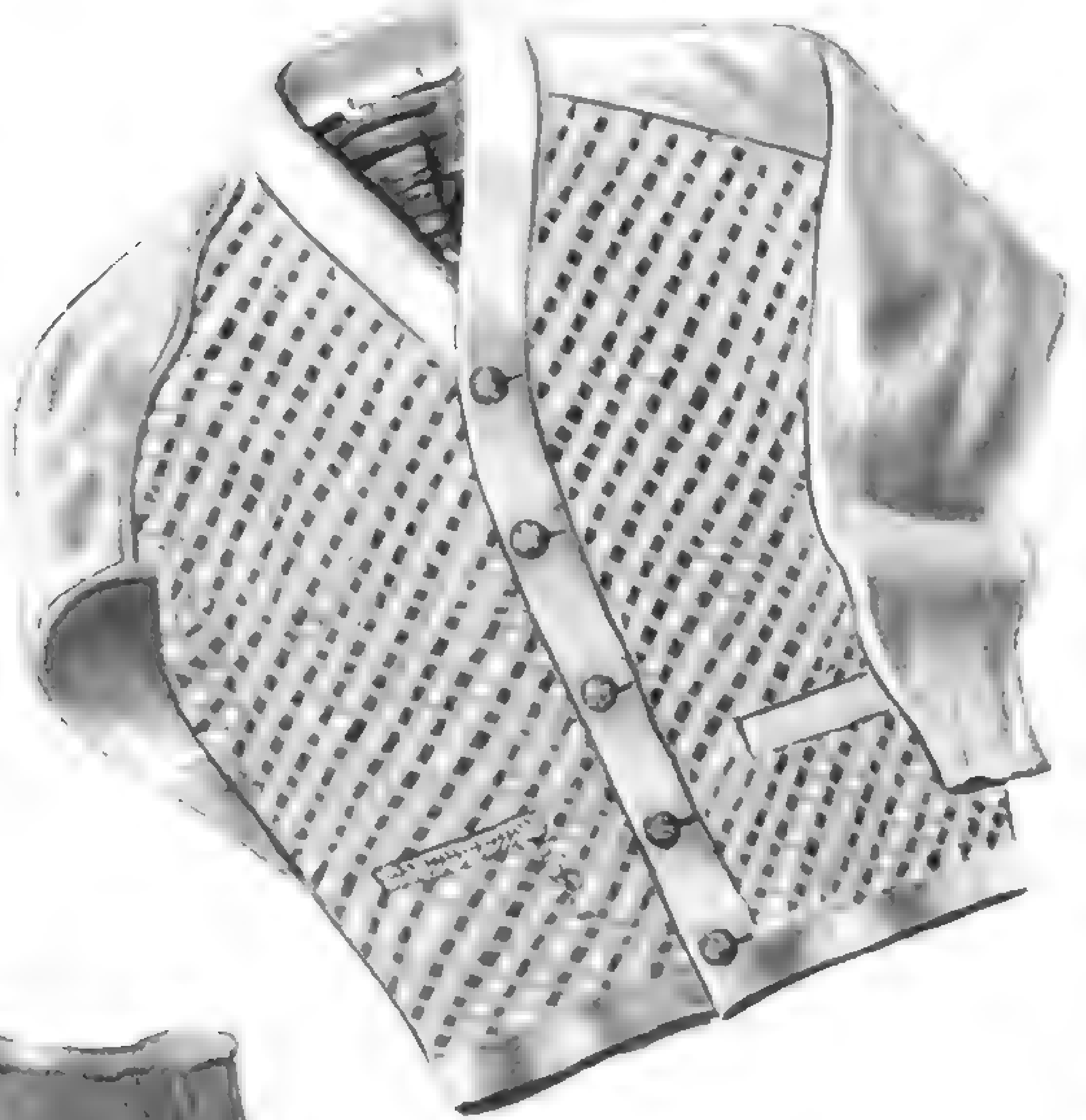
Allen A

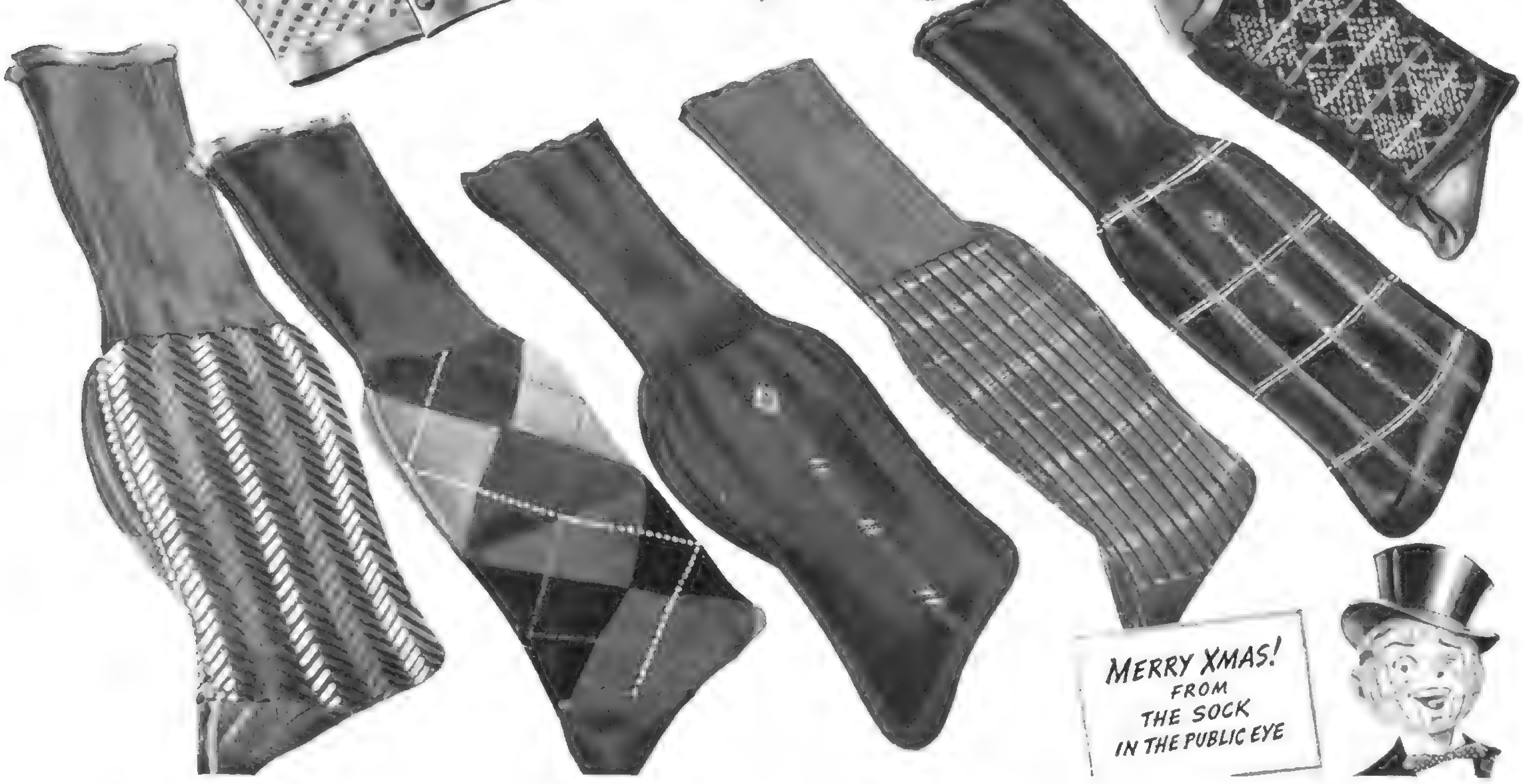
The ALLEN-A COMPANY
BENNINGTON, VERMONT



Ski-Devil shirts and drawers







Macaroni, Wine and Hunting Dogs

Continued from page 89

way here and no can go no more."

Luca and Giuseppe carried the dog into Luca's shack. The kids jumped out of bed and stood to one side, terrified. Tony came running, followed by his wife and his own kids until the room was overflowing. They placed the dog on the table and washed the blood away with warm water. Jaco held his breath. The animal struggled to get up a couple of times and then lay still.

"Is too bad," Luca said. It was all he could think of to say.

The others were silent. They watched Jaco. Now the blood had been washed away there was no question about the shotgun wounds.

"Maybe somebody think was a fox," Giuseppe said.

All of a sudden Jaco rushed across the room and grabbed Luca's shotgun. He tried to force his way out of the shack. Luca and Tony jumped on him. Giuseppe took the gun away. They made Jaco sit down. The women were scared. The kids ran outside.

"You crazy," Tony shouted. "You one crazy wop with a gun."

Tony's wife slipped out and went running down towards town. In about fifteen minutes she came back with the peace officer in his car. She told him Jaco was out of his head and wanted to murder Lynch. The policeman examined the dead dog.

"How do you know it was Lynch?" he asked Jaco.

Jaco sat rigid in the chair. Luca said:

"We no say was anybody. We no see. How we say?"

"Was maybe accident," someone else said.

"Was no accident!" Jaco sprang up with his fists clinched. "Was shoot. Was Meesta Lynch."

The policeman pushed Jaco back into the chair.

"Don't get your Eyetalian blood up. You got no proof."

"Is proof for me my dog she dead."

The policeman took Jaco in his car and drove down to Lynch's farm. When they got out of the car he held Jaco's arm and warned him about losing his temper. Lynch came out of the house wiping his mouth on his sleeve. He was just finishing breakfast. He sauntered up boldly. When the policeman spoke to him he spoke back to the policeman, completely ignoring Jaco.

"Sure I shot a dog," he said; "a dog running a deer back through the woods there last night."

"Is lie!" Jaco yelled. "My dog never hunt deer. Five years I hunt fox and she never chase one deer."

"I don't care what this wop says. All I know I saw a deer and I heard a dog coming. I got my gun. I'll be a sonofabitch if it ain't the law you're supposed to kill a dog running deer . . ."

Jaco broke loose from the policeman. He reached out a wild swing which swept the spindly farmer right off his feet. When the farmer was on the ground, Jaco tried to jump on him. The policeman grabbed Jaco in time. Lynch got up holding his jaw. He was in a rage.

"I'll murder the guinea bastard!"

The policeman yanked Jaco away and made him get back into the car. They left the farmer holding his jaw and cursing at the top of his lungs. Back at Wop-Roost the policeman shoved Jaco out of the car. Before driving off he threatened all the Italians:

"If there's any more trouble I'll have the whole damn bunch of you wiped out of here."

The women began to wail and carry on like they always did when faced with danger of the law. The men were scared too. They tried not to act scared, but it showed. Tony, more scared than the rest, started to say something. Jaco pushed him aside. His whole body was trembling.

He went into Luca's shack and sat down beside his dead foxhound. As he sat there all the Italians crowded around. The women sniffled into their aprons and the men stared mutely at the floor. The kids huddled together without understanding. But they were conscious something dreadful was taking place. Then one of the kids, too young to sense anything, began to bawl.

Jaco looked up at the child. His gaze wandered to the tense, worried faces around him. These were his people. There before him on the table, his dead foxhound. He was still trembling and the corners of his eyes glistened. But gradually the trembling ceased. Once more Jaco stared about the room. With a heavy gesture he raised his hand and let it fall helplessly on the table.

Jaco picked up the dead dog in his arms and carried it over to his own place. In the garden patch he dug a deep hole and pushed the dog inside. He went into the shack and came out again with his shotgun and his little rabbit hound. Jaco waited for the dog to sniff around the edge of the hole and fired.

Then he raised the shotgun over his head and smashed it against a rock. He threw what was left of the shotgun on top of his dead hunting dogs and covered up the hole. ⌗

OKAY NOSEY! IF YOU WANT TO READ, READ THIS!
Daily
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC
BAD BREATH
FOR GENERAL ANTISEPTIC USE
Pepsodent Antiseptic
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC keeps your breath sweeter for Critical Close-ups!

No Other Leading Brand Can Match This:

1. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL, sensational, safe Germ-Killer, Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in seconds even when diluted with 2 parts water. *No other leading brand can do this.*

2. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL tests show these results. Gargling with Pepsodent Antiseptic diluted with 2 parts water immediately reduces the bacterial count in the mouth by as much as 97%. *No other leading brand can do this!*

3. BECAUSE OF CHLOR-THYMOL Pepsodent Antiseptic makes your money go 3 times as far. When diluted with 2 parts of water, it is as effective as other leading brands used full strength. *No other leading brand can match this!*

Favorite Holiday Recipes

requiring Cognac Brandy, each one of which is at its best when the Cognac Brandy is MARTELL

Cocktails

The Side Car—⅔ MARTELL, ⅓ Curacao (white), few drops lime juice. Ice and shake well.

Brandy Old Fashioned—Dissolve one lump of sugar in a few drops of water. Add one drink of MARTELL, dash of bitters and ice. Add half-slice of orange and a cherry.

Brandy Alexander—⅓ MARTELL, ⅓ Creme de Cacao, ⅓ cream. Ice and shake well.

After Dinner

MARTELL Cognac Brandy has been the favorite after-dinner liqueur for generation after generation of connoisseurs. Serve with the "demi-tasse."

Stinger—⅔ MARTELL, ⅓ white Creme de Menthe. Ice, shake well and serve in cocktail glass.

For All Occasions

Brandy-and-Soda—1 drink of MARTELL in tall glass, add ice and soda-water. The favorite highball of the Continent.

Brandy Egg-Nog—1 drink of MARTELL, ½ pint of milk, 1 tablespoonful of powdered sugar, 1 egg. Shake well, strain into tall tumbler, grate nutmeg on top.

Hot Brandy Toddy—1 teaspoonful of sugar dissolved in boiling water, 1 wine-glass of MARTELL. Fill tumbler ⅔ with boiling water. Grate nutmeg on top.

Martell

COGNAC BRANDIES include

MARTELL *"Three Star"*
(84 Proof)
MARTELL *20-year-old*
(80 Proof)
MARTELL *Cordon Bleu*
(80 Proof)
MARTELL *Cordon Argent*
(80 Proof)

Bottled in Cognac, France, since 1715

MARTELL
COGNAC *Brandy*

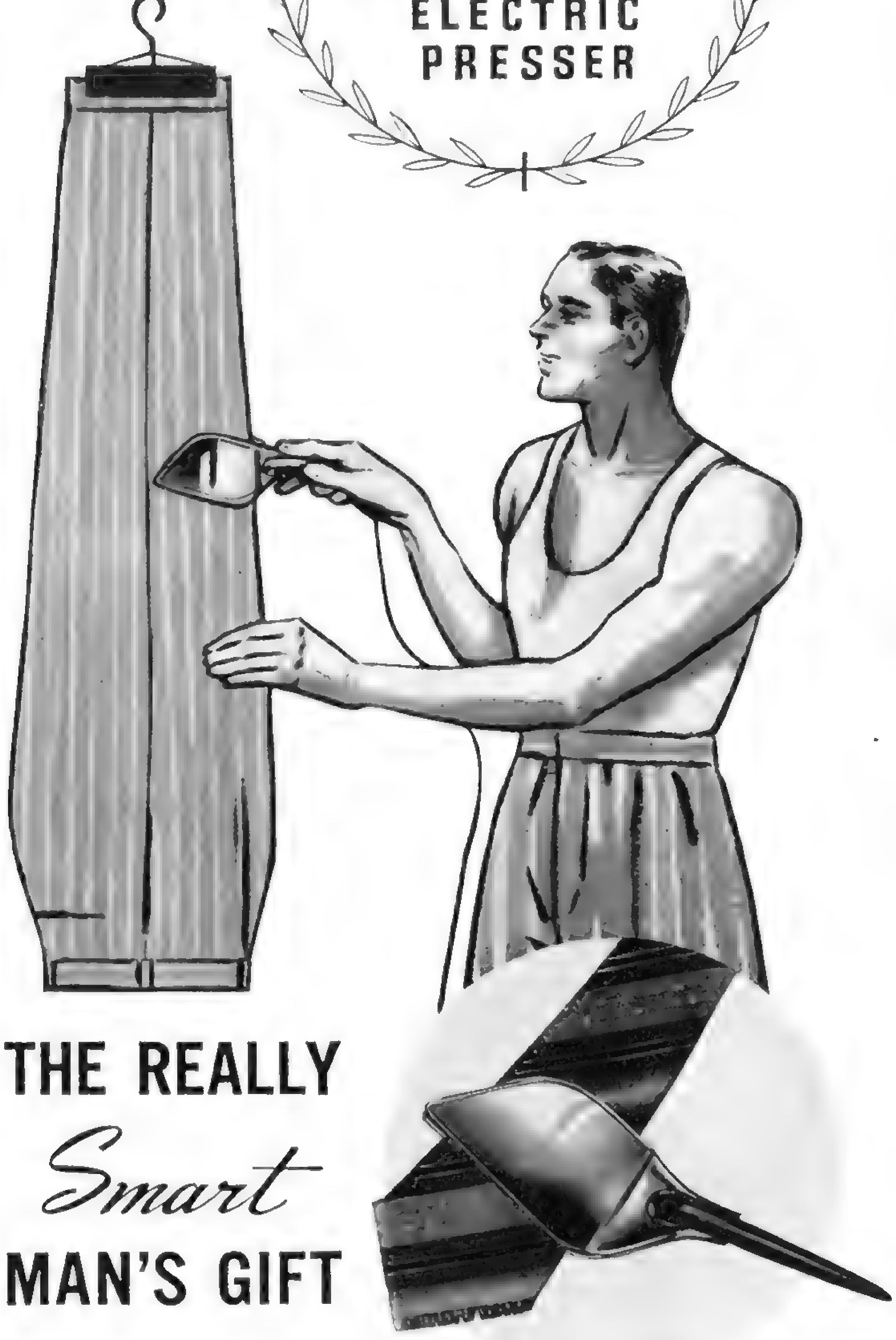
The Spirit of Holiday-Tradition for over 200 Years

EST 1715
MARTELL
COGNAC
BRANDY
J.&F. MARTELL
COGNAC
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
COGNAC-FRANCE
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
NEW-YORK N.Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.

84 PROOF

Imported Exclusively by **PARK & TILFORD** *Import Corp., New York, N. Y.*

DeLuxe
Empire
ELECTRIC
PRESSER



THE REALLY
Smart
MAN'S GIFT

Dear Bill:

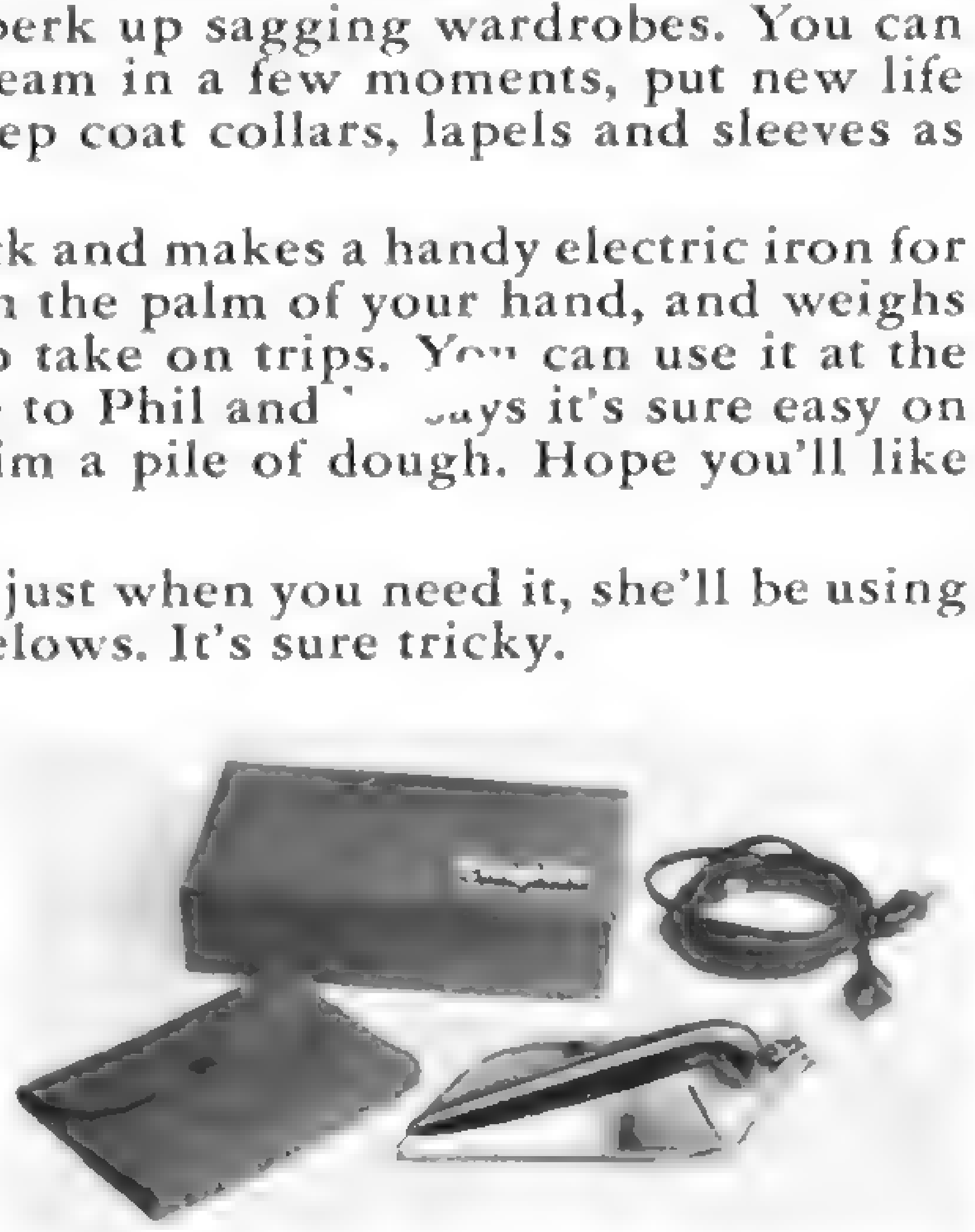
I'm sending you a swell gift—a new DeLuxe Presser Iron, just out with a real mission in life, to perk up sagging wardrobes. You can press pants away over to the seam in a few moments, put new life into weary looking ties and keep coat collars, lapels and sleeves as they should be on parade.

The Bakelite handle folds back and makes a handy electric iron for flat pressing. It's no larger than the palm of your hand, and weighs only ten ounces; so, it's easy to take on trips. You can use it at the office all the time. I mailed one to Phil and [illegible] says it's sure easy on clothes and is going to save him a pile of dough. Hope you'll like yours. Merry Christmas!—Art

P.S.—Keep it away from Sis or just when you need it, she'll be using it on all sorts of feminine furbelows. It's sure tricky.

ALWAYS READY . . . NO WAITING

Everybody finds the DeLuxe useful and should have one for pressing clothes on short notice. Plugs in any AC or DC socket. No board or wet cloth to bother with. It's safe, easy to use, a real time, money and disposition saver.



Packed in attractive gift box, complete with cord, plug, carrying case, and easy instructions.

Order from your dealer or send $2.50 and it will come by return mail postpaid. Send us your Men's Gift List and we'll mail a DeLuxe direct to each.

Dealers everywhere are being supplied with this new DeLuxe Presser Iron. Over 1,000,000 of the original Empire Pressers have been sold.

EMPIRE ELECTRIC CO. • Dept. D • 817 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Eyes of an Eagle

Continued from page 99

Fonse, "was the last Sunday morning when you shot that starlin' from the top of that sycamore tree—that was a good hundred and twenty-five yards from the house."

"Wasn't a bit of wind blowin'," I says. "My nerves were steady as an oak. It was so far I could hardly see the bird too and I shot from my shoulder."

"I was watchin' you from the winder," says Uncle Fonse—"I saw it all—I told your Aunt Liddie you'd never do it again—only one shot in a thousand. That was a wonderful shot. I had hopes you'd be a good marksman—but when I come out here and watch you shoot now. You ain't gettin' but two starlings with every three cartridges."

The sun is sinking over the sharp-pointed hills to out west. A blue twilight wind hovers over the green wheat fields in the valley—over the big house and the big barn. Starlings chirrup plaintively, trying to get back to their nests in the house. Uncle Fonse stands by me. When I aim my rifle—he squints his gray eye as if he were aiming the rifle. He goes through the tense maneuvers of a man shooting a rifle at a tiny object. He reloads his mouth with bright crumbs of burley tobacco and holds the cud firmly in his jaw.

"I never did tell you," he says, "but I spent five years shootin' in California. I went to San Joaquin Valley in 1901. I tried out for shootin' ducks on Tulara Lake and Summit Lake. I just drifted in there and heard about this place where they wanted good shots to shoot wild ducks, swans, geese and English snipes. There was a Kentucky boy with me. He was from this county. We went there and we stayed. We made us a camp. We killed most of our grub. I liked it so well I stayed five years before I saw my people back here—"

Uncle Fonse looks into blue twilight space toward the range of Kentucky hills. "You know there's always something to call a body back. I was sparkin' the purtiest little red-headed girl you ever saw in California. Her Pap owned two ranches and once he said to me: 'Fonse when you take Arabella, I aim to deed you one of my ranches.' He was drinkin' when he said it. Arabella had sent me over to the saloon to get him. We's ridin' back in the two-horse express wagon and shootin' at coyotes as we rolled along. He had a .44 and I had a .38. When one popped in sight we made him dance. A coyote is a smart thing. He'll get out of your pistol's range and then do a lot of howlin'. Lord, but that was a great time. I got all the shootin' I wanted. I shot from September 15th until March 15th. Durin' the summer months I worked on a ranch."

"Did you like California?" I ask.

"Like it," he says—"Son, it was a man's paradise when I was there. It was a young and growin' country. For the last thirty-four years I've laid off to go back. It's a long ways to California from Kentucky. I'd like to visit the Valley and see if it's built up any. Guess it has by this time. No more game like there used to be. When we'd run out'n lard at the camp—we'd go down to the swamps and kill a wild hog. We'd skin him and render us some lard. We'd be out on the lake by four in the mornin' and shoot until two in the afternoon. Then we'd let the ducks come to the lake and roost for the night. I averaged nine ducks out'n ten shots. I made the best money I've ever made. We got $1.50 apiece for cranes; $2.50 apiece for swans; and, from $2.50 to $9.00 a dozen for ducks. It all depended on the kind of ducks we killed."

"What's the best shootin' you ever did?" I ask.

"I killed seventy-two mallard ducks," he says, "in one hour and forty-five minutes. I took the buck-eggers. The shootin' was so fast—so many ducks—I got too excited. My gun got too hot—I had to dip it into the lake. It was a great life—Son—a great life, I'll tell you. Now, I'm back in Kentucky—runnin' a farm. But little game here anymore. And if there was plenty of game here—I could not shoot like I used to shoot!"

"The Kirks used to be the best shots among the Kentucky hills," I've heard Laff Morton say—Laff would stroke his long, white beard and say again: "You couldn't beat the Kirks—bodies of metal and nerves steady as rocks and the eyes of eagles in their heads. No braggin' about the Kirks—women and men could all shoot. Kirks about all gone though—just Fonse left in Kentucky and the game around him all gone."

"I have seen Uncle Fonse," I says, "kill six teal ducks when they flew from the flood waters, at six shots. I've seen him turn his rifle upside down four years ago and clip sparrows' heads off in the top of the locust tree. I've seen him take a pistol four years ago and shoot a black thread in two at sixty paces—a black thread stretched across a footpath—tied to a stake on each side of the path."

"Take my rifle Uncle Fonse," I says, "and see what you can do for the starling. They are tryin' to get back to the house to nest now."

"Yes," he says, "the dirty things—dirtyin' the walls of the house and messing up the Missus' porch. Of all the birds in the world—I've never liked a starling. Maybe it is because we've had to fight them in this valley—and a smart bird they are. They used to roost in a little mulberry tree out there in the yard. I suppose five hundred would roost in that little tree. One night we planned to sew three sheets together and cover the top of the tree with them. We got our sheets ready—set up and waited for them to come to roost. There was a dark cloud that hung in the North—the

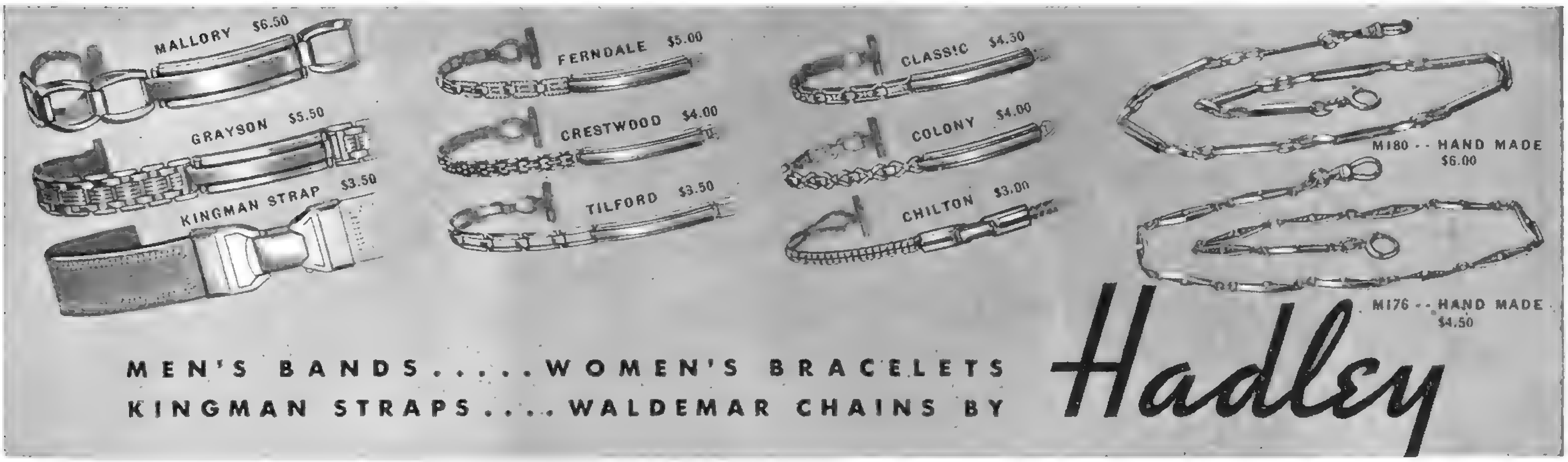
Continued on page 216

TO *Give* OR TO *Receive*

SHE'S a connoisseur to her fingertips . . . of the sort to whom the design of her sterling . . . the pattern of her china . . . each detail of her costume are vital things * * She'll love the way a Hadley Bracelet graces her watch . . . its encircling loveliness that brings new beauty to her hands * * A Hadley gift will mark you a thoughtful giver . . . who knows that a Hadley Bracelet will keep its style-rightness always; will set any costume . . . any hands . . . just a little apart from the rest!

HE'S one of those people hard to buy gifts for . . . "Just anything" definitely won't do * * Why not flatter his wrist watch with a Hadley Band or Kingman Strap . . . outstanding in masculine styling? . . . Or, if he carries his time in his pocket, think how a gleaming new Hadley Hand-Made Waldemar Chain will dignify his whole costume. * * Either way, you'll please him . . . remind him of you during the years he wears your gift . . . which will be many, if it bears the Hadley name.

The Hadley Company, Providence . . . New York . . . Chicago . . . Los Angeles


MALLORY $6.50
GRAYSON $5.50
KINGMAN STRAP $3.50
FERNDALE $5.00
CRESTWOOD $4.00
TILFORD $3.50
CLASSIC $4.30
COLONY $4.00
CHILTON $3.00
M180 - - HAND MADE $6.00
M176 - - HAND MADE $4.50

MEN'S BANDS.....WOMEN'S BRACELETS
KINGMAN STRAPS....WALDEMAR CHAINS BY *Hadley*

Eyes of an Eagle

Continued from pages 99-214

way the rains come here—And don't you know the starlings did not come. The next morning when we got up the tree was split open by lightning—what do you think of that? I say they are smart birds."

"Locust is full of starling," I says. "Look upon that dead limb six starlings."

Uncle Fonse sits down on the stone doorstep. He puts the rifle to his shoulder. He takes steady aim and fires. The birds fly away in circles over the house and then fly straight for the sycamore tree in the wheat field.

"What's the matter with me," says Uncle Fonse. "Guess it's because I ain't used to your rifle. I don't know the feel of this rifle. I ain't fondled this rifle like I have my own guns. But I ought to do better than that. Here comes another swarm of starlings—now watch me!"

Uncle Fonse turns the rifle upside down. He takes aim—squeezes the trigger.

"Splick," the rifle goes. The birds fly away.

"Shucks," he says—"what's the matter with me? That hurts every bone in my body."

Aunt Liddie comes out on the porch. "What's the matter, Fonse," she says. "Can't you kill one?"

"I ain't yet," he says—"I've missed two shots. I've missed them this close, too, Liddie. I think it's because the rifle is new."

Aunt Liddie looks at me and smiles. The birds circle back to the locust tree.

"They are comin' back to the house whether or not," I says. "They must have eggs in their nests."

"They ain't comin' back if I can help it," says Uncle Fonse.

He lifts his rifle to his shoulder. He takes careful aim—slow aim. He fires. The starling tumbles from the top of the locust tree. "Ah," he says, "I've got the range of the rifle now. I'll show you how to knock them."

"Did you ever think, Fonse," says Aunt Liddie, "that you can't expect to shoot like you used to shoot. You are not young as Shan. Your eyes ain't what they used to be. When you read the paper now you have to wear glasses."

"Didn't do it," snaps Uncle Fonse, "until I was sixty-one. I can shoot with Shan any time. Ain't I seen him missing one starling after another all evening! What do you think I am? A dead man in the grave? I'll show you just because that tree fell on me—didn't make me a walkin' corpse. I'll show you!"

Uncle Fonse aims at another starling. His broad shoulders are turned toward us. His big rough index finger fills the trigger guard on the rifle. We watch him aim slowly—slowly, the trigger is squeezed. The rifle barks and the starlings fly away. "I'll be dogged," says Uncle Fonse—"must be bad lightin'—the sun has gone down, but it is very quiet since the wind has laid. I ought to have knocked that bird. I believe it's the rifle—believe the sights have been twisted some way."

"Maybe so," I says, "I've handled that rifle pretty rough here lately."

"I never handled a gun that way," says Uncle Fonse. "I took care of one just like it was a child. I always loved the feel of a gun. You boys of today don't love your guns like we used to."

The starlings circle back to the tree. Between Uncle Fonse and a white sky—pretty as a picture, is a row of starlings lined on a dead locust limb. "I'll pick one off'n there," says Uncle Fonse. He takes aim and fires. The birds fly away. "I pulled the trigger too soon. That's why I missed. I got too anxious. Just as I pulled the trigger the birds flew."

Aunt Liddie shakes her head. Uncle Fonse can't see her shake her head.

"Fonse," she says, "I wish you and Shan would thin the starlings out. They are ruinin' my house. I'm ashamed for people to come in here. I have to scrub the back porch every morning. It's a sight how dirty starlings can get. It nearly works me to death to clean after them."

"Don't mind the cartridges, Uncle Fonse," I says. "I've got another box when you shoot them. Shoot all you please."

"It hurts me to miss so," says Uncle Fonse. The birds come to the tree and he shoots. He misses. They come again and he shoots and misses. They keep coming and he keeps shooting. He doesn't kill a starling. They are trying to get to the house. They whiz into the tree like bullets and Uncle Fonse shoots bullets at them. He misses and he misses. He never makes another hit.

"Must be the lighting," he says disgustedly. "Surely I can't miss like that. The moon is comin' up now. Guess I'll quit for this evenin'." Uncle Fonse hands me my rifle. He gets up from the stone step and walks slowly into the house. He doesn't talk. He doesn't smoke a cigar as he usually does while he reads the paper. He will not talk to me and Aunt Liddie. He looks at the paper and doesn't say a word. He thinks that we think he is reading the paper. We know that he is not. We can see

Continued on page 218

IT'S THE ORDER OF THE HOLIDAY
To give Leroux...
To serve Leroux
LEROUX Blackberry Flavored Brandy
LEROUX Crème de Menthe
LEROUX Anisette
A LEROUX PRODUCT
LEROUX TRIPLE SEC
LEROUX Crème de Cacao
LEROUX Apricot Flavored Brandy

Give LEROUX and your gift says: "Here is a present off the beaten Christmas path. A bit unusual ... quite distinctive ... and in *very* good taste!"

Serve LEROUX and your guests say: "Here is a man who treats his friends wisely and well. A man of discrimination ... with a flair for the better things in life!"

LEROUX Liqueurs seem aglow with the glad spirit of the holidays. So for important names on your gift list ... for an impromptu tree-trimming party ... for a lavish yuletide dinner ... buy LEROUX Liqueurs.

THE BASIC FLAVORING INGREDIENTS ARE IMPORTED ... THE PRICES DOMESTIC!

LEROUX
Liqueurs

LEROUX Liqueurs include:

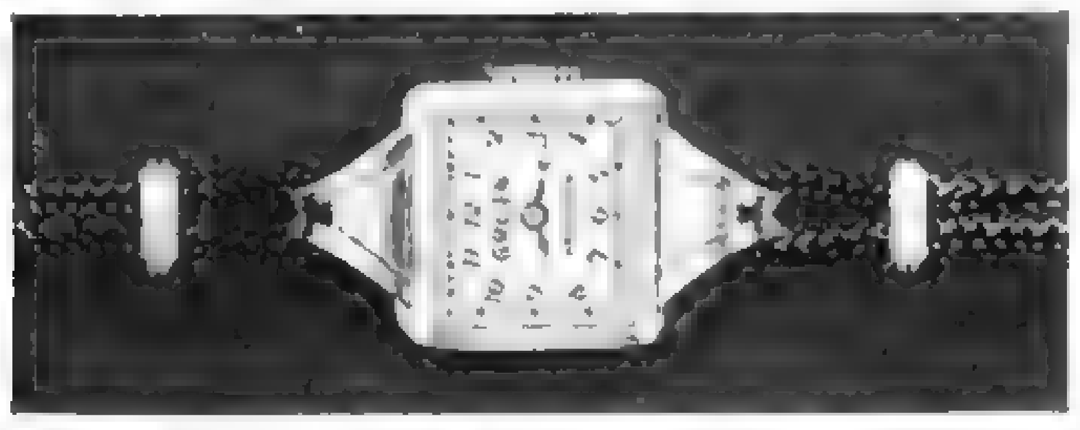
Anisette	64 proof
Apricot Flavored Brandy	70 proof
Crême de Cacao	60 proof
Crême de Menthe (green or white)	65 proof
Blackberry Flavored Brandy	70 proof
Triple Sec (For side-cars, Crêpes suzettes)	80 proof

FREE: Beautifully illustrated recipe brochure. Famed continental drinks. Write:
LEROUX & CO., Inc., 1220 Spring Garden Street, Phila., Pa.
Brussels, Belgium New York City
AWARDED GOLD MEDAL, PARIS INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, 1937

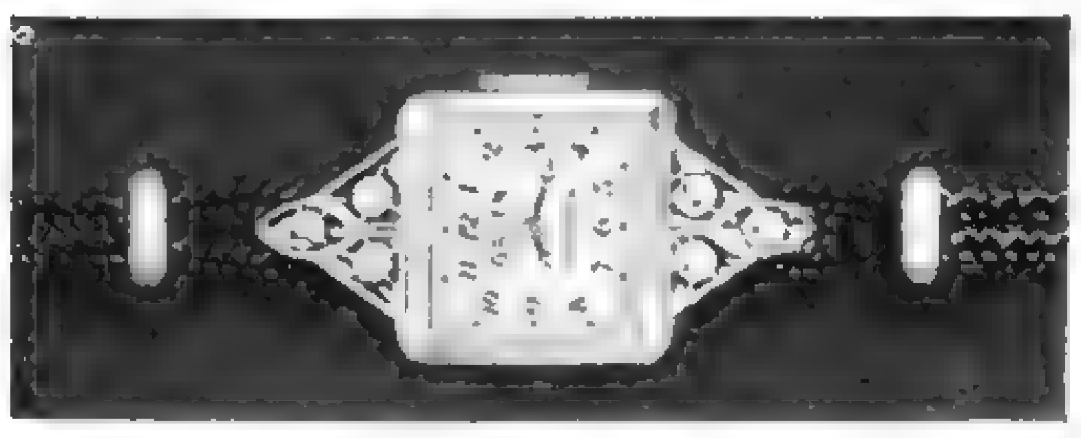
The gift that never stops saying *"I love you!"*

Illustrated in photograph above—the CURVEX CADET

VERI-THIN* CONTOUR, 17-Jewel Precision, yellow gold-filled case $39.75

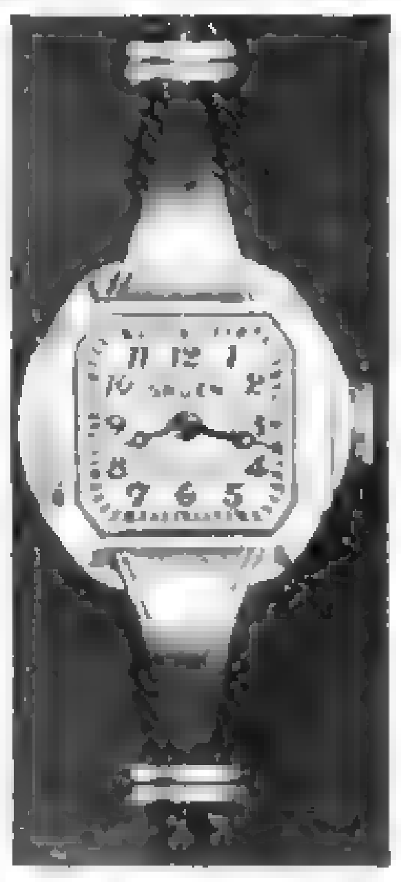


ROSLYN, 17-Jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow or white gold case $42.50

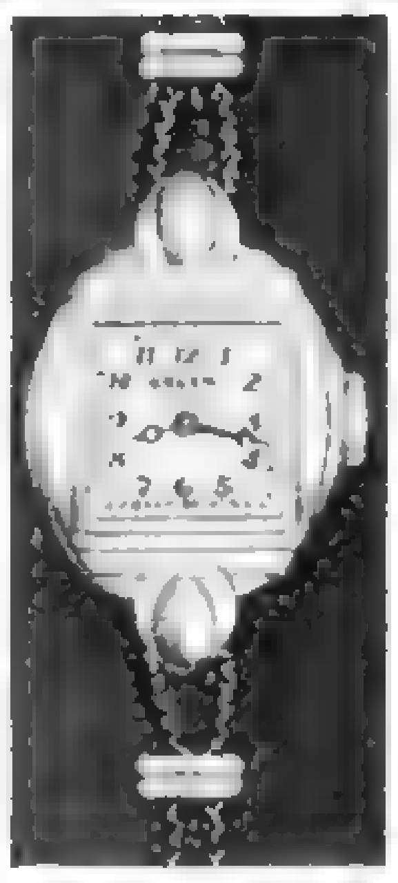


LAURELLA, 17-Jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold case set with 6 fine diamonds $75

MELISSA, 17-Jewel Precision, 14 kt. white gold case set with 20 fine diamonds $100

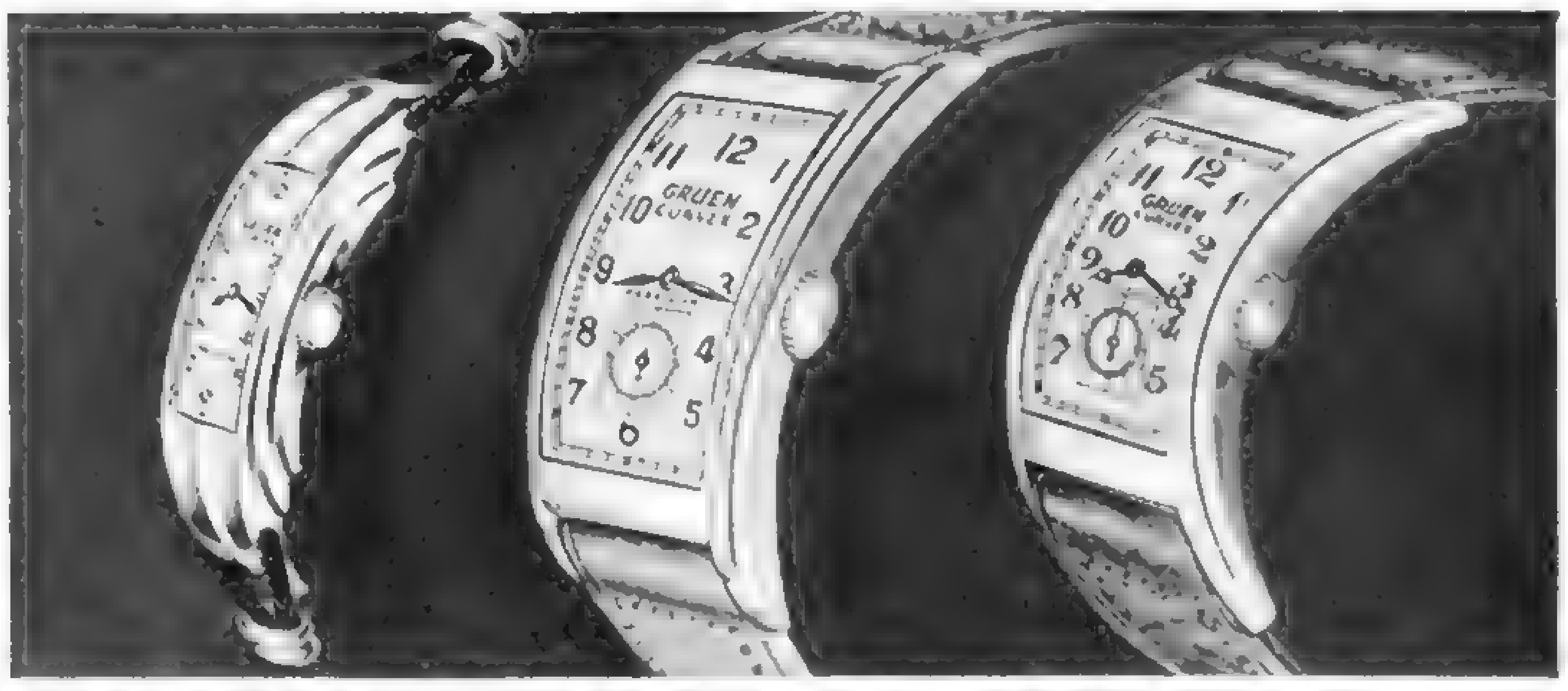


LAUREL, 15 Jewels, yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back . . . $24.75



VERI-THIN* GRACE, 15 Jewels, yellow gold-filled case $29.75

NO gift you can choose for man or woman is quite like a watch. Nothing else can match the Christmas morning thrill of its discovery. And when Christmas Day itself slips into the past, then, surely, no gift can equal this as a cherished and constant messenger of your affection through all the years ahead! If you would make the most of Christmas, give someone you love a watch . . . and see that it is a Gruen. No name in watchmaking has ever out-ranked this one. And no watches even in Gruen history have ever equalled the exquisite time-pieces at your Gruen jeweler's now . . . from $24.75 to $250; with precious stones, up to $2500. Write for folder. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, O., U. S. A. In Canada, Toronto, Ont.

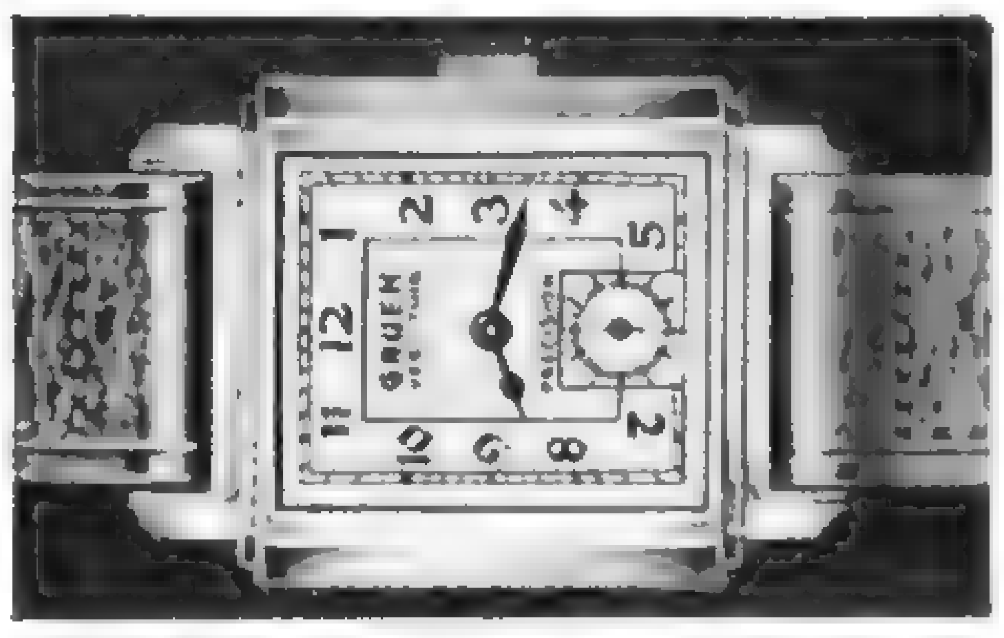


CURVEX† COUNTESS, 17-Jewel Precision, yellow or white gold-filled case . $42.50

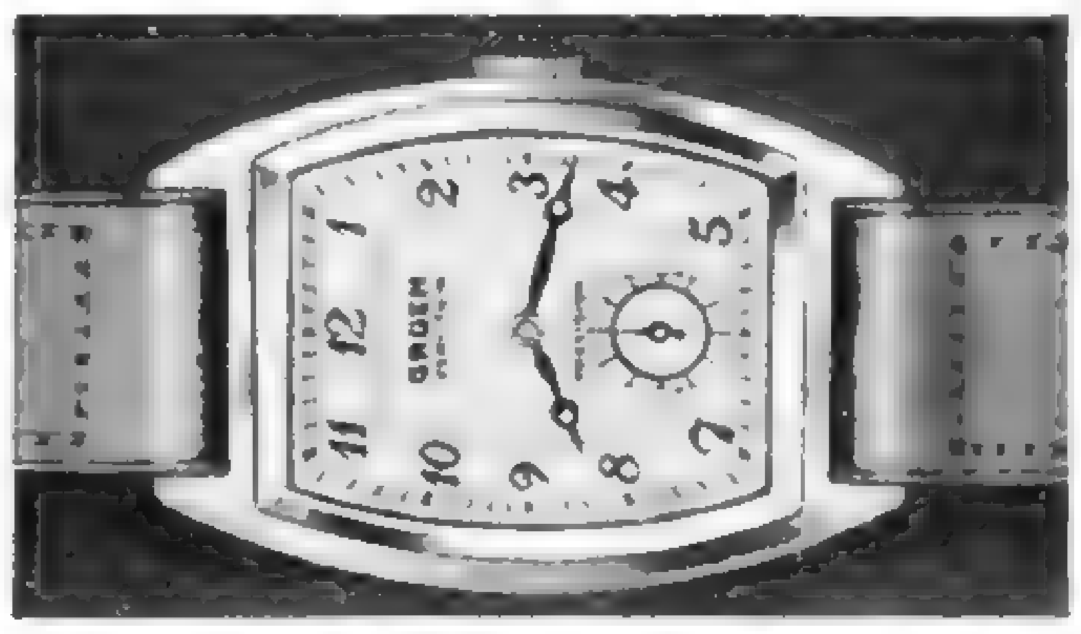
CURVEX† CADET, 17-Jewel Precision, yellow gold-filled case $47.50

CURVEX† DUKE, 17-Jewel Precision, yellow gold-filled case, $50. With 14 kt. yellow gold case . $87.50

THORPE, 17 Jewels, yellow gold-filled case, Guildite back $29.75



VERI-THIN* COMET, 17-Jewel Precision, yellow gold-filled case $37.50



VERI-THIN* CRAFTSMAN, 17-Jewel Precision, 14 kt. yellow gold case $67.50

GRUEN

The
PRECISION
Watch

†Reg. U. S. Pat. Office. Patented U. S. Patent Nos. 1856952 Re. 20480. Canadian Patent No. 370997. Copyright 1936 by The Gruen Watch Co.
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, Patents Pending.

GIFTS FROM YOUR JEWELER ARE GIFTS AT THEIR BEST!

COPYRIGHT 1939, THE GRUEN WATCH CO.

..FEEL MY FACE!
Smooth Shave First Time

Give a man a *shave* he can rave about and there's no limit to his enthusiasm and gratitude. And it's the *Natural Angle* of the KNAPP SHAVER that does the trick. Here's an expression from real life that tells the whole story: Harry G. Wilson, Jr., Tampa, Florida writes: *"Being rather skeptical, I used your KNAPP SHAVER. For the first time, I was able to get a clean, close shave with an electric shaver. I am wholeheartedly recommending the KNAPP to all my friends."*

Make *his* Christmas gift the start of years of real shaving pleasure! Give him a KNAPP *Natural Angle* SHAVER. Then *Feel His Face!*

NO OTHER SHAVER LIKE THE

KNAPP *Natural Angle* SHAVER

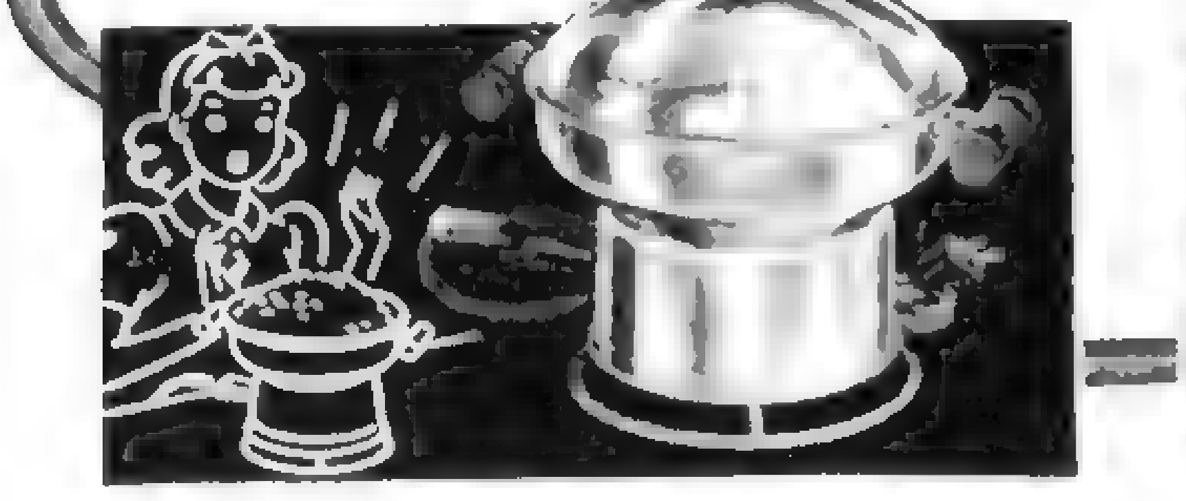
1 *Natural Shaving Angle.* You hold the KNAPP SHAVER just as you hold your blade razor—*naturally.* Enjoy a quick, close shave first time.

2 *Two Sizes of Cutting Slots in one* shaving head (for coarse or fine beards). Shaving head is instantly reversible—non-clogging. No setscrew to adjust.

Standard Model (illustrated), black and chrome finish—$10.00. Deluxe Model, ivory finish, gold-plated head. Packed in saddle-stitched, genuine leather case by Mark Cross, with magnifying mirror—$15.00. Both models guaranteed one year.

THE
Natural Angle
$10.00

Other Distinctive K-M ELECTRIC SERVANTS



K-M POP CORN POPPER

New, totally different—automatic, this K-M Tel-A-Matic Pop Corn Popper makes delicious "buttered" pop corn without shaking, stirring or agitating! Glass observation top. With cord, at all K-M dealers.....**$4.95**

K-M ELECTRIC LIQUIDIZER

This amazingly powerful liquidizer whirls raw carrots, oranges (even ice cubes) into liquid form, easily, quickly. Has hundreds of uses. See your K-M dealer demonstrate it. Complete with cord...............**$14.95**

K-M
KNAPP-MONARCH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

IF YOUR DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY YOU
USE THIS COUPON
KNAPP-MONARCH COMPANY
Dept. C, Bent & Potomac, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.
I enclose remittance. Please send postage prepaid.
☐ Knapp Shaver....... $10.00
☐ Knapp DeLuxe Shaver $15.00
☐ K-M Pop Corn Popper $4.95
☐ K-M Electric Liquidizer $14.95
PRINT YOUR NAME IN MARGIN BELOW

Eyes of an Eagle

Continued from pages 99-214-216

from the side of the paper turned toward us that he has the paper upside-down.

"I'm gettin' a drink of water." I says, "and I'll turn in. I'm a bit sleepy!" I carry my rifle on my shoulder to the kitchen. Aunt Liddie follows me to the kitchen. As I lift a dipper of water to drink Aunt Liddie whispers in my ear: "Your Uncle Fonse is hurt. He can't stand to miss a shot. He's been a wonderful shot but he ain't got the eyes he used to have. He'll be pouty for a week over this. He'll say your rifle wasn't any good. He'll say the lighting was bad. He don't want to believe he is slippin'. He don't want to think that time has slipped upon him—that he is gettin' old."

"Aunt Liddie," I says, "I'll tell you. Don't mention it to him please. But Elmer and I were shootin' at walnuts the other day with him. We threw them up for each other and we'd crack them in the air. Both of us were ahead of Uncle Fonse—he first blamed the rifle. I winked at Elmer—we started to missin' the walnuts on purpose. Uncle Fonse got ahead. He was the happiest man I ever saw. We let him keep the lead. 'I'd begin to think,' he says, 'my eyes weren't what they used to be. But now I know they are.' I know he has been a better shot than I am now or ever will be—but I can beat him now. I have to let him beat me."

"I know I can't shoot like I used to shoot," says Aunt Liddie, "but I accept it. I know that I am older than I once was—my eyes are not as good and my nerves are not as steady. Where I used to take one shot with Fonse's pistol and kill a suck-egg dog—I've got to take three shots sometimes now before I get him. Sometimes, I miss a mole under the ground rooting up my grass. But when I miss I shoot again. If I miss the second time, I just keep shootin'."

I go upstairs to my room. I put my rifle in the corner and go to bed. From my upstairs window, I can see the little Mt. Zion church house on the hill. The moonlight floods the valley like bright daylight. I can see the white tombstones in a long row where the Kirks are laid to rest. I can see the green stools of roses there and the green carpet of myrtle.

"Uncle Fonse," I think, "with his broad shoulders, his fence-post arms and his big hard fire-shovel hands—fingers almost too big to go under the trigger guard of my rifle; Uncle Fonse with the elongated gray eyes sharp and steady as an eagle's eyes. There are not many men in Kentucky today like Uncle Fonse. He is one of the best shots in the State of Kentucky for his years. There on the Mt. Zion hill lies the dust he was made from, pioneer dust that cleaned the valley and built the turnpikes and the railroads; dust that was powerful in its day—that lived, breathed air, saw sunsets, cleared the wilderness and barked the squirrels; dust that helped to build a nation—now eternally sleeping under the quilts of myrtle, dirt and winds—gone, gone, as the Red Man, the giant trees and the wild game and the topsoil of the land."

"God's little two acres of slope there," I think, "holds millions and millions of dreams that will be hidden eternally; the long shots that were made with the long hunting rifles; the fights with the Red Men now sleeping in the valley below them—whose bones work up from beneath the plows that plow the empty fields each spring; bones that are scattered all over the bottoms; bones that slip into the Ohio River each time a part of the bank slips into the river—bones—bones—bones—the valley of bones; the valley of dry bones and of lost dreams of the long huntin' rifles; the blinded eagle eyes in the quilts of dust; gone, gone, gone forever—eternally sleeping while we with the lesser eagle eyes plod the earth above them and plow into their dreams; while the roots of our corn and wheat spring from their bosoms.

I get out of bed, walk barefooted down the wide carpeted stairway, go quietly through the front room—ease the front door open so as not to make a sound for Uncle Fonse is a light sleeper. I walk out across the porch, across the yard to the back of the house. I look over the bank where I threw the starlings. I pick up six dead starlings with dew shining on their glossy black wings. I carry them to the locust tree and drop them one by one to the grass. I leave them shining in the moonlight.

The sun rises a ball of fire in the East—reflects purpling strips on the quiet river waters. Aunt Liddie pounds on the floor beneath me with the end of the broom to wake me. I roll out of bed, dress, walk downstairs and walk out to inhale a breath of April air from the yard shrubbery and sweet-scented tender April grass.

"Uncle Fonse! Oh Uncle Fonse, come out here," I holler.

"What's the matter," asks Uncle Fonse running from the house like something desperate has happened.

"Look under this tree," I says. "I know I didn't knock these starlings out of the locust. I shot mine and threw them over the bank."

"I thought," says Uncle Fonse, "that I wasn't makin' so many misses. It was that dad-durned twilight last night. A man can't shoot in the dark, Son, and find the birds. I didn't think I was gettin' that bad. I'll go in there and show these birds to the Missus."

Uncle Fonse gathers the birds covered with dew from beneath the locust tree. He walks around the house, to show Aunt Liddie the birds. "I'll show her," he says. The sunlight floods down upon him—the bright golden sunlight of another day. ##

how many ways to dress a man?

Of course, there's the pants-first method, the shirt-first technique and it's simple to think up lots of others. But what men's wear manufacturers and retailers want to know is how to dress a man in *their* clothing. And there aren't so very many successful ways to do that.

Moving men's apparel and furnishings off racks and shelves onto living, breathing males is a process which intelligent advertising can speed up no end. And in New York, as in other cities throughout the country, the most intelligent advertising is that which goes into newspapers reaching all members of the family group—the women as well as the men.

New York is like other big cities . . . only bigger. As an active market for men's apparel of all kinds, it is made up of husbands and wives, homes and families, just like other markets. And in New York it also takes an *evening* newspaper like *The Sun* to do a complete family selling job. Evening circulation is the valuable *home-going* circulation for men's wear advertisers in New York and *The Sun* has 80% of its newsstand sales after 3 P.M. when workers in town begin to go home with their newspapers.

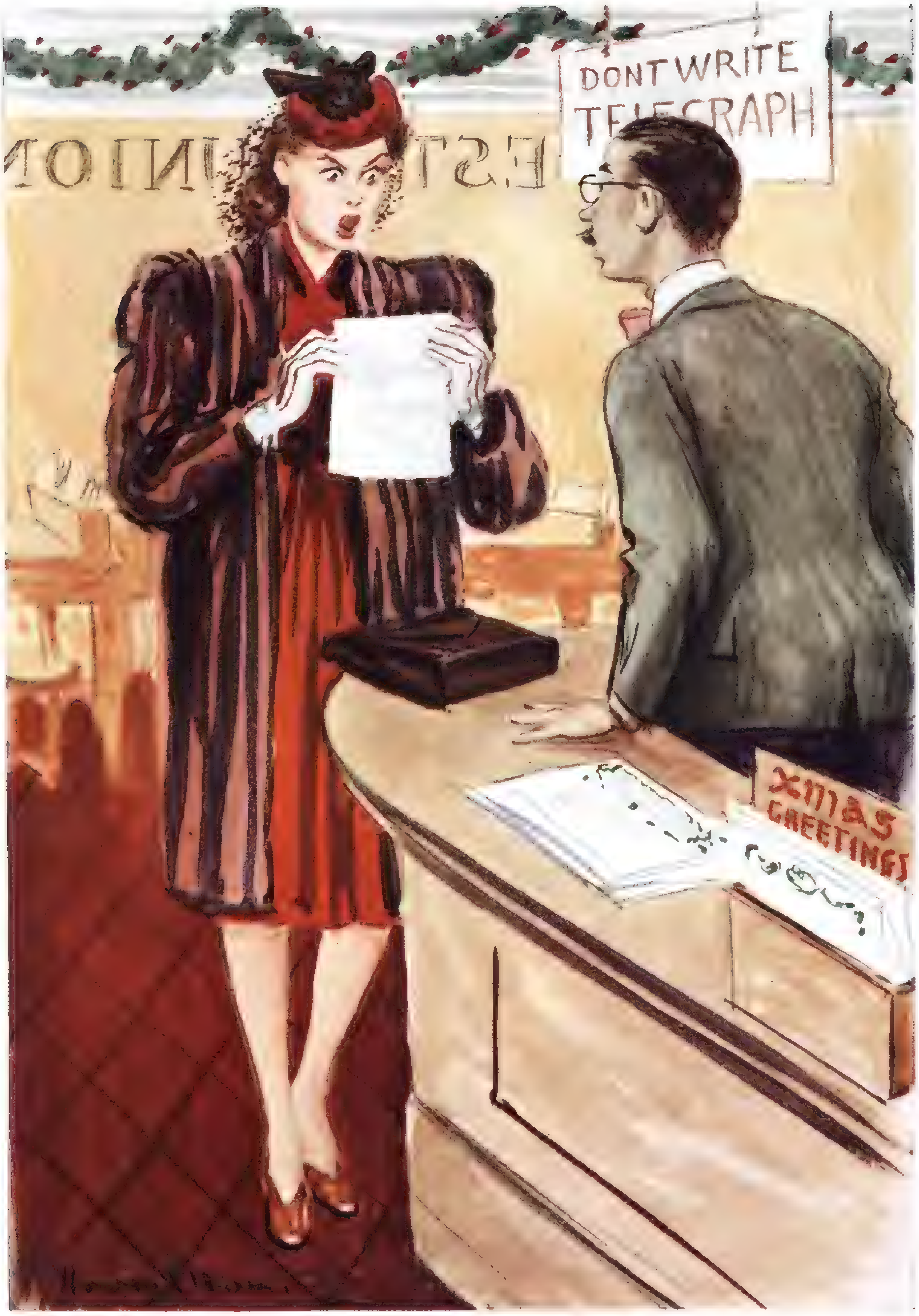
One of the surest ways to dress up more New York men in any particular make of apparel or accessories is to advertise aggressively in *The Sun*. A campaign in *The Sun* at this time, for instance, can have a powerful influence on the Christmas gift sales of a product through New York stores. A consistent schedule in *The Sun* next year will help to win a bigger share of men's wear sales in New York.

MANUFACTURERS:

The New York Sun has an effective plan for increasing sales of your line through New York stores this Christmas at low cost. Write or wire for complete details. Address, Dept. E.

The Sun

280 BROADWAY • NEW YORK


DONT WRITE
TELEGRAPH
XMAS
GREETINGS

"Do you mind if I add "You Rat!" to Christmas Greeting number thirty-two?"

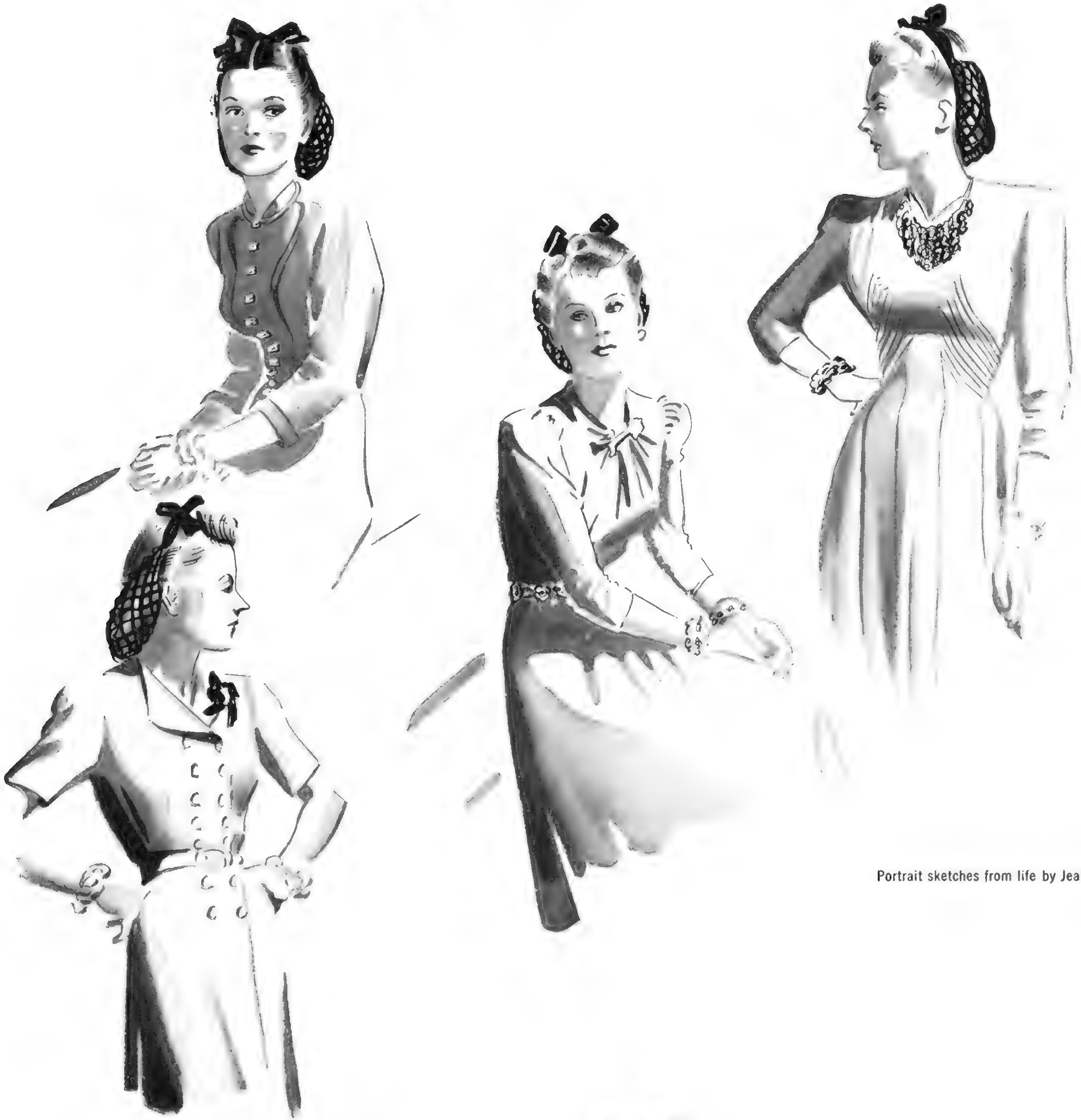
To the Ladies—

Esquire christmas fair
605

These Charming Girls will Welcome You to

ESQUIRE'S CHRISTMAS FAIR

605 Fifth Avenue, New York



Portrait sketches from life by Jean Spadea

They'll be wearing smart frocks made of Crown Tested Rayon fabrics. The very same styles may be bought at Bonwit Teller.

CROWN TESTED AND APPROVED CROWN RAYON

American Viscose Corporation
200 Madison Avenue, New York City
World's Largest Producer of Rayon Yarn

The First Name in Rayon . . . The First in Tested Quality

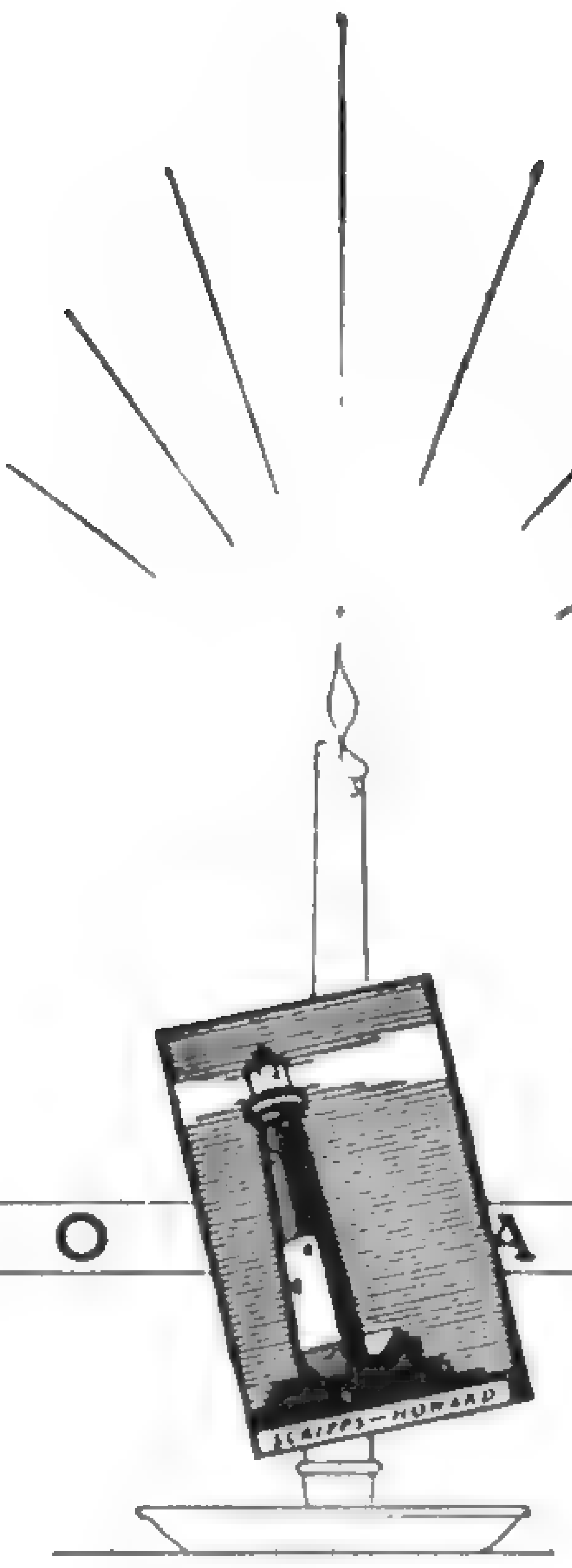
Copr. 1939—American Viscose Corp.

They have the Christmas Spirit all year 'round

Every day's a holiday—to a certain type of New Yorker. Like youngsters unwrapping gifts, those who buy the World-Telegram turn its pages with starry-eyed anticipation. And they're never let down! For this is the newspaper of the real New York, the every-evening favorite of 400,000 of the area's "best families."

The reason why the World-Telegram has won its way into the hearts and homes of New York's upper-income class is apparent as you go through the paper itself. Here is a balanced NEWSpaper... with an easily assimilated, readily digestible mental diet for every member of the do-more family. Facts and features, cartoons and comics, by-line stories by great writers and reports from all the important press bureaus . . . these are interpreted with a sparkle and verve that click with the city's selective segment.

Better buy the World-Telegram on the way home . . . tonight! You'll quickly see why this paper is preferred by Gotham's Lords and Ladies . . . the newspaper of bright New Yorkers!



BY O AND FOR NEW YORKERS

New York World-Telegram

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER
NEW YORK CITY
PHILADELPHIA • LOS ANGELES • DETROIT • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • MEMPHIS

You Can't Roast a York Round

Continued from page 127

chewed a few kernels of corn before retiring that night, and before he dropped off to dreamless slumber vowed to be more careful in the future.

He seldom bothered with long shots. Such ventures were too often futile. Sometimes, he learned, they resulted in losing an arrow. This meant that a certain amount of time—that could otherwise be spent in resting—would have to be devoted to the manufacture of another arrow. Resting being one of the more favored of Indian pastimes, the distance shot was considered uneconomic.

So, having attained a fair degree of proficiency with his bow and arrows, the modern archer might find it profitable to spend some time in the assiduous study of woodcraft. It has never been satisfactorily settled as to whether a man or a deer has better vision, but on the matter of ears and nose there is no argument.

The average hunter's chances for success are, at best, one in three. When the hunter rejects the gun in favor of the bow and arrow the odds make a decided jump in favor of the hunted.

Compared to the archer of even fifty years ago, the modern devotee has many added advantages. He has a choice of many materials for the manufacture of his bow. He can obtain a bow that is scientifically perfect. His arrows, both head and shaft, have a perfection of weight and balance that the archer of yesterday would not have believed possible.

Old, musty volumes relate that the great bowmen of antiquity often used bows with pulls in excess of one hundred pounds. Today our archers can duplicate any feat of these traditional giants with much lighter bows.

Many people have scoffed at the tales of Plains Indians shooting arrows "clean through" running buffaloes, but with the modern, two-ounce, razor-sharp hunting arrow this would be no unusual feat.

Saxton Pope, of California, whose knowledge of woodcraft is equal to that of a Sioux Indian on a scalp hunt, has killed birds, fish, rabbits, deer, mountain sheep, grizzlies and even African lions with his bow and arrow. To any hunter who has moved out of the novice class, the very fact that Pope killed the wily mountain sheep is enough evidence of his woodcraft.

While he has killed no less than seven lions with his favorite weapon, Pope does not advise those planning an African trip to depend on it to the exclusion of a large-bore, express rifle. An arrow, he found, often had insufficient stopping power for a lion, and it was an extremely restful feeling to know that an experienced rifleman was standing behind him.

A very dear friend of ours, having hunted the country over with rifle and shotgun, became infected with the archery bug not long ago. While on a Canadian hunting trip he decided to try his arrows on black bear, which were quite numerous in that particular province.

If he did nothing else, this friend added further proof to the arguments of those who claim a black bear will charge a man after having been wounded. As far as our friend is concerned, the proof is conclusive and admits of no argument.

He spent two days in the deep woods before he managed to approach within bow range of a bear. He drew the arrow to the head and let go. Then waited for the bear to drop.

The bear did. It dropped to all fours, emitted a deep, annoyed growl, and made for the archer at a speed later described as unbelievable.

"There may be theorists who will say this bear just *happened* to run in my direction. It has been my devout wish, then and since, that one of these theorists might have occupied my shoes."

The hunter, after a brief consideration of the matter, in which he covered the salient circumstances, decided not to try another shot. He tossed his bow away. He never cared especially for that particular bow, anyway. He started at a fair speed in the direction of camp.

Nurmi in his balmiest days, could have done no better, he claims.

After having covered about 100 yards, with no appreciable gain on his hairy pursuer, this hunter decided that the quiver of broadhead arrows, while of no great weight, were impeding his progress. Having tossed away the bow, what was the sense of keeping the arrows? He left the quiver on a bush.

Today, almost a year after this experience, he is unable to sit through a rendition of Hamlet's immortal soliloquy, because of the latter's reference to arrows.

In the hands of the right man, however, the bow is a most effective weapon. Those who have hunted deer with it successfully claim it has a stopping power almost equal to that of a high power rifle. A broadhead arrow, placed anywhere in the stomach cavity of a deer, results in a quick death. Some archers have made kills at a distance of 125 yards, but the majority got in their best work at about half that distance. All of these were standing shots, of course.

The veterans will tell you that a deer on the run, at fifty yards or so from the archer, must be led by at least twenty-five or thirty feet. This gives you an idea of the obstacles facing the archer as compared to the rifleman. The man with the rifle could hold on the deer's chest or shoulder and be reasonably sure of a hit in a vital spot. And if he happens to miss, the rifleman has plenty of time

Continued at top of page 224

America's Best Shirt Buy!
Wings
S. Lowe
"HERE'S WHAT WE WANT —PLENTY OF WINGS!"

A Dress Shirt of
Distinction with
Wearproof
AEROPLANE CLOTH
Collars and Cuffs

In White and Beautiful Patterns
at Better Men's and Dep't Stores

$1.65

An Exclusive Product of
PIEDMONT SHIRT COMPANY
GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

New York Office, WINGS SHIRT COMPANY
1270 Broadway

FOR YOUR
Christmas Eve

If you're one of those chaps who thinks that woman's place is in the home, here's the way to keep her there: Gentlemen, we give you a nightie . . a sheer bit of loveliness dreamed up in leaves and lace; a negligee that's a sexation; mules and a golden colored leaf necklace. If she rates it . . of course you'll buy her the whole set . . if not, you can settle for one.

Nightgown, 5.95, 12 to 20, black silk and rayon lace with black leaves; cream silk and rayon lace with tearose, blue or black leaves. **Pantie, 2.50,** to match. **Negligee, 10.95,** 12 to 20, black hammered rayon satin with white dyed marabou; shell pink with pink, blue with blue, white with black. Rayon and cotton satin **mules, 3.95,** in black, white, blue or pink; small, medium, large. Gold-colored metal leaf **necklace, 2.95**

Oppenheim Collins
33 WEST 34th ST.—NEW YORK

TO SAVE YOU TIME AND TIMIDITY . . . FILL OUT THE COUPON

Please send me ____________________

____

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ State ____________________

Charge ☐ C.O.D. ☐ Paid ☐ or phone Dorothy Winstead, Wisconsin 7-8200

Free delivery on purchases to all points within the States of New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia. Beyond this area, please add 20 cents for shipping. Please add 2% City Sales Tax on prepaid orders for New York City.

You Can't Roast a York Round

Continued from pages 127-223

for a second shot. The archer, in most instances, has only one chance, and if he misses he has to hunt up another deer.

As a result of all this, an archer is often too aged and infirm to draw his bow by the time he has hunted up enough deer to acquire proficiency.

Just to illustrate the killing power of a modern light bow, let us look at the experience of one Wisconsin archer. After several seasons of vain hunting, he finally got a shot at a large buck that was running almost directly away from him. Even for a rifleman, this is not a very desirable situation.

The man's arrow passed through the entire length of the deer, cut three ribs, and protruded six inches through the chest wall. The deer ran less than fifty feet after being hit.

Any archer who can make a consistently good score at the famous York Round is about ready to begin his study of woodcraft. This round has been the ultimate test of skill for archers ever since the long bow climbed to its high place.

A four-foot target is set up at 100 yards. The archer releases 72 arrows at this distance, 48 arrows at 80 yards, and 24 arrows at 60 yards. Away back in the dark ages—1848 to be exact—one Horace A. Ford spoiled the Robin Hood myth by registering 137 hits out of his 144 arrows. That mark still stands.

Today, about fifteen states have recognized the archer as a legitimate hunter, and many of them have rearranged their game codes in order that he may have an opportunity to find sport. Many of our states still have laws to the effect that "game may be taken in season, only with a rifle or shotgun held not more than an arm's length from the body." This leaves the archer out in the cold, which is a place many hunters feel he graces to perfection.

Why the man who hunts with a gun should object to the archer is a matter that even the arbitrators fail to comprehend. Certainly it is not because he lowers the game population to any noticeable extent, for he doesn't.

In some areas, despite the gunners' outcries, certain tracts have been set aside for hunting with bow and arrow. Other states offer the archers a brief special season in which they may stalk to their hearts' content. Wisconsin, Oregon and Indiana led the way, and if the archers continue to multiply as they have during the past twelve months, the other states will have to fall in line.

But you still can't roast a York Round. ##

Father Knows Better

Continued from page 125

not much interested in whether you use the triangle fold or the later method of folding into thirds and then lapping over. That part of it really doesn't matter. It's that "safety" pin situation that bothers me. I'm not the nervous type, you understand, but when I get into bed at night knowing that all over the world infants are held together with these deadly weapons, I simply can't close my eyes. I can't help it—that's the way I am. I love children.

I had two methods figured out whereby I could solve the problem, but I'm not very handy with needles and things. What I'm good at mainly is ideas and planning. So my plan to put hooks on the diaper and eyes on the shirt never got a trial. The woman offered all sorts of illogical objections and refused to make even one set. I even offered to buy a diaper to try it on when she said she wouldn't spoil the diaper service's property.

But with ninety diapers coming in every week, and me paying for that service, I didn't think there was any harm, nor did I think they would mind, in trying my other plan while the woman was out to the store one morning. I made a small hole in each corner of the diaper after folding and inserted a long ribbon into each hole, tying the ends to the diaper. I then applied as usual, but instead of jabbing those lethal pins all over the baby's body, I tied the other ends of the ribbons together in a bow about the baby's neck. To this very day I believe that if the woman hadn't returned when she did I could have figured out a way to tie those ribbons so the baby wouldn't come so close to strangling. Unfortunately, I never got another opportunity.

Another serious problem, particularly troublesome in cold weather, is the inability of women to keep covers on the kicking, turning, moving sleeping child. There are pins attached to loops which fit around crib bars; they can be bought in any variety store. You attach them to the crib bars and grip the blanket on both sides with the pins. These are not quite as deadly as diaper pins because they are not applied so near to the body; but they are pins. But regardless, just try to keep a kid under a blanket with that sort of a gadget. He'll work his way out of the blanket as soon as your back is turned. He merely propels himself backward in that impossible way that infants have; sometimes he smacks his head against the back of the crib; but he gets out. There isn't any way to keep an infant under a blanket. At least there wasn't until I tried my method one night when the woman was so exhausted from her unscientifically managed labors that I was able to work without awaking her.

I had to resort to pins because I had to work quickly, but you

Continued on page 226

The finest Cigarette you've ever smoked...

REGENT
CIGARETTES
R
KING SIZE

Regent 'King Size'... Twenty for fifteen cents

This distinctive cigarette has established a new smoking standard all over America. For Regent is the modern cigarette: different in size, different in shape and differently packed—a cigarette that has so many advantages that in a few short months it has won the loyalty of thousands upon thousands of smokers everywhere.

If you have not already tried this superlative cigarette there's a new high in smoking pleasure awaiting you too. For Regents' exclusive 'multiple-blend' combines many fine, rich tobaccos in entirely new proportions, imparting a finer, milder taste... and Regents' extra length assures a longer, cooler smoke.

Next time you buy cigarettes, ask for Regents. Look for the smart maroon and gray crush-proof box that keeps every cigarette firm and fresh to the last. You'll agree with smart smokers everywhere that Regent is "the finest cigarette you've ever smoked."

REGENTS ARE PACKED IN A SMART MAROON AND GRAY CRUSH-PROOF BOX. TWENTY FOR FIFTEEN CENTS

RIGGIO TOBACCO CORPORATION, NEW YORK

TICKETS
There's a Smart New Name in LEATHER!
Baby Alligator Coat Case $20
Baby Alligator Bill Fold $20
THIN-MADE STITCHLESS

True craftsmanship and authentic styling put WILSHIRE on the preferred list with men who appreciate fine leathers. Available at the better stores. *For the ladies: WILSHIRETTE billfolds and cigarette cases.

Wilshire
LEATHERCRAFT

STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD

WILSHIRE LEATHER CRAFTERS . . . 220 *Rose Street, Los Angeles, California*

Father Knows Better

Continued from pages 125-224

will see at once that when the method is universally adopted pins will not be required. I pinned a long ribbon to each corner of the blanket, somewhat in the manner of my diaper experiment, and drew them around under the crib and tied the opposite ribbons together. (These ribbons could be sewed on, obviously.) This, of course, served to hold the blanket in place but was no more successful in keeping the child under it than was the variety store loop and pin. But of course, there was more to my plan. I took two more ribbons and tied one about each of the child's ankles and tied the other ends to the foot of the crib. Clearly, then, the child could not work its way backward. The problem was solved. I grinned as I pictured the woman's chagrin when she discovered in the morning how my scientific approach had triumphed over her inept dabbling.

As luck would have it, the child had a cramp or some other indisposition about an hour after I crept into bed triumphant, for it let out a yowl that might have been heard in apartment 1A. I lived in apartment 6K. This awoke the woman who, panicky as women are, hopped out to the crib. It was an inauspicious moment for me, what with her being still more asleep than awake and therefore cranky. I hardly think the extremeness of her language was justifiable even so. I don't care what other people think, but one must face neighbors in the morning and—well, if it hadn't been that our lease was up in another six weeks I'd have replied suitably and perhaps carried on my experiments in spite of any protests.

Speaking of sleep brings to mind the manner in which I solved what is perhaps the most exasperating difficulty of all. I refer, of course, to the necessity of putting the child to sleep in the face of screeching protest. I have seen women rock a baby in a carriage until I feared that the child's innards were all messed up. I have seen other women croon and sing until their vocal cords were tied into knots. I have seen still other females patting the little backside for hours unnumbered. I have seen women—and, I regret to say, men—walk back and forth with the infant cradled in their arms until their hearts were ready to burst with the effort. I have seen women get down on their knees and pray to God to put the little darling to sleep. I hardly think God considers the matter one to be taken out of the hands of the mother after He has decreed that it is her job.

This experiment, I am constrained to say, was conducted with the permission of the woman, which makes her subsequent actions seem rather—well, I am anticipating. The child had been yowling for two hours and the woman threw her arms in the air and then threw her body face forward on the bed. "Oh, go ahead," she said, somewhat hysterically. "Put the baby to sleep scientifically. But don't let me see you do it—don't let me see it. I don't think I could stand any more aggravation." Which was very unjust, I think.

However, I was so glad of the opportunity of conducting an experiment to its ultimate conclusion at last, that I merely shrugged and was silent. Have you ever stood on your head? Did you notice how dizzy you got when the blood rushed down? Well, it stands to reason that if you held that position long enough, you'd get so dizzy that everything would become confused, just as it does when you are about to fall asleep.

I took the child to the other end of the apartment and closed all doors on my way. What she didn't hear wouldn't—well, anyway, I took the child firmly by the ankles and stood there holding it upside down. Its face got very, very red and for a moment I almost weakened, but I pulled myself together and carried on. The child began to shriek in the most agonizing manner but I just stood there. This went on for about five minutes. I started to croon a little song to distract the baby's attention, but the shrieks grew louder if that were possible. I decided to give the child a slight rest, since it was unaccustomed to the position: that would come with habit. I turned it rightside up, but it still shrieked. I decided it might be a good idea to hold it in my arms and walk back and forth a bit while I crooned. That didn't help. I felt my legs weakening and my throat was sore with the singing after about half an hour. I sat down and put the child across my knees, stomach down, and gently patted its backside. The yelping didn't cease. I wished I had the carriage in the room so I might give the kid a few shakes. My eardrums were beginning to yield.

"Please, God," I said almost unconsciously, "put the baby to sleep." The weeping continued unabated. Children have the most remarkable vitality. I was growing desperate. Suddenly I noticed that the cries were growing weaker—the eyes beginning to close. Quickly I turned the child upside down to take advantage of the situation. In another moment the child was so fast asleep that we couldn't awaken it for the next meal.

The woman was as unreasonable as ever when I told her of the upside down method. She shouted something about fiendish practices and natural exhaustion, but it didn't make sense. Women never do. From that moment on I resolved that I would not assist her again, but would let her bring the child up the hard way since she was so unappreciative.

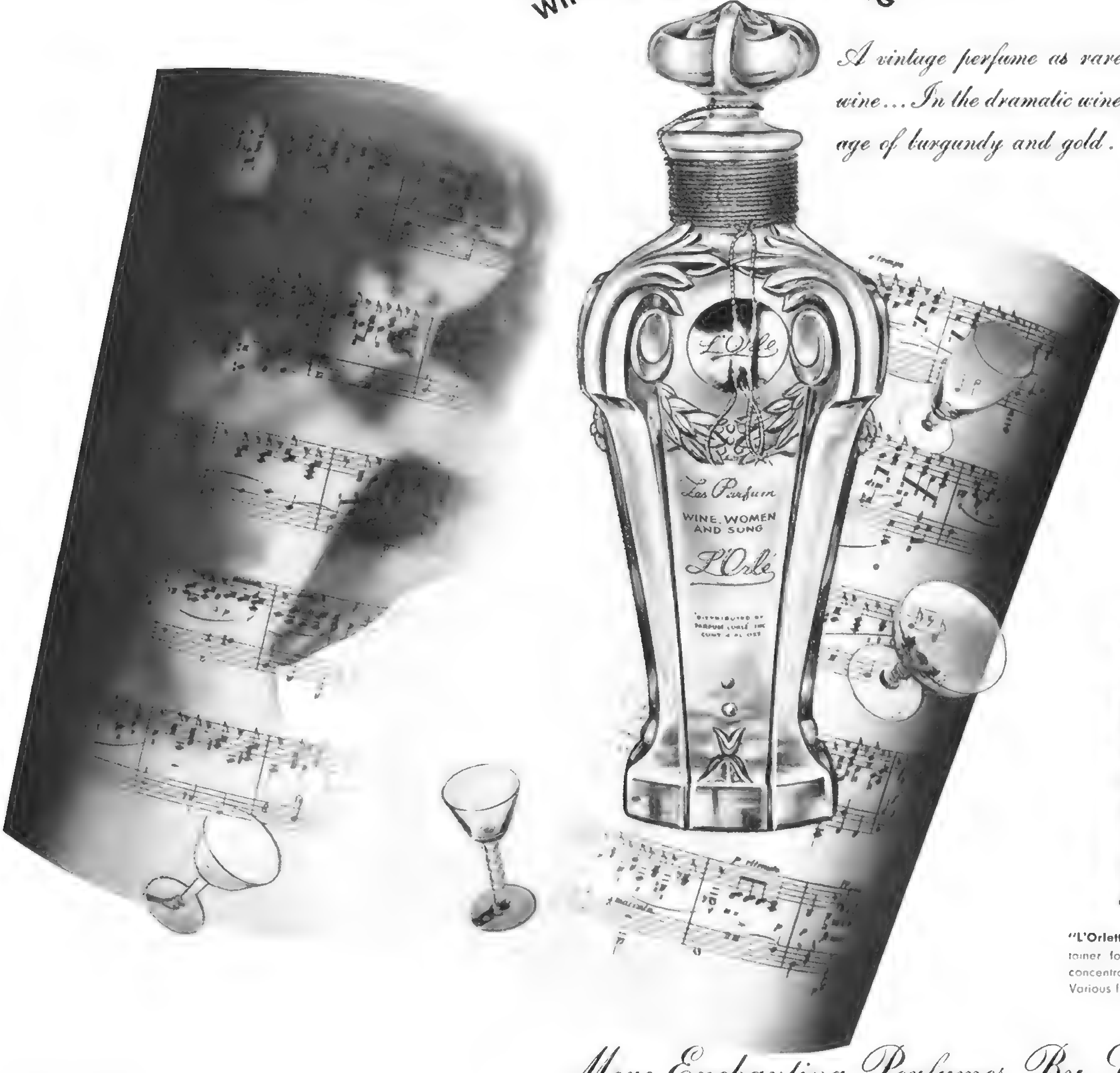
I told her as much with all the sternness I could muster. "Oh, darling, don't say that," she said in a peculiar voice.

But I was adamant. ⌗

New Excitement in Perfume by L'Orlé

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG

A vintage perfume as rare as the rarest of wine... In the dramatic wine glass suede package of burgundy and gold ..... **$5 and $15**



"L'Orlette". Golden perfume container for the purse with highly concentrated, long-lasting perfume. Various fragrances **$1**

More Enchanting Perfumes By L'Orlé

L'ORLÉ PRESENTS "Wine, Women and Song" and other exciting, new gifts in exquisite fragrances... Dramatic gifts that assure the giver of the warm welcome of appreciation, fitting tributes to the festive Holiday Season. Wherever fine perfumes are sold ask for L'Orlé's gift fragrances... If not obtainable locally, send order and price with your favored dealer's name, and your L'Orlé selection will be delivered to you at once.

PARFUM L'ORLÉ Inc., 6 East 39th Street, New York, originators of the famous **Parfum L'Odorante,** the perfume that deodorizes, for women; and **Gentlemen's L'Odorante,** the outstanding achievements of the past decade in the perfume industry, and year around necessities for particular people.

TWO-SOME
PARFUM

L'Orlé "Two-some". "L'Orlette," with concentrated, long-lasting perfume and flacon of Parfum L'Odorante, the perfume that deodorizes **$2**

ENSEMBLE
Concentrated Perfume

L'Orlé "Ensemble". "L'Orlette," golden perfume container, with flacon of concentrated, long lasting perfume in a variety of odeurs for refill. **$3.50**

L'Orlé "Parfum-air". The perfume air conditioner, the air deodorizer that drives unpleasant odors away. In a variety of delightful fragrances **$2**

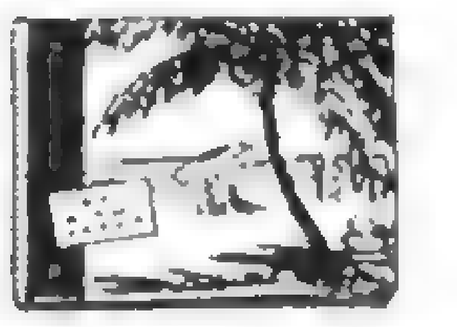
This is
MIAMI Beach

...OVERWHELMING CHOICE OF AMERICA'S SMARTEST THOUSANDS

Universally accepted by America's smartest business and social leaders—their overwhelming choice because it offers everything in the way of climate, of better recreation facilities—more action, life and gaiety—a more complete choice of accommodations in every size and price range.

Now, you can join them in a carefree escape from this winter's gloomy outlook—because Miami Beach, America's own "South Sea Island," is ready to play host to extra thousands. Hundreds of new accommodations have been added in this fifth year of a record construction program. There'll be more going on—more to see, more to do than ever before.

Already winter homes are being established—wise families are taking advantage of economical long-term rates and living costs. It's time for you to make your move—to the "Brightest Spot on Winter's Map"



...IN Natural COLORS!

Photos, facts and figures—complete details for making final plans. The coupon will bring your copy of this new, all-color Miami Beach booklet. There's no obligation of course. Mail it today!

(4)

MIAMI BEACH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Miami Beach, Florida
Please send the new Miami Beach Booklet

Name
Address
City State

The Lost Decade

Continued from page 113

broke off in an abrupt manner.

It was all kind of nutsy, Orrison decided - and changed himself suddenly into a guide.

"From here you get a good candid focus on Rockefeller Center," he pointed out with spirit. "—and the Chrysler Building and the Armistead Building, the daddy of all the new ones."

"The Armistead Building," Trimble rubber-necked obediently. "Yes I designed it."

Orrison shook his head cheerfully- he was used to going out with all kinds of people. But that stuff about having been in the restaurant last May . . .

He paused by the brass entablature in the cornerstone of the building. "Erected 1928" it said.

Trimble nodded.

"But I was taken drunk that year every-which-way drunk. So I never saw it before now."

"Oh." Orrison hesitated. "Like to go in now?"

"I've been in it—lots of times. But I've never seen it. And now it isn't what I want to see. I wouldn't ever be able to see it now. I simply want to see how people walk and what their clothes and shoes and hats are made of. And their eyes and hands. Would you mind shaking hands with me?"

"Not at all, sir."

"Thanks. Thanks. That's very kind. I suppose it looks strange but people will think we're saying good-bye. I'm going to walk up the avenue for awhile so we *will* say good-bye. Tell your office I'll be in at four."

Orrison looked after him when he started out, half expecting him to turn into a bar. But there was nothing about him that suggested or ever had suggested drink.

"Jesus," he said to himself. "Drunk for ten years."

He felt suddenly of the texture of his own coat and then he reached out and pressed his thumb against the granite of the building by his side. ⧻

The Potato-Elf

Continued from page 71

buckskin spats at the derby . . .

"It isn't so easy to fool me," said she, laughing through her nose.

The magician looked at her reproachfully, then he put Fred down on the plush couch and covered him with a plaid robe.

"The acrobat bruised him," explained Shock, and he had to add, "he struck him in his little belly with a weight."

And Nora, kind-hearted like many a childless woman, felt such an especial sorrow that she almost cried. She started to mother the dwarf, got him something to eat, also some port, rubbed his forehead, his temples and the childish hollow back of his ears with an aromatic alcohol.

The next morning Fred awoke early, paced up and down the strange room, and, sneezing softly like a boy, seated himself on the wide window sill.

The drizzling, pleasant fog was washing the gray roofs. Somewhere far away, a garret window opened, and its glass caught the glitter of the morning sun.

Fred thought of yesterday's event. The laughing voices of the acrobats blended strangely with the feel of the aromatic, cool hands of Madame Shock. He had at first been offended, and then caressed by her, and he was a dwarf who became easily and passionately attached. He dreamed how he would some day save Nora from a coarse, strong man, a man like the Frenchman in the white tights. For no reason at all he remembered a fifteen-year-old female drawf with whom he had once made some appearances. The female drawf had a turned-up nose and was both unhealthy and evil by nature. She was introduced to the audience as Fred's fiancée, and he shuddered with disgust when he had to dance a clinging tango with her.

At eight o'clock the apartment came to life; the magician smiling absent-mindedly left the house, where, nobody knew; in the dining room it smelt wonderfully of fried bacon, which was lying in fragrant strips above the hot bubble of the eggs. With her hair carelessly arranged, Madame Shock appeared in a peignoir embroidered with sunflowers.

After lunch she gave Fred a perfumed cigarette, the end of which was covered with a red petal; and looking at him through half-veiled eyes, she made him tell her about himself. On such occasions Fred's voice became slightly deeper, he spoke slowly, carefully choosing his words, and this unexpected choice in his style of speaking, strange to say, suited him. With his head on one side, intent on what he was saying, he was sitting at Nora's feet. The latter was half-lying on the plush couch, revealing the pointed elbows of her bare, uplifted arms. After finishing his speech the dwarf fell silent, but he still kept gesticulating with his tiny hands as if he were still talking. His little black coat, his bowed face, his fleshy little nose, his yellow hair with its parting on the top of his head, vaguely touched her. Looking through her eyelashes, she tried to visualize that this was not a dwarf in front of her, but her imaginary son who was telling her how mistreated he was at school. Stretching out her hand, Nora softly stroked his head, and the same minute, through some unexplainable combination of ideas, she dreamed of something more, which was both revengeful and curious.

Feeling her moving fingers in his hair, the dwarf stiffened and

Continued on page 230

"What! SAMSONITE LUGGAGE FOR ONLY $6 TO $15.00! —That Solves Our Gift Problems!"

YES, IT'S TRUE! Famous Samson Luggage of *Samsonite*, that uncanny covering that's practically scuff-proof . . . at *amazing new low prices!* Sturdy enough to stand abuse of auto travel! Strikingly beautiful Streamlite shape . . . rich mottled brown color! This is really the surprise of the year . . . the money-saving opportunity you've been looking for. For yourself . . . for those you love . . . buy Samsonite today . . . at better stores everywhere. Made and guaranteed by Shwayder Brothers, Inc., Denver and Detroit.

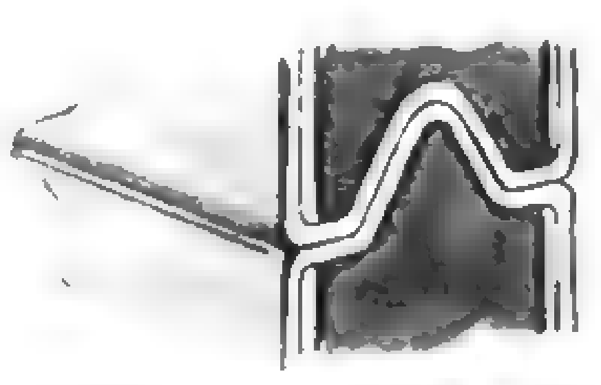
SAMSON'S GREATEST GIFT VALUES IN OVER 29 YEARS

MEN'S 2-SUIT HANGER CASE $10
Carries two suits on hangers wrinkle-free. Plenty of room for shirts, accessories, etc. Partitioned space for shoes. Tie rack. Smart appearing, very practical, great value! All you need for most trips.

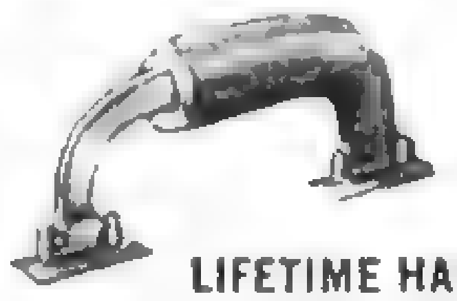
(Matches brown overnight case shown below)

WITH THESE GREAT FEATURES:

STAINPROOF! WASHABLE
Samsonite always looks smart. Made to stand abuse. Amazingly resistant to scuffs!



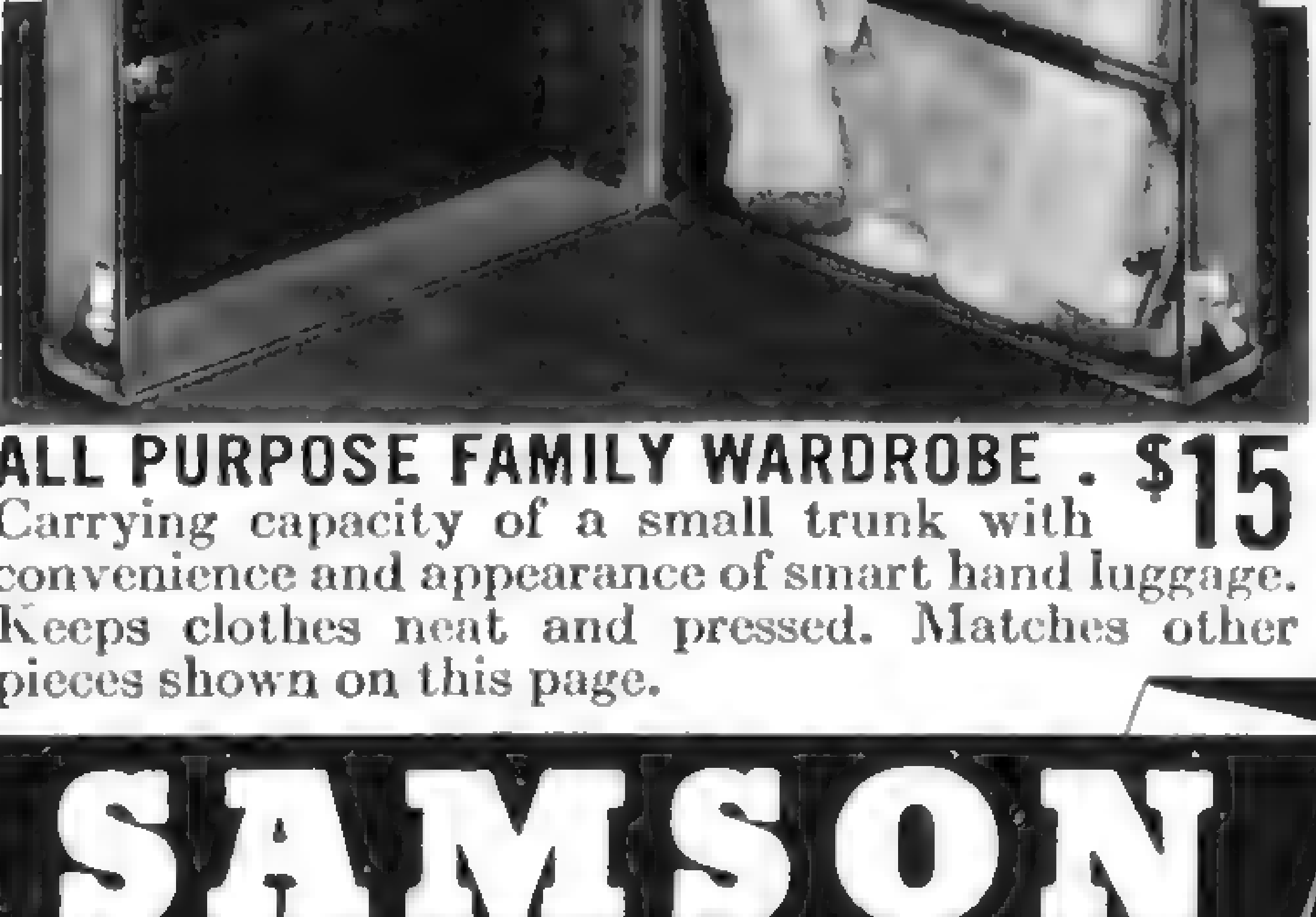
TONGUE AND GROOVE EDGE!
Stronger—relieves strain! Makes interior practically dustproof! Steel construction.



LIFETIME HANDLE!
Shaped to fit hand—shock resisting! Lifetime guarantee! Exclusive!

STREAMLITE SHAPE! Better looking! Conforms to body contour. Patented Samson feature.

for the ENTIRE FAMILY



ALL PURPOSE FAMILY WARDROBE . $15
Carrying capacity of a small trunk with convenience and appearance of smart hand luggage. Keeps clothes neat and pressed. Matches other pieces shown on this page.

WOMEN'S HANGER CASE $10
Every woman needs one! Carries eight to twelve dresses wrinkle-free. Easy to pack and unpack. Space for accessories. Attractively lined and finished. Carries enough for most average trips.

(Matches brown overnight case shown below)

MEN'S OVERNIGHT CASE $6
Adequate for short trips . . . indispensable for supplementing larger luggage for extended travel. With convenient pocket and straps for easy packing. Keeps contents fresh and neat.

WOMEN'S OVERNIGHT CASE $6
For overnight trips . . . week-ends . . . and to supplement other luggage. Distinctive Streamlite shape. Adjustable tie straps divide into two packing compartments.

SAMSON LUGGAGE

Mail Orders Filled!
We Pay Shipping Charges!

IF YOUR DEALER ISN'T SUPPLIED, ORDER DIRECT! DON'T MISS THESE VALUES!

This luggage is so new many dealers are not yet supplied. Don't let this stop you from taking advantage of the great values. Order by mail! Specify exact model or models, enclose check or money order, and bags will be shipped prepaid anywhere in U. S. A. Satisfaction guaranteed. SHWAYDER BROTHERS, INC., Dept. W-162, DENVER, COLORADO, or DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

The Potato-Elf

Continued from pages 71-228

suddenly began to lick his lips quickly in silence. Cocking his eyes to one side, he could not tear his gaze from the green pom-pom on Madame Shock's slipper.

And suddenly, absurdly, and delightfully—everything became motion.

V

On this dove-colored, sunny August afternoon, London looked especially beautiful.

Every single day of the year is given to only one man; to the most happy one. All others use this day, enjoying the sun, or being angry with the rain, but never knowing to whom this day really belongs, and this ignorance on their part is very pleasant to the lucky one, and he laughs at them. No one can foresee which day will be his, what trifle he will remember eternally—the rippling of light along the water, or the fluttering of a maple leaf—and often it so happens that he will recognize his day only among days already long past.

Almighty God gave Fred Dobson, a dwarf in mouse-colored spats, this merry August day which began with a soft whistle and the opening of a flashing window frame. Children who came back from a walk, related to their parents, breathlessly, and with amazement, that they saw a dwarf in a derby and striped trousers, carrying a cane and a pair of yellow gloves in his hands.

After passionately saying goodbye to Nora who was expecting guests, the Potato-Elf came out on the broad smooth street that was drenched with sun and immediately he knew that the entire town was created for him alone. A merry chauffeur pushed down the iron flag of the meter with a resounding click, the street flew away and Fred repeatedly slipped off the leather seat laughing continuously, and cooing to himself.

He got out at the entrance to Hyde Park and without paying attention to the curious looks, trotted along past the green folding chairs, the fountain, past the huge rhododendron bushes. Horsemen were flying past, lightly galloping, their boots creaking, the slender mouths of their horses tinkling with the bits.

The dwarf had a complete feeling of freedom and ease. Nora had seen him off with such a hasty tenderness—she had laughed so emotionally—it looked to him as if she were afraid that her old father who usually came to lunch, would begin to suspect something, having surprised a strange man in her house.

The same day one saw him everywhere—in the park where a rosy-cheeked nurse in a starched bonnet, who was pushing a perambulator, offered him a ride in it—for no reason at all—in the halls of the British Museum, on the living stairs which crept slowly out of the depths of the subway—in an exclusive shop where only men's handkerchiefs are sold—and on top of a bus where some kind hands had helped him up.

And then he became tired, dizzy from moving and from the glitter; he felt disquiet from the continuously laughing looks. He felt that he had to justify this broad feeling of freedom, of pride and happiness which still stayed with him.

When, feeling hungry, he entered a familiar little restaurant which was patronized by all kind of performers, and where his presence excited no attention, he realized, after he looked over the guests—the old dull clown who was already drunk, the Frenchman, his enemy, who gave him a friendly nod—he realized quite clearly that he would never again appear on the stage.

The restaurant was dark, as usual in the afternoon. The dull clown who looked like a ruined banker, and the acrobat, so strangely awkward in a coat, were silently playing at dominoes. A Spanish dancer, alone at a table in a corner, crossed her legs. There were seven or eight people unknown to Fred.

And suddenly at a distance in the twilight gloom of the restaurant, Fred recognized the slender profile of the magician, who was softly talking to a fat old gentleman. Fred had not counted on meeting the magician, who never visited saloons, and in general he had forgotten his existence. Now he felt so sorry for poor Shock, that at first he decided to keep everything from him; but he thought anyway that Nora didn't know how to deceive and would probably tell her husband even today—"I fell in love with Fred Dobson—I am leaving you . . ." and then this conversation would be so unpleasant, difficult that he should make it easier for her. He was her knight—he was proud of her love, and even though he was sorry for Shock he would have to grieve him.

Meanwhile, the waiter brought him an order of kidney pie and a stone bottle of ginger beer. The dwarf saw from afar how the chestnut lock on the magician's forehead gleamed with gold light, how his tender, fragrant fingers went from light to shadow. His companion in talk got up, hitched up his belt under his coat, and giving Shock a flattering smile, accompanied him to the coat rack. The fat fellow

---

Christmas gift presentations by Pinaud

Pinaud, world famous Parisian perfumer, offers his most popular products in exquisitely designed presentation sets for your preferred Christmas list.

The *Jaunt*: Handsome, full-size toiletry kit of strong pigskin-grained leatherette. Contains Eau de Quinine, Lilac Vegetal, and Lilac Talc, and pockets for comb and other toilet accessories. Pinaud's Christmas Special—a $3.95 value for $2.00.

GIFT A For after-shave Smoothness: Lilac Vegetal and Lilac Talc $1.25

GIFT B The perfect gift—for perfect grooming! Lilac Vegetal, and Eau de Quinine for the hair $2.20

GIFT C For the man on your list who uses an electric shaver. Pinaud's famous "Set-Up," and Lilac Talc $1.25

GIFT D Pinaud's "Top Four" in the finest gift set he ever created. Lilac Vegetal, Shave Cream, and Talc...PLUS Eau de Quinine . . . $2.75

PINAUD

PARIS . . . . LONDON . . . . NEW YORK

jammed his hat down on his head and left the restaurant. The door banged.

"Shock!" called the Potato-Elf, paddling his feet under the table.

Shock came over. On his way he pensively took a lighted cigar out of his vest pocket, inhaled, blew out some smoke and put it back. Nobody knew how he did it.

"Shock," said the dwarf, whose nose had become very red from the ginger beer, "I must speak to you—it's very important."

The magician sat next to him, slouching on one elbow, his head on his hand.

"You don't have a headache?" he asked indifferently.

Fred wiped his lips with his napkin; he didn't know quite how to begin in order to keep from hurting his friend too much.

"Tonight I am appearing with you for the last time," said the magician. "That American is taking me away—I think the prospects look pretty good."

"Listen, Shock," said the dwarf, crumbling some bread, and starting to fumble for the necessary words. "There now, be brave, Shock. I love your wife . . . Today when you went away . . . I . . . with her . . . we both . . . she . . ."

"But I am a bad sailor," said the magician thoughtfully, "and it takes a week to Boston. Sometime ago I sailed to India, and later I felt the way my leg does when it goes to sleep."

Fred, becoming crimson, was rubbing his little fist against the tablecloth. The magician was laughing softly at his own thoughts, and later said:

"Did you want to tell me something, little friend?"

The dwarf looked into his ethereal eyes and shook his head in confusion.

"No, no . . . nothing . . . it's impossible to talk to you."

Shock stretched out his hand. Evidently he wanted to flip a coin out of the dwarf's ear, but for the first time after many years of masterly magic, the coin unsteadily fell out ahead of time.

The magician caught it and got up.

"And I don't think I'll have dinner here," he said, examining the top of the dwarf's head with curiosity. "I don't like it here."

Fred, puffed up and silent, was eating a baked apple.

"He didn't want to listen. Well, it's his lookout," thought Fred, sighing with relief, and deciding that Nora would explain everything anyway.

A little later he asked for some paper, and started to write her a letter. It ended like this: "Now you realize that I cannot go on with my former existence. How would you feel, knowing that every night the people are laughing at your chosen one? Tomorrow I am tearing up my contract and leaving. I will write you again as soon as I find a peaceful little spot, where after your divorce, we will love each other, my Nora."

So ended the swift day which was given to the dwarf in mouse-colored spats.

VI

London was carefully growing dark. The street noises blended into a soft musical rumbling, as if someone had suddenly stopped playing and still kept his foot on the pedal. The black leaves of the linden trees stood out against the transparent sky like aces of spades. In some places, at the bend of a street, or between two mournful towers, the fire of the sunset appeared like a vision.

The magician always went home for dinner, and to change into his professional evening clothes, later to go straight to the theatre. That night Nora awaited him with special impatience, trembling with evil joy, happy in the knowledge that now she too had her mystery. The dwarf, himself, she didn't want to remember. The dwarf was an unpleasant little worm.

The lock of the entrance door clicked thinly. As it often happens when you know that you have cheated someone, the face of the magician appeared new, almost strange to her. Giving her a nod, he somehow shamefully and sadly lowered his eyelids. Silently he sat down at the table opposite her. Nora looked at his light grey suit in which he appeared more slender, more intangible than ever, and her eyes gleamed with hot triumph. The evil little impish smile trembled in the corner of her mouth.

She asked, enjoying the carelessness of her question:

"How is your dwarf? I thought you'd bring him with you."

"I didn't see him today," answered Shock, starting to eat. Suddenly he remembered something. He took out a phial and cautiously drawing out the cork with a squeak, bent it over a little glass filled with wine.

Nora thought irritably—he is going to play a trick now. The wine will become a vivid blue, or transparent as water—but the color of the wine remained unchanged. Shock, who caught her look, gave her a vague smile.

"Some drops—for my indigestion," he explained. A thoughtful look passed over his face.

"You're lying as usual," said Nora. "There is nothing the matter with your stomach."

The magician laughed softly, then he coughed in a business-like manner and gulped the wine.

"Eat for heaven's sake," said Nora. "Everything is getting cold."

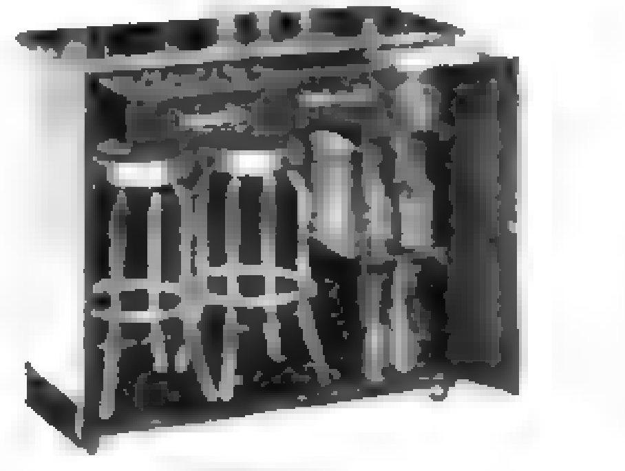
She thought maliciously: "Oh, if he only knew! You will never know. From now on my power lies in this."

The magician was eating silently. Suddenly he made a wry face, pushed away the plate and started to speak. As usual he did not look into his wife's eyes, but a little above her, and his voice was soft and resonant. He related how today he was at the King's in Windsor, where he was engaged to entertain the little dukes in their velvet jackets and lace collars. He was describing it picturesquely and easily imitating the people he

Continued on page 232

FUN FOR FRIENDS AND
THE FAMILY IN A
Royalchrome
RECREATION ROOM

A basement, attic or spare room may easily be converted into a cheerful, inviting Royalchrome Recreation Room. Here your children will love to romp and play. Here you will entertain your friends at the game tables and serve them royally from the smart Hide-Away bar. Recreation rooms may be equipped with Royalchrome for as little as $149.



HIDE-AWAY BAR
Illustrated above, back is equipped with drawers and cabinets to hold necessary accessories. Compact, sturdily built, faced with Royal's Tuf-Tex leatherette, aluminum bands. Choice of twenty-nine colors.
Bar with glassware .... $54.50 PLUS FREIGHT
Price complete with two stools constructed to fit inside $69.50

BRIDGE-POKER TABLE
Combination bridge-poker table. Amply weighted scuff-proof base with chromium column. The aluminum banded poker table top of battleship linoleum is recessed to fit over bridge top. The combination is $49.75 PLUS FREIGHT

PING-PONG TABLE
Built with drawer to hold net and accessories. Chromium legs are easily removed with single thumb screws and table top is hinged to fold in center Regulation tournament size and shape. Carries official seal of approval $34.95 PLUS FREIGHT

Delivery will be made direct from the factory if your local merchant is unable to supply these items

ROYAL METAL MFG. CO.
MICHIGAN BLVD. AT PARK ROW • • CHICAGO

Give Victor Records

The gift that keeps on giving

"There is no finer gift than one's favorite music performed by the world's greatest artists"

Do you want to give Christmas gifts that will grow ever dearer to the recipients? Then give them Victor Records—one or more recordings of some favorite music by the world's greatest artists. Ever after, that music will be theirs, to delight in whenever they wish, and to evoke warm thoughts of you each time it is played. Whether they are two or eighty, addicted to dance music or devoted to the classics—in fact, whatever their musical taste—you can satisfy it perfectly with Victor Records. For the Victor Record Catalog lists approximately 7,500 selections, covering the entire field of music, by the world's greatest artists. It's wise to make your selections early. So bring your gift list in to your nearest RCA Victor music merchant now!

Universally Beloved Victor Records for Ideal Gifts

Ask your RCA Victor Music Merchant for the Victor Gift Selection Book listing many others

CHRISTMAS CAROLS OF MANY LANDS—ANGELS WE HAVE HEARD ON HIGH—AYAPO and others. Vienna Choir Boys. Album C-32, 8 sides. . $6.50

STILLE NACHT, HEILIGE NACHT (*Gruber*)—WEIHNACHTEN (Christmas) (*Humperdinck*) Ernestine Schumann-Heink. Record No. 6723. $2.00

CHRISTMAS CAROLS—POTPOURRI—GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN—SILENT NIGHT, etc. Marek Weber and His Orchestra. Record No. 36188 . . . . $1.00

TRISTAN AND ISOLDE (*Wagner*)—Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Album M-508 (AM-508 for automatic operation) 9 sides, with descriptive booklet $9.00

ALBUM OF STRAUSS WALTZES—Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor. Album M-445 (AM-445 for automatic operation) 10 sides $7.00

SYMPHONY NO. 1, IN C MINOR (*Brahms*)—Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Album M-301 (AM-301 for automatic operation) 10 sides, with descriptive booklet $10.00

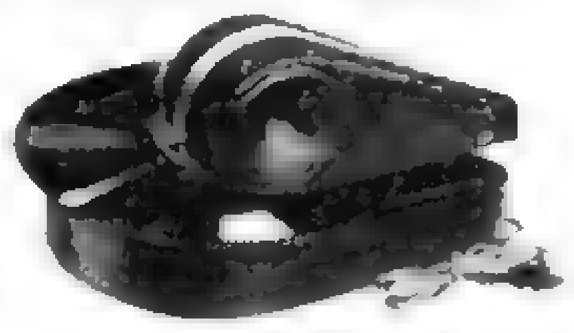
SYMPHONY NO. 6, IN F MAJOR ("Pastoral") (*Beethoven*)—Arturo Toscanini—B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Album M-417 (AM-417 for automatic operation) 10 sides, with descriptive booklet $10.00

ALBUM OF VICTOR HERBERT MELODIES Nathaniel Shilkret-Victor Salon Group and Victor Concert Orchestra. Album C-33 (12589-12593) 10 sides $7.50

SYMPHONY NO. 5, IN C MINOR (*Beethoven*) Serge Koussevitzky—London Philharmonic Orchestra. Album M-245 (AM-245 for automatic operation) 10 sides with descriptive booklet. $10.00

1812 OVERTURE (*Tschaikowsky*) Boston "Pops" Orchestra, Arthur Fiedler, Conductor. Album M-515. 4 sides. $3.50

A delightful musical gift for children! RCA VICTROLA JUNIOR



A Toy Electric RCA Victrola with an acoustical speaker built into its tone arm. It plugs into AC only. . . . . Price, $4.95*

Make a doubly thrilling gift by including a selection of the new Victor or Bluebird Records for children. There is an exciting new list out for Christmas . . . songs, stories, children's opera, entertainment from the motion pictures, children's books and the "funnies." Your RCA Victor music merchant will give you the complete list of new children's Victor and Bluebird Records. Here are two of them:

TINKLE-TONKLE TOWN (A Christmas Fantasy, by Alice Remsen) Dramatization and Songs by Alice Remsen, The Musical Story Lady. BC-21, 3 Records. Price . . 35c each.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM (Story of the First Christmas with Carols) Narrator and Chorus with Organ. BC-22, 3 Records. Price, 35c each

*Price f.o.b. Camden, N. J., subject to change without notice.

Trade-marks "Victor", "Victrola" and "RCA Victor" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON VICTOR RECORDS

NEW Higher Fidelity VICTOR RECORDS

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

The Potato-Elf

Continued from pages 71-228-231

saw, and laughing, nodding his head a little to one side.

"I let a flock of white pigeons out of a top hat," he said.

"And the dwarf's little hands were moist, and you are telling lies," mentally added Nora.

". . . and you know those pigeons started to fly around the queen. She shooed them away and smiled to be polite."

The magician got up, stumbled forward a little, softly pressed against the edge of the table with two fingers, and said as if ending his tale:

"I feel bad, Nora. Just now I took poison. You shouldn't be untrue to me."

His throat swelled, and pressing his handkerchief to his lips he quickly went from the room.

Nora got up swiftly, knocking a silver knife off a plate with her long amber beads.

"All on purpose," she thought maliciously. "He wants to scare me—to torture me. No, my friend, it won't work. You'll see!"

She was vexed that Shock had guessed her secret so easily. But now anyway she would have a reason for unburdening to him, to yell to him that she hated him, that she despised him with all her heart, that he wasn't a human being, but a rubber ghost, that she couldn't bear to live with him any longer—that—

The magician was sitting on his bed, bent in two, and painfully gritting his teeth, but he attempted to smile when Nora dashed into the bedroom.

"So I am supposed to believe all this," she said gasping for breath. "No, this is the end of your tricks. I can cheat, too. Oh, how repulsive you are to me—how laughable your unsuccessful tricks are to me."

Shock with a bewildered smile on his face, tried to get up from the bed, but the soles of his shoes slipped against the carpet. Nora stopped, trying to think what else she could yell at him that was insulting.

"Don't—if I—pardon me—" Shock breathed with difficulty.

The veins on his forehead swelled, he shriveled, his throat rattled. His moist hair lock trembled, and the handkerchief which he convulsively pressed to his mouth became swollen with dark blood.

"Stop playing the fool," Nora stamped her foot.

He straightened up, pale as wax, and threw his handkerchief into the corner.

"Stop, Nora—I don't understand—it is my last trick—I won't do it any more."

His terrible, shining face became painfully disfigured. He swayed, then fell back on the bed, his head dropping behind him.

Nora approached, and looked at him, knitting her brows. Shock was lying with his eyes closed, his clenched teeth squeaking. When she bent over him, his eyelids trembled, his look was glazed as if he didn't recognize his wife, and then suddenly he recognized her, and in his eyes there flashed a moist beam of tenderness and suffering.

And suddenly Nora realized that she loved him more than anything in the world. And horror and sorrow took hold of her like a whirlwind. She ran in circles around the room, for no reason at all poured some water into a glass, left it on the washstand, flew back to her husband, who lifted himself a little off the bed, and pressing the end of the sheet to his lips, trembled and emitted a low moan, dilating his insensible eyes, already veiled with death. Then she wrung her hands, dashed to the next room where the telephone stood, dialed endlessly, got the wrong number, called again—her breath sobbing and her fist hammering the little table. And when she finally heard the doctor's voice, she screamed that her husband had poisoned himself, that he was dying—all the while passionately sobbing into the mouthpiece—then replaced the receiver crookedly and rushed back to the bedroom.

The magician, smoothly shaven, dressed in a white waistcoat and well-pressed black trousers, stood in front of the mirror, and with his arms upraised was methodically arranging his tie. Seeing Nora in the mirror, he smiled at her absent-mindedly without turning his head, and whistling softly, put the finishing touches to the black silk ends.

VII

Drowsy, the little town in the north of England, appeared so quiet that it looked as if someone had forgotten it in the midst of the foggy, dewy fields, where the little town seemed to sleep forever. There was a post office, a bicycle store, two or three tobacco shops with red and blue signs, an old gray church surrounded by gravestones which were covered by the shadow of the enormous chestnut tree. Along the single street, there were green fences, little gardens, small brick houses on which ivy trellises grew slantwise. One of these little houses was rented to a certain F. Dobson whom no one had seen face to face, except the doctor, and the doctor did very little talking in general. Mr. Dobson apparently never went out of the house, and his housekeeper, a severe, fat woman who had formerly had a job in an insane asylum, answered the casual questions of the neighbors by saying that Mr. Dobson was an old paralytic who was destined to live in half twilight and quiet. He was forgotten the same year that he arrived in Drowsy Town—he became something unnoticed, but everyone accepted him in good faith, as they did the unknown bishop whose stone image was standing so long in a niche above the entrance to the church. Apparently the mysterious old man had a grandchild—a quiet, blond boy who sometimes came out of Mr. Dobson's house at dusk, with small, shy steps. But it happened so seldom that nobody could say definitely whether it was always the same boy or another one—and the twilight was blue and foggy, making everything hazy. So the dreamy, incurious residents of the little town missed the fact that the pretended grandson of the paralytic did not grow as the years passed, and that his flaxen hair was nothing but a beautifully made little wig. Because the Potato-Elf started to grow bald the first year of his new life, and soon his head became so smooth and shiny that severe Anna, his housekeeper, had a desire once in a while to clasp this funny roundness. In other respects he changed little, only perhaps his little belly became fuller, and the crimson threads looked transparent on his dark, puffed-up nose which he powdered when he dressed as a boy. Besides, Anna and the doctor knew that the heart attacks from which the dwarf suffered would come to no good.

He lived peacefully unnoticed in his three rooms, subscribed to a library, and three or four times a week got new books, mostly novels, bought a black yellow-eyed cat, because he was scared to death of mice which scurried by in the evening as if they were playing with kindle wood in the corner behind the cupboard. He ate a good deal, especially sweet things sometimes he would even jump up in the middle of the night and trot across the cold floor, feeling the chill on his little feet, so tiny and grotesque in his long shirt, and run into the pantry for chocolate cookies like a little boy. Always, with increasing infrequency, he would remember his first love and his first terrible days in Drowsy Town.

However, inside his desk among thin, carefully folded posters, he still kept a sheet of flesh-colored writing paper with a watermark in the shape of a dragon, which was covered with almost illegible handwriting. On this paper was written:

"Dear Mr. Dobson: I also received your second letter in which you invite me to D. I am afraid there was a terrible misunderstanding. Try to pardon and forget me. Tomorrow my husband and I are leaving for America and will probably not be back for a long time. I don't know what more I can tell you, my poor Fred."

That was the time when the first heart attack took place. A mild, bewildered look remained in his eyes since that day. And for many days he used to pace up and down, swallowing tears and waving his trembling little hand in front of his face.

And then Fred began to forget. He started to love this cosiness, until now unknown to him. The blue flames above the coals in the fireplace, the dusty vases on the rounded shelves, an etching between the windows which depicted a St. Bernard with a flask around his neck and a weakened traveler on a black cliff. He seldom remembered his former life. Only once in awhile he dreamed that the starry sky became full of the swinging trapeze, and then he was locked in a black box and heard through its walls Shock's resonant, indifferent voice, and couldn't find the trap door on the stage, suffocated by the murky, sticky gloom, and the magician's voice became sadder, and more and more remote, until it finally dissolved. And Fred would awake on his broad bed with a moan, in the quiet dark bedroom where it smelled slightly of lavender; and choking and pressing his little fist to his hammering heart he would look for a long time at a pale spot in the window shade.

As the years passed, the painful desire for a woman's love would sigh in him more and more seldom, as if Nora had suddenly taken out of his body all the passion which used to torture him in the past. However, there would be some days, some vague spring evenings, when the dwarf shyly dressed up in short pants and covering his baldness with the little blond wig, left the house to go out and become a part of the twilight; and trotting along a little path in the fields, he would suddenly stop and look with a troubled, uneasy air at a motionless couple of lovers, who were clasped languidly against the fence under a shower of blossoming blackberry bushes. And then this too passed away, and he stopped seeing people entirely. The only one who came was the grey-haired doctor with piercing black eyes. Sitting opposite Fred at a chessboard with curiosity and delight, he was looking at the soft little hand, the bull-dog face of the dwarf, who, thinking about his move, was wrinkling his brow.

Eight years passed; it was Sunday morning. On the table a jug of cocoa, which was covered over with a cloth that resembled the head of a parrot, was waiting for Fred. The sunny, greenish light from the apple trees was streaming into the windows, and the fat Anna was dusting off the lid of a little pianola, on which the dwarf sometimes played waltzes.

Fred, still sleepy, with checkered house slippers on his bare feet, and dressed in a little black robe with a yellow cord, entered the room. He stared at the table, blinking from the glare, smoothing his baldness with his hand. Anna left for church. Fred, sucking in his lips and pouting them, approached the picture section of the Sunday paper, examined at great length the prizewinning puppets, the Russian ballerina who was bent down in the attitude of an agonized swan, the top hat and the large snout of a financier who had cheated somebody. Under the table the cat twisted her back and rubbed herself against his bare ankle. He drank the cocoa and got up, yawning he had had a very bad night. Never had his heart tormented him so, and now he felt

Continued on page 234

Give an RCA Victrola

The gift that keeps on giving

These pace-setting 1940 instruments bring to your home the best in record and radio entertainment!

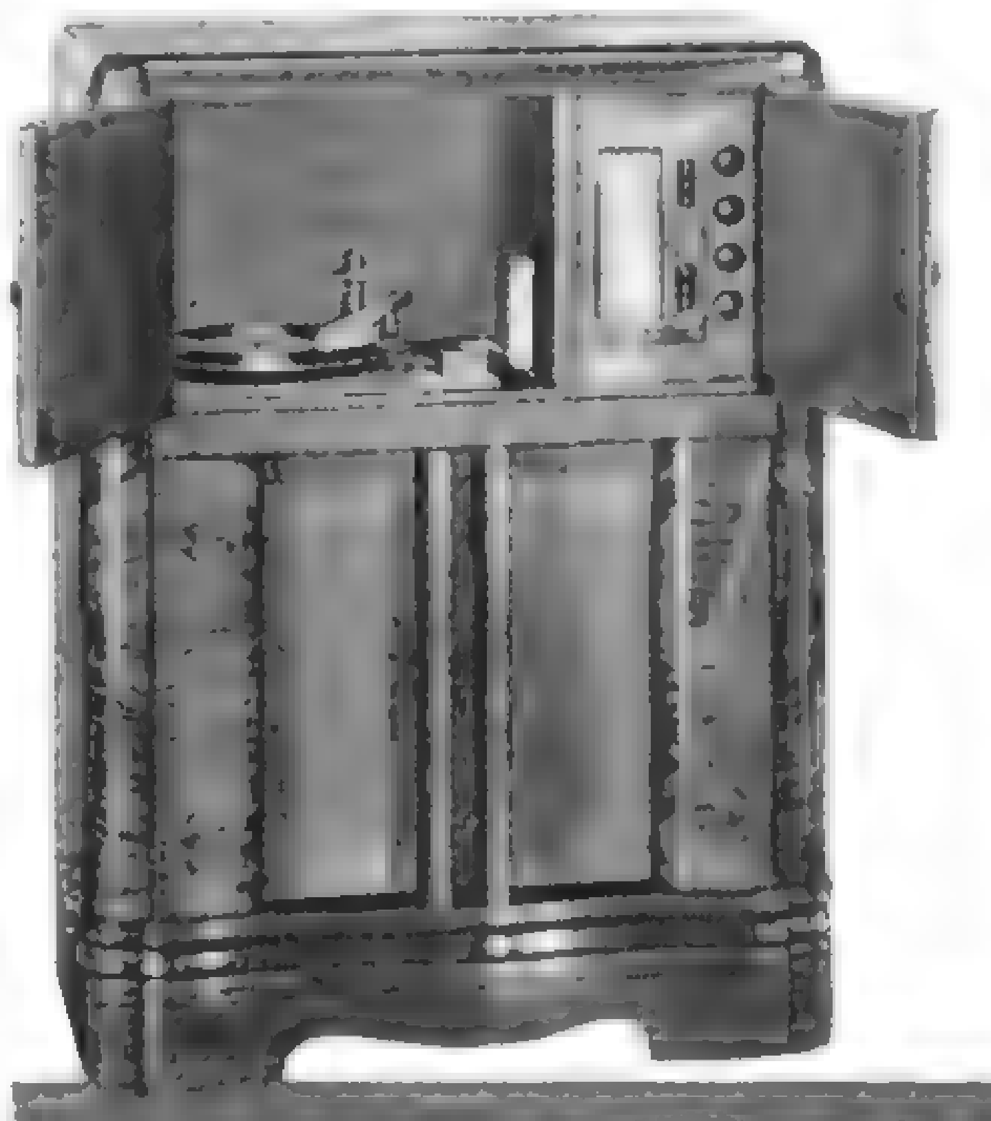
Traditionally, RCA Victrola has set the pace for phonograph-radios. Never has this been more true than in these new RCA Victrolas brought out in time to make this the Christmas of a lifetime for your family! From the least expensive, to the most de luxe RCA Victrola, each provides finer tone and more pleasure-increasing features than ever before in its price range. Hear these great instruments at your RCA Victor music merchant's.

Shown above is the RCA Victrola Model U-40. This is the first Christmas you can give an RCA Victrola with Gentle Action Automatic Record Changer and this tone and volume for so small a cost! Its abundant volume comes from 6 watts Push-pull output. A new Viscaloid Damped Pick-up insures purer record tone. The radio has Push-Button Tuning and Built-in Loop Antenna. Walnut or Mahogany veneers are used in the smart cabinet.

LUXURIOUS AUTOMATIC RCA VICTROLA

in handsome Regency cabinet—has Protecto-Tone Seal

Model U-44, with Gentle Action Automatic Record Changer. Here's superb, singing tone at a whisper or at full symphony level, achieved by the superior volume of 12 watts Push-pull output, and the new Viscaloid Damped Pick-up. The Protecto-Tone Seal closes turntable compartment *sound tight*, so that you hear only the pure Victor Tone! Tone and volume perfectly attuned to your taste are available through the 3-position Bass-and-Treble Tone Control. 9-tube radio with Push-Button Tuning and 3 Tuning Ranges gets American and foreign stations. It has a built-in Loop Antenna and Television Plug-in.



←AUTOMATIC RCA VICTROLA MODEL U-42

Read this imagination-stirring description: New, Gentle Action Automatic Record Changer . . . Protecto-Tone Seal . . . 6 watts Push-pull output produces balanced tone and great brilliance at soft or loud volume . . . Viscaloid Damped Pick-up insures purer record tone. 7-tube radio with Push-Button Tuning has Built-in Loop Antenna. The beautiful cabinet in walnut veneers has solid top and doors that open at front.

• • •

For best results use Victor Needles.

For finer radio performance, RCA Victor Radio Tubes.

You can buy RCA Victrolas on C.I.T. Easy Payment Plan. Any radio instrument is better with an RCA Victor Master Antenna.

Trade-marks "Victrola," "RCA Victor," and "Victor" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by RCA Mfg. Co., Inc.

RCA Victrola

COMBINES RECORD AND RADIO ENTERTAINMENT

A SERVICE OF THE RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

The Potato-Elf

Continued from pages 71-228-231-233

too lazy to dress. His legs became unpleasantly chilled. He crept into an armchair near the window and curled himself up into a little heap, and sat without thinking about anything. The cat stretched herself next to him, opening a tiny, rosy mouth.

A bell tinkled in the ante-room.

"The doctor," thought Fred indifferently, and remembering that Anna was in church he went to open it himself.

The sun poured through the door. A tall woman all in black stood on the threshold. Fred jumped back, muttering something; and drawing his robe more closely about himself, he dashed back to his rooms. During the flight he lost one of his slippers and had no time to pick it up, feeling he had to hide quickly so that it couldn't be seen that he was a dwarf. Breathing rapidly, he stopped in the middle of the drawing room. "Oh, if I had only banged the door shut!" Who could be visiting him? It was some sort of a mistake . . .

And suddenly he distinctly heard the noise of approaching steps. He flung himself out of the drawing room into the bedroom and wanted to lock himself in, but there was no key. In the drawing room his other slipper was lying imposingly on the carpet.

"It is terrible," said Fred, stopping to get his wind and listening.

Steps approached the drawing room. Then with a light moan, the dwarf ran to the clothes closet. Oh, if he could only hide himself!

A voice, undoubtedly familiar, called his name, and the door opened.

"Fred, why are you so afraid of me?"

The dwarf, bare-footed, his bald head covered with sweat, stiffened against the closet, still holding onto the latch. He remembered very vividly the orange fish in the glass bowl.

She had become unhealthily older in all these years. There were olive-colored shadows under her eyes, and more distinctly than ever the dark fuzz stood out above her upper lip. From her black hair, from the severe folds of her black dress, there emanated something dusty and mournful.

"I never thought," began Fred slowly, looking at her askance.

Nora took him by the shoulders and turned him towards the light, began to examine his features with greedy and sad eyes. The dwarf, confused, blinked, painfully feeling sorry that he was without his wig—amazed at Nora's emotion. He had stopped thinking about her so long ago that he felt nothing now except sorrow and wonder. Nora closed her eyes, still holding him by the shoulders and then pushing the dwarf back slightly, turned towards the window.

Fred cleared his throat.

"I lost sight of you entirely. Tell me— how is Shock?"

"He is still performing tricks," answered Nora, absent-mindedly. "We just returned recently from America."

Not removing her hat, she sat in an armchair near the window, still looking at Fred with a strange intensity.

"It means that Shock . . ." said the dwarf quickly, feeling uneasy under her glance—

"Is still the same," said Nora, not taking her shining eyes from his face, and starting to take off and crumple her shiny black gloves which had a white lining.

"It is possible that she again . . .?" thought the dwarf abruptly. In his thoughts he saw again with rushing swiftness—the bowl with the fish—the smell of eau de cologne—the emerald pom-pom on the slipper.

Nora got up. The gloves fell on the floor like two little black balls.

"The garden is small but it has apple trees," said Fred, still puzzled. "Is it possible that I could ever have—she is quite yellow—with a mustache—and why is she doing so much sighing?"

"But I seldom go out," slightly swinging himself as he sat in a chair, rubbing his little knees.

"Fred," said Nora. "Do you know why I came to see you?"

She came closer to him. Fred, with a guilty smile, slipped out of the chair, trying to escape.

Then she said very softly, "I had a son from you."

The dwarf stiffened, staring at the tiny window which was reflected on the blue cup. A timid, amazed smile started to play around the corner of his mouth, became broader, illuminated his cheeks with a lavender flush.

"My— son—"

And immediately he understood everything—all the meaning of life—all his long anguish—the spot on the cup.

Slowly he raised his eyes. Nora was seated sideways on a chair, sobbing loudly. The glass head of her hat pin shone like a tear. The cat tenderly purring, was rubbing itself against her legs.

The dwarf jumped down towards her, remembering the novel he had recently read.

"But don't be afraid—don't be afraid," he said. "I am so happy."

She looked at him through a mist of tears, wanted to explain something, swallowed, saw with what tender and joyful light the

McGREGOR SPORTSWEAR EDITIONS

a library of exclusive gifts for sportsmen

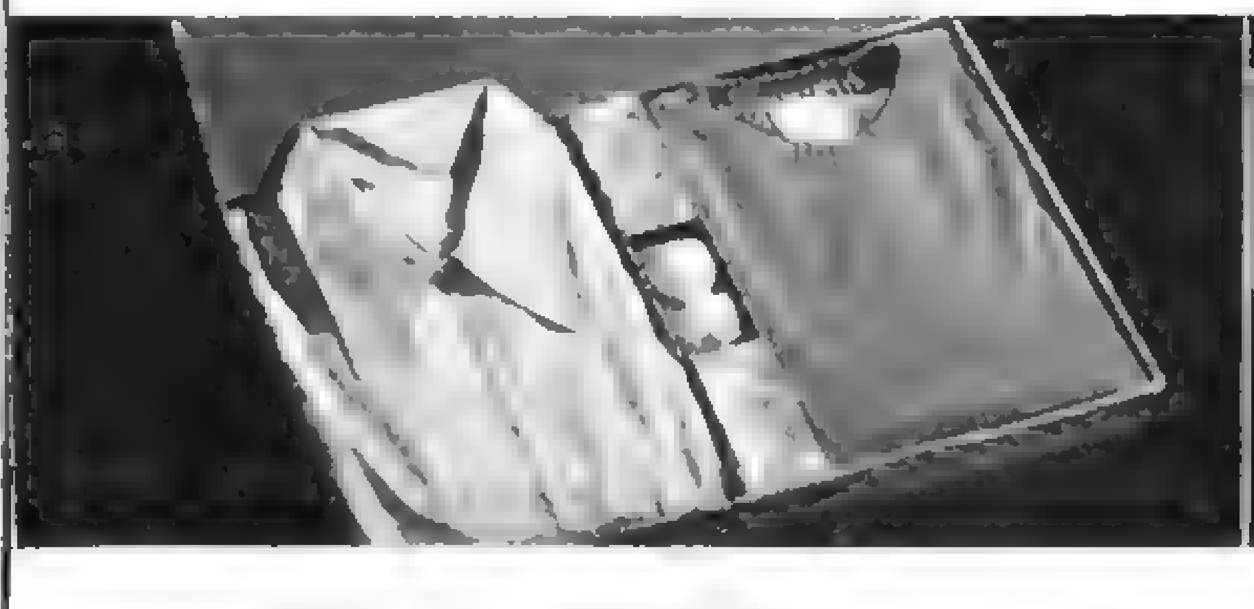
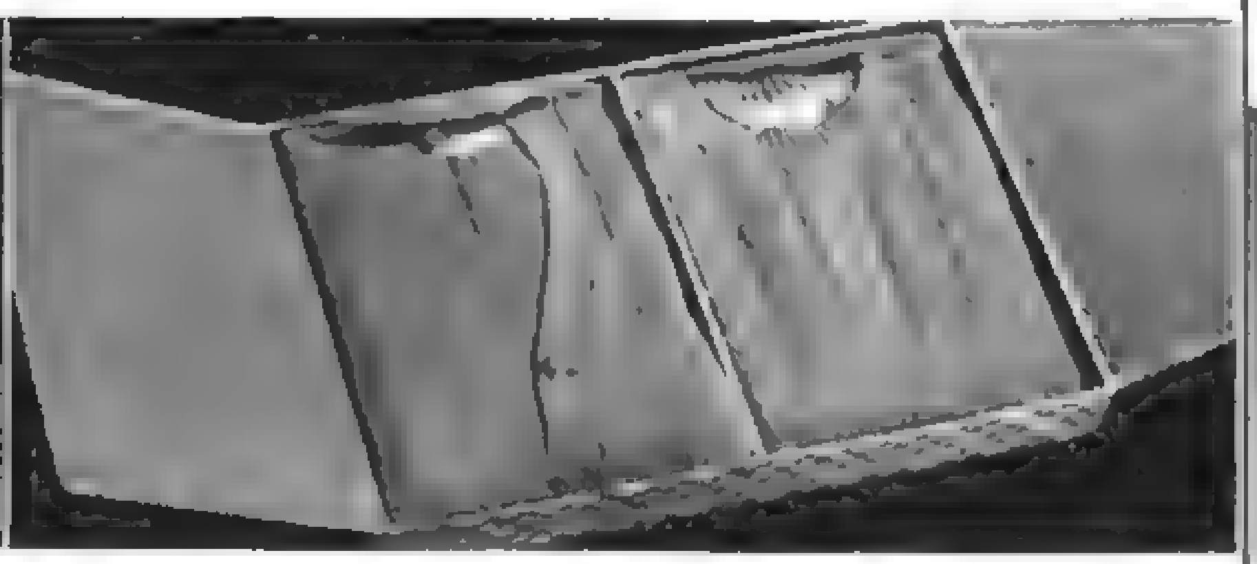
A McGREGOR CLASSIC
A McGREGOR CLASSIC
GONE IS THE WIND
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
a Story of India
THE STORY OF THE BUCK

Greetings from McGREGOR

STORY OF THE BUCK, suede leather and knit sweater jacket in buck color, green or chestnut brown . . . $5.00

STORY OF INDIA, a luxurious Indian cashmere and wool pullover sweater in tan, blue or green $8.50

GONE IS THE WIND, reversible jacket. All wool, reversed with water repellent poplin. Camel, green $10.00

McGREGOR TWOSOME, a golfer's paradise...wind jacket plus fine sweater plus golf balls, complete for $10.00

SHETLANE TWIN, warm coat sweater with matching sleeveless pull-over. Camel, blue, green, luggage . . $10.00

Greetings from McGREGOR

Greetings from McGREGOR

Greetings from McGREGOR

LORD CAMEL, the station wagon jacket. All wool finger tip length jacket with saddle stitching . . . $15.00

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, jacket of smooth capeskin leather. Lined with wool gabardine $15.00

McGREGOR BAGPIPE, fine suede jacket with built-in tobacco pouch, plus imported briar pipe $13.95

Maybe he has a book . . but he's never been given a gift like these new McGREGOR SPORTSWEAR EDITIONS.

Inside the cover of each is practical and exclusive sportswear . . in the best Scottish tradition. Be sure you do your Christmas shopping where you see the McGregor red-and-green plaid boxes. Then watch the joy on your man's face when he discovers his gift is from McGREGOR!

See these McGREGOR gifts at your favorite store . . or write

David D. Doniger & Co.
303 Fifth Avenue, New York

dwarf was dreaming and then did not explain anything. She got up, and quickly she picked up the sticky black balls of gloves.

"Well, now I know—nothing more is necessary . . . I am going."

A sudden idea pierced through Fred's mind.

His trembling happiness mingled with a feeling of shame. Pulling the cord of his robe tighter about him, he asked:

"And how is he? He isn't—"

"No, no—he is as big as other boys," said Nora quickly, and started to weep again.

Fred dropped his eyes.

"I would like to see him."

He gaily added: "Oh, I understand. He mustn't know that I am like this. But maybe you will arrange . . ."

"Yes, certainly, certainly," said Nora quickly, almost dryly, going towards the door. "We will arrange it somehow. I have to be going—train—it takes twenty minutes to walk to the station."

Turning back in the doorway, she fixed her eyes heavily and greedily upon Fred's face for the last time. The sun was trembling on his bald head. His ears looked transparently pink. He understood nothing in his amazement and happiness. And when she left, Fred was still standing in the center of the room for a long time, holding himself together carefully as if afraid that he would spill his full heart. He tried to visualize his son and could only visualize himself, dressed as a schoolboy with a blond wig. Somehow he transferred his appearance to his son. He stopped feeling that he was a dwarf.

He saw how he would enter a house, meet his son—with poignant pride he would smooth his light hair—and later, together with him and Nora—silly goose, to think that he would take the boy—they would go into the street and on the street . . . Fred slapped his thighs.

He had forgotten to ask Nora the address.

And then there began something crazy—something incoherent. He rushed to the bedroom, began to dress, hurrying terribly. He put on all his best clothes—a starched shirt, striped trousers, a coat made some time ago in Paris—always smiling, breaking his nails in the chinks of the tight drawers. Twice he had to sit down, his heart became so swollen and palpitating, and again he jumped into the room, looking for the derby which he hadn't worn for so long, and finally he looked into the mirror where a well-shaped, middle-aged gentleman, severely and dandily dressed, flashed back at him. Fred ran down the stairs to the entrance, full of a new blinding idea: To go to London with Nora: he would have time to catch her and have a look at his son tonight.

The broad dusty road ran straight to the station. It was deserted as usual on Sunday. Unexpectedly a boy came suddenly around the corner, holding a cricket mallet. He was the first to notice the dwarf. He slapped himself on the top of his colored cap, looking at Fred's disappearing back and at the flashing mouse-colored spats.

And immediately from God knows where, other boys appeared, and open-mouthed, started running after the dwarf. He was going faster all the time, looking at his gold watch, smiling and excited. He felt slightly nauseated by the sun. And the group of boys grew larger and larger. The infrequent passers-by stopped in amazement. Far away some chimes sang out sonorously. The sleepy town came to life and suddenly started to laugh uncontrollably, as if this laughter had been secreted for years.

Not able to quiet his impatience, the Potato-Elf started to run. One of the boys rushed in front of him, peeped into his face—another yelled something with a crude throaty voice. Fred ran, choking from the dust, and suddenly it seemed to him that all of the boys in the crowd pursuing him were his merry, pink-cheeked, well-built sons, and he was smiling in perplexity—and kept running and coughing, trying to forget his heart which was bursting his chest with a burning wedge.

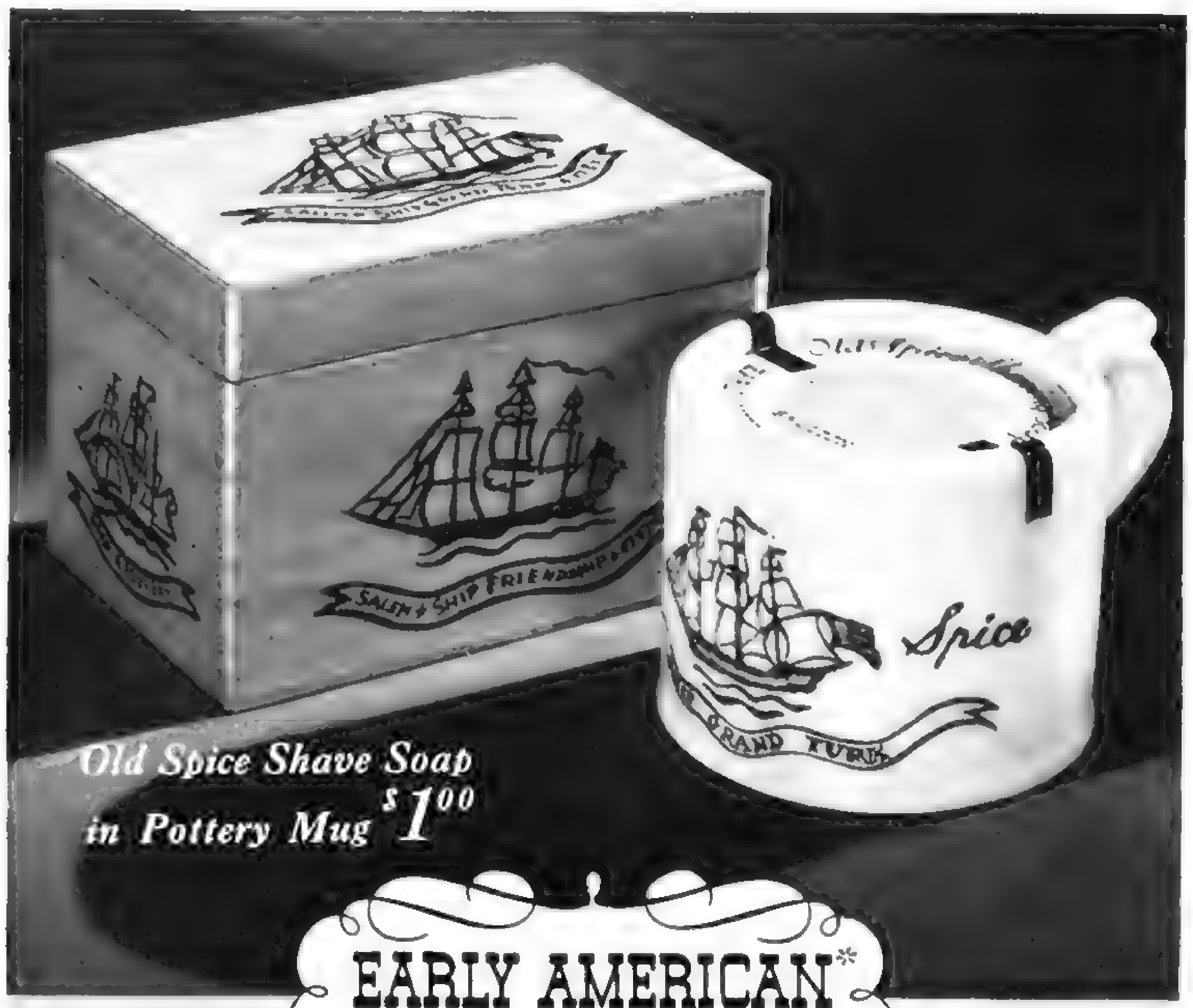
A bicyclist was riding near him on gleaming wheels, cupping his fist to his mouth like a megaphone, cheering him along as they do at races. Women came out on the stoops of their houses, squinting in the sun, laughing loudly, pointing out the running dwarf to one another. All the dogs in town awoke—the parishioners in the stuffy church were unwillingly listening to the barking and the provoking tallyhos. And the crowd running after the dwarf became larger and larger. The people thought all this was a wonderful trick advertising a circus, or that someone was shooting a picture. Fred began to stumble—there was a buzzing in his ears—the collar button was piercing his throat—he had nothing to breathe with. The moan of laughter, of yelling, the clatter of running feet deafened him—but now through a sweaty mist he saw a black dress in front of him. Nora was slowly walking beside a brick wall in the beams of the sun. Now she turned around and stopped. The dwarf ran to her and clasped the folds of her skirt . . .

With a smile of happiness he looked up at her from below, tried to say something, and raising his eyebrows with amazement, he collapsed to the pavement. The crowd was breathing noisily all around.

Someone understanding that this was not all a joke, bent over the dwarf, whistled softly and took off his cap. Nora looked indifferently on Fred's tiny little body which resembled a crumpled black glove. She was shoved this way and that. Someone took her by the elbow.

"Let me alone," said Nora feebly. "I know nothing about this . . . My son died a short time ago . . ." #

Gentlemen's Choice


Old Spice Shave Soap in Pottery Mug $1.00

EARLY AMERICAN*
Old Spice*
SHAVE SETS

PREFERRED, Christmas time or anytime, because the pottery shave mug is brimful of the grandest shaving soap a man could find—free-lathering, scientifically compounded. Old Spice toilet requisites, *refreshingly scented with bracing Old Spice,* are superior in quality, amazingly economical to use. The pottery containers and red-lined wood veneer chests are cleverly decorated with authentic reproductions of famous old American trading ships.

SHAVE SOAP (IN MUG), AFTER-SHAVE LOTION, COLOGNE, BATH SOAP, TALCUM SOLD INDIVIDUALLY, OR IN COMBINATION SETS, UP TO $5.00

Contains Old Spice Shave Soap (in pottery mug) and Old Spice After-Shave Lotion . . $2.00

Contains Old Spice Shave Soap (in pottery mug), Talcum, and After-Shave Lotion . . $2.75

Trade Mark Applied for

SHULTON, INC., 630 FIFTH AVENUE • ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

LUXURY'S THE WORD

CAVALRY TWILL
BEDFORD CORD

FOR THIS SMART NEW
Seven Seas
ENSEMBLE by Moyer

Comfort hound? Seven Seas all-wool gabardine ensemble is just what you need. Style? You'll have it in scads! New exclusive patterns . . . smart In-R-Out shirts . . . new tapered leg slacks . . . smart self belt . . . patented Koverzip closure. Not to mention the subtle Slimline tailoring. You'll appreciate the extra touches in Seven Seas. And it's the ideal Christmas gift!

Seven Seas Tropicweight all-wool gabardine ensembles are a *real value . . . only . . . . . .* $13.95 In Sand, Light Slate, Tan, Lovett Green, Harbor Blue.

Separate slacks in heavier all-wool gabardine very smart for sportswear in cold weather . . . $7.50. In Tan, Slate, Green, Brown, or Teal.

Seven Seas all-wool flannel shirt . . . is *the smartest warmer-upper!* With real leather buttons . . . it's a scoop for just $4.95. In Blue, Green, Maroon, Brown, Light Blue. Small, medium, large.

Ask your dealer for Seven Seas. If he doesn't have them, mail your order direct to:

Moyer MANUFACTURING COMPANY
18 N. Walnut St., Youngstown, Ohio
Please send me Parcel Post Prepaid:
. . . . Gabardine Ensembles at $13.95 each . . . . Heavy gabardine slacks at $7.50 each
. . . . Flannel all-wool shirts at $4.95 each. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!
Cash Enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D. ☐ (Post Office delivery charge of 15c on C.O.D. orders.)

	SIZE	COLOR
Shirt . . . . Small, medium, large		
Slacks (Waist 27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-36-38-40-42)		
(Inseam 29-30-31-32-33-34-35)		

Slacks: Gabardine ☐ Bedford Cord ☐ Cavalry Twill ☐
Name . . . .
Address . . . .
City . . . . State . . . .

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

THE BRONX CHEER

I am writing this letter to thank you for your gigantic portfolio which appeared in the October issue of ESQUIRE. Did you really have to make it so large? Think of it. Only nine cartoons on a page. Maybe it would have been better if you printed all twenty-six on one page. Or better still, print them all on the margins of the pages.

Hoping that you use these suggestions in the near future.

I remain,
S. SCHOENBAUM
New York, N. Y.

BRODY-BAITING

Has some one been kidding your Mr. Iles Brody?

His article this month *On Buying a Horse* handed me the heartiest snickers I have enjoyed in many a day.

As a professional horseman of some thirty-five years' experience I wish to state that this gentleman has managed to acquire the most astounding collection of misinformation on the good old genus equus I have ever heard tell of.

At present I have a stableful of likely youngsters for sale (adv.) and I hereby extend a cordial welcome to perusers of Mr. Brody's little treatise. It would be a pleasure.

Us horsedealers are up to all sorts of dodges but I doubt if Mr. Brody has even a faint suspicion of the chicaneries actually practiced by the less scrupulous among my colleagues.

Especially diverting are his ponderous paragraphs on conformation and such matters, winding up with this little gem, "After all, one buys a horse for its feet." Does Mr. Brody pickle 'em?

The business about tail carriage was fun, too. "He," says Mr. Brody solemnly, "not only uses it to brush away flies but in some instances even balances himself with it." Don't tell us Mr. Brody was thinking of kangaroos all the time!

And his quaint old fashioned delicacy in mentioning "certain spots" is refreshing in these days of vulgar outspeaking. I can't resist his; "dealers who salt-and-pepper a certain spot and make the horse carry the tail high . . ." (Actually that is the way we catch them.)

When we get to the part about how to tell age by the teeth this expert really spreads himself. I would enjoy watching him opening a mare's mouth "with a skillful grasp of the hands," and peering inside at the "canines." "Tush," "tush," Mr. Brody, (pun) very few of the gals have them.

Along toward the last when we were pretty well out of breath, up bobs this one: "As you lead your newly acquired mount to his new quarters, do not forget to stop in and buy the following utensils; a body brush to clean the horse; a currycomb to clean the body brush; a dandy brush to brush off mud and sweat; another brush to clean the dandy brush; a water brush to wash the hoofs. . . .'

Now we get it, Mr. Brody is a Fuller Man.

Gratefully,
San Anselmo, Cal. RICHARD DERMODY

THE OLD COMPLAINT

Being comparatively a freshman in your class of readers this criticism may be considered a little premature. However here goes:—

If as you claim ESQUIRE *is* a magazine for men what in the hell is that ad "a minikin middle" splashed on page 119 of your October issue doing there? What is this, another Munich? Realizing of course that you must have a large number of feminine readers and assuming as you claim that ESKY *is* a magazine for men, what I want to know is whether or not you intend to sell out to the trespassers? Gentlemen you are straddling the fence. While in a critical mood I might add that your *S. & F.* department is losing the zip and tang it formerly possessed. Have all of your readers gone math. crazy? There was entirely too much space wasted on men buying lamps and giving away pennies on Easter Sunday—how old am I?, problems. There was also too damned many circles and triangles with AB = AC = CD = OG = NUTS. A few—yes, but a whole page—never! Your *S. and F.* editor might digest and apply the law of diminishing returns here to a great advantage. (Furnished upon request if a stamped and addressed envelope is inclosed.)

Your satire department and cartoons are very good as is, generally, the rest of your mag. but then again ('lest that crumb of praise spoil you) you do manage at intervals to slip in a bit of fiction with a "goofy ending." If you didn't have that 'signed off' mark at the termination of some of those literary gems I'm sure countless readers besides yours truly would waste more time than a W.P.A. gang looking for the rest of the story.

In closing might I inform your "math fiends" that the W.P.A. conducts night classes in most cities (no charge) in which they can draw their pretty circles and isosceles triangles all over GOVERNMENT APPROVED blackboards far far into the night. (For those living in rural districts mail order problems *might* be obtained by writing to your respective Congressman—stranger things than that have come out of Washington.)

Humbly yours,
City Island, N. Y. GEORGE DELLAPA

PSHAW TO SMITH AND VICE VERSA

This is in response to Carleton Smith's unwarranted verbal attack of Artie Shaw in the October issue of ESQUIRE. The article is most untrue and unauthorized, since most of the information in it is purely fictional.

Mr. Smith claims that Shaw is uncivil, rude, etc. If Mr. Smith ever met Shaw (which I sincerely doubt) he would find him to be one of the most likable chaps in the entertainment world.

Mr. Smith states that Shaw possesses a deep hatred for songwriters, newspapermen, and music publishers. However, Artie includes among his very best friends innumerable members of these professions. Sammy Cahn, the noted songwriter, probably is Shaw's closest friend. In regard to newspapermen, this is what George Ross of the *N. Y. World-Telegram* wrote after reading Smith's article: "These unfavorable facts about Shaw are news to us here in New York, for while he was here we found him to be one of the nicest and most talented persons we ever met."

Mr. Smith finally breaks down and admits Shaw is great. I was at that Christmas Day Concert of Paul Whiteman and so let me correct one of Mr. Smith's technical errors. Shaw's solo took 11 minutes, not 20, as he stated.

Mr. Smith then goes on to chide Shaw for his haphazard selection of song titles for his personal compositions. Smith refers in particular to the number Shaw played that night at Carnegie Hall titled simply *The Blues*. Mr. Smith, Duke Ellington, not Shaw, wrote this number. Shaw not only received a better ovation than the Raymond Scott Quintet, and Louis Armstrong, but also Whiteman's orchestra, which included such luminaries as Jack Teagarden and Roy Bargy.

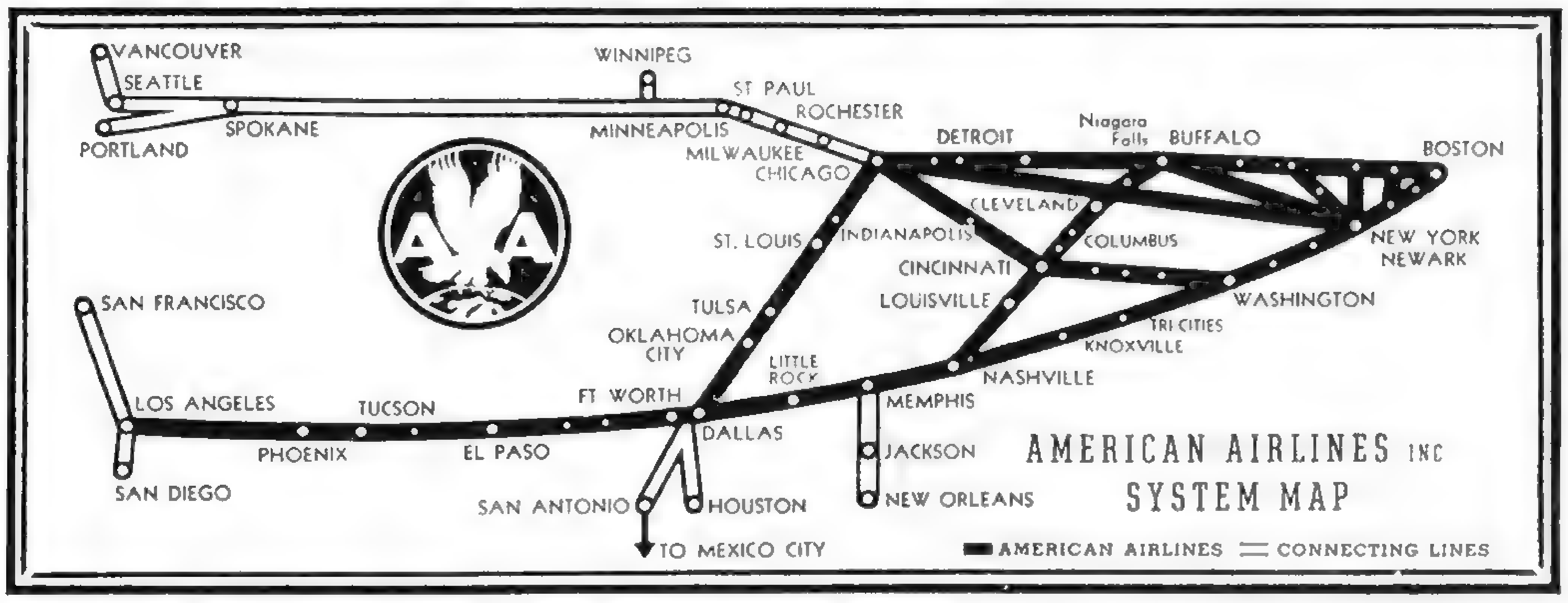
That anecdote concerning Shaw and Benny Goodman sounded awfully smelly. Personally, I don't believe it.

Yours for a song,
WALLACE T. KORN
New York, N. Y.

Continued on page 238

This Christmas - Fly American

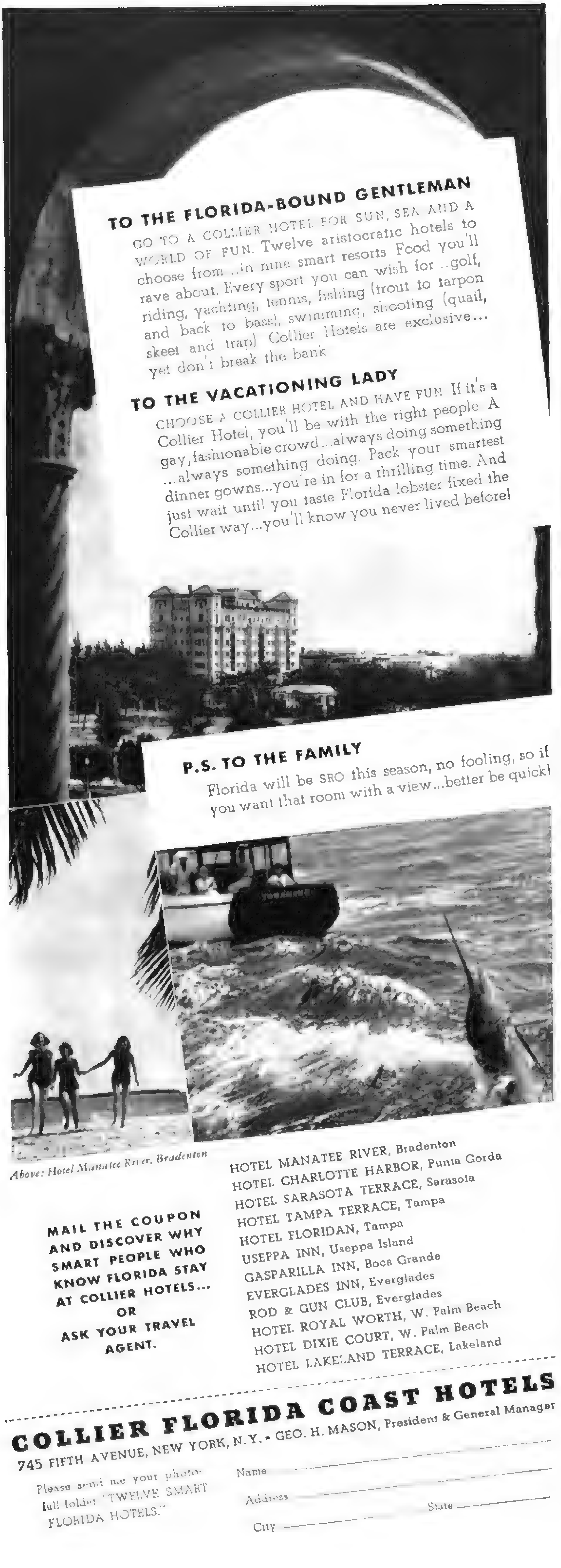
Spend the Time You *Save* with the Folks at Home


VANCOUVER
SEATTLE
PORTLAND
SPOKANE
WINNIPEG
ST PAUL
ROCHESTER
MINNEAPOLIS
MILWAUKEE
CHICAGO
DETROIT
Niagara Falls
BUFFALO
BOSTON
CLEVELAND
ST. LOUIS
INDIANAPOLIS
COLUMBUS
NEW YORK
NEWARK
CINCINNATI
SAN FRANCISCO
TULSA
LOUISVILLE
WASHINGTON
OKLAHOMA CITY
LITTLE ROCK
TRI CITIES
KNOXVILLE
NASHVILLE
LOS ANGELES
TUCSON
FT WORTH
MEMPHIS
DALLAS
PHOENIX
EL PASO
JACKSON
SAN DIEGO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
TO MEXICO CITY
AMERICAN AIRLINES INC
SYSTEM MAP
AMERICAN AIRLINES
CONNECTING LINES

Plan your Christmas trip on the Flagship map! For reservations, call your Travel Agent or the nearest American Airlines office

AMERICAN AIRLINES *Inc.*

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS



TO THE FLORIDA-BOUND GENTLEMAN

GO TO A COLLIER HOTEL FOR SUN, SEA AND A WORLD OF FUN. Twelve aristocratic hotels to choose from ...in nine smart resorts Food you'll rave about. Every sport you can wish for ..golf, riding, yachting, tennis, fishing (trout to tarpon and back to bass), swimming, shooting (quail, skeet and trap) Collier Hotels are exclusive... yet don't break the bank

TO THE VACATIONING LADY

CHOOSE A COLLIER HOTEL AND HAVE FUN If it's a Collier Hotel, you'll be with the right people A gay, fashionable crowd...always doing something ...always something doing. Pack your smartest dinner gowns...you're in for a thrilling time. And just wait until you taste Florida lobster fixed the Collier way...you'll know you never lived before!

P.S. TO THE FAMILY

Florida will be SRO this season, no fooling, so if you want that room with a view...better be quick!

Above: Hotel Manatee River, Bradenton

MAIL THE COUPON AND DISCOVER WHY SMART PEOPLE WHO KNOW FLORIDA STAY AT COLLIER HOTELS... OR ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

HOTEL MANATEE RIVER, Bradenton
HOTEL CHARLOTTE HARBOR, Punta Gorda
HOTEL SARASOTA TERRACE, Sarasota
HOTEL TAMPA TERRACE, Tampa
HOTEL FLORIDAN, Tampa
USEPPA INN, Useppa Island
GASPARILLA INN, Boca Grande
EVERGLADES INN, Everglades
ROD & GUN CLUB, Everglades
HOTEL ROYAL WORTH, W. Palm Beach
HOTEL DIXIE COURT, W. Palm Beach
HOTEL LAKELAND TERRACE, Lakeland

COLLIER FLORIDA COAST HOTELS
745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. • GEO. H. MASON, President & General Manager

Please send me your photo-full folder "TWELVE SMART FLORIDA HOTELS."

Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-236

ESQ ENJOYS INCIDENTS

As for Mr. Horton's *What Men Don't Like About Women,* what's all the fuss about? I mean, can't a guy write a humorous and fairly true to life tidbit without all the Susan B. Anthonies in America making an Incident of it? Me, I liked it fine, but I'll tell you what I'd like better, Mr. Editor, I'd like to see you publish an article on "What Women Don't Like About Men" and I don't mean the lack of amatory accomplishments of Latins.

Yours,
Philadelphia, Pa. H. C.

GAWDAMIGHTY, WE FORGOT TO SAY COLOR CARTOONS

Your October "Birthday" issue has been received and contents noted. Before making any attempt to digest any part I usually thumb through the pages very casually. Following this procedure tonight I ran across your "26 most outstanding cartoons in Esquire history."

Gentlemen, believe me when I say that I stirred myself out of a comfortable position in bed to pen this note before the shock had worn off.

"Gawdamighty," Esquire, where is Paul Webb? I am not immune to your usual eye-filling colored Petty's, etc., but for a good mid-western Belly laugh I look forward to more of Mr. Webb's mountain rustic's convulsing antics—one of the best of which is on Page 66—October issue—anyhow—Birthday congratulations and best wishes.

Sincerely,
Des Moines, Ia. Jack Flenniken

AIDE-MEMOIRE

I suppose you gave Gilbert Bundy all the glory he needed in your October portfolio, but I got a tremendous kick out of several you did not use. His offering on page 59, June '35, "Why?—what good would a kiss do you?" for instance.

In that same issue was an Eric Lundgren masterpiece. Perhaps, in all its double-page spread, it was not suitable for a "portfolio." He is a splendid artist as well as cartoonist. Those fantastic figures presided over by the wild-eyed artist perched atop his laddered scaffold is something. The pot-bellied commissioner of the work yelling, "Say—I told you I wanted them going the other way," reminds me of those irresistible puff balls I used to delight in stepping on.

Anyone who has seen both corns and dignity incorporated in the same anatomy, can appreciate the Captain on page 94, Feb. '35, when he barked, "To hell with the instruments—when my corn twitches there's a storm abrewin'."

Queer thing—looking back over these cartoons. Some I thought were too funny to get stale, but now and then they do seem about to smell. I still remember best, two that now seem a little flat. I wonder why. Can anybody tell me? They are Sydney Hoff's "Well, if you're not in the mood, you're not in the mood!" Page 127, November '36. And Abner Dean's "Guess what—Junior learned how to multiply today!" Page 98, April, '37.

That gunny-bag shaped pair of Hoff's are usually funny because they are so typical, even—shall I say? nostalgic. The bunnies in Dean's cartoon have such comical expressions. The angry stare on Poppa Bunny, the vacuous grin on Momma Bunny, and the utterly self-satisfied smirk on Junior's face and his gayly perked ears have given me many a laugh.

I got a kick out of Abner Dean's "For God's sake old boy—be careful!" Page 92, Feb. '38. The agitated patron of the arts seems to realize that hammer and chisel are rather hazardous implements with which to work on such a delicate curve of the anatomy. And the sculptor does have a very peculiar gleam in his "sighting" eye.

Of course E. Simms Campbell is always clever. His little cutie going over the contents of her purse—the next day—is astonished, as she exclaims, "A check for FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS from Mr. Garrett! What did I DO last night?" Page 32, Feb. '39. Anyone who has and loves a dog, will appreciate the situation of "I'll give them 'til nine-thirty—if they aren't here then, I break training!" Page 54, Aug. '39. Another Campbell cartoon that amused me a lot—page 49, July, '37. "I KNOW they have trunks on too lady—but with dames it's MUCH different!"

And so Esquire is six. Quite an achievement. And Esquire wears well with the years. We like and admire you as the number one favorite magazine. I'd like to suggest that I think *Backstage With Esquire* should be following the table of contents and should extend on the double page.

As long as I'm wound up like this there is another idea you might like. Give us a personality article each month on unusual people. Rascoe gave us one on Jesse Stuart 'way back there. Yes, I know Harry Salpeter's sketches, but they are devoted to artists, wild, goofy and otherwise. And it wouldn't hurt to get Harry to get some of those exponents of cultivated lunacy to expound a few explanatory remarks on the delirium they transfer from paint pot to canvas. They inspire me with nothing more delightful than a bad case of the jimjams.

Alicia L. Rooney
South Pasadena, Cal.

CORRECTION MADE

On Page 156 of your October 1939 issue, you state that Glenn Miller's *Moonlight Serenade* was written as a trombone exercise in 1928. *Moonlight Serenade* was written by Glenn Miller for me early in 1936 when he was my student in musical composition, as an exercise in writing melody to harmonic progressions. It was my suggestion that he make it into a popular song.

As a matter of fact, it would not be a good trombone exercise at all. In the Bluebird recording of Glenn Miller's own arrangement of *Moonlight Serenade* there is no trombone solo.

I do not know who misinformed you but I know you will want to make this correction.

Sincerely yours,
Joseph Schillinger
New York, N. Y.

THE MILKY WAY TO XMAS CHEER

Realizing that the holiday season is fast approaching and that some of the boys among your readers might be interested in "Interior Decorations," the following recipe for milk punch might be apropos. This recipe was taken from *Modern Household Cookery,* A New Work For Private Families, by a Lady, published in London by T. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster Row in 1863.

To many of those who have not the equipment to prepare the full quantity as given in the recipe it may still be of interest as an example of how it was done in the "Good Old Days."

The recipe follows:

Milk Punch

Pare the skins of nine dozen of lemons very thin, let them infuse in three bottles of rum, squeeze the lemons, boil twenty pounds of sugar in a pan, with eight and a half gallons of water, mix the juice and syrup, grate fourteen nutmegs very fine, and add with seventeen bottles of rum and ten bottles of whisky; have three gallons of sweet milk made scalding hot, mix the whole together, and run it through jelly bags till clear; bottle when cold and keep in a cold place.

Yours truly,
Kenneth J. Knapp
Rochester, N. Y.

SITTING OR STANDING HE WAS HOOKED

On p. 155 of your October issue Parke Cummings mentions an O. Henry theme: "Finally he gives up—and is immediately hauled in for innocently lolling on a park bench." That didn't agree with the O. Henry I read. So I looked up "The Cop and the Anthem" again just to be sure. Our friend Soapy was picked up by the officer while, standing, he listened to the organ music which drifted from a nearby church.

Am I right or is there another O. Henry tale which has the finis given by Parke Cummings?

Sincerely yours,
Quincy, Ill. EWALD J. OTTO

AUTHORITATIVE APPRECIATION

I am an ESQUIRE reader and in this month's edition, I was certainly delighted to find an article by Col. H. P. Sheldon entitled *The Art of Shooting Flying*.

Naturally, being connected with the Division of Wild Life of the State of Georgia, I can sincerely say that I thoroughly enjoyed the entire article and wish to express to you and to have conveyed to Col. Sheldon my sincere appreciation for his attitude on conservation of wild life.

I only wish that we had more men, more conservation minded men, preaching the gospel of protection and preservation of what a benevolent Creator has given to us in a heritage of wild life.

Wishing for you much continued success and trusting that I will enjoy many more splendid articles of this nature in ESQUIRE, I am

Sincerely yours,
HARRY B. BUTNER
Atlanta, Ga. *Assistant Director*

LEFT HANDED JACKS DRIVE CANUCKS WILD

I have noticed a small error in your latest magazine of November, 1939 on page 130. The artist, probably an American, has painted the American flag correctly; but if I, a Canadian, and a British Subject, had been the artist, would not have drawn the Union Jack incorrectly.

The Union Jack, if hung on a wall should have the white margin, which is the wider on either side of the red margin, north and west of the cross which make the middle diagonals of the flag. To put it plainer, the wider of the white margins should be left and on top of the red line (diagonal).

I do not wish to criticize the artist but save him the embarrassment of making another mistake. During their visit, George V and Queen Mary, many flags were wrongly put up so the radio co. broadcast this telling the right way to fly the flag of the United Kingdom. I also learned the right way of flying the Union Jack through my Scout training. Just a friendly tip from one of your readers.

Yours truly,
Montreal, Que. JACK MARKOW

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

I like Xmas traditions and I observe them religiously for they give that season a "kick" that others never achieve.

Among my traditions is one that stands out from all the rest, namely, my annual Christmas ESQUIRE. Perhaps I should not confess that I only buy one ESQUIRE a year lest you think me ungrateful. However, this one issue is carefully read and reread at my bedside when other magazines become unimaginative and ordinary.

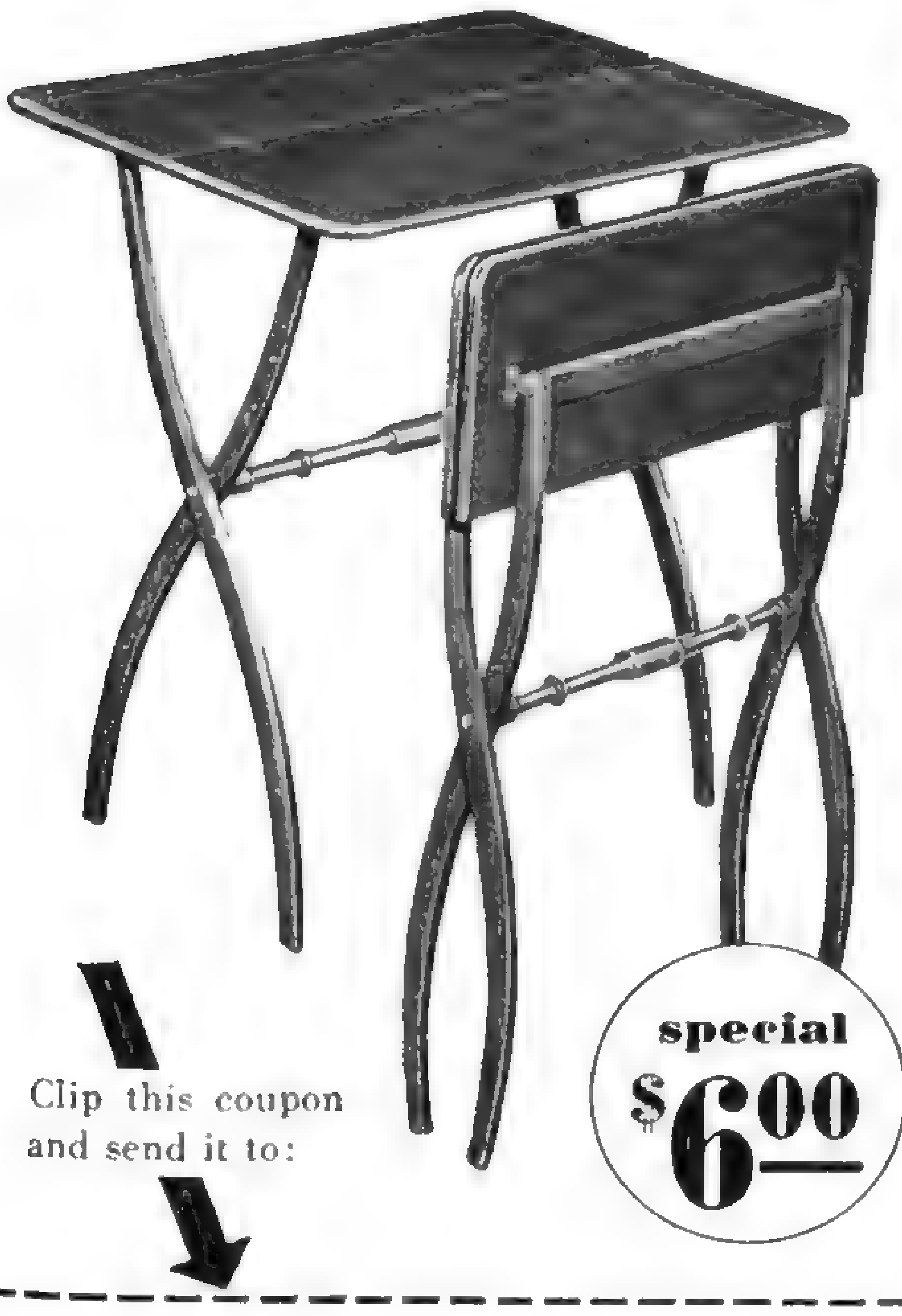
Here's wishing you the best of luck on your 1939 December ESQUIRE.

Very truly yours,
Menominee, Mich. JOHN WEIDLING

Continued on page 240

the new FOLDAWAY

TABLE of a HUNDRED USES!



A find for Christmas! You could write off dozens of names on your list with Foldaways . . . and all your friends would bless you! So many ways to use them. Chinese checkers inspired the idea, but they'll carry on for cocktails, buffets, breakfast in bed . . . and stack away between-times.

Hardwood in mahogany or walnut finish. 29" high, top 19" x 24". Delivery charges prepaid.

Send for Gift Catalog.

special $6.00

Clip this coupon and send it to:

Kaufmann's Vendôme Gifts
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Please send me Foldaway Tables as follows: ....table(s) in walnut, ...table(s) in mahogany, totalling $.......................

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Money order enclosed ☐ Charge to my account.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

First Nighter Pajamas BY WELDON

THE MOST VERSATILE PAJAMA YOU EVER OWNED

You'll sleep in it, lounge in it and enjoy its supreme comfort. You'll pack it along on cruises and cut a mighty handsome figure on deck.

The SHIRT—a sporty crew necked pullover of fine knitted mercerized balbriggan.

SLACK TROUSERS — made of dark broadcloth with pleated tops, tailored cuffs, and side pockets for cigarettes or gadgets. Has the "Lastex Wonderbelt" that actually breathes with you.

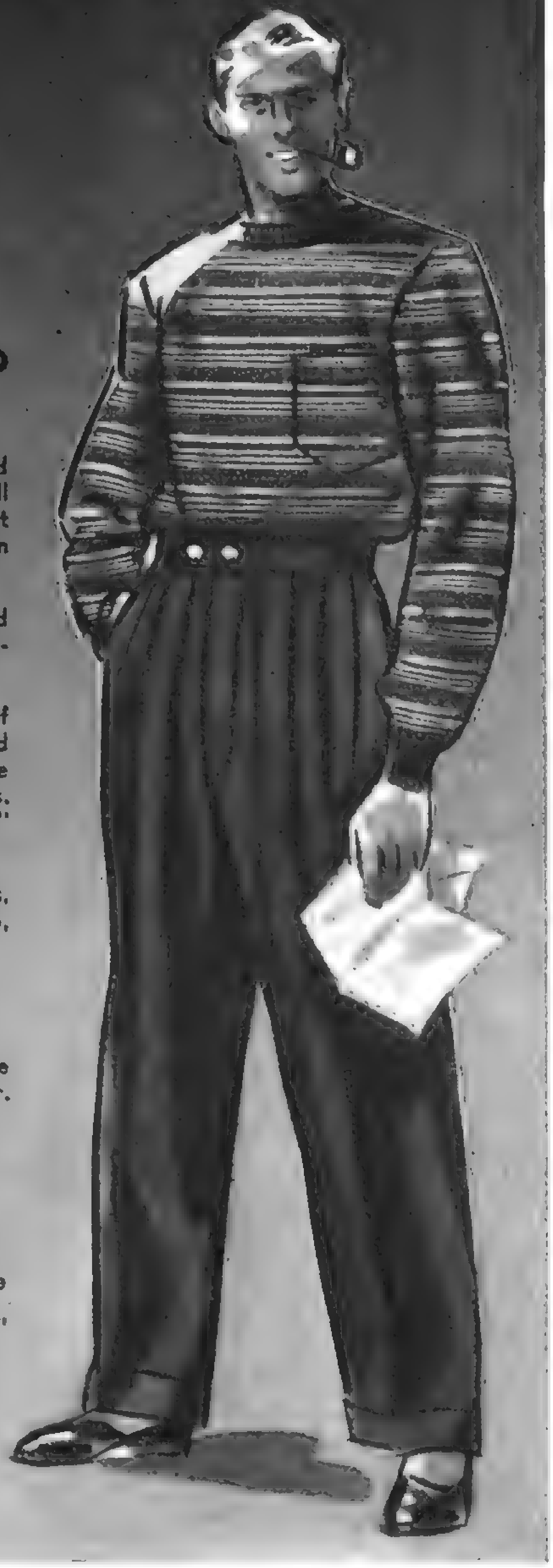
Cluster stripes, heather stripes, and solid colors. Wine, blue, brown, green.

Sizes A to D and
"Mr. Long" for six footers.

Individually packed in handsome Gift Boxes with Cellophane Cover.

$2.50

At your favorite store, or write Lubin-Weeker, 1270 B'way, N. Y., for name of nearest dealer.

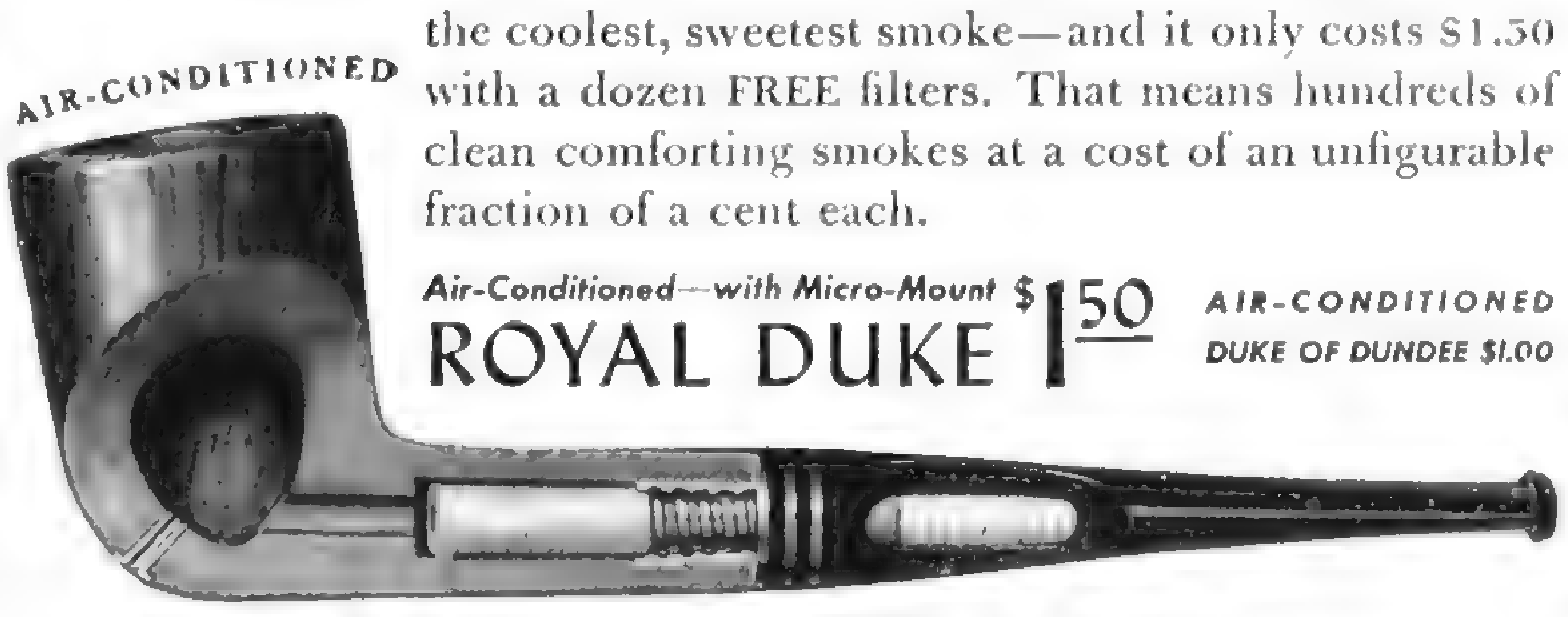


Like figuring a DROP *in a* BUCKETFUL

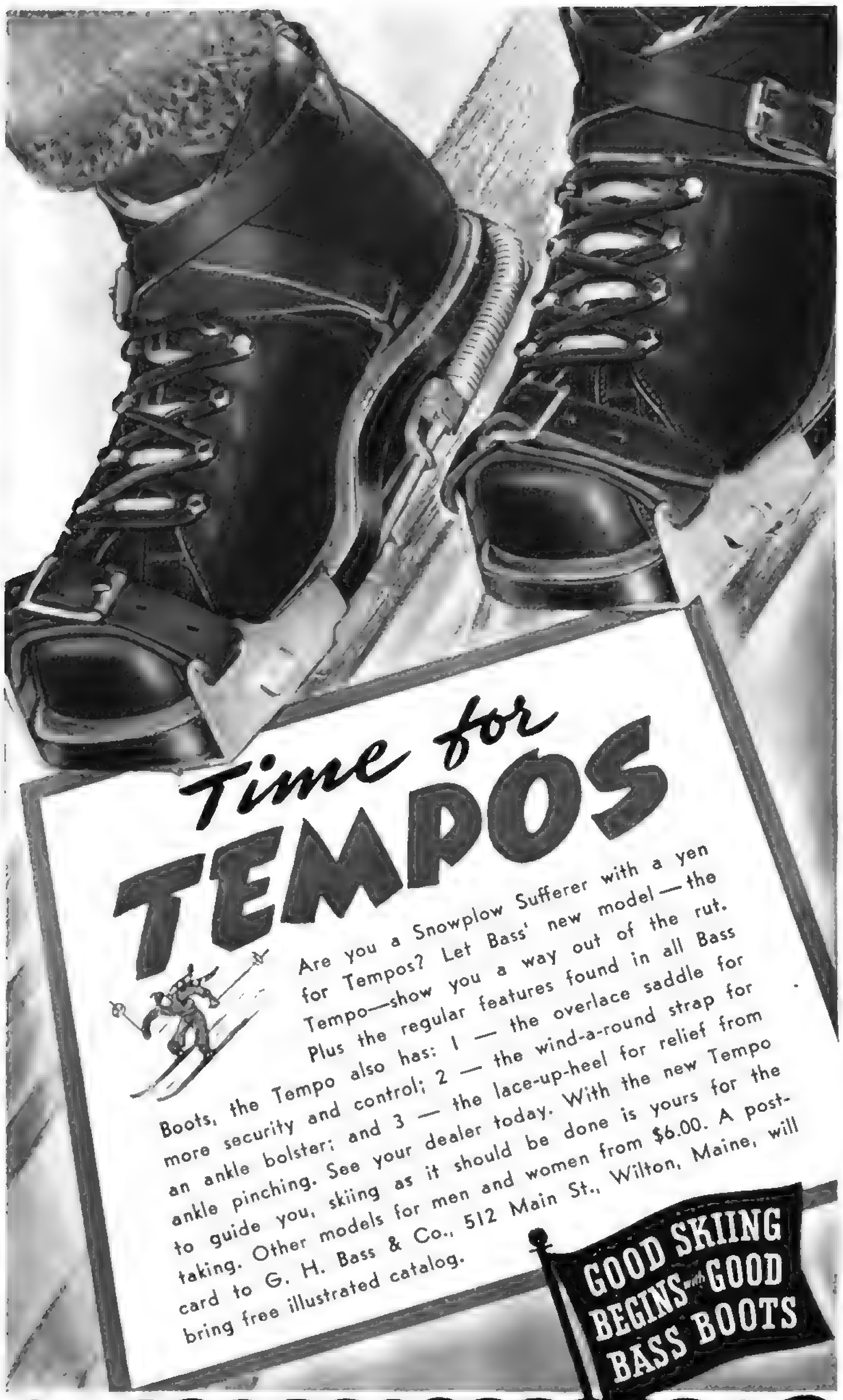
Rich men smoke genuine briar pipes. That's one luxury wealth doesn't own exclusively. You can have a Royal Duke of imported briar with micromount stem, *air-conditioned* and *smoke-filtered* for the coolest, sweetest smoke—and it only costs $1.50 with a dozen FREE filters. That means hundreds of clean comforting smokes at a cost of an unfigurable fraction of a cent each.

Air-Conditioned—with Micro-Mount
ROYAL DUKE $1.50

AIR-CONDITIONED DUKE OF DUNDEE $1.00



At all good dealers—write for FREE booklet—or remit to
CONTINENTAL BRIAR PIPE CO., INC., 80 YORK STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.


Time for TEMPOS

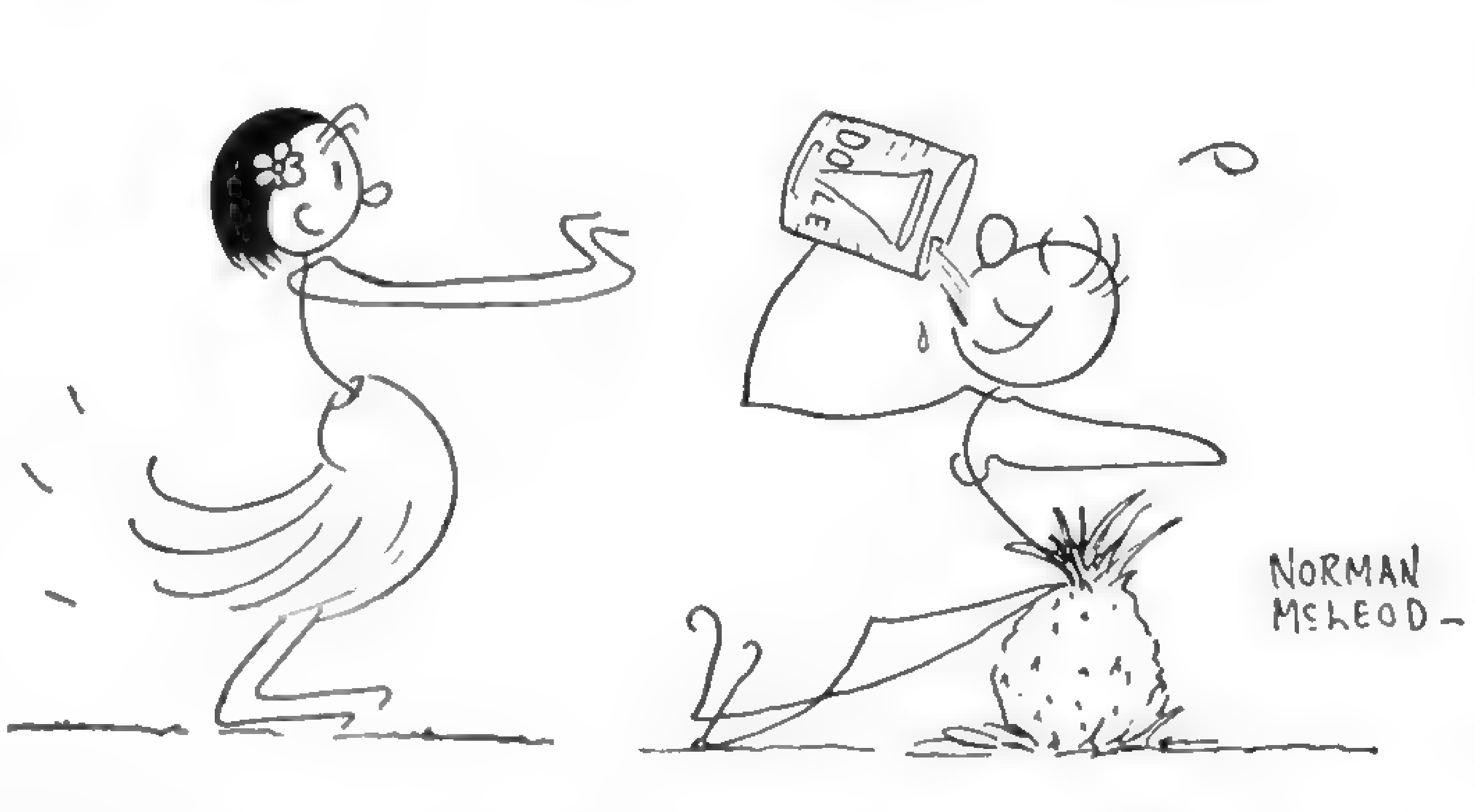
Are you a Snowplow Sufferer with a yen for Tempos? Let Bass' new model—the Tempo—show you a way out of the rut. Plus the regular features found in all Bass Boots, the Tempo also has: 1 — the overlace saddle for more security and control; 2 — the wind-a-round strap for an ankle bolster; and 3 — the lace-up-heel for relief from ankle pinching. See your dealer today. With the new Tempo to guide you, skiing as it should be done is yours for the taking. Other models for men and women from $6.00. A post-card to G. H. Bass & Co., 512 Main St., Wilton, Maine, will bring free illustrated catalog.

GOOD SKIING BEGINS with GOOD BASS BOOTS

TRY **WEEJUNS** TOO..TOPS FOR TIRED FEET

When relaxation sets in after a day on the slopes, slip skied-out feet into WEEJUNS. Made of soft leather and smartly styled, WEEJUNS provide all the comfort your feet could ask. Your Bass dealer will tell you about them.

DOLE-IGHTFUL! DOLE-ICIOUS!



DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8-236-239

FIVE IN A FLOCK

I am taking the liberty of a brief exposition of problems in plane geometry along with five typical problems which I would like to see your mathematical readers ponder over.

There are three kinds of problems in plane geometry; theorems to prove, constructions to make, and numerical problems to solve. Numerical problems are solved by using known theorems (formulae) and principles and, I believe, appeal to a larger number of people than either of the other kinds because they are more easily understood and can be worked with the minimum mathematical background.

Several factors either singly or together may make numerical problems difficult. One of the commonly given types of numerical problems is that which leads to an algebraic equation of higher than second degree. This in itself does not make the problem difficult except to those who have not gone far enough with algebra to learn how to solve such equations as result. Mathematically speaking such a problem would not be difficult unless it were difficult to obtain the equation. The difficulty in obtaining equations is chiefly due to the fact that one or more construction lines are necessary before the essential relationships can be seen and there is no hard and fast rule for finding what construction lines to draw. Then again, a problem may easily be solved by a formula or principle not well known. To solve such a problem by more elementary principles will usually involve some hard thinking.

Finally, a problem may be difficult because of long numerical computations or because it leads to algebraic equations which are difficult for anyone to solve.

Here are some problems illustrating some of the above difficulties. They are all to be solved by plane geometry.

1. (Leads to an equation of higher than second degree but depends on well known principles.) The radius of a circle is 10 inches and the chord of an arc is 6 inches. Find the chord of ⅓ that arc.

2. (Depends on principles not well known but can be solved by others.)

a. A point on the side of an equilateral triangle divides the side into segments of lengths 2 and 9. A line is drawn through this point and the centroid (intersection of the medians) of the triangle and produced to meet the opposite side. Find the segments made on that side.

b. The sides of a triangle are 5, 7, and 8. A line (symmedian) is drawn from the vertex formed by intersection of sides 5 and 7 to the opposite side and making an angle with side 5 equal to the angle the median to the largest side makes with side 7. Find the length of this line.

3. (Lots of work to compute these.)

a. The altitudes of a triangle are 7, 8 and 10. Find the three sides. (Not so bad.)

b. If one acute angle of a right triangle is 3 degrees, find the ratio of the long leg of this triangle to the short leg expressing the answer in simplest radical form with a rational denominator. (A trig. table will do no good for this gives the answer only approximately in decimal form.)

The above five problems are not the hardest problems possible. I did not give any leading to simultaneous algebraic equations of higher than second degree. In other words, except for the first one, the difficulties encountered are all geometric and not algebraic. However, I do not think that many of your readers (professional or non-professional mathematicians) will have the correct answers in your office by return mail. You might make it worth their while with a prize offer and not stand to lose much at that. I will furnish you with correct answers.

Very truly yours,
New York, N. Y. John P. Hoyt

SOLVING ANOTHER

In your October issue Mr. Ernst T. Theimer submitted a clever problem entitled "Nineteenth Century Mathematics." Some of your readers may be interested in the enclosed solution of that problem:

SOLUTION TO
"NINETEENTH CENTURY MATHEMATICS"

Let $100d+c$ = cost of lamp

Then $100c+d$ = amount paid in error by teller

Also let x = number of days from birthday to Easter Sunday, both dates inclusive

And y = number of additional days to and including May 16th.

Since the sum of the first n natural numbers is $\frac{n(n+1)}{2}$, the following equations are readily obtained:

$$\frac{x(x+1)}{2} = 100c+d-2(100d+c)$$

$$= 98c-199d \quad \text{(1)}$$

$$\frac{(x+y)(x+y+1)}{2} = 100c+d-(100d+c)$$

$$= 99(c-d) \quad \text{(2)}$$

If we impose the condition that the quantities c, d, x, and y are positive integers, we may obtain a limited number of solutions of (1) and (2). The left member of (2) must be a multiple of 99. By inspection it is found that the permissible values of $(x+y)$ are 44, 54, 98, and 99. The corresponding values of $(c-d)$ are 10, 15, 49, and 50, respectively. No higher values of $(x+y)$ need be considered. For example, if $(x+y)$ is equal to 143, then $(c-d)$ is equal to 104; but c is obviously less than 100.

Let us consider the case in which $c-d=10$

Substituting in (1)

$$\frac{x(x+1)}{2} = 980-101d$$

Whence $x^2+x-2(980-101d)=0$

$$\text{and } x = \frac{-1+\sqrt{1+8(980-101d)}}{2} = \frac{-1+\sqrt{7841-808d}}{2}$$

In order for x to be an integer the quantity under the radical must be a perfect square. As it happens there are no values of d which make this quantity a perfect square. Similarly, we consider the remaining values of $(c-d)$ and so obtain the solutions shown in the following table:

(x+y)	(c—d)	d	c	x	y
44	10		no solution		
54	15	9	24	33	21
98	49	7	56	90	8
98	49	47	96	10	88
99	50	14	64	83	16
99	50	47	97	17	82

The values for y in the last four solutions give Easter dates which are impossibly late or early. In the second solution Easter Sunday is the 21st day before May 16th; *i.e.*, April 25th. In the nineteenth century the only year in which Easter occurs on April 25th is 1886 (from a table of Easter dates). Since x is equal to 33, the man's birthday date is March 24th. The value of y gives the man's age as 21 years on March 24, 1886. Therefore the date of birth was March 24, 1865. Those familiar with calendar calculations will have no difficulty in determining that this date fell on a Friday.

Curiously enough the only year in the twentieth century in which Easter will occur on April 25th is 1943, and March 24, 1922 also fell on a Friday.

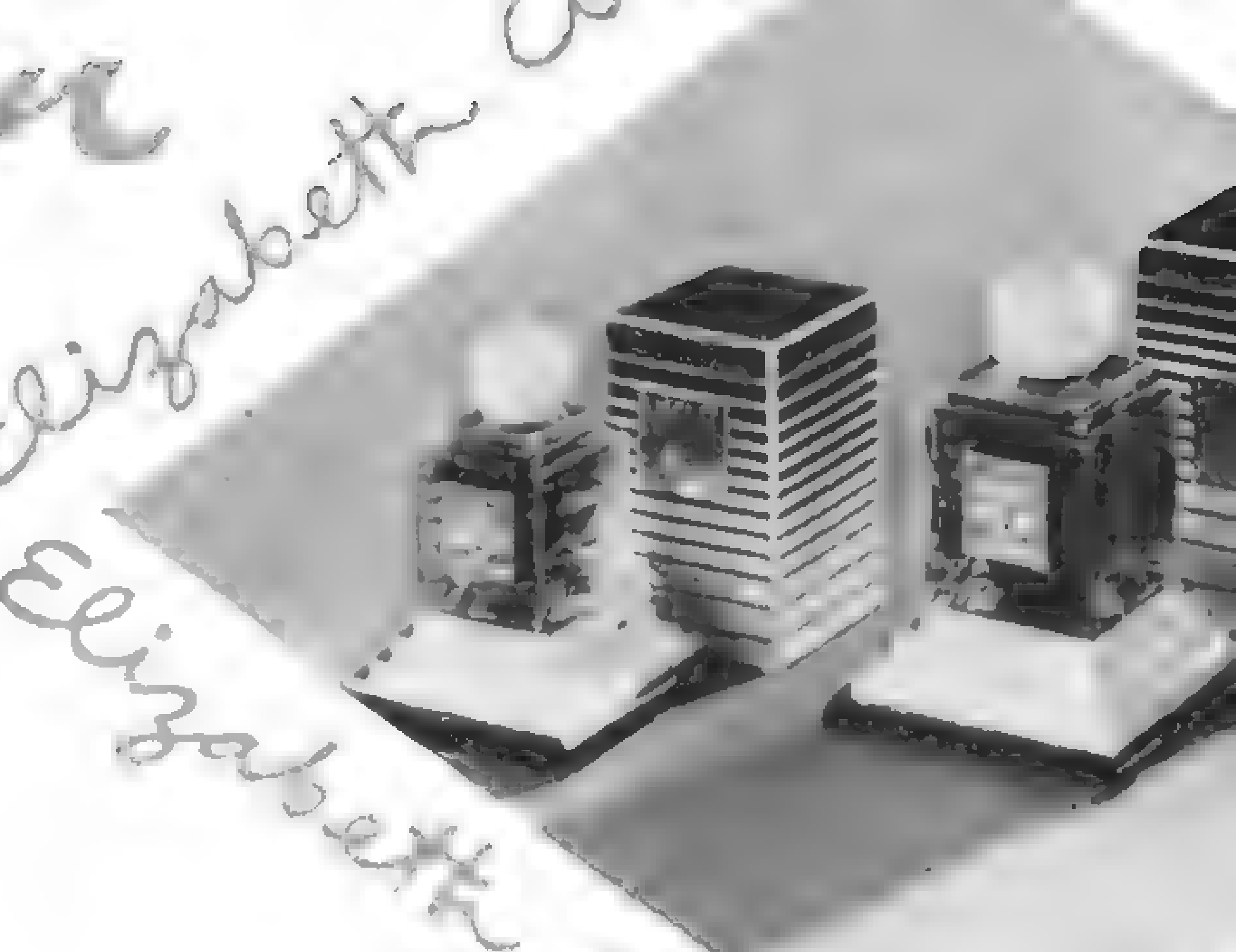
From the wording of the problem it is a fair inference that the Easter Sunday and the May 16th both are in the same calendar year. Consideration should be given to the possibility that the birthday occurs in the previous calendar year. For this to be possible, however, $(x+y)$ would have to be so large as to make c greater than 100.

Very truly yours,
Frederick W. Walter, Jr.
Hollis, L. I., N. Y.

Gifts BY Elizabeth Arden

WHO KNOWS WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS

Cyclamen Perfume . . . a stirring scent, famous for its chic, sophisticated gayety . . . famous for its beautiful shell bottle hung with jewels . . . $22.50 and $35.00



Night and Day . . . a perfume that expresses orchids and music, and is adored because of its suitability for every occasion—night and day . . $25.00, $12.50 and $1.50

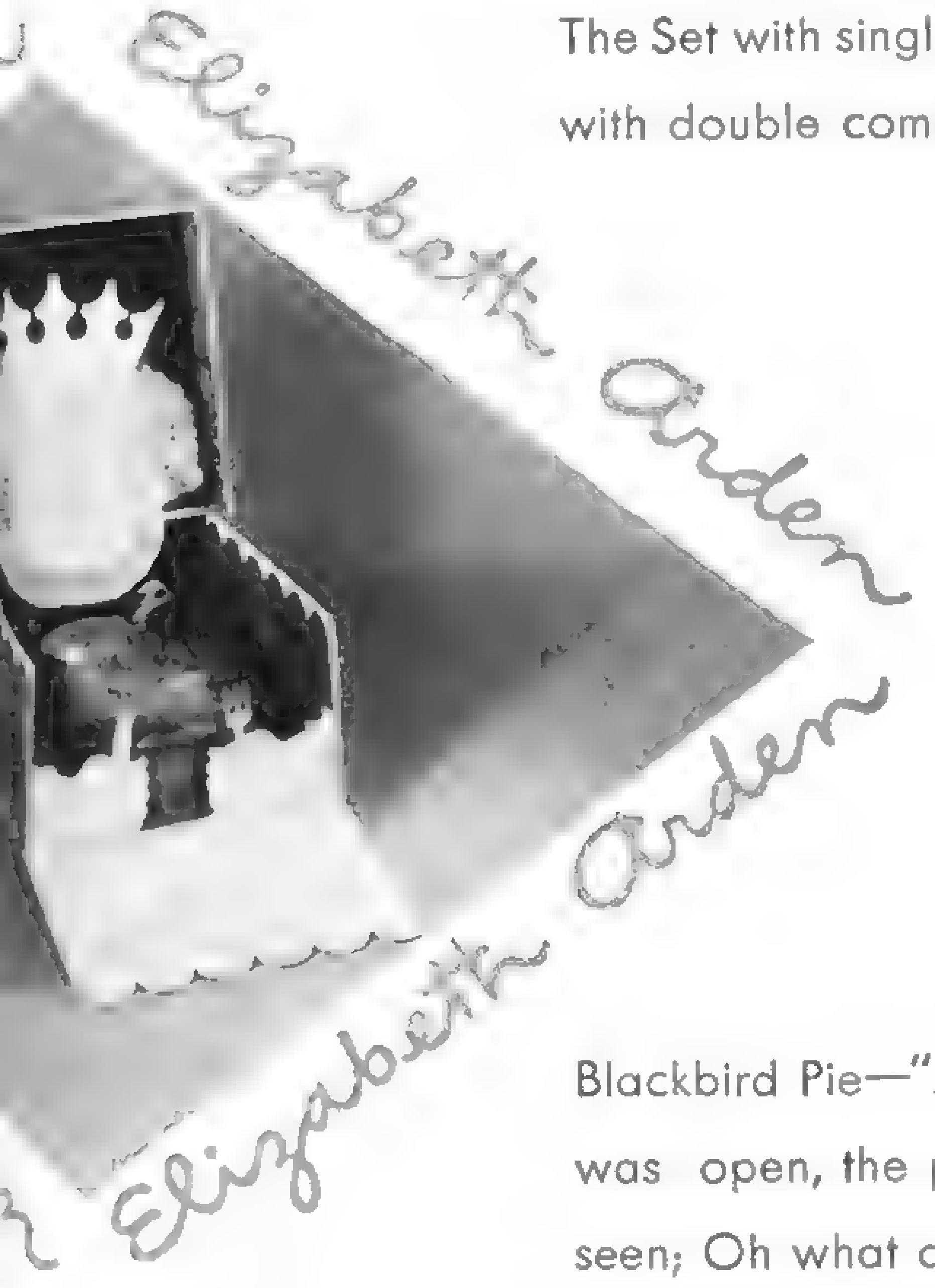
Golden Square Compact with Automatic Lipstick to match . . . designed with great distinction. The Set with single compact, $4.50; with double compact . . . $5.00

Harlequin . . . a gay little gift, comprising a chubby June Geranium Bathodome and Dusting Powder, festively disguised as a Harlequin. Very gala and amusing . $3.75

"It's You" . . . Elizabeth Arden's newest perfume . . . personal, provocative. Clear glass in white hand, blue velvet base; golden bottle in white hand, green velvet base $45.00

★

Fireplace Fantasie Set-up . . . Three perfume-filled stockings hang from a Victorian mantle. Blue Grass, Cyclamen and Night and Day Perfume . $7.50



Blackbird Pie—"And when the pie was open, the pretty things were seen; Oh what a lovely gift to set before a queen!" Elizabeth Arden items in a papier maché pie. $10.00

ARDENA
FLUFFY MILK BATH
Fluffy milk bath
Fluffy milk bath

Fluffy Milk Bath . . . scented with Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass, Cyclamen, or four other fragrances. Six packets in box, $3.00; large jar, $6.50; huge jar, $12.50

Fitted Evening Bag . . . Elizabeth Arden's answer to an escort's prayer: it holds compact and lipstick so you won't have to! It comes in Velvet, $27.50; Brocade, $29.50

Travel Case de Luxe . . . Tribute to a lovely lady. It holds all the Elizabeth Arden essentials to beauty. Elegance in black or brown alligator grain calf. $135.00

THAT'S MY SUGGESTION
"Psst- Give Him a DOPP-KIT"

THAT ultra-convenient, smart toilet-kit. It's the one with the EXCLUSIVE BELLOWS-TYPE side gusset that adjusts height of kit to its contents. Big capacity. Opens wide—stays open for convenient use—and closes snug and flat. It is a favorite with women, too, for their own use. Fine leathers, oiled silk lining and convenient side pocket. Two sizes: 10″ x 6″ x 3¼″ and 7½″ x 4¼″ x 2″. Priced from $2.75 up.

Send for folder showing all models.
For sale at the better stores.

CHARLES DOPPELT & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.
412 Orleans St., Dept. 2 • Opposite Merchandise Mart

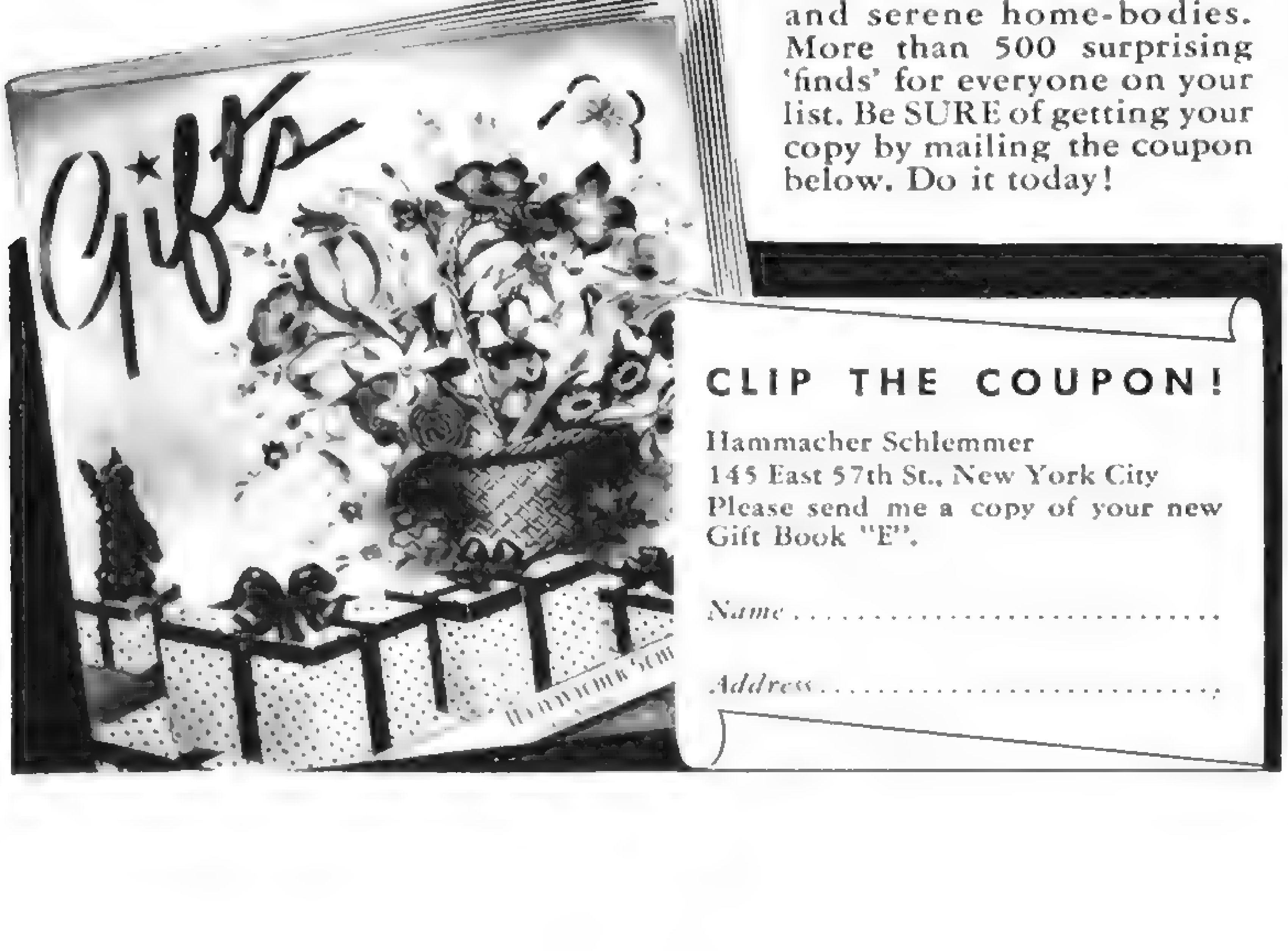
Dopp-Kit

Pat. Nos.
101439
2132454

Hammacher Schlemmer ★

Says Gift Choosing Can Be Fun!

Our Christmas Gift Book is chock-full of glamorous, original and exciting gift-suggestions for gay party-lovers, restless wanderers and serene home-bodies. More than 500 surprising 'finds' for everyone on your list. Be SURE of getting your copy by mailing the coupon below. Do it today!



CLIP THE COUPON!

Hammacher Schlemmer
145 East 57th St., New York City
Please send me a copy of your new Gift Book "E".

Name ....

Address ....

Babes in the Woods

Continued from page 87

and one in which he shoots someone else.

In either case, it can be more or less attributed to carelessness, although there are a few pure accidents which Brother Webster would classify as "chance." In assembling these reports, Pennsylvania, as one of the best hunting states in the country, supplied the most complete detail. The 1938 figures are being tabulated but reports are by no means complete, although Pennsylvania did supply some practical data on the hunting year of 1937. These figures show that a total 25,000 deer were legally shot and registered. In addition, there were 471 bear, 1,924,760 rabbits, 607,522 squirrels, 88,081 grouse, 373,121 pheasants, 29,820 water-fowl, together with a wide collection of miscellaneous game reaching a total game bag of 3,195,116 and weighing the sum of approximately 8,537,842 pounds.

This is all legally taken game. The amount illegally taken will never be known.

In that same year of 1937, Pennsylvania issued 601,349 hunting licenses or approximately one-tenth of all hunting licenses issued in the United States. Their accident report shows 45 fatal accidents, 336 non-fatal accidents, or a total of 381 hunting accidents. Analysis shows that this means one fatal accident for every 13,363 licensed hunters and one non-fatal accident for every 1,790 licensed hunters.

Let's look at these fatal accidents in one state.

Out of the total of 45, 24 were self-inflicted and 21 were inflicted by others. Of the non-fatal accidents, 59 were self-inflicted and 277 inflicted by others. Added up this means 83 self-inflicted and 298 "accidental"—78% of the accidents caused by other than the individuals themselves.

The victims showed 149 under the age of 21 years and 232 over that age, a percentage of 39 and 61. Of those inflicting the injuries, 68 or 23% were caused by persons under 21 years of age and 220 by persons over 21 years of age; plus 10 by persons unknown.

Fifty-two of the accidents occurred while hunting large game and 329 while hunting small game. On the other hand, in the fatal accidents, 49% occurred while hunting large game and 51% while hunting small game.

These reports indicate plenty of pure carelessness. Shotguns caused 331 of the accidents, rifles 48, and revolvers 1. Of these accidents, 134 occurred in open fields, 103 in brush, 61 each in open and dense woodlands, one in a conveyance, 4 in camp, 9 on woods roads, and 8 on public highways.

Some 249 of the accidents occurred while the victims were standing, 24 while bending over, 95 while walking, 5 while entering a car, and 8 under varied conditions.

Pennsylvania even considered the weather in investigating their hunting accidents. Some 307 occurred in clear weather, 23 in rain, 12 in snow, 7 in fog, 22 on cloudy days, 7 at dusk, and 3 after dark.

The victim himself is frequently responsible for accidents. Clothing is very definitely a contributing cause. Hunters wear miscellaneous types of equipment in the woods. Some of them dress in suitable bright red; others in somber dark affairs which can be mistaken for almost anything.

Of Pennsylvania's 381 accidents, 198 of the victims wore no red whatever, 84 wore a red cap, 27 wore a red back on their jackets, 72 wore a combination of red caps and red backs. Thus it can be seen that only 48% of the victims wore any form of red, whereas 52% had no distinguishing colors.

When this here writing chap goes into the woods, he looks like a movie conception of a volunteer fireman, wearing a bright red cap and jacket and usually bright red breeches of a hue quite popular with the gals in their fancy ski suits. He wants to be seen—not guessed about and shot at.

In the figures given above there is no particular reason to pick on Pennsylvania except that Pennsylvania is sufficiently progressive to analyze thoroughly their accidents in the hope that they may profit by it. Other states have their proportion of accidents, most of them having more, considering the number of licenses issued, than the very excellent game state above-mentioned.

This survey that we started is proving helpful to the various states. In a great many cases it stimulated Fish & Game Commissions to demand that their game wardens and other investigators report the excuses given by individuals causing accidents. In other cases, it brought about far more complete requirements for future investigations than the past has offered.

In this same year of 1937, South Dakota reported only 4 accidents, all of which occurred out of the hunting season by persons hunting.

Missouri keeps no record of hunting accidents and they have no state law to suspend licenses and report that criminal action is very seldom taken. That's a nice state to live in. If you don't like some chap, talk him into going hunting, then bop him in the woods and you are safe.

Montana also keeps no record but does have a law requiring hunters to wear bright colored clothing.

Nebraska was interested in the survey but had no record of accidents.

New Hampshire had 8 accidents, only 1 of which was a case of the victim being mistaken for game. The other 7 were carelessness in gun handling but were not self-inflicted. The one mistaken identity case showed that the victim was wearing a grey cap, tan

Continued on page 244

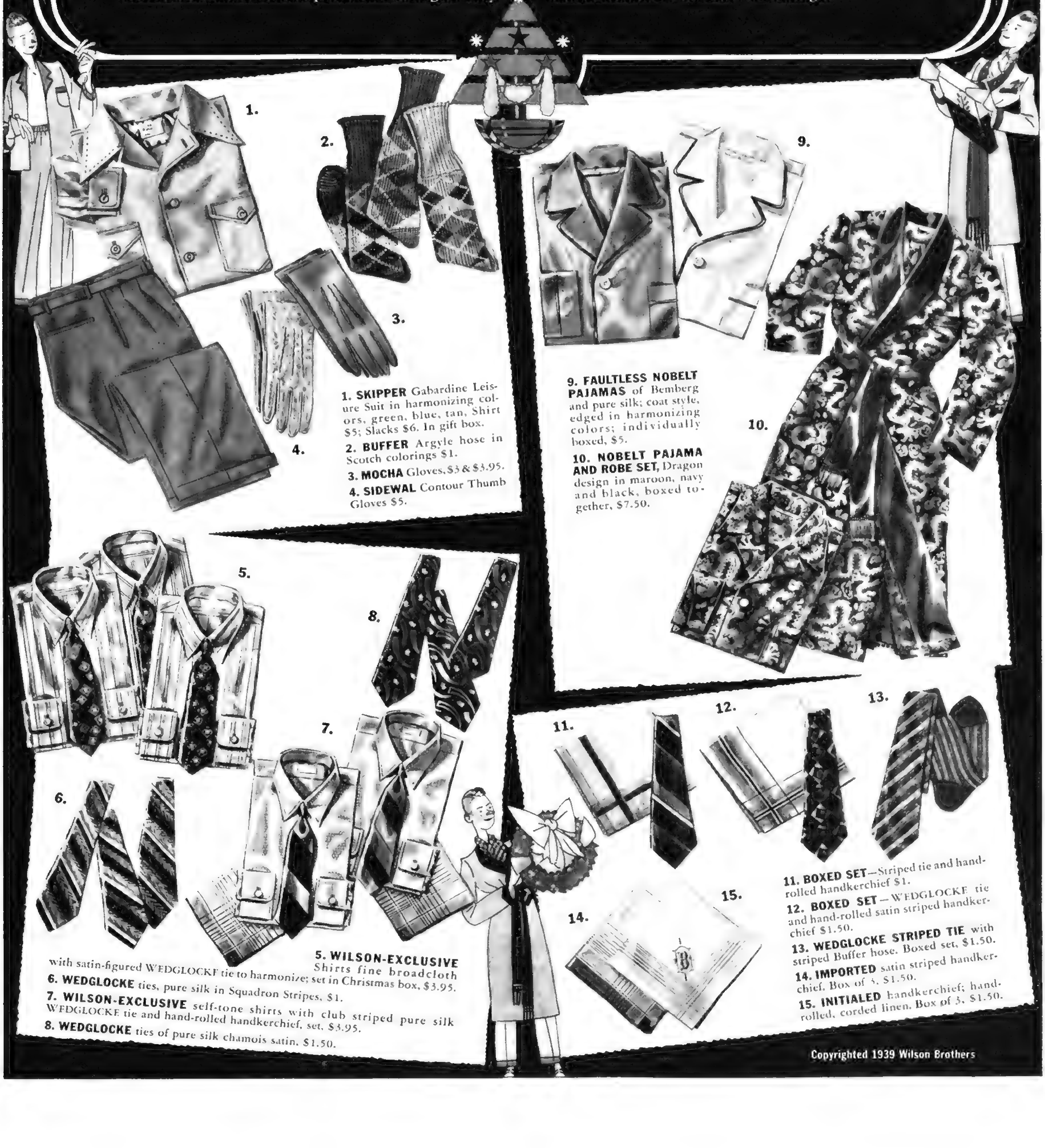
Gifts men appreciate

BY WILSON BROTHERS

YOU can choose gifts from this page for any discriminating man on your Christmas list. The appeal of gifts to wear is universal. They answer all the gift requirements of utility, and convey the compliments which underlie the gesture of giving.

The related fashions shown here were designed by Wilson Brothers for your convenience in selection. They are styled in the modern manner. They are attractively boxed, with initial seals to personalize each gift. They have genuine worth along with smartness. And they are modestly priced to conform to crowded Christmas budgets.

Wilson Brothers label represents the ultimate in styling and traditions of craftsmanship and quality established for over seventy-five years. . . . May we suggest that you tear out this page and mark on it the items that will fit your shopping list. See them at your favorite store, or—if not shown in your community—write Wilson Brothers, P.O. Box 772, Chicago.



1. SKIPPER Gabardine Leisure Suit in harmonizing colors, green, blue, tan, Shirt $5; Slacks $6. In gift box.

2. BUFFER Argyle hose in Scotch colorings $1.

3. MOCHA Gloves, $3 & $3.95.

4. SIDEWAL Contour Thumb Gloves $5.

9. FAULTLESS NOBELT PAJAMAS of Bemberg and pure silk; coat style, edged in harmonizing colors; individually boxed, $5.

10. NOBELT PAJAMA AND ROBE SET, Dragon design in maroon, navy and black, boxed together, $7.50.

5. WILSON-EXCLUSIVE Shirts fine broadcloth with satin-figured WEDGLOCKE tie to harmonize; set in Christmas box, $3.95.

6. WEDGLOCKE ties, pure silk in Squadron Stripes, $1.

7. WILSON-EXCLUSIVE self-tone shirts with club striped pure silk WEDGLOCKE tie and hand-rolled handkerchief, set, $3.95.

8. WEDGLOCKE ties of pure silk chamois satin, $1.50.

11. BOXED SET—Striped tie and hand-rolled handkerchief $1.

12. BOXED SET—WEDGLOCKE tie and hand-rolled satin striped handkerchief $1.50.

13. WEDGLOCKE STRIPED TIE with striped Buffer hose. Boxed set, $1.50.

14. IMPORTED satin striped handkerchief. Box of 3, $1.50.

15. INITIALED handkerchief; hand-rolled, corded linen. Box of 3, $1.50.

Copyrighted 1939 Wilson Brothers

WRAP HER IN LUXURY FOR CHRISTMAS

"Whirligig"

A CHENILLE ROBE BY

Kaymore

It has an extravagant look... a luxurious feel ... glamour galore ... plenty of style (it's design patented) ... and washes like a dream. Priced way below your expectation, it makes a magnificent gift...This soft, deep-piled chenille beauty comes in ivory, French blue, dusty rose, aqua, royal, wine. Misses' and Women's sizes.

Under $10

GEORGE KATEB, INC.
105 Madison Avenue
New York City

To be sure it is an original Kaymore insist on this tag. It means not only high style but sunfast, preshrunk, piece-dye and yarn dye.

Kaymore Robes can be had at leading stores throughout the country

New York	Arnold Constable & Co.
New York	Bloomingdale Bros.
New York	Gimbel Brothers
New York	James McCreery & Co.
Baltimore	O'Neill & Co.
Birmingham	Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
Boston	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Brooklyn	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Chicago	Mandel Brothers
Cincinnati	The Mabley & Carew Co.
Cleveland	The Higbee Co.
Columbus	F. & R. Lazarus & Co.
Dallas	Sanger Bros.
Denver	The Denver Dry Goods Co.
Des Moines	Younker Brothers, Inc.
Detroit	The J. L. Hudson Co.
El Paso	The White House
Fresno	Roos Bros.
Grand Rapids	Wurzberg Dry Goods Co.
Hartford	Sage, Allen & Co.
Hollywood	Roos Bros.
Indianapolis	H. P. Wasson Co.
Kansas City	Emery, Bird, Thayer
Kansas City	Kline's, Inc.
Lansing	The F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Los Angeles	Coulter Dry Goods Co.
Louisville	Kaufman-Straus Co.
Memphis	The John Gerber Co.
Milwaukee	Boston Store
Minneapolis	John W. Thomas & Co.
Minneapolis	Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.
Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.
New Orleans	Maison Blanche Co.
Oakland	Roos Bros.
Omaha	Herzbergs
Philadelphia	B. F. Dewees Co.
Philadelphia	Strawbridge & Clothier
Phoenix	Korrick's Dry Goods Co.
Pittsburgh	Kaufmann's
Portland	Meier & Frank Co.
Providence	The Shepard Co.
Richmond	Thalhimer Brothers
Rochester	B. Forman Co.
Rochester	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
San Antonio	Joske Brothers Co.
San Diego	The Marston Company
San Francisco	Roos Bros.
Seattle	The Bon Marché
Spokane	Spokane Dry Goods Co.
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger Co.
St. Louis	Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.
St. Paul	Golden Rule
St. Paul	Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.
Syracuse	Dey Brothers
Toledo	Lamson Brothers Co.
Utica	Doyle-Knower Co., Inc.
Washington, D. C.	Jelleff's
Wellesley & Suburbs	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Worcester	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.

For store in your city, write GEORGE KATEB, Inc., 105 Madison Ave., New York City

Babes in the Woods

Continued from pages 87-242

jacket, dark grey pants, black stockings, and leather-topped rubber boots. Did he or did he not invite that bullet?

New Jersey reported 22 accidents. No data was available on them. In hunting deer they permit only the use of shotguns with buckshot instead of rifles. There is no control of such a charge and the persons making that peculiar law are more or less indirectly responsible for the accidents. I've seen too many tests of buckshot.

In New Mexico, they had 4 accidents, 3 of which were self-inflicted and one mistaken identity. Investigators reported that the victim wore a red cap, red bandanna, and a red shirt; over the shirt and bandanna, he wore a brown leather jacket.

Alabama had 17 accidents, 4 of which were mistaken identity and the remainder were either carelessness or self-inflicted. The authorities had no data on clothing.

Apparently, the great State of California had no interest in hunting accidents. Two letters addressed to them brought no response whatever.

New York State acknowledged the request for information, promised it, but despite several requests, never got around to fulfilling the promise.

North Carolina reported 57 accidents, 4 of which were caused by mistaken identity and all victims in this case wore dark clothing.

More and more throughout the investigation did the matter of clothing appear to be prominent. Ohio reported two cases of mistaken identity, both wearing grey clothing. Oregon had seven accidents with three cases of mistaken identity, two of which were dressed in dark clothing. The other chap had a red cap, red shirt, and a red and grey sweater.

Rhode Island came through with a report of three accidents, two being mistaken identity and both wearing light brown clothing.

The State of Washington reported 15 accidents, involving 3 red hats, 2 red shirts, 5 dark grey hats, 3 dark or grey coats, 5 dark or grey shirts, and 8 dark or grey pants.

Wyoming submitted one of the most unique reports. They indicated that they had had no serious accidents since 1929. The law there requires bright red cloth on the hat at least 18 inches square. Furthermore, Wyoming has open country where the bright color can be seen for some distance.

Further analysis of these reports reveals some interesting cases of mistaken identity.

Ohio reports that two chaps wearing grey clothing were mistaken for squirrels and were wounded. One hunter wearing a grey sweater shoved his arm out in back of a tree to rest it on a branch. He got a bullet in it.

Does a man look like a squirrel? That's not such a foolish question. In wandering through dense wood growth, only a portion of the body can be seen and one can appreciate that this might appear to be a squirrel running along on a low branch, particularly to the hunter seeking squirrels. An optical illusion frequently presents itself.

North Carolina reported that three persons were mistaken for deer and one mistaken for a squirrel. All of these victims wore dark colored clothing completely devoid of red.

Back a few paragraphs in the discussion of New Mexico's hunting accidents, you will note reference to one case of mistaken identity. New Mexico reported through the state game warden as follows:

"The party who did the shooting never would make any excuse or statement to those who questioned him. The New Mexico game laws do not have any section covering such accidents, if they may be considered accidents."

Self-inflicted accidents? How are they caused?

Would you feel very comfortable if someone you didn't like pointed a gun in your face and you could see his trigger finger twitching and aching to touch off the lethal charge? No?

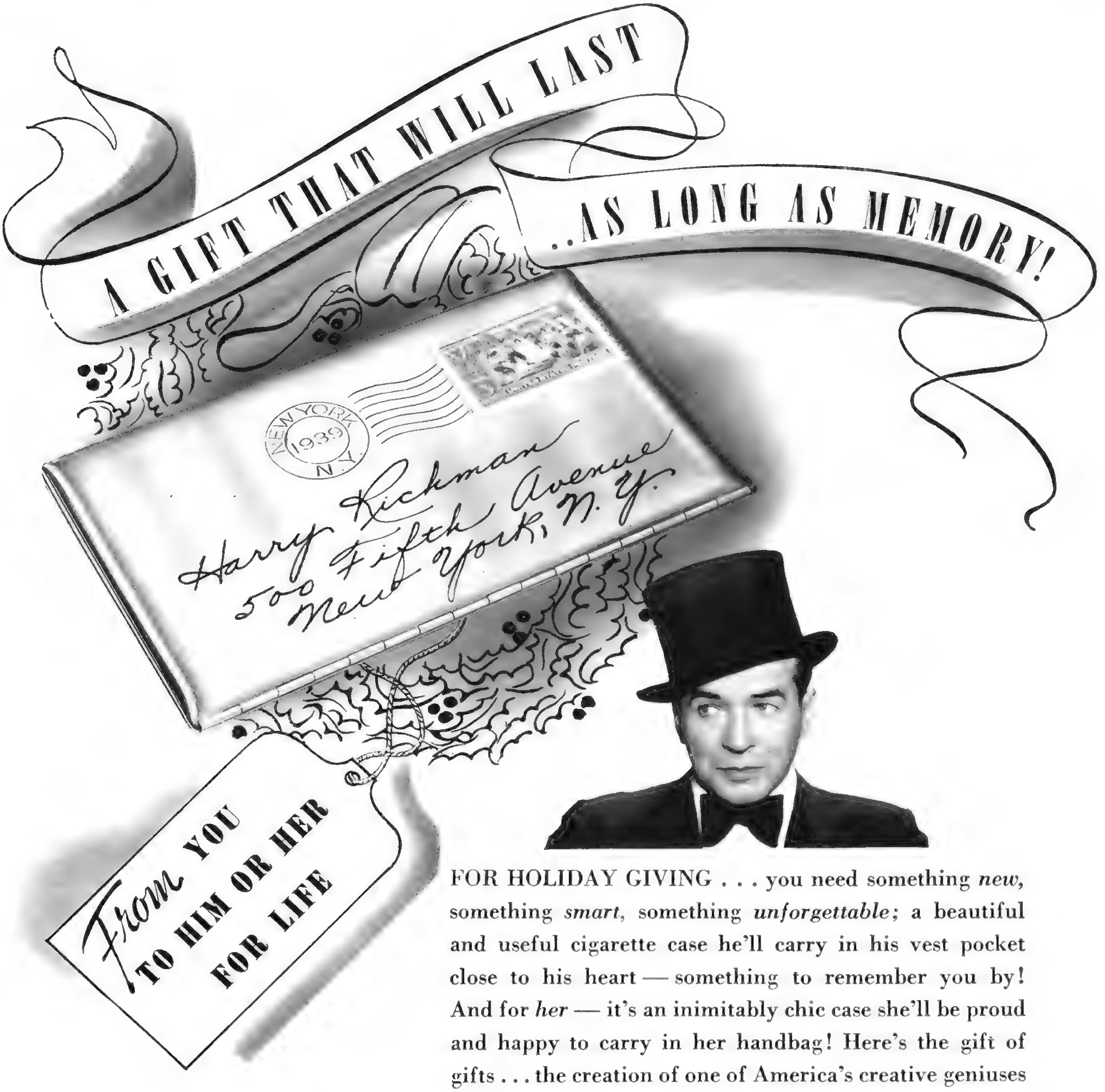
Then why does the hunter crawl through a fence or beneath a blowdown in the woods dragging his gun by the muzzle with said muzzle pointed directly at him with the possibility of the trigger or other parts of the mechanism catching on something and thus creating an accidental discharge?

Did you ever carry your gun so that in rough going if you should fall down, the gun muzzle might get mixed up with your anatomy while the trigger was being touched off? Why? Do you stand a loaded gun beside a round, smooth-barked tree so that it could fall down and be accidentally discharged in your direction?

Safety in the woods with firearms requires the application of common sense. This hunting accident problem is one involving every individual in the woods, whether he be careless or not. He may use safety precautions himself but some other individual might get careless. Use the same intelligence you would use behind the wheel of a car or in crossing a street on foot. The chap who tries to navigate around a busy city street through heavy traffic and does not take pains to use his eyes, doesn't live very long.

Use plenty of bright colored clothing. It will not scare game. Did you know, for instance, that deer are color blind and that they are no more frightened of a bright red jacket than a soft grey or dull black jacket? It is movement and suspicious action which frighten most wild life. A red cap is very little protection. Many times in walking through the woods only a portion of the body is visible. Some hunters will shoot at anything they may see and some hunters are worse than that in that they

Continued at top of page 246



FOR HOLIDAY GIVING . . . you need something *new,* something *smart,* something *unforgettable;* a beautiful and useful cigarette case he'll carry in his vest pocket close to his heart — something to remember you by! And for *her* — it's an inimitably chic case she'll be proud and happy to carry in her handbag! Here's the gift of gifts . . . the creation of one of America's creative geniuses . . . the man of a thousand hits . . . who has now created his *smartest* hit . . . the

Harry Richman
CIGARETTE CASE

Satin Gold Finish *Addressed in everlasting ink*	$2
Solid Bronze *Includes ENGRAVED name and address*	$5
Satin Platinum Finish *Includes ENGRAVED name and address*	$5

PERSONAL GREETING CARD ENCLOSED WITH YOUR NAME

HARRY RICHMAN NOVELTIES CORP.,
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed please find payment for cigarette case as indicated herein. It is my understanding that you will have it addressed from me to the person indicated, enclose a greeting card from me, and mail as a gift. The price includes postage.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS____________________

____

PLEASE INSCRIBE CIGARETTE CASE AS FOLLOWS:

FROM______________________________

TO:

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS______________________________

____

Satin Gold Finish, $2 (*Engraved in everlasting ink*). ☐

Solid Bronze . . . $5 (*Includes* ENGRAVED *name and address*). ☐

Satin Platinum Finish $5 (*Includes* ENGRAVED *name and address*). ☐

The Christmas Gift Surprise that all men will appreciate

DeLand Wisconsin American Cheese

DeLand makes the best Wisconsin American Cheese — but most famous of all is the Deland Christmas special, made only once a year. Here is a natural American cheese possessed of a flavor that only a handful of fortunate men have ever tasted — a pampered cheese based on lush June pasture milk, cured by a secret formula, and aged to reach full bloom by holiday time.

A Cheese To Please Friends

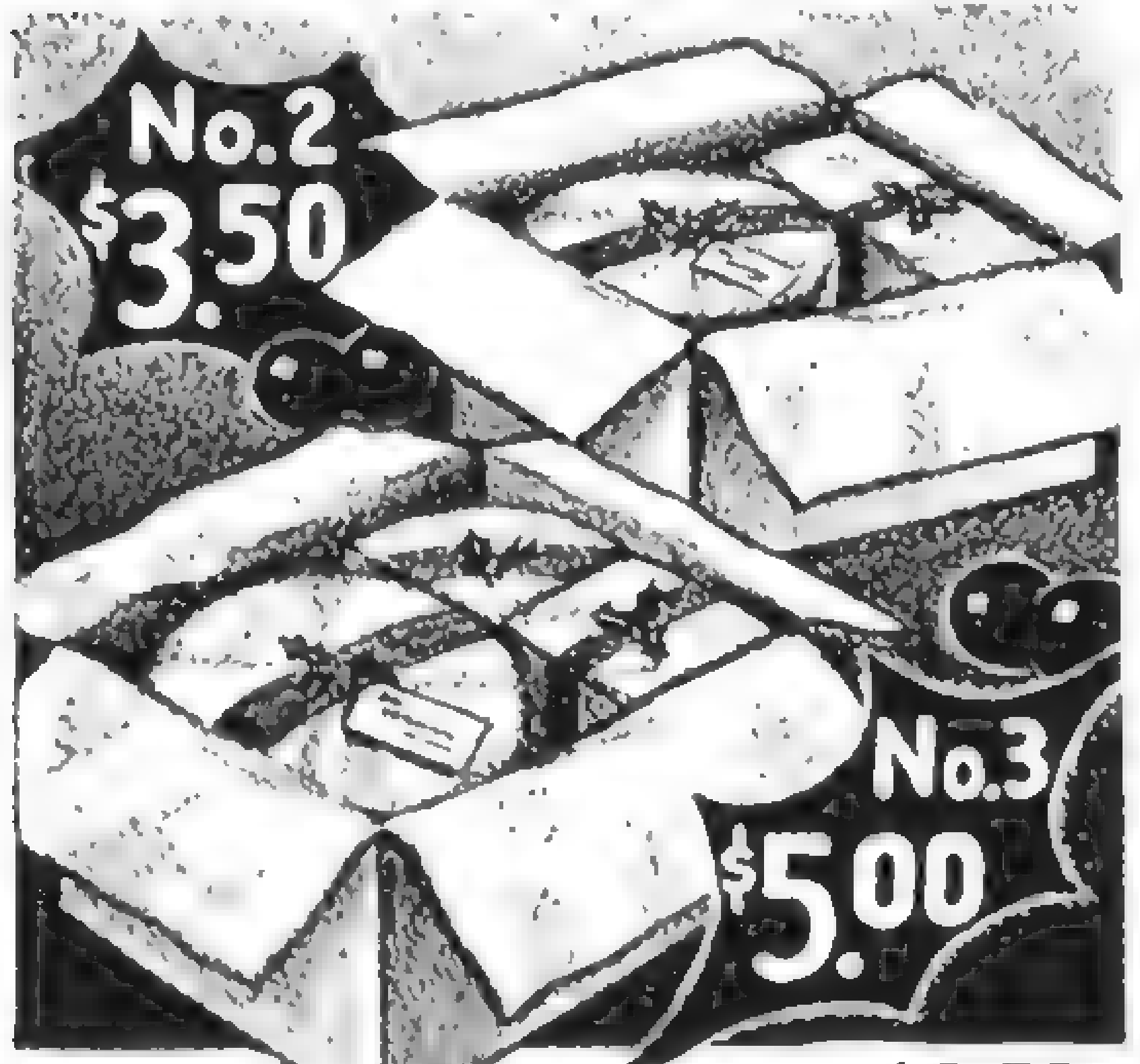
Any man who has any kind of yen for good cheese will appreciate a DeLand Christmas American . . . and likely as not he'll probably ask you outright for another next season. You'll win a friend for sure with this kind of a gift, be proud of your good judgement in knowing how to please others by coming up with something new and unusual.

Shipments Sent Express Prepaid

DeLand takes every care to make your satisfaction in giving complete. Every cheese is attractively coated in red wax, wrapped in blue cellophane, and delivered in a gay Christmas box. All shipments are made by prepaid express. A card bearing Christmas greetings from you is tucked away inside the package with a holly sprig attached.

3 Good Choices

From the selection illustrated and described below, order the packages of your choice today. With your check or money order forward all names and addresses with your instructions. All orders are acknowledged in detail. Write for special information on any natural cheese you wish in any size.



No. 1	5 lb. Xmas American	$2.50
No. 2	5 lb. Xmas American 2½ lb. Sp. Cured Brick	$3.50
No. 3	5 lb. Xmas American, 2½ lb. Sp. Cured Brick, 2 lb. Sp. Block Swiss	$5.00

All prices include prepaid express shipping charges.

DeLand Cheese Co.
176 Medow St., Sheboygan, Wis.

Babes in the Woods

Continued from pages 87-242-244

will shoot at a rustle in the bushes.

Don't wear white in the woods. Don't carry a white handkerchief. Red handkerchiefs and red bandannas can be readily obtained for the hunting trip. A man with brown or tan clothing, reaching into a hip pocket to withdraw a white handkerchief in the woods looks suspiciously like the south end of a deer headed north. It's an invitation for a bullet.

Don't wear hunting socks with white tops. You can get them in red at the same price.

Those precautions are against having someone shoot at you. Now, on the other hand. Keep from shooting someone yourself by being sure of your target before you touch off the trigger. You can't recall a bullet. Make sure that it is at game that you shoot instead of a man. Don't trust to colors. That may be a man, after all, wearing that brown buckskin jacket. You won't feel any satisfaction in killing him just because it is partly his fault.

Never stand a gun up against a tree. It may fall down. Lay it flat and you won't hurt it.

Don't depend upon safeties on any type of firearm. You may have forgotten it or the safety may not be functioning properly.

Never mix guns and liquor. Each has its own place in the woods.

If you have to climb through a fence or over a wall, unload your gun. Pass it over or under the obstruction and lay it on the ground. Then go over or through the obstruction at a point a few feet away before you pick up and reload your gun.

Never carry loaded guns into camp. Some careless chap may assume that you were bright enough to unload your gun and shoot himself or someone else.

Did you ever carry the torn and bleeding body of a very good friend and hunting companion several miles through rough going in dense cover, in an effort to get what's left of him back to civilization?

They say it ain't a lotta fun. ⧺

Stay As Irrational As You Are, Girls

Continued from page 64

only thing a woman has any business concerning herself with in a car is the color of its paint job and the upholstery. Women who think soundly in terms of consumption are the kind who can be depended on to cut down on their husbands' orange juice at breakfast.

Fortifying ourselves with highballs, and still hopeful if chastened, we pursue our quest for a woman who talks and thinks as God intended women to illogically and emotionally. What luck with these pretty creatures by the piano?

"I'm so mad! I just had my hair set, and now it has to go and rain!"

"I know. It always rains when you get your hair set, doesn't it?"

Ah! At last! Real women, ravishing creatures who believe something that has absolutely no basis in scientific theory or observable fact. Women who would rather be found dead than thinking a problem through to its logical conclusion. But wait a minute

"I don't know about that, Jane. That's a pretty broad statement. It happens that I've made quite a study of that problem. I always say there's no use making statements unless you can back them up with good hard cold facts."

Oh-oh. This is ominous. Women have no business messing around with facts. It destroys all their charm. Disillusion again?

"Now I've written to the weather bureau for their statistics, and I find that in this vicinity it rains on the average only once in six days. I've also questioned the beauty shops— I spent nearly two months on the problem— in an endeavor to get a fair estimate of the frequency with which women—in our economic status, of course— get their hair set. I find that my conclusions, carefully checked—"

Good-bye, girls, we're through. Statistics, fair estimates, carefully checked conclusions! Women exposing themselves to brutalizing influences like that! When it comes to umph and it, I'd rather date a dame who plays water polo.

Dorothy Parker once remarked:

Men seldom make passes
At girls who wear glasses.

Let me add:

Girls who get cuddled
Have minds that are muddled.

Metaphysically-minded females or mathematically-minded ones, you can have them, although I know you don't want them. Woman's unreasonableness may be trying at times, but how much more trying would be the unsweet reasonableness manifested in the fictitious— utterly fictitious, thank God—scenes I have conjured up from an admittedly unhealthy imagination!

Thank the Lord, I say, for Woman's physical charms, and thank Him no less for her mental ones. Give me an all-or-nothing woman every time. Give me the girl who avows that the boy she met last night is the most divine dancer in the world, who thinks that New York is either the most glamorous or most foul spot on earth (and nothing in between), who is sure that *all* men get amorous if they have even one teensey-eensey drink, and is dead certain that Peggy Morris is the most loathsome little snipe between here and Singapore.

And when, after cleaning up properly forty-nine times in a row, I leave a ring around the tub after my fiftieth bath, give me a wife who says: "You *never* clean the tub after you bathe." Come to think of it I've got one, so what am I kicking about? ⧺

Bantamac Reg.

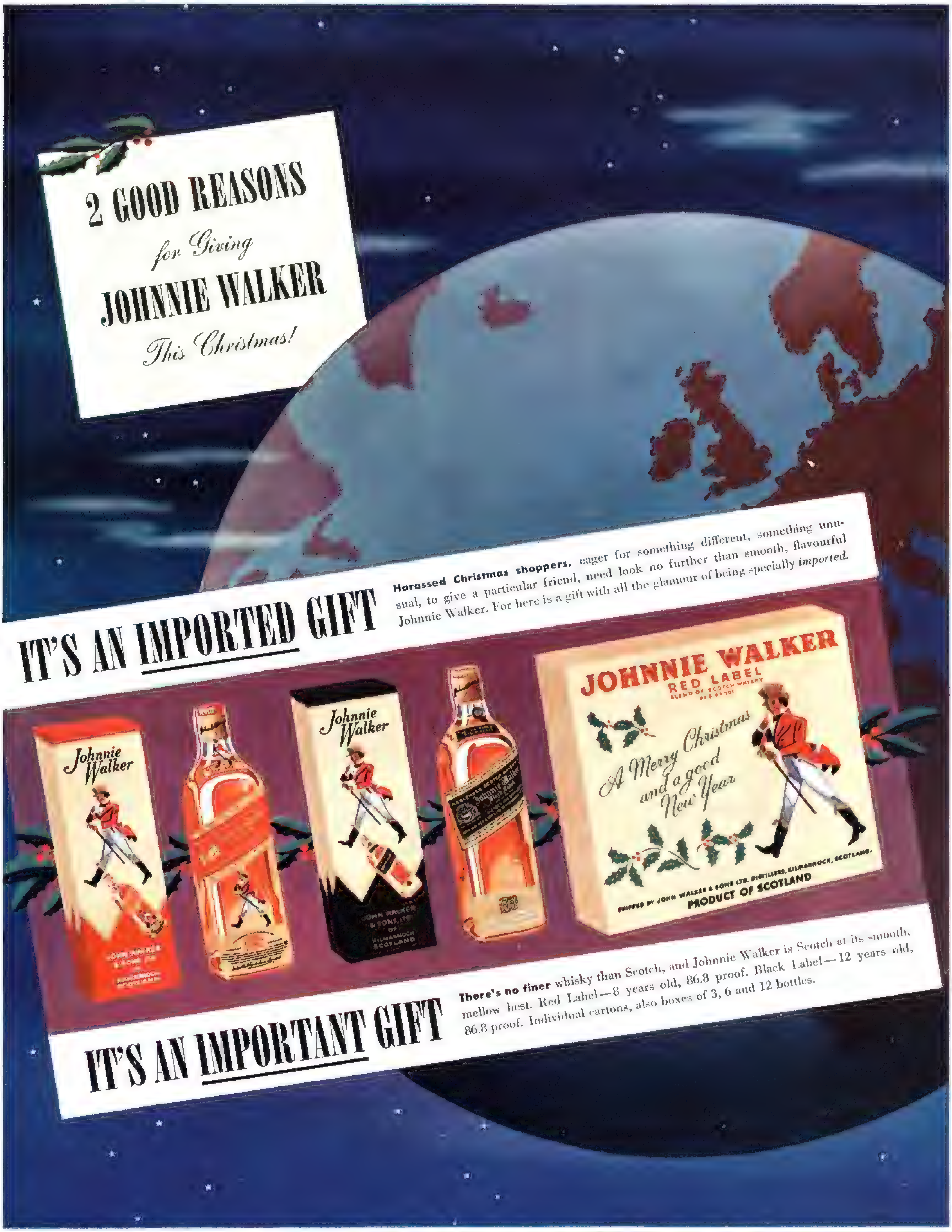
LIGHT IS RIGHT FOR ACTIVE SPORTSWEAR

LIGHTWEIGHT
WIND-PROOF
WATER-REPELLENT

New colors, new designs, distinguish this season's showing of Bantamac. You'll find Bantamacs 100% practical for all types of outdoor wear. It's always fair weather in a Bantamac.

● Poncho, shown above, is an all-purpose two-in-one reversible jacket of Zelan treated poplin, with easy action, seamless sleeves. Tan lined with Green; Tan lined with Brown. Sizes 36 to 46. Price, $7.95. Others from $5.

FOR STYLE FOLDER AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER SEND TO BRIAR CLUB, 1107 BROADWAY, N.Y.


Johnnie Walker
JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD OF KILMARNOCK SCOTLAND
Johnnie Walker
JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD. OF KILMARNOCK SCOTLAND
JOHNNIE WALKER
RED LABEL
BLEND OF SCOTCH WHISKY
A Merry Christmas and a good New Year
SHIPPED BY JOHN WALKER & SONS LTD. DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

2 GOOD REASONS

for Giving

JOHNNIE WALKER

This Christmas!

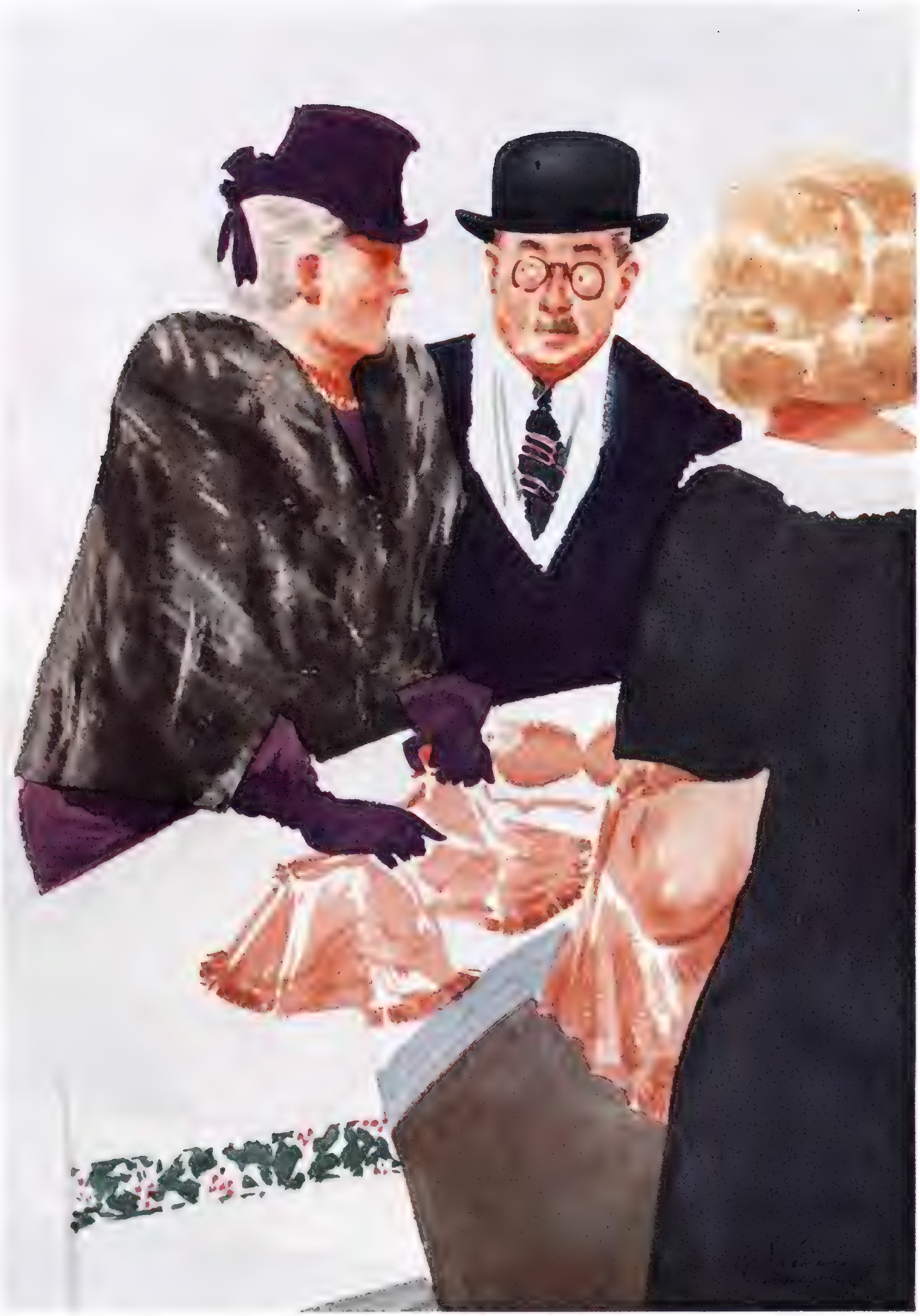
IT'S AN IMPORTED GIFT

Harassed Christmas shoppers, eager for something different, something unusual, to give a particular friend, need look no further than smooth, flavourful Johnnie Walker. For here is a gift with all the glamour of being specially *imported.*

IT'S AN IMPORTANT GIFT

There's no finer whisky than Scotch, and Johnnie Walker is Scotch at its smooth, mellow best. Red Label—8 years old, 86.8 proof. Black Label—12 years old, 86.8 proof. Individual cartons, also boxes of 3, 6 and 12 bottles.

Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importers of Johnnie Walker Blended Scotch Whisky



"I think this would be a very practical gift for your secretary, dear—in a dark shade"

GEM-lectric
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
FACE-LITE SHAVER
BUILT-IN FACE-LITE SPOTLIGHTS EVERY WHISKER
SNAP-SWITCH-STARTER
CLEAN-SHAVES ALL BEARDS

GIVE HIM THIS MASTERPIECE OF ENGINEERING GENIUS

Engineering wizardry has attained, at last, the ultimate in electric shaving—GEM-lectric *Face-Lite* Shaver. Here, finally, is a superb shaving instrument built with micrometric precision for the man who values superiority in all things. It's the perfect Christmas gift.

See how the GEM-lectric Face-Lite Shaver gives you *improvements of the future*—now! The built-in, no bulge Face-Lite exposes every whisker! You *see* where you shave and *shave* what you see!

The Snap-Switch-Starter makes old-fashioned fumble-starting as obsolete as the hand-cranked automobile. Snap the switch—the motor purrs, the Face-Lite brightens the way to perfected electric shaving.

The GEM-lectric Face-Lite Shaver easily removes the wiriest stubble or the softest down! Its 2-way head shaves all *types* of beards—and gets them on up-stroke *or* down. You don't grope for whiskers, you smooth them away at skin-level.

A *real* motor operates this engineering masterpiece—a husky, high-speed power plant with quiet composition bearings and double contact points for coolness. Gem-lectric is built to give lasting satisfaction.

Don't give him any electric shaver until you investigate the GEM-lectric Face-Lite! See it in its superb case fit for a crown jewel. Worth far more than the $15.75 it costs! If your retailer cannot supply you, use coupon.

Dept. E12,
GEM-lectric,
303 Jay Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Please send me ( ) Face-Lite Shavers.

Check for $ ______ enclosed.

Print Name ______

Address ______

City ______ State ______

PREPARED AND READY YEARS BEFORE THE WAR EXPLODED

FROM THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR . . . TO THE WORLD WAR . . . TO HITLER!

AT the start of the European war of 1939—exactly as at the start of the World War of 1914—The Chicago Daily News foreign service (established in 1898) was already on the ground and on the job in Europe—prepared to give its readers a war coverage *unequalled by any other newspaper in the world.*

This service—the FIRST world-wide newsgathering organization ever to be established by an American newspaper—has been in full operation *without interruption* ever since its founding by Victor Lawson during the Spanish-American War.

After the last year of the World War of 1914, James Keeley, long general manager of the Chicago Tribune, speaking at a public dinner in London, said:

> *"Twenty years ago Mr. Lawson began the expensive task of teaching his community the geography and politics of the distant parts of the earth... When the war began Mr. Lawson's foresight was justified... He was prepared as was no other newspaperman. His men knew the spheres of operation and the souls and hearts of the lands in which they worked. They gave The Daily News a service so superior that it won the admiration of newspapermen from the Atlantic to the Pacific."*

But since that day still another general war has come to Europe. And in 1939, as in 1914, the foresight of another publisher of The Chicago Daily News has been strikingly justified. For, in 1937—two years before the current struggle started—Frank Knox, commander in chief of the fully staffed foreign service of The Chicago Daily News, had gone to the European front with his men and there on the newsgathering field had fortified his forces—mobilizing even more skilled units, strengthening an already world-wide and signally seasoned corps.

In Vienna, he recruited M. W. Fodor, best known authority on southeastern Europe . . . In the Far East he secured the services of A. T. Steele, most quoted newspaperman in the Orient . . . and as an added correspondent he appointed the brilliant John T. Whitaker—rover of Europe.

When the war crashed, therefore, he already had experts in all the war capitals and on all the war fronts of Europe—including such outstanding men as Edgar Ansel Mowrer, William Stoneman, Wallace Deuel, Richard Mowrer and Frank Smothers. But for good measure he added more.

He immediately sent to Europe on a Yankee Clipper his ace reporter, world famous newspaperman and veteran of the World War, Bob Casey. And he added the seasoned services of Pulitzer Prize winner Leland Stowe.

No other newspaper in America—perhaps none in the world—could boast a war coverage staff such as this. And newspapers—not only in the United States but in Canada as well—were quick to follow the lead of long established users of this talent when Hitler's attack upon Poland began. Among those subscribing to the service within the first week of the war was The Cleveland Press, which commented editorially upon its action as follows:

> *"Obviously, the first demand of every newspaper reader today is news of the war in Europe. Mindful of that fact, this newspaper is making every effort to obtain that news for its readers. The United Press has 500 correspondents and reporters in Europe today, a considerably larger number than any other American newsgathering agency. Even so The Press has arranged to supplement the United Press coverage by the European corps of The Chicago Daily News foreign service, recognized as one of the best in the world."*

Complete, reliable war news, gathered, reported and interpreted by skilled American correspondents—traditionally noted for their knowledge of "the spheres of operation and the souls and hearts of the lands" in which they work—may be found in the revealing dispatches of The Chicago Daily News foreign staff.

AMONG THE NEWSPAPERS SUBSCRIBING
TO THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS FOREIGN SERVICE ARE:

THE NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM · THE PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN
THE BUFFALO EVENING NEWS · THE TORONTO STAR · THE DETROIT NEWS
THE DES MOINES REGISTER & TRIBUNE · THE PITTSBURGH PRESS
THE DAYTON JOURNAL-HERALD · THE ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH
THE WASHINGTON STAR · THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT
THE CLEVELAND PRESS · THE WINNIPEG FREE PRESS

FOREIGN NEWS SERVICE

CHICAGO'S HOME NEWSPAPER · WITH THE MOST VALUABLE CIRCULATION IN THE CITY

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

DAILY NEWS PLAZA, *400 West Madison Street,* **CHICAGO · NEW YORK OFFICE,** *9 Rockefeller Plaza* **· DETROIT OFFICE,** *4-119 General Motors Building* **· SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE,** *Hobart Building*

My Treasure: The Wonder Mare

Continued from page 90

sentenced to several years' imprisonment.

When Kincsem reached the age of one year, a Hungarian nobleman, Baron Elek Orczy, came to the Blaskovich estate to buy all the yearlings. There were seven of them, and the baron bought six out of the seven without hesitation. In spite of Blaskovich's urging he could not be persuaded to take the ugly Kincsem as well. He said that the baroness, who was also much interested in racing, would have ten fits if he came home with such an ill-looking filly. So he left Kincsem behind. It is worthwhile to note that the six other colts never won an important race in all their collective careers!

Mr. Blaskovich was thus left with one yearling, and merely as a matter of routine he gave the lonely filly into training. No thought of a career for Kincsem entered his mind—he just wanted to get her out of the way.

So Kincsem entered "school" in the fall. She matriculated in the small training establishment of Robert Hesp, an Englishman who had been rather unsuccessfully training race horses for the Counts Batthányi. When Mr. Hesp took a look at Kincsem the first day, he shook his head mournfully. The filly really looked terrible, being composed of skin and bones and without an ounce of flesh on her angular body.

"You look like The Seven Lean Years, filly," said Mr. Hesp, "where will we find skeletons like you to run against?"

Kincsem was treated in this anti-social fashion during her first weeks at Hesp's; she was incessantly reminded how ugly and lean she appeared, and it is a wonder that she did not develop a severe inferiority complex. But perhaps just this abuse that was heaped upon her, made her determined to show them all. She started to better herself immediately, right there at the Hesp establishment. She ate everything in sight and in less than two months began rounding out and developing fine muscles. On the training course she ran very promisingly, cantering evenly and close to the ground instead of with leaps and jumps.

In less than one year, when she was two, she stood at the starting line for her first race. It was the 21st day of June, 1876, and the race was one of the most important German events, the *Criterium*. No one knew Kincsem's capabilities in Berlin, and no one believed the filly had a chance. She won the race in an unforced, whipless canter. Eleven days later, on the beautiful Hanover race course, Kincsem started in the *Vergleichs-Rennen*, second in importance only to the German Derby. Since Kincsem's victory in Berlin eleven days before was regarded as an accident, once again no one paid attention to her—especially since Double Zero, who had won the German Derby a week before this big Hanover race, was also starting in the event. Kincsem simply ran away from the Derby winner, who came in a bad second, and people began to take the Hungarian filly seriously.

The ugly duckling was taken from Hanover to Hamburg and only a week after her triumph over Double Zero, won the Hamburg *Criterium*. At the end of July she was victorious in the great *Erinnerungs-Rennen* in Frankfurt. On the 31st of the same month she was first in the *Futurity Preiz* in Baden-Baden. On the 22nd of September she was already in Sopron, Hungary, where she won the biggest stakes that town could offer. Victory followed victory.

A few weeks later Kincsem was entered in the Grand Prix of the Two-Year-Old's in Budapest. She was supposed to start, but she would not go up to the starting line; Kincsem was bored. While the other horses and jockeys were impatiently waiting for the starter's flag, the Wonder Mare turned her back to the nervous company and grazed nonchalantly. Madden, her jockey, could do nothing with the hungry and lazy Kincsem, and the field of ten were fervently hoping that she would continue her lunch so that they might decide the race among themselves. Finally, the starter could wait no longer; he gave the signal, and the field was off—without Kincsem! The outstanding two-year-olds of the year started off at a terrific pace and had covered more than a quarter of the track, when Kincsem at last stopped nibbling and ran after the others at a *trot!* The trot suddenly changed to Kincsem's characteristic smooth and level gallop, low to the ground, until it appeared that she was actually flying over the course. She won easily.

A week after this little joke Kincsem won the *Kladruber Preiz* in Vienna, and four days later took the *Grand Prix* of Prague; with these two major races she finished her two-year-old career. Now she felt entitled to a rest, and they took her home for the winter. Mr. Blaskovich and Mr. Hesp, her erstwhile school teacher, looked at her with grateful but unbelieving eyes. It seemed impossible, yet Mr. Blaskovich could not help remembering the prediction of the gypsy kidnaper . . .

With the spring of 1877, work, which was so despised by Kincsem, started again. On the 27th of April she won the *Trial Stakes* in Pressbourg. This was followed by a victory in the *National Preiz* in Budapest on the 6th of May. Two days later she captured one of the fattest purses of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy at the time, the *Hazafi Stakes*. The next week she ran in Vienna and won the Jockey Club Prize and a few days later the Austrian Derby. In three more days she had taken the Austrian *Trial Stakes!* Two days after this

Continued on page 252

Trabert & Hoeffer
MAUBOUSSIN
GIFTS

THE NAME THAT ASSURES ORIGINALITY, EXCLUSIVENESS AND VALUE IN A GIFT . . . WHETHER AT ONE DOLLAR OR MANY THOUSANDS

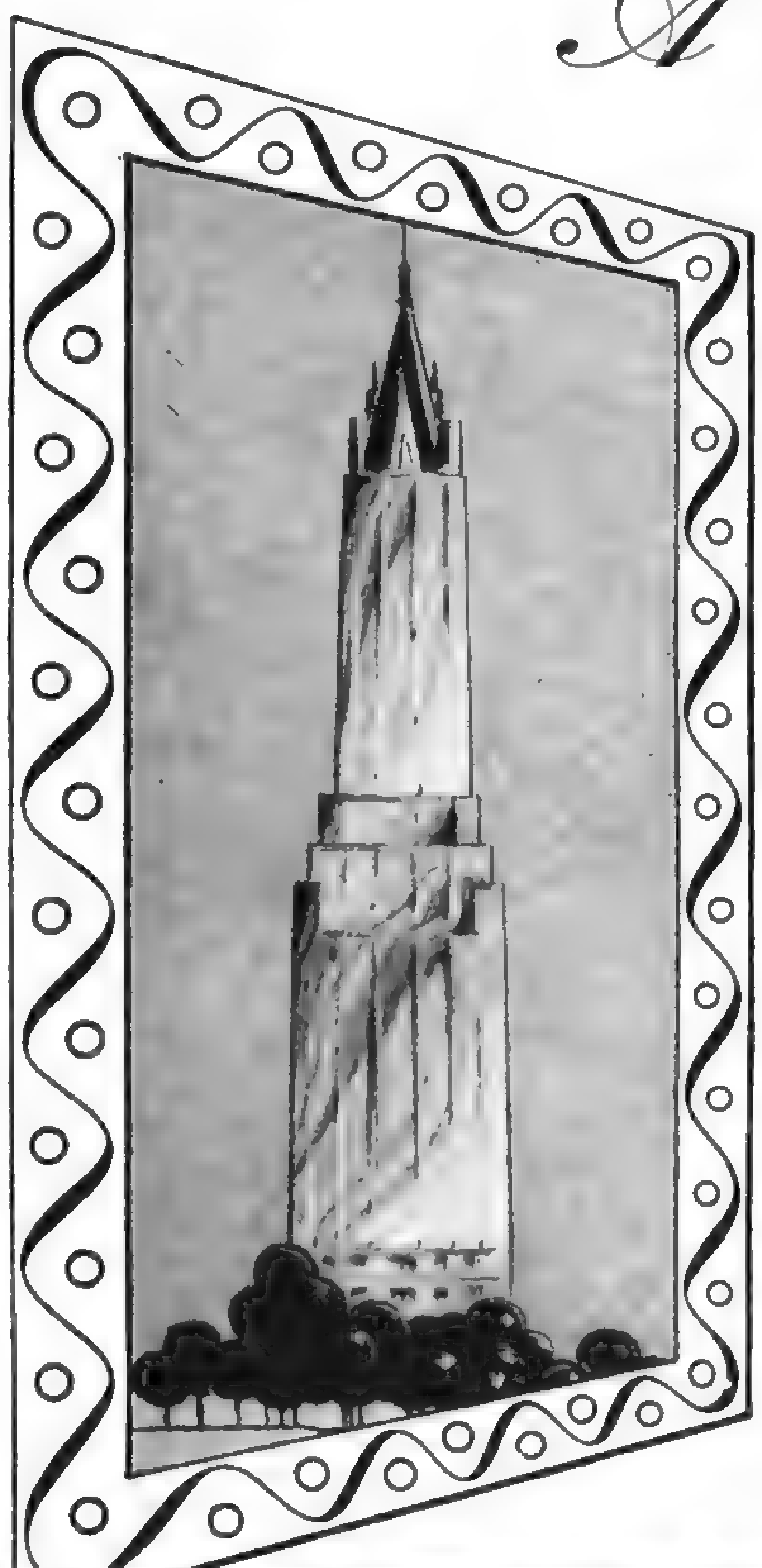
Feather pin, gold and diamonds $225; Ear clips, gold and sapphires $150; Gold clothespin tie clip $21; Gold dress set, 9 pieces $70; Stainless Steel wrist watch, black, grey or rose dial $35; Cigarette case with diamond point pencil for autographs, silver $35, gold, $225.

Illustrated Gift Brochure On Request.

Illustrations about three-quarters actual size

407 PARK AVENUE AT 55th STREET, NEW YORK

PARIS · BEVERLY HILLS · ATLANTIC CITY · MIAMI BEACH · PALM BEACH


A Picture of Superior Living

People who insist on the best the world has to offer in fine living wherever they may be, invariably make the Sherry Netherland their New York home. Superb views, a splendid location, and peerless food, combine to offer rare values in apartments priced with an understanding of present conditions.

★ ★ ★

Suites from two to six rooms. Special arrangements made for extended stays.

★

Brochure on request.

THE Sherry Netherland

FIFTH AVENUE . . . "WHERE THE PARK BEGINS" EUGENE VOIT, Manager

The Spirit of Puerto Rico
Product of Puerto Rico
DON Q
PUERTO RICAN RUM

Enjoy THIS TROPICAL TREAT FROM PUERTO RICO!

For perfect rum drinks, always insist on Don Q. You'll enjoy the fine fragrance and delicious flavor of this peerless Puerto Rican rum.

WHITE LABEL *for cocktails*
GOLD LABEL *for tall drinks*

PRODUCT OF DESTILERIA SERRALLES INC., PONCE, PUERTO RICO

Don Q Rum PUERTO RICAN

Your Guide to Good Liquors

Copr. 1939, National Distillers Prod. Corp., N. Y. 86 Proof

Varsity
NEW . . Pipes in 45 COLOR Combinations
Genuine Leather Pouch with TALON Slide Fastener. 4" x 6". Rubberized Lining
Varsity

VARSITY PIPE & POUCH GIFT SET

His School Colors *His College Colors*

Bachmann Bros., Inc.
1420 E. Erie Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

$2.00

Please send............Varsity Sets @ $2 each. Enclosed is ☐ Check ☐ Cash ☐ Money Order. (Specify College or Color Combination Desired)

....

Name..

Address..

NEW . . . Hit of the Season

He'll be nuts about it . . . a Briar-lined Pipe in his School or College Colors . . . a 6" Leather Pouch with Talon Slide Fastener. $2 the Set at Dep't & Men's Wear Stores, Drug & Tobacco Stores. If Your Store can't supply, send coupon, today to Bachmann Bros., Inc., Philadelphia.

$2.50 in Canada. Address Moulded Plastic Specialties, Reg'd, Montreal, Que.

My Treasure: The Wonder Mare

Continued from pages 90-251

victory she was first in the *Emperor's Prize* race. In the months of June and July she won two great German events: the *Grosser Preiss* in Hanover, and the *Renard* race in Hamburg. The month of September in the same year, was marked by four big victories in Germany, Austria and Hungary. October netted five events, among them the *St. Leger*. It was in this race that she was observed to close her eyes while the starter made preparations to start the field off. Good-for-nothing, lazy Kincsem woke up when she heard the galloping hoofs of the other horses and flew past them with the aid of her invisible wings.

She was always the last out of the paddock, and the last to come in when the race was over. She could not be coaxed to run fast anywhere but on a race track, and as a rule offered a sorry sight as she wandered along with head dangling and tail adroop before the eyes of the spectators. She was at all times as calm as a cucumber, and the famous theory that a good horse should manifest nervousness and spirit in the paddock in anticipation of a race was certainly wrong in Kincsem's case. As soon as she was led into her stall or her boxcar on trains—where she spent a great deal of her time, traveling from race to race—she would lie down and only when her groom, Franz of Kincsem, as he was called, came near would she arise.

The bookies would not take bets on Kincsem anymore, and the ugly duckling grew to be a beautiful heroine in the eyes of the public. The prettiest Hungarian girl of the epoch, Countess Jolán Pejachevich was given the nickname, Kincsem. It also became a fad to call new-born baby girls, Kincsem. Everyone was "Kincsem conscious"; the mare's pictures were exhibited in every up-to-date store in the towns of the dual monarchy. Admirers mobbed Mr. Blaskovich as he walked on the streets of Budapest or Vienna, and he actually had to have police protection. There was a Kincsem soap, Eau de Cologne bearing the mare's name, and badges with the picture of Kincsem were worn by everyone. Kincsem, the ugly mare, had become the most important thing on the Continent.

As a four-year-old she won nine more important races on the Continent, and so it was decided that she should go to England to look for new worlds to conquer. She crossed the Channel with Mr. Hesp, her erstwhile schoolteacher, now her manager. Franz of Kincsem was also present of course, because Kincsem simply would not be without him. The mare had a favorite equine companion, as well, named *Csalogany* with whom she got along splendidly. Csalogany was used to coax the lazy Kincsem into a morning workout, as the mare would not canter alone for the world. She seemed to have had more sense than her trainers, jockeys, and managers; preserving every bit of her energy for big races and idling the rest of the time.

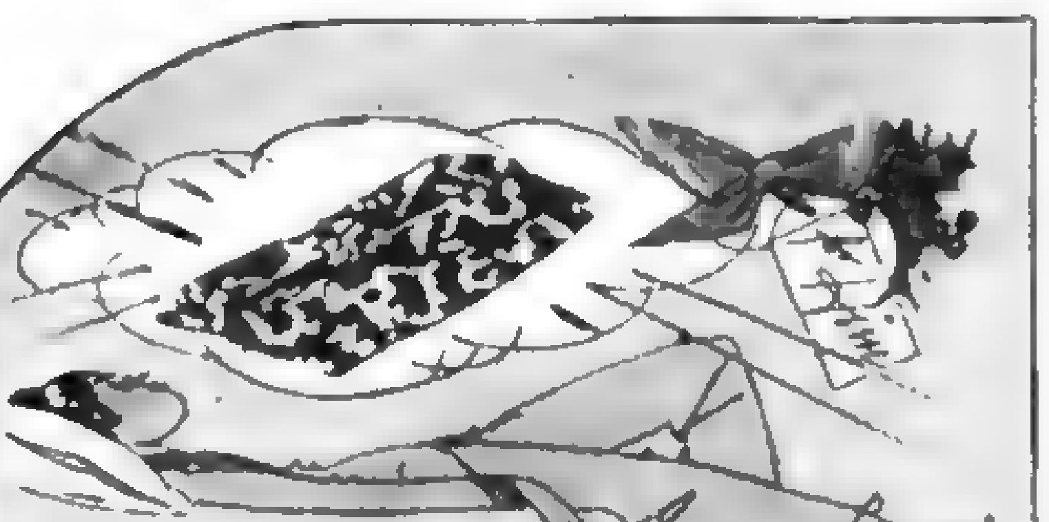
In the Newmarket stables Kincsem fell ill for the first time in her life. This horse who had never let anything upset her, who had never lost her placid calm, who was the most happy-go-lucky horse in the world, refused all food and water as soon as she reached England. Hesp and Franz were beside themselves. They got the best Newmarket veterinaries to examine the sad mare but could find no cause for her indisposition. In desperation Hesp tried everything to make Kincsem at least take some water, which is so vital for horses even though they can go for long periods without food. First the manager put a generous pinch of salt in Kincsem's water since she loved it so much. It did not help. Then sugar was put in water, then carrot juice, and still later even a little beer. But Kincsem steadily refused to drink liquids in this foreign land, until Hesp made one last attempt with boiled water. Kincsem took to it at once, and she was as fit as ever in two days!

As far as the bookies and the public were concerned it was too late: the Hungarian Wonder Mare's indisposition had leaked out. A few days after, when she dreamily strolled up towards the starting point for the beginning of the Goodwood Cup the bookmakers gave the very longest odds on her, feeling that the sick foreign horse could not win. Two wonderful racers were competing against Kincsem: Pageant and Lady Golightly. The former—ridden by the famed Cannon—was the favorite at 5 to 4; Lady Golightly—the incomparable Fred Archer up—stood at 2 to 1. Kincsem was ridden by Madden and looked extremely moody and indisposed. As usual, she was moving along before the race like a somnambulist, and Madden nervously gave her a taste of his spurs to wake her up.

Lady Golightly started off at a terrific pace, followed closely by Pageant. Kincsem, ten lengths behind, was trying hard but seemed to be losing ground. They ran in this order for about a mile and a half. When they reached the slight but dangerous slant that distinguishes the Goodwood Cup, Madden, fearing that Kincsem might stumble since she was accustomed only to flat courses, held the reins very tightly and sat back in the saddle. Kincsem thus lost some more ground, and it was small consolation that Lady Golightly was also "gone" and falling back. Pageant was far in front, nearing the finish and a tremendous shout was heard from the excited crowd:

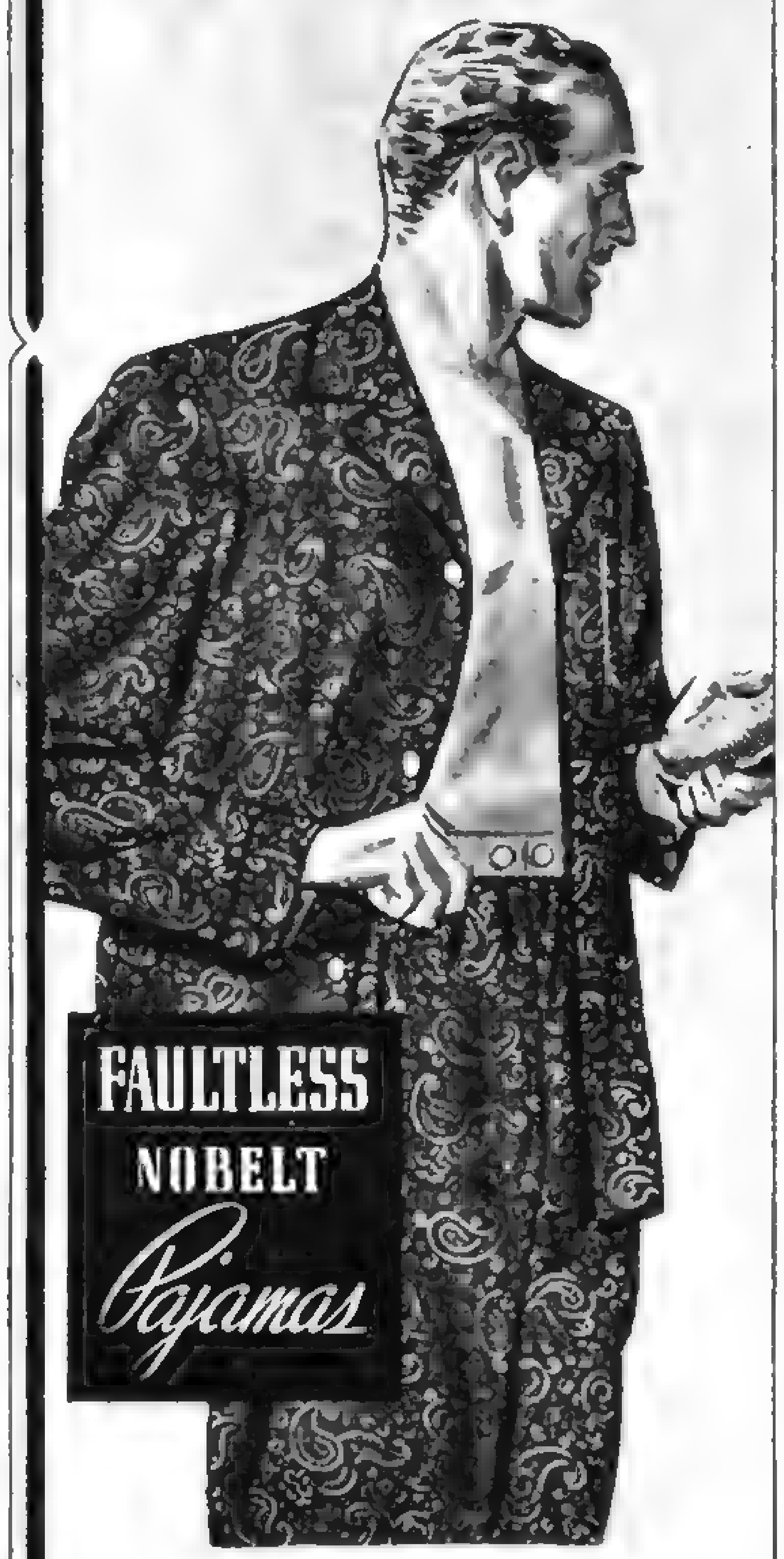
"Pageant! Pageant wins!"

It was in the last stretch of the course that the English saw the most fantastic, unbelievable performance ever given by a race horse: Kincsem literally flew after



GIVE HIM *the* GIFT
of Sound Sleep

NO WAISTLINE PRESSURE



Faultless Nobelt pajamas invite deep, restful sleep. Just as tight collars cause headaches, so do tight belts cause nerve and muscular reactions. Waistline pressure sets up a resistance that prevents perfect relaxation.

The trousers of Faultless Nobelt pajamas stay up without waistband pressure.

Instead of drawstrings, or bunched-up elastic strips that bind unevenly, the patented Nobelt fits the waist with a touch that is scarcely felt.

Give Nobelt pajamas — the gift of sound sleep.

GIFT PAJAMAS

Shown above; a luxurious sateen texture in coat or slip-on model—$2.50 to $5.

Solid colors in Bemberg and pure silk, piped edges, $5.

WILSON
BROTHERS
Chicago · New York
San Francisco

Pageant who was practically in the shadow of the judges' box. When Fred Archer saw Kincsem miraculously moving up to him, the famous jockey started to whip Pageant; likewise, Madden used his spurs on Kincsem. But there was no real fight between the two horses and the two jockeys: Kincsem did the impossible and won by three lengths!

As Mr. Blaskovich led Kincsem in, the usually undemonstrative English tore him away from the mare and lifted the man on their shoulders, to release him only when word was sent that the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII, wished to congratulate him. The Prince also wanted to speak to Hesp, but flatly refused to allow Madden to appear because of his too free use of spurs on the Wonder Mare. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and Lord Falmouth each wished to buy Kincsem on the spot for fantastic sums, but her owner just smiled:

"Even if she never wins a race again in her life, I would not sell her for a million pounds. I love this beautiful mare." . . .

And Kincsem went on winning. Only a few days after the memorable Goodwood victory she started in the *Grand Prix* in Deauville, and the seven best French horses were out to beat her. By now everybody in Europe was eager to see some horse snap the Wonder Mare's miraculous string of victories. However, in the Grand Prix Kincsem again showed her silver shoes to all of the seven opponents and won the event without trouble.

Ten days after the Deauville triumph this traveling phenomenon was already in Baden-Baden, starting in the *Grosser Preiss*. There were only four horses who dared to defy her, but they were the very best Europe had produced in those years, each with a score of great victories to its credit. Among the four a terrifically fast stallion, Prince Giles I, was the most dangerous for Kincsem. The race was really a contest between the Prince and the Wonder Mare; the others could not even come near them. During the entire event the two thoroughbreds ran almost neck and neck. Of course, everyone expected that in the last few hundred yards Kincsem would begin to fly as usual, and beat her adversary by several lengths. However, Madden rode very badly the jockey had been given too much free champagne the night before by some mysterious new friend—and Kincsem and the Prince finished in a dead-heat. The excitement of the public was indescribable! The owner of Kincsem refused to share the prize, a customary procedure in such cases, and asked the Jockey Club stewards to allow Kincsem and Prince Giles I, to run again after the day's meet.

The stewards, who were just as excited as everyone else, readily granted permission, and a short time later the horses were sent charging down the track again. Neck and neck they were at first, but by the middle of the race Kincsem started her famous smooth, low gallop. Suddenly, a large dog jumped out of the bushes which bordered the Baden-Baden course, and ran beside the mare, leaping and barking madly. Kincsem nearly stumbled over the cur and naturally was thrown off stride. The jockey of Prince Giles took advantage of the situation—some say the whole incident was pre-arranged—and rode his stallion hard towards victory. When the dog finally gave up pursuing Kincsem, Madden merely lifted his hand with the whip in it, and the mare spurted with all her might. She caught the Prince passed him—and won by seven lengths!

Two weeks later: winner of the State Prize of Hungary; a month later winner of the *Ritter* Derby; three days later the Hungarian Mares' Big Prize. In the meanwhile the grateful owner built a palace in Budapest in honor of the Wonder Mare where everything pertained to Kincsem and where Mr. Blaskovich lived in great luxury amid gold cups and blue ribbons, thanks to the ugly duckling. It was a temple of Kincsem worship and was actually called the Kincsem Palace.

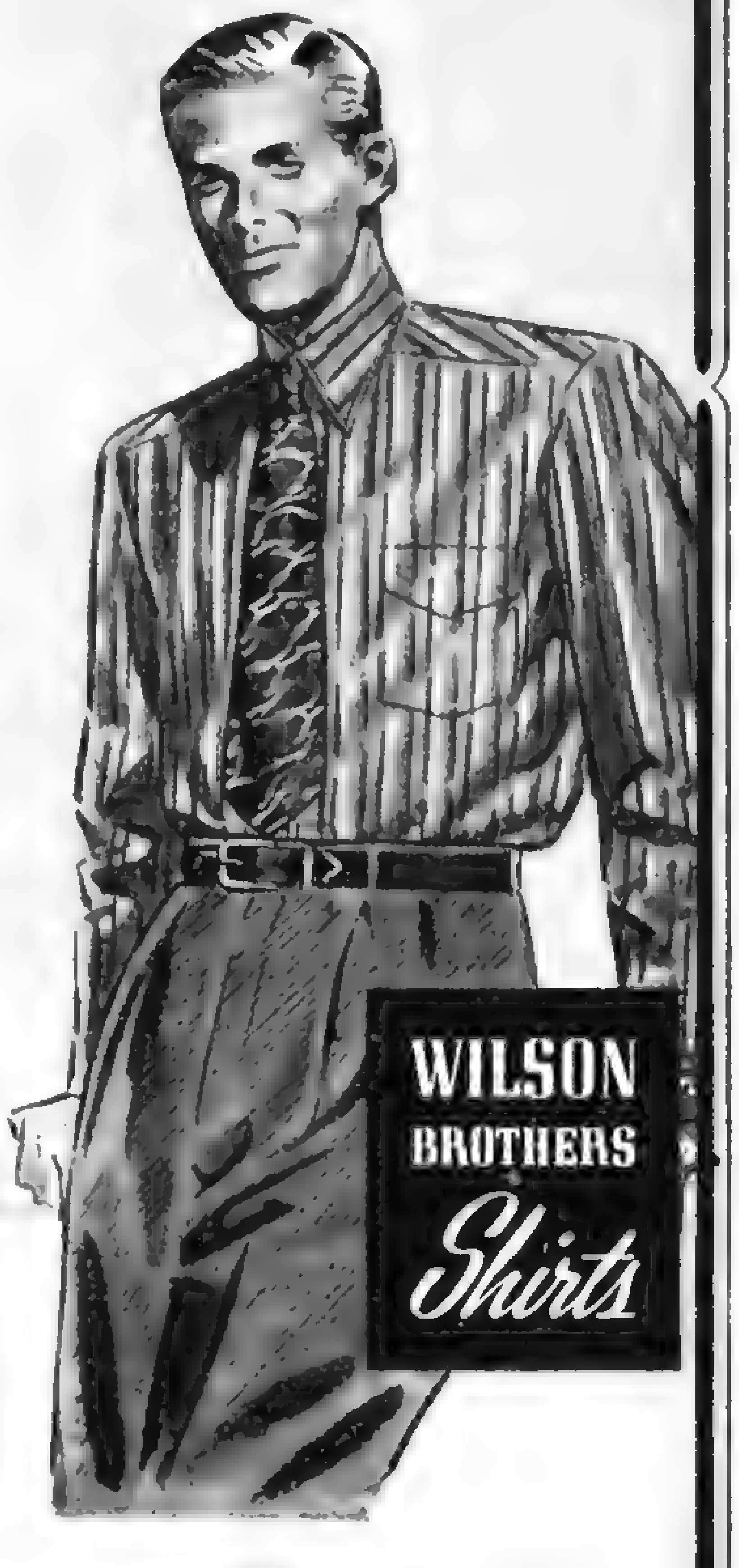
At five years old: another State Prize; the *Count Karolyi Memorial Race;* four big Hungarian State Prizes in succession; the *Silberner Schild* in Berlin; the big prize of the ruler of Hessen in Frankfurt; once more the hotly contested Grosser Preiss in Baden-Baden; the big prize of the Habsburgs in Vienna; again the Ritter Derby; and the last race: the Derby for Mares in Budapest. First, first, always first! Not once second or third! And at all times against the greatest horses in the greatest races!

After this 54th victory Kincsem's right hind leg got a bit lame; it was nothing really serious, but Mr. Blaskovich thought that the Wonder Mare had done her duty on the track and decided to breed her. She had five offspring, all excellent racers, but without the genius of their dam.

She was fourteen years old to the very day when, on the 17th of March, 1888, she gave her sporting soul back to the Conceiver of Miracles. Kincsem died suddenly of pneumonia; only death could triumph over the Wonder Mare. Hesp, the old schoolmaster, did not long survive his unhandsome but wonderful pupil. He died a few months later. Kincsem's skeleton was assembled by experts and sent to the Kincsem Palace; her hoofs were set in gold, and on great occasions Mr. Blaskovich would have them used as table-decorations in the palace.

The newspapers and periodicals of those days appeared with black margins and Kincsem got beautiful obituaries throughout the Continent and England. All the chronicles agreed that there would never again be such a horse as Kincsem, the Ugly Duckling, the Wonder Mare. . . . ##

GIVE HIM
Shirts
THAT ARE EXCLUSIVE



The value of a gift is not measured in dollars, but in the spirit of the giver, and in its perfect fitness for the one who receives it.

Shirts are on the "gift suggestion list" of nearly every man at Christmas time. It is proper therefore to select gift shirts which are exclusive and unlike those worn by the crowd. Wilson Brothers shirts are designed for discriminating men who value a correct and becoming appearance.

New styles for Christmas giving are now being shown by selected stores.

SHUTTLE TONES

Shown above: Shuttle Tones are fine broadcloth shirtings loomed to achieve soft blends and unusual color treatments. $2.50.

Suggested Tie for Shuttle Tone Shirts—Wedglocke in Eaton Foulards, $1.50.

WILSON
BROTHERS
Chicago · New York
San Francisco

Ladies in Luck

Continued from page 61

themselves. The appurtenances of her sex give the female sharper certain natural advantages. Loose clothing, bracelets and rings, hairdos that require constant patting, facilitate misdirection. To signal a confederate with lipstick, powderpuff or cigaret holder is child's play. My friend Sylvia sometimes placed a highly polished vanity case under her dealing hand—with devastating results.

What the Lady Ponsonby-Cavendishes failed to learn from their former sponsors they hired croupiers in crooked gambling houses—and with rare exceptions all gambling houses are as crooked as a ram's horn—to teach them. The education includes such fundamentals as culling and palming, bottom dealing, crimping, slip cutting.

With the popularization of smaller decks America's crooked gambling apparati manufacturers, notably Carson and Company*, quickly sensed a tremendous new consumer market, were anxious to exploit it. But how to place their addresses in the right hands?

For one such house San Francisco's Golden Gate Fair offered a golden opportunity. If you visited the fair during its early weeks you may remember an attraction titled, *Secrets of Monte Carlo.* A series of capsule melodramas, it ostensibly exposed the wiles of gambling cheats. *Carson and Company angeled the attraction.* The players had instructions to reveal the firm's identity to any interested inquirer. And there were thousands. I once published an article explaining certain crooked gambling gadgets. I received more than five thousand letters from persons who wanted to know where they could obtain them, seventy per cent from women.

A choice medium for these swindling sisters, who are invading every strata of society, are the "poker flats" mushrooming up in middle class residential districts throughout the country. In New York, especially in the Bronx, Queens, Jamaica and similar localities, housewives with time on their hands in the master's absence have been banding together in regular weekly poker sessions. Each member takes turns at playing hostess, under-writing the coffee and sandwiches. Too often some newcomer, apparently wealthier than her sister-pokerites, generously offers to hold every meeting in her home. She provides the refreshments. She also provides the cards.

Next time you read in your newspaper that police have raided a woman's card club think twice before you damn them for meddling blue-noses. Chances are they acted on a tip that one player was winning too consistently.

This indoor sport is not limited to the Bronx. Many a Park Avenue matron, seeking new thrills, turns from bridge to poker, where action is swifter, brainwork less strenuous, and thence to sharping. Why?

A famous psychologist once told me: "Gambling is often an outlet for sexual repression or dissatisfaction, a sort of synthetic substitute emotion. Many women derive an intense physical and psychic thrill from risking more money than they can afford. But if mere card-playing for big money excites them, cheating is an even more potent stimulus, for here their social status, their whole futures are at stake. Social ostracism is, of course, the inevitable penalty for any man or woman caught cheating. With the woman who cheats from sheer perversity rather than from motives of gain, the practice is not unlike drug addiction, and, once begun, exerts the same compulsion."

My own observations tend to confirm this theory. I have seen women in the act of card manipulating, seen their eyes glitter, their spines stiffen. Last time I talked to Sylvia she admitted: "At first I cheated for money, but after a while I found myself doing it for its own sake. Micky, I got more kick out of a perfect bottom deal than a romance." And "romance" wasn't exactly the word she used.

In exposing a sharper I usually choose an indirect method. It spares everybody concerned a lot of embarrassment. Not long ago the entertainment committee of a professional woman's organization retained me to cover their annual convention.

It was a familiar situation. Nothing is easier for a sharper than to insinuate himself into a convention, posing as a fellow-druggist, salesman or whatnot. People have a natural tendency to trust members of their own profession.

I booked a room in the Atlantic City hotel where the meeting was to be held and hovered innocently in the background. When the business of the first day was concluded the ladies broke up into bridge groups. I moseyed around, keeping my eyes peeled. There's one system of bidding not found in the bridge books. I call it the Double-Informatory-Peek. It goes like this:

Sharper A holds 5 spades, 3 diamonds, 2 clubs and 3 hearts. She shows her partner this distribution by the simple process of grouping the suits and holding each group a fraction of an inch apart. To show the number of aces she holds the 13 cards with two, three, or four fingers, or four with her thumb crooked (one ace). Her left hand, resting idly on the table, shows the kings in the same way. Sharper B does likewise. Next time you play bridge with strangers watch those tell-tale fingers.

I did that first night, but all fingers were in conventional positions. In fact, I detected nothing unusual. Next night, however, something about the wedding ring

---

*The name is fictitious. The authors do not wish to advertise these products.

SPREAD or CLENCHED

SIDEWAL

TRI-DIMENSION FITS THE HAND AS IT IS

Contour Thumb

Side wall

Slip your hand into a *Sidewal. Spread your fingers, clench your fist —you'll instantly sense a glove comfort that is better felt than described.

Two new features give the Sidewal this perfect freedom of finger movement. Side walls add a third dimension, and the Contour Thumb holds the glove firmly in place.

See the Sidewal. Try it on. It is shown in a wide variety of fine imported skins at good stores everywhere. They're $3.50 to $6.00.

*Reg. Applied For

SUPERB GLOVE COMPANY
JOHNSTOWN, N.Y.

WILSON BROTHERS
CHICAGO

TOUGHER, SMARTER AND WARMER

RUGBY

INSIST UPON THE ORIGINAL

The three essentials of glove quality achieve a new high in the *Rugby. It's distinctly tougher, clearly smarter and definitely warmer.

Only the finest of imported pigskins and goatskins go into the Rugby, and only sincere and skillful craftsmanship can produce such glove excellence.

Insist upon the original Rugby for superb glove quality and complete glove satisfaction. At good stores everywhere $2.65 to $4.00.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SUPERB GLOVE COMPANY
JOHNSTOWN, N.Y.

WILSON BROTHERS
CHICAGO

on one lady's hand struck a reminiscent chord . . .

On the third night I went into my act. The committee introduced me as an entertainer from New York. I ran through a few simple sleight-of-hand stunts. Then I explained the gambler's "punch."

"This," I announced in my best things-you-didn't-know-till-now manner, "is a method of marking high cards during play so that they can be detected in subsequent deals. Many male cheats wear a small strip of adhesive tape on the index finger. It conceals a tiny tack, with the head resting on the pad of the finger and the point projecting slightly through the tape. When the cheat holds an ace or king he tenses his finger, thus pinpricking the card for future identification. The ladies have gone this one better." At this point I began deliberately imitating the physical mannerisms of Madame X (all gamblers have them). "They sometimes wear an ordinary wedding ring—like this (producing a duplicate of the ring worn by Madame X). Notice that the inside is roughened so that . . ."

No need to continue. The room was suddenly hot and deathly still. All eyes focused on Madame X. She grinned a sickly grin, got up shakily and went to her room. That night she left the hotel. But what I didn't realize until a few days later was that *four other women had also left abruptly and without explanation!*

The Atlantic City job was fairly routine. I had more trouble during a recent chartered cruise to the West Indies, an annual sea-trek organized by a large advertising concern. Again, my clients wanted me to discover whether there was anything fishy about heavy losses incurred on earlier cruises.

During the first three nights I hung around the card room without spotting anything amiss—anything except the fact that one group of women was playing auction pinochle. Now, pinochle is not a woman's game. Few attempt it. I kibitzed silently at a discreet distance. Before long I found myself fascinated by the luck of one demure, middle-aged lady, a Mrs. Cynthia Gray, who every time she dealt gave herself or her partner three aces, no mean holding in pinochle. Still, I could detect no false shuffle or cut, no punch or other gimmick. I followed that game for two hours. Meanwhile Mrs. Gray had pocketed $56 and the cruise was to last another two weeks.

When I finally retired to my cabin I knew—intuitively if you like—that Mrs. Gray was taking the girls to the cleaners, but her method baffled me. I sat up late, flogging my brains for the solution. In my hands I held one of the decks furnished by the steamship company, a deck identical to the one used by the pinochle players. I sat there fiddle-fingered, absently palming, culling, riffling as a sort of nervous spur to inspiration. Almost before I fully understood what I was doing I had removed three cards—the nines they happened to be, fetched a razor blade and was shaving them along the sides about a 32nd of an inch narrower than the remaining 49. Then I replaced them in the deck and experimented. Before I went to bed I felt sure that I had the answer.

I urged my clients to be present in the card room the following night. Sure enough, Mrs. Gray had hooked her girl friends for another pinochle session. I pretended to stumble over the table and, using an elementary magician's sleight, switched decks. Then I sat back to watch the fun.

Mrs. Gray dealt herself three nines! She bit her lip, glanced around nervously, decided some insane fluke had occurred and waited for her next deal. Bingo!—the same three nines instead of the aces she expected. Panicky, she stole a look at the committee's stony faces. That was enough.

"I don't feel very well," she pleaded. "Perhaps the motion of the boat . . . if you'll excuse me . . ."

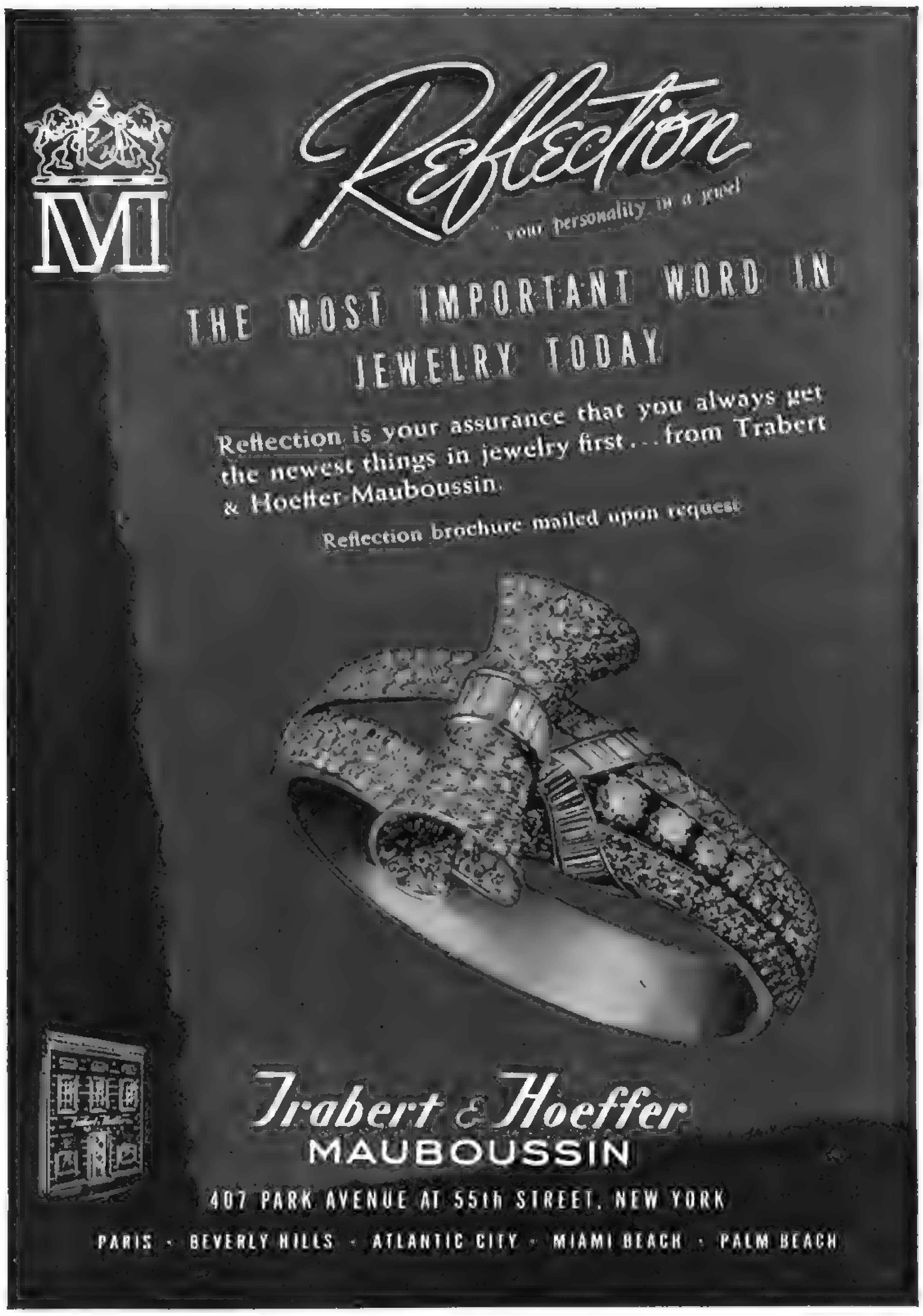
"One moment, Mrs. Gray," I oared in. "I think I can explain your difficulty. You've been using a variation of the old stripper decks, where the cards taper slightly and the dealer can reverse the high ones and cull them from the deck at will. You cleverly stripped only three cards—the aces."

I have exposed more than fifty sharpers and suspected at least three times that many, but I never turned one over to the police. Why, you ask? Because policing isn't my job. Individual card players, bridge groups, country clubs employ me to weed out cheats and I must respect their dislike for publicity. If a player has been duped, especially a business man with a reputation for level-headedness to maintain, he shrinks from publicizing the fact.

But even when victims insist on pressing charges the law is poorly equipped to prosecute. There is no such felony as "cheating" on the books. It would fall under "conspiracy to defraud" (where two or more crooks were involved), "fraud," "larceny" and the like. For evidence that would stand up in court you would have to produce the marked cards or other crooked gambling paraphernalia and trace their ownership. Failing that, you would have to produce evidence of cheating in action, probably photographic. How? You tell me.

No one understands the difficulties of prosecution better than the sharper himself. One notorious gambler, whom I caught red-handed at the request of the fashionable club he frequented, has brought a million-dollar defamation of character action against the owners. He has nothing to lose and he knows it won't be easy to furnish airtight proof.

How, then, can sharpers be stopped? Grandma's advice is still best: Don't gamble with strangers. Better still, don't gamble at all. ⵌ



M

Reflection
"your personality in a jewel"

THE MOST IMPORTANT WORD IN JEWELRY TODAY

Reflection is your assurance that you always get the newest things in jewelry first . . . from Trabert & Hoeffer-Mauboussin.

Reflection brochure mailed upon request

Trabert & Hoeffer
MAUBOUSSIN
407 PARK AVENUE AT 55th STREET, NEW YORK
PARIS · BEVERLY HILLS · ATLANTIC CITY · MIAMI BEACH · PALM BEACH

MEET THIS
Weather-Wise
WORLD TRAVELER

British in accent and heritage . . . yet decidedly a citizen of the world is the BURBERRY Overcoat . . . long symbolic of tweed at its tailored best.

Cut to smart and conservative lines . . . a Burberry provides vital "extras" in warmth and wear—with appreciable lack of weight. That is why for dress, business, sport and travel . . . in town and country—the Burberry is "at home."

BURBERRYS
of London

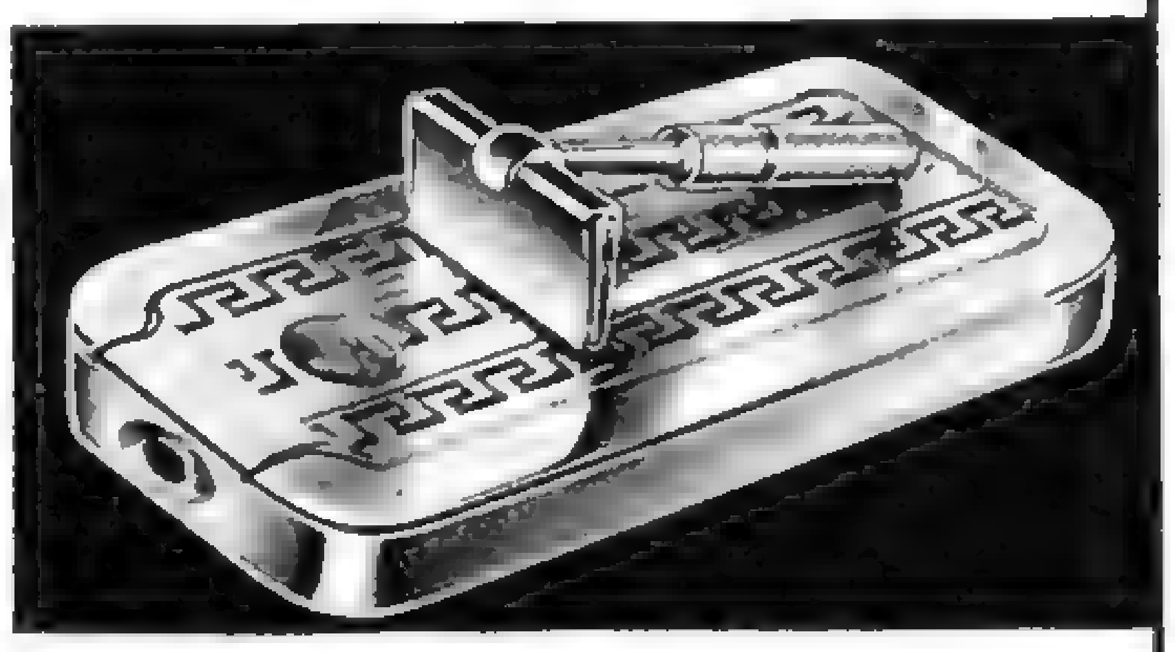
For the convenience of Burberry patrons, selected dealers are located in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. An inquiry to Burberrys Ltd., 16 East 38th St., New York, will bring prompt response of location and address.

How Santa Claus lost his whiskers

1. **"I climbed out** of the chimney and he began thanking me for the Rolls Razor I brought him last Christmas. He said it made shaving a pleasure."

2. **"Then he showed me** the hand-forged, hollow-ground Sheffield steel blade that he had used every day for a year — said a friend had used his for *ten* years!"

3. **"I weakened** and the first thing I knew my whiskers were off! I never thought shaving could be so much fun. I understand, now, why so many men ask me to put Rolls Razors in their stockings."

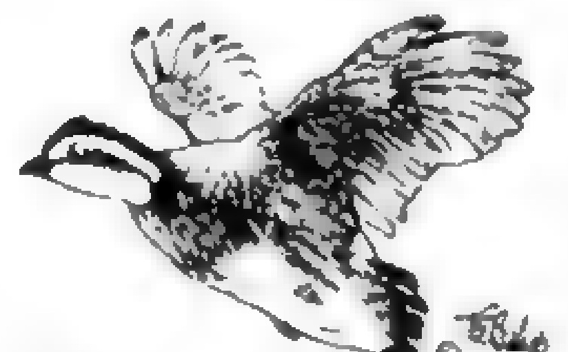


4. **Rolls Razor** is the essence of simplicity. It's the British-made safety razor with the lifetime blade. Stropped or honed in its own case, the blade is always ready to glide through the toughest beard. **$10**

Ask your dealer for a demonstration or write for folder E12.
Rolls Razor, Inc., 305 E. 45th Street, New York City.
Shaving bowls, sticks, **$1.** *Refills,* **60¢**

ROLLS RAZOR

OFFERED FOR THE FIRST TIME
SIGNED AUTHENTIC GIFTS BY
Richard E. Bishop



Among his intimates, there is a keen rivalry for possession of the distinguished glassware, china and jewelry created by the famous artist, Richard E. Bishop. Now, for the first time, a notable collection of Mr. Bishop's pieces is presented to the readers of Esquire.

Upon request, a handsomely illustrated catalog will be mailed, free of charge. Each article shown is carefully described, with price and information for ordering.

You should send for your catalog immediately to assure time for selection and delivery of the gift before Christmas.

RICHARD E. BISHOP
Spring Bank Lane, Mt. Airy P.O., Phila., Pa.

Please send me free, illustrated catalog of your gifts.

NAME______________________________________

ADDRESS________________ CITY __________ STATE

Mr. Pratt and the Christmas Spirit

Continued from page 80

fall, and I had forgotten to get any more."

"That's too bad," said Mr. Brookfield.

"It's ghastly," said Mr. Pratt. "I just took the car around to the garage to be repaired. On the way back I stopped at the barber shop and found it was already closing time. So here I am headed for home. And now you know what this foul Yuletide spirit has done for me. I've wasted a whole day. The inside of my car is a mess of mud and dirt. The repairs on the radiator are going to cost fifteen dollars. I'm sick, tired, lame, sore, and disgusted. And all I have to show for it is four large blisters on my hands, and a miserable little Christmas tree that would cost about twenty-five cents at the grocery store. So, if you can add anything to what I've told you that will make me change my mind about Christmas being nothing but a bunch of hokum, you can just go ahead."

"Well," said Mr. Brookfield, "here we are at my front gate. But before I leave you I think I really can add a little something to what you have told me. I agree with you that Mrs. Tweedy is a disagreeable old fraud. She certainly played you for a sucker. But, after all, she is a human being. And, in days to come, after you have forgotten your present resentment, you will be thankful the Christmas spirit inspired you to act so generously toward an unfortunate old woman."

"Baloney!" said Mr. Pratt.

"All right," said Mr. Brookfield. "If you can't get any satisfaction out of your own good deeds, you can at least be thankful the Christmas spirit has so inspired me that I am not going to have you put in jail."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Mrs. Tweedy hasn't owned that farm out there for four or five years—and she knows it."

"Honestly? Are you sure?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Brookfield. "The bank took over the property right after her husband died. So you are guilty of stealing three trees—one for yourself and two for Mrs. Tweedy. But, fortunately for you, even such cold, cruel people as bankers can be filled with the Christmas spirit of peace on earth, good will to men. So we want you and Mrs. Tweedy to accept these trees with our compliments." Mr. Brookfield passed up the walk, entered his house, and turned, just before closing the door behind him, to wish his friend a hearty, "Merry Christmas!" ⧺

The French Are Polite

Continued from page 69

but the number you desire? It is simply five. Is it not that that is possible?"

That shrewd guess turned out to be correct. I was so impressed with the man's courtesy in trying to figure out my problem and then running after me that I took his name and address, thinking it would be worth while to have a drink with such a fine fellow. He was Emile Faure, a war hero, who had been decorated personally by the President of France, and was employed as night concierge at the fashionable Hotel Astoria, near the Arc de Triomphe. One might have thought that he had enough to do offering helpful suggestions while on duty without keeping it up in his hours of leisure. We met again and I discovered that he was interested in sleight-of-hand. By way of repaying his kindness I taught him two or three tricks I knew. He was so appreciative that he insisted on coming to the boat train a month later when I was leaving Paris, to say good-bye, and with a sweeping bow gave my wife a beautiful cluster of roses. These mean French!

A night or two after my search for the number 55, I was dining at the Paris restaurant Chez Mercier, in the rue Lincoln, and discovered when about to pay the bill that I had left my money and travelers' cheques in my other suit at the hotel. I was seated almost as close to a Frenchman and his wife as if we had been dining together. The Frenchman at my side, who turned out to be Monsieur Lucien Michalon, a distinguished lawyer from Lyons, observed my predicament and said, smilingly: "I had just such an experience a few nights ago. Why can't you and madame simply consider yourselves my guests for this meal?" I think he must have overheard me saying something that indicated a friendly spirit toward the French.

I rented a small car in which to make a short tour and was driving it through the rue Cambodge, near the Père la Chaise cemetery at the outskirts of Paris, when the engine suddenly ceased to function. It was such a small car that I would have felt a delicacy about poking at its innards even if I had known what to do. I got out and walked about the car in the helpless manner one does in such situations. A light rain was falling, which made it difficult to go for help. Just then I heard a voice overhead. A young man in a window on the top floor of an apartment building yelled to me that he would come right down to see if he could be of any help. In a few minutes, during which he got himself fairly well covered with grease, he had the car running all right again. His name was Maurice Brunet, and he was employed as a mechanic. He seemed hurt when I offered to pay him for his trouble. "I came down," he said, "hoping to do you a *favor*."

A few days later that same car took a sudden spell and would not

It all started in the Garden of Eden

Temptation

A Luxurious 3-piece Lounging Set of Sleek Slipper Satin with Glittering Jewel Buttons.

$5.95

Thrill her this Christmas morning with Temptation—a delicious expensive-looking Lounge Set that has a swanky two-piece pyjama and a knee-length robe. The pyjama is tailored with a zipper placket and the robe has a full sash. Available in Orchid, Rose, Peacock, Turquoise, Royal Blue, Light Blue, Gold, Grape, and Red. Sizes 12 to 20. Attractively Boxed for Christmas Gift-Giving.

See your dealer for Temptation. If he doesn't have it, mail the coupon below.

THE STERLING COMPANY
210 West Monroe Street, Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send Parcel Post Prepaid ______ Temptation Lounge Suits (Sizes below) at $5.95 each.
Additional P.O. Delivery Charge of 17c each on C.O.D. Shipments. Orders accepted only for U.S. and Possessions.

SIZE	COLOR	QUANTITY

NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE ______
☐ Cash Enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D.

start when I was all ready to set out from a little hotel at St. Lunaire, near Dinard. The manager of the hotel, Robert Touffet, was standing near the front door immaculately garbed in a long, morning coat, white vest, and trousers. "Let me shove you over the brow of the hill," he suggested, "and then when you coast, the engine will probably start." He might have called a porter to perform such service but his first impulse was personally to be helpful, and, regardless of his pretty clothes, he perspiringly pushed the car for nearly two blocks upgrade. Two or three other bystanders promptly came to join him in furnishing motive power, but the hotel manager did not relax his own efforts. I can't imagine anyone but a Frenchman so completely disregarding his dignity for the sake of offering a practical form of courtesy.

In the town of Douarnenez, that picturesque old fishing port on the coast of Brittany, I met another tavern keeper whom I shall not soon forget. I drove along the Quai du Grand Port until I noticed a restaurant in the Hotel de la Rade, at number 32. The lunch hour was over, but the proprietress, known as Madame Adalaine, prepared a sea-food meal the equal of which it would not be easy to find, and the cost, including wine, for two people was about $1.25. An hour later, after a stroll along the water front, I returned to my car to find Madame Adalaine waiting for me. "I was so afraid I might miss you," she said, talking rapidly, "and I found after you had gone that I overcharged you."

"You couldn't have overcharged much," I told her, "for the meal was a rare bargain."

"Yes," she insisted, "I added up the bill wrong and overcharged you three sous."

Three sous—representing at that time about one cent!

"Here," I thought to myself, "is another of those gypping, impolite French that a certain type of American tourist groans about."

Near the village of Audierne, in Brittany, I came upon a country wedding party holding a dance right on the public highway before entering a near-by church. Several automobiles and one or two trucks came along and I expected a lot of impatient honking to get the road cleared. But there was none. All the drivers were natives and they simply stopped their cars or trucks and sat back to wait patiently until the dance was over. Evidently they did not think it would be polite to interrupt so happy an event.

A Frenchman is capable of politeness even when the victim of a practical joke. One afternoon, in a spirit of banter, I told Pierre Vallette, manager of the Hotel du Rond Point, in Paris, that I could mesmerize him, pretend to cut his arm with a dull knife, and he would feel the pain of the incision as much as if it were real. What I did was to throw a napkin over his arm and then while drawing a dull knife edge over his sleeve, stick his arm with a pin. He yelled a French expletive and began to examine his arm in great alarm. Several bystanders laughed uproariously as I explained what had happened. Instead of showing justifiable indignation, I feared he was going to kiss me, so enthusiastic was he in praise of the way he had been fooled.

Booth Tarkington tells of the time he and Harry Leon Wilson were seated in a café when a Frenchman wearing a broom-shaped beard asked them if he might sit at their table to get a little practice in speaking English. By way of identification he pulled from his inside pocket a hunting license signed by the secretary of agriculture. Tarkington and Wilson pretended to think the man himself was the secretary of agriculture. He explained that his own name was on a line above.

"Then," asked Tarkington, "why did you *say* you were the secretary of agriculture if you're someone else?"

The Frenchman, with many gestures, insisted that he had not said any such thing.

"We understand that you admit *now* you're not the secretary of agriculture," said Tarkington, sternly; "but why did you at first try to pass your self off as someone you're not?"

Growing more and more excited over his inability to make his position clear, the Frenchman said: "Before I would be an imposter, as you seem to think, I would cut my throat."

"No," admonished Tarkington, "if you're really sincere now and have no further desire to misrepresent yourself, you don't need to cut your throat. Just cut your whiskers."

Then it dawned on the Frenchman that the seeming misconstruction of his motives was only a bit of spoofing.

He got up and bowed, saying: "Messieurs, you are indeed masters *farceurs* and I am the luckiest fellow in Paris to have fallen in with two Americans so clever."

A Frenchman is polite in another way. He does not forget to make it known that he appreciates a favor, no matter how trifling. Some time ago I had occasion to write a paragraph in a magazine in which I said something favorable about a trivial phase of service on the government-owned railroads in France. Within two or three weeks I received a letter from Monsieur d'Autry, then director of the state railroads, expressing his thanks.

The French have many faults and tolerate many things I do not like. I don't approve of their press, nor of their having a Bonnet as a cabinet minister. But in their personal relations, they *are* polite, courteous, and kindly—probably more so than any other people on earth. If I am ever treated with gross discourtesy in France, I fear I shall discover on calm examination of the facts that it was my own fault. ##

so Hot It Smokes!

The Cigarette Short

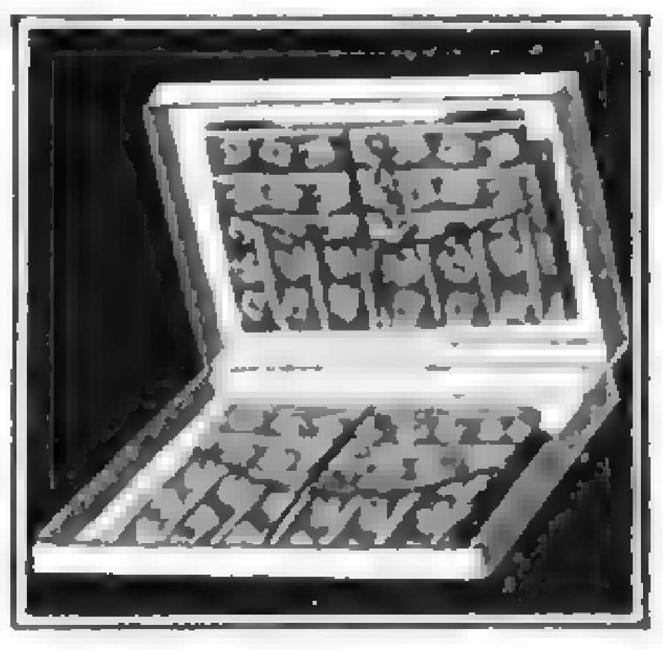
with *Grippers*

and NO-TARE fly
Tailored by Reliance
and only
55¢
2 for $1

Give him the surprise of his young and merry life on Christmas morning with this well-tailored, high-styled short that has as its motif the packs of the 6 leading cigarette brands. The cream of the crop, the pick of the pack, the Cigarette Short is the kind of a gift that he'll get a big kick out of—and very practical, too. Order quickly—when our supply is gone, we can't get any more. Available in Blue, Green, and Burgundy. Sizes 30 to 38.

CHRISTMAS SPECIAL!

An expensive gift-box containing 2 pairs of Cigarette Shorts . . . $1.00 complete.



You don't have to walk a mile for the Cigarette Short . . . If your dealer doesn't carry it, fill out this coupon below.

RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
210 West Monroe Street, Chicago

Send via Parcel Post Prepaid ______ pairs of Cigarette Shorts at 55c each in sizes and colors below. Additional P O. Delivery Charge of 12c on C.O D Shipments Orders accepted for U S. and possessions only.

SIZE	COLOR	QUANTITY

NAME ______
ADDRESS ______
CITY ______ STATE ______
☐ Cash ☐ M. O. Enclosed ☐ C O D.

WEBSTER
FANCY TALES

"I know what I'll give him!... WEBSTERS"

There's genuineness in the "Merry Christmas" wish that goes forth with these high expressions of cigar-making art. Websters will delight the recipient and repay the giver in appreciation that comes from the heart. Specially selected long-Havana filler tobaccos—clear-aroma, mild, rich in flavor. Expert craftsmanship. Choice of connoisseurs! Boxes of 50 and 25 in the Christmas "motif."

WEBSTER

Custom-made Webster Shapes

FANCY TALES 15c
Golden Wedding......10c
Perfecto Chico......10c
Queens........2 for 25c

First in the Social Register

Return of the Magi

Continued from page 63

to the top of the plateau, they were greeted by a cool air which seemed to hasten their steps.

After four cool nights had passed, they at last arrived at that little village from which, only a month previously, they had set out on this mysterious journey. How much had since transpired! How much had happened! How much changed!

The dogs in the muddy streets had barked at them when they were setting out on their journey. The miserable mangy curs had growled and snapped. But as they returned now, after a long journey through many lands, the dogs slept quietly and not one raised a barking head. But even here on familiar ground they did not tarry, but hurried on to a grove that was a short way outside of the village.

Beside a little stream lined with a column of cypress trees, tall date palms and bushes of laurel, here among the bees and flowers, where dragon flies darted in and out; here before an opening in the rocks, sat Simon, the oracle. His skin was brown as crushed leather from the Indies, and his eyes were small from counting the stars. Beside him stood a clay jug filled with water. He owned little or nothing. And he wanted nothing.

As they approached, wild doves flew up with a loud flapping of wings from the bank of the stream.

The three kings bowed before him. They greeted the oracle with the customary "*Salaam aleyk.*"

And he replied: "With you, be peace."

"We have followed the star in the sky," said Gaspar, "and it led us to the house. We went there and we worshiped the Child, and we delivered to Him the gold, the frankincense and the myrrh. What you asked us to seek we found, and now we are returned."

"We have seen merchants, beggars, thieves and kings," said Melchior. "And we have seen also the Child, and now we are returned."

"And the evil king Herod met us at his gates," said Balthazar, "and we told him of the young Child we were seeking. He asked that we bring him word when the Child was found. But we returned without seeing Herod."

The oracle raised his head. His voice was deep and distant. "From the lips of his soldiers, Herod has heard of the place where the child was born, and he has already slain every new born child in Bethlehem."

"Then He, the little one, who gave us the small stone . . ." spoke one.

"No." The oracle shook his head. "They have fled. He is with them. They journey night and day and soon, very soon, they should arrive in the land of Egypt."

"This is the truth?" asked Melchior.

"The truth, the truth. The stars in heaven signal only the truth, and the truth breaks through all clouds and storm."

When they heard that He was really safe, they kneeled down and gave thanks to the Lord.

"And the little stone that He gave you with His own hands—this you have brought back?"

"No, no! I confess!" cried Gaspar. "It seemed nothing. It was but a meaningless stone. For several days I carried it in my girdle, and then one night as we were passing a deep hole in the desert, a well without water, I threw it in. Suddenly the pit burst into flame. And the bright light of this flame lit up the desert as far as one could see. We knew then that the stone had some hidden meaning and regretted that we threw it away."

"The meaning is simple," spoke the oracle. "As the stone is firm, so firm shall be the faith which you received from Him."

"I have more that I must confess to you," said Gaspar. "So much has happened. So much has changed."

"True, true," added the other Magi.

"When we first came to you, we came to speak about another matter. As you know, I rule over the land of Tarshish and over the isles. Melchior rules over Sheba, and Balthazar is king of Seba. We are neighbors, but the lines that divide our lands are not clearly marked. Their fathers and my father were bitter enemies. For generations there has been blood between us and our people have lived in open feud. We feared our neighbors, and our neighbors feared us. The disputes about cattle, about grazing lands, about tribute and boundaries, grew in violence. For a whole year we were silent, but each was secretly preparing for war. Then quite accidentally, Melchior and I met while we were hunting in the woods. He smiled and I returned an embarrassed greeting. I looked into his face and eyes. Was it possible that he was my enemy? I spoke with him and he replied frankly and honestly. Was he preparing for war? Yes, this he admitted. And how about the king of Seba, was he also preparing for war? This we did not know, but that very night we decided to send a friendly message to Balthazar and ask him to join with us and chase the antelope and doe. He sent some men ahead to make certain that this was no plot, and assuring himself of our intentions, he came to our tents in the woods. We smiled at him and he returned the smile. We asked him if it were true that he was preparing to make war upon us, and he admitted frankly that this was true. We laughed and told him that for the past year we, too, had been busy with preparations. Then we thought that, as we were together, we could decide upon the day when the fury should break loose. We spoke about this, and we spoke about other things also, but we could not agree upon

NOW . . . At Better Dealers Everywhere
These NEW 1940
BLOCK-BILT JACKETS!

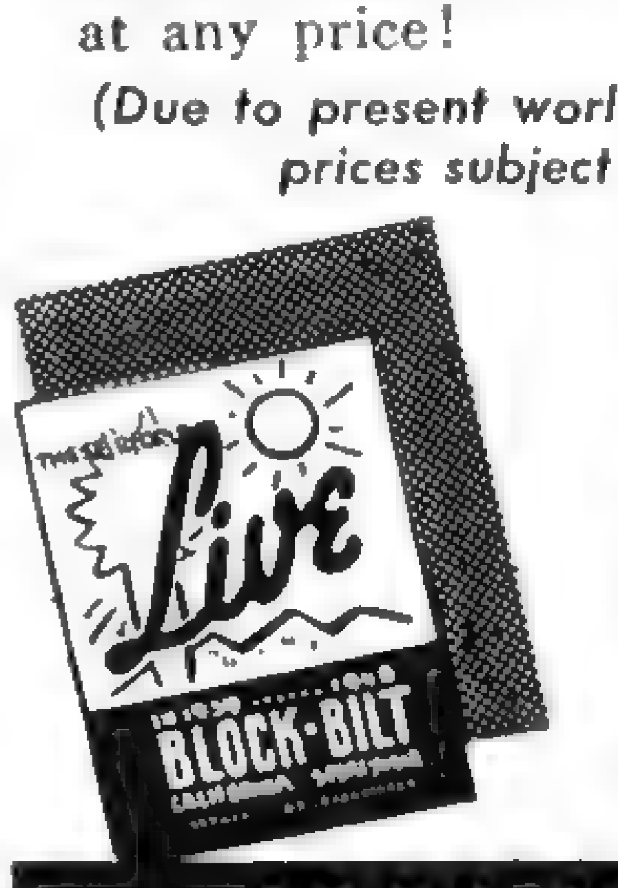
Lancer
as worn by
TOM BROWN
Universal Star
Gale
as worn by
REG TOOMEY
Universal Star
Yankee Clipper
as worn by
DICK ARLEN
Universal Star

LOOK For These STAR-STYLES and *many* more at your dealer's, *now!*

Hollywood stars pay *YOUR* price for a jacket. $3.50 for the feather weight, wind-proof *Gale*. . . $14.95 for the "British Colonial" *Lancer*. . . $16.50 for the swank *Yankee Clipper*.

Why? Because. BLOCK-BILT styled-for-the-stars jackets are tops at any price!

(Due to present world conditions above prices subject to change.)



FOR YOU . . .
FREE BOOKLET!

See what the stars are wearing! Drop a postal to H. & L. Block, 1565 Mission, San Francisco for your copy of "These People Live." 1940 Sportswear Styles—hot from Hollywood!

LOOK FOR THE
BLOCK-BILT
LABEL

the exact day. The slave who was pouring wine and serving us asked if he might say a word, and after giving him permission to speak, he suggested that the day for war should be chosen by an outsider, and that the wise oracle Simon, who could read the stars, would be able to pick a day that would favor no one side. And that is how we decided to come to you."

As Gaspar spoke, the other two Magi sitting beside him nodded their heads. Everything he said was true.

"We came prepared," continued Gaspar, "to ask you to name the day for the start of the war. We were also prepared to relate our grievances and ask your advice. We did not agree to abide by your judgment, but we wanted to hear it first. But no sooner did we come into your presence than you pointed to the heavens and told us of the wonderful star which that very night was burning so brightly, and how this star would lead the way to a place more wonderful than any. And those who followed it at once would see a new King, destined to be greater than any that the world has ever known. And the first to worship Him would in some way be blessed. The burning star took hold of our imagination and we almost forgot why we had come here; we forgot about the cattle and grazing lands, we forgot about ourselves, and even the war. We followed the star. And now we are returned. This is what I now confess."

Then the second Magi spoke. "I too, am ready to confess. When we set out upon our journey we were armed with daggers. We feared the beasts of prey, the lizards among the rocks and the scorpions in the sand. We disguised ourselves as humble travelers and hid our royal garments and ornaments. We feared robber bands, and built watch fires at night. But when we returned, it was different, very different indeed!"

"There is a proverb," spoke the oracle, "that truth may walk through the world unarmed."

"And I, too, confess," said the third Magi. "Everything my two brothers have said is the truth. We started out as enemies and we are now returned as brothers. We were rulers of worldly things, and now we have little regard for worldly things. We have thrown away the daggers that we carried in our girdles, and instead we return with compassion for the meek and the lowly. But one thing we are unable to explain. All our lives we have lived in fear. We feared the thunder in the sky and the scorpions in the sand. We feared our neighbors and our enemies. We feared the diseases of the flesh as also the beasts of the wilderness. But suddenly, without our even knowing it, this heavy load has fallen from us. This great enemy of man has suddenly been destroyed. We returned without fear. And we met with a band of a hundred robbers but they saw us walk boldly without trembling, and they bowed down before us. Oh, tell us, wise Simon, why is it that we are no longer afraid?"

The wise man shook his head and replied: "I do not know."

But that night he searched the great lonely dark sky, and he announced to the three Magi that the long flight was over. "They have arrived in Egypt."

With this news, the three Magi departed happily, and each journeyed to his own homeland. They walked without fear, and wherever they went, peace went before them. #

Royal Art of Cocking

Continued from page 79

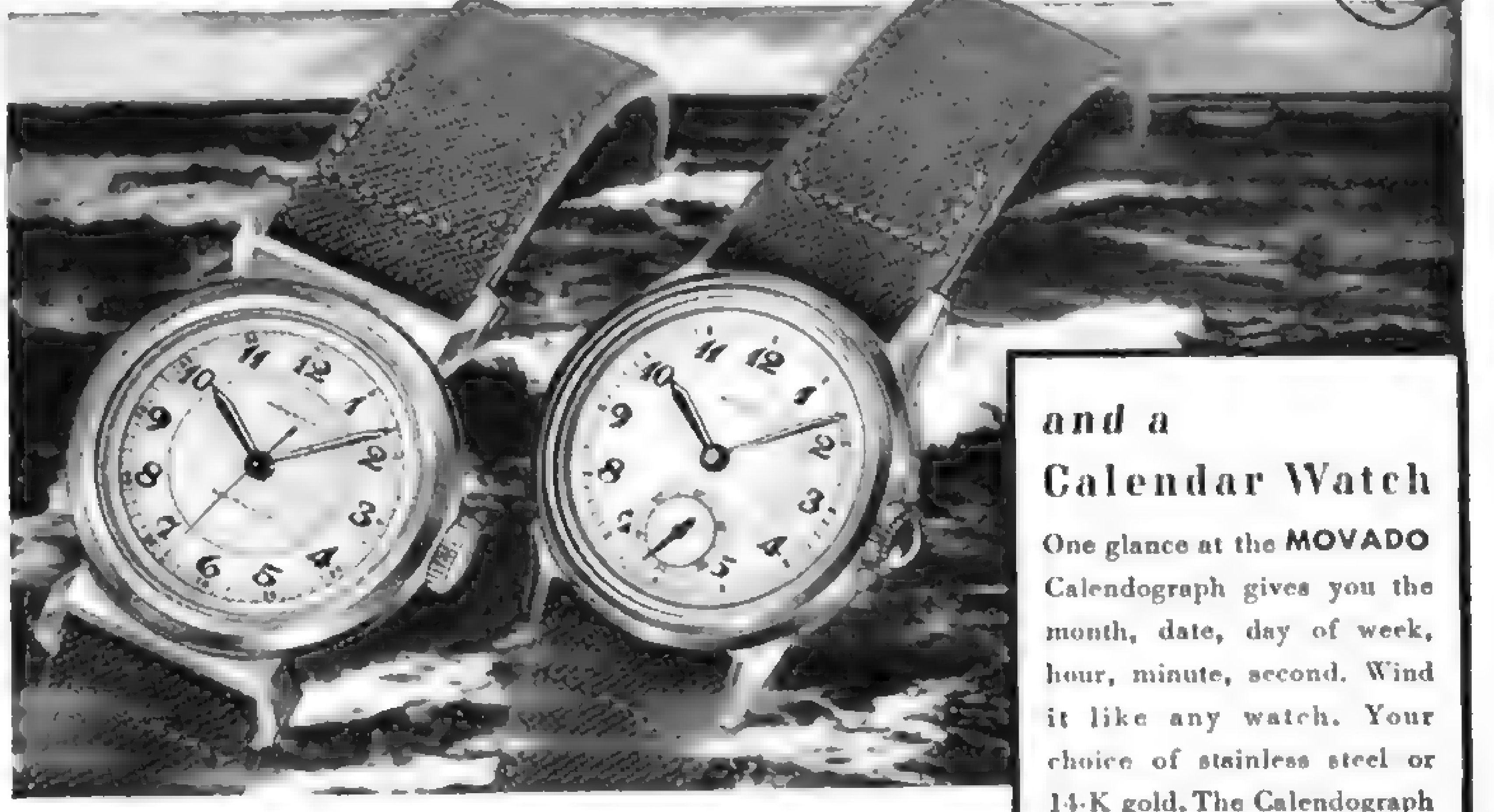
cockfight, and I make no exceptions.

The breeding and rearing of different strains of cocks and their training and preparation for the pit has no modern equivalent in the training of men for the battles of stadium and arena, and none in the breeding and rearing of fine horses for the exertions of turf and race course. The sires and dams of a prime strain of cocks were selected with the utmost care—"a care," says William Boulton, "which sometimes included the robbery of a clutch of eggs from the roost of some famous strain of birds; for there was no false modesty in matters of this sort among amateurs in those days."

As soon as the chickens were hatched, all signs were carefully watched which might determine the future character of the bird. Even if the young hen chickens showed any symptoms of lack of spirit, they were destined for the pot almost from the shell. As to the young cockerel, "you may tell his courage by his proud upright standing and stately tread in walking; and if he croweth very frequently in the pen, it is a courageous demonstration." (Seymour, 1735.) But if he crowed before he was six months old, or his crowing was "loud, clear or unseasonable" you could be certain that these were "infallible signs of cowardice and falsehood," and he was thenceforward dedicated to the spit. The surviving cocks were watched through their first year of staghood until their second August came round and they were fit at any time between that month and the following May to be prepared for the arena. During the last six weeks before the battle they were put through a course of training that would make a world beater of any modern athlete. For the first four days of that period the cock was fed "with the crumb of old manchet cut into square bits, at sun rising, when the sun is in his meridian, and at sun setting; and let his water be from the coldest spring you can get it." After four days' feeding on this fare he was set to spar with another cock. For a sparring match the trainer covered the cocks' heels with a pair of

Continued on page 260

Two Water-Babies



and a
Calendar Watch

One glance at the MOVADO Calendograph gives you the month, date, day of week, hour, minute, second. Wind it like any watch. Your choice of stainless steel or 14-K gold. The Calendograph is moderately priced.

- Famed favorites of men and women devoted to active sports, active professions, are these two MOVADO waterproof watches—thoroughbreds both, with the sturdy, exquisitely perfect movements you expect of MOVADO, and ingeniously effective pre-tested waterproofing. Dustproof, too — absolutely airtight. With unbreakable crystal, waterproof strap. 15 jewels. Available in stainless steel, stainless steel and gold, 14-K gold. At prices agreeably moderate.
- MOVADO Acvatic may be bought in Standard or Junior size, with regular or sweep second hand.
- MOVADO De Luxe Acvatic has the new MOVADO Wafer-thin movement—strong, dependable, *full-size.*

MOVADO *Watches*

165 FIRST PRIZES AND GRAND AWARDS
SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD
Copyright 1939, Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Avenue, New York

Briar Hill STOKERS
FOR PARTICULAR SMOKERS
PATENTS PENDING
ONE MATCH AND YOUR PIPE STAYS LIT
GENUINE IMPORTED BRIAR
NO SOGGY HEEL • NO BITE • NO RELIGHT • NO BREAK-IN
Briar Hill - the Ideal GIFT PIPE

DOUBLES SMOKING
PLEASURE, YET SAVES
1/3 TOBACCO COSTS

Men Of All Ages Will Appreciate a Briar Hill Pipe

Why give or buy for yourself, "just another pipe" when you can get the pipe that makes all others out-of-date? The Briar Hill Stoker Pipe is converting a nation to new smoking pleasures and making pipe smokers of thousands who have said they couldn't smoke a pipe.

Every man wants a pipe that stays cool and sweet and burns all the tobacco and A PIPE THAT REALLY STAYS LIT. Well, here it is! The stoker packs the tobacco up and burns it at the top of the bowl . . . stops finger pushing to keep fire against the tobacco. Equipped to smoke either with or without a standard filter.

A BRIAR HILL PIPE is a gift any smoker will appreciate the whole year around . . . GIVE BRIAR HILL PIPES this year . . . and be sure to get one for yourself. You will like it . . . it's a fine pipe and IT REALLY STAYS LIT.

DELUXE
Slim DUBLIN
$3.50

As fine a Briar Pipe as you can buy at any price. Superb quality in every detail. Fitted with the Briar Hill Stoker.

FAVORITE
Slim BILLIARD
$2.50

A quality pipe of especially selected imported briar. Fitted with the Briar Hill Stoker

PIONEER
Slim APPLE
$1.50

Imported, natural Briar, unsurpassed at double the price. Fitted with Briar Hill Stoker.

NOTE: Each grade of pipe may be had in any of the 3 shapes shown.

BRIAR HILL CORPORATION • MILLERSBURG, OHIO

☐ Enclosed is $_______ for___"DELUXE" BRIAR HILL PIPES. Send me ☐ Dublin ☐ Billiard ☐ Apple
☐ Enclosed is $_______ for___"FAVORITE" BRIAR HILL PIPES. Send me ☐ Dublin ☐ Billiard ☐ Apple
☐ Enclosed is $_______ for___"PIONEER" BRIAR HILL PIPES. Send me ☐ Dublin ☐ Billiard ☐ Apple

NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY______________ STATE____________

☐ Send illustrated pipe chart showing shapes and sizes of Briar Hill Pipes.

"a bit of all right"
say those in the know
—— of your all-weather
Crosby Square Shoes

Typically British is this expression approving your good taste in choosing Crosby Squares. But no more British in spirit than the handsome shoes — with their traditional ruggedness and air of distinction. Authentic fashions to the last careful stitch, they are reproductions of costly, custom-made shoes. Sturdily built, with waterproof soles for heavy weather, they offer the same smart comfort as the originals. Round out your shoe wardrobe now with a pair from your Crosby Square dealer. Write for his name. *The House of Crosby Square, 2460 North Sixth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*

Crosby Square
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Authentic Fashions
IN MEN'S SHOES
$5 to $6

Also Pre-Flex Shoes by Crosby Square —$6.85 to $7.50

No. 542
The Polo Tie
Reproduction of a favorite for country wear in England. Antique finish — leather heel — Stout-edge welt. Also with crepe sole.

No. 544
Britisher's "mudguard" in antiqued pigskin. Leather heel. Also with crepe sole.

SPEAS
STRAIGHT APPLE BRANDY
OLD SPEAS
BRAND
90 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
Speas Company
SEBASTOPOL, CALIF.
ONE PINT

AN OLD FASHIONED APPLEJACK You'll Enjoy

OLD SPEAS
BRAND
APPLE BRANDY
90 PROOF
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
SPEAS COMPANY
SEBASTOPOL • CALIF.
ESTABLISHED 1888

AT ALL LIQUOR STORES

Royal Art of Cocking

Continued from pages 79-259

hots made of bombasted leather, a pair of sparring gloves, that is, with which the two sparring partners were set to fight until the trainer saw them "pant and grow weary." He then took up his trainees and gave them "a diaphoretic or sweating," that is, he buried them in a deep basket of straw, after administering a dose of sugar candy, chopped rosemary, and fresh butter. Towards the evening he released them from the sweating chamber and gave them a hard brush down, that is, he "licked their eyes and head with his tongue" until they were ready to start the next feeding. This consisted of a new diet of ale, egg and butter baked into a kind of biscuit with the addition of wheat and oat flour. Exercise consisted of more sparring matches, but this time not with gamecocks but with dunghill roosters who were carried ahead of the trainee, "permitting him to have now and then a blow" until he got weary of the chase and began to sweat and pant, whereupon he was picked up, carried to his pen and fed again with "herb of the grace, hyssop, rosemary and butter." Such a course of training —the run round the green close after the dunghill cock, followed by sparring matches with his own kind at intervals of a day—consumed the first month; the last fortnight was a time of less strenuous exercise for the cock. He was not allowed to spar for fear of leaving his head sore; but moderate chasings in the field were still recommended until the last four days before the battle, which were passed in dignified ease.

At the end of the four days of rest he was trimmed for the fight—crown snipped off close, neck-hackles moderately shortened, rump trimmed and tail cut to fan-shape by shortening the typical curved tail-feathers of the adult male. Finally the bird's pinions were trimmed feather by feather, each quill being cut at a slant so that, in rising, a lucky stroke might take out the eyes of his adversary. Then the fighter's legs were furnished with the deadly gaffles (spurs), two inches in length and curved like surgeons' needles. They were made either of steel or of a silver alloy, the more deadly steel to be used only for battles of short duration and low stakes. For stakes of five pounds and upwards the less dangerous and more decorative silver spurs were prescribed by rule to prolong the fight.

The favorite cocks were those of a middle weight. As in the modern ring, the exact range of weights was margined off by a maximum and a minimum, ranging between three pounds eight ounces and four pounds ten ounces with an allowance of a single ounce of give and take, or, under special rules, within a drachm. Birds which exceeded the maximum weight were barred from participation in the main battle but might be matched privately and without reference to exact weights. Such overweight cocks were called "shake bags."

For the weighing-in the cock was trained fine and light so as to be fed afterwards on a more generous scale with the hope of adding weight. There was no final weighing-off on the battle day.

There were five types of fight—the Bye-Battle, the Short Main Battle, the Long Main, the Welch Main and the Battle Royal. The Bye-Battle was of minor importance and was fought only between second-rate cocks. The Short Main was fought between first class birds, but its length was confined to a few hours of a single afternoon, or, at the utmost, to a couple of days, while the Long Main was arranged to provide continuous entertainment for a whole week, and we can understand that it was scarcely worth the while of a country gentleman of those days to make the long and expensive journey by coach or post for an entertainment of less duration.

The Welch Main was "generally fought for a purse, a gold cup, a fat hog, or some other prize." It was arranged between thirty-two first-class fighting cocks, grouped in sixteen pairs and scheduled to be fought to the death of all but one supreme victor. Death decided all elimination matches.

The Battle Royal consisted of a mass-slaughter—all cocks to be released into the arena simultaneously and the survivor to gain the prize. It was a matter of pride to the old English gentleman that both the Welch Main and the Battle Royal were practiced nowhere outside of his fortunate islands.

In any match between two individual cocks—that is in every match except the Battle Royal—the two owners of the competing cocks sat on opposite sides of the pit and were called "masters of the match." Inside the pit itself there were two other officials known as "feeders or setters-to" who opened the battle by putting the birds down in the center of the pit. Immediately the cocks took the attitude of beak to beak which one sees in every poultry yard, and fenced for an opening. Enthusiasts have declared that there were all the intricacies of boxing in the real feinting, dodging and parrying which took place between two well-trained and experienced cocks. Then followed the buckle-to, the real joining of battle, a whirring mass of wings and feathers, sounds of blows with the gaffles, and then death.

The unyielding bravery of the birds has the epic grandeur of Greek tragedy. The pure-bred gamecock will show fight as long as a spark of life remains in his mutilated body. He may be maimed and even blinded, but when confronted by his opponent he will concentrate what little vitality is left to him in a last menacing ruffling of his hackles and a last expiring peck. This was so well understood by the old English

Fashions Have
Changed
But
Romance Hasn't
PAGE & SHAW
Chocolates
THE CANDY OF EXCELLENCE
FROM COAST TO COAST
$1.00 PER POUND
The Candy of Excellence
PAGE & SHAW

A
CHRISTMAS IDEA
FOR
BETTER PICTURES

PUT the G-E exposure meter on your Christmas-gift list for that relative or friend who wants to take better pictures. There's a lifetime of improved picture making inside the attractive gift box. It's a present that will make eyes sparkle on Christmas morning.

You can be confident that the G-E meter will please the most discriminating camera fan. See it at the nearest camera store or mail the coupon.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric, Dept. 6J3
Schenectady, New York
Please send me literature on the G-E exposure meter.

Name ....
Address..
City.............................. *State* 4 0-1255

gamecock trainers that they made it a rule of the game never to declare a blinded cock as beaten until his beak was rubbed against that of his adversary.

Nothing testifies better to the gallantry of the bird than the hymn sung to the praise of the species by the Reverend Mr. George Wilson, with a quotation from whose black book on cockfighting of 1607 we will conclude these notes on the royal sport of cocking:—

"There was a cocke about Shrovetide last which in the cockepit in the citie of Norwich fought with a stronge and stout adversarie until such a time as both his eyes were beaten out, his head sore wounded and shrewdly battered, and all his bodie most pitifully bruised, and then with a sudden astonishment of a sound blow which from his cruell adversarie he received, being beaten downe and lying for dead, not stirring any whit nor seeming otherwise (to the beholders) than to be starke dead, he suddenly started up contrary to all their expectations (when there was offered twenty shillings, yea twenty pounds, to be layd to one that there was no breath remayning in his bodye) and closed with his adversarie, at whome he stroke most violent blowes, and never gave over untill (to the amazement of the spectators) he had most valiantly slaine him."

"Oh strange action, oh stout heart, and undaunted minde," continues the Reverend George, rising with his subject and looking down with a fine scorn upon those who compared mongrel-roosters to gamecocks, "you who think every dunghill craven to be as good as a cocke of the game, tell me (I say), did you ever see any of your basebred cockes shewe such courage, or doe such an admirable action? Surely never!" ⌗

My Own, My Native Land

Continued from page 148

eral Fortrain leaned forward, glasses gleaming against his tanned, fox-like face.

Chabelot's pencil poised over his attaché case. "The casemates from Sarremines to Thiville have been destroyed," he said slowly. "The tunnels have collapsed in four places; there is no underground supply connection between the units of the north and south."

There was a concerted gasp. Only Bailly's countenance was wooden. "Can you not repair it?"

"Two weeks. Right?" He deferred to Colonel Laurie of the Engineers.

He spread his hands hopelessly. "It is so."

"Then the Maginot Line is useless," Bailly said softly.

"Precisely." Chabelot's thin face had great, hollow shadows. Colonel Laurie stroked his bald head nervously.

Then consternation broke loose.

". . . they are massed, already, before the weakest point . . ."

". . . they will break through . . ."

Papa Roche watched the alarmed faces with a grim satisfaction. They were learning, these paper strategists.

Chabelot held up his hand. "We are establishing surface entrenchments ahead of the damaged fortifications. Heavy artillery is being rushed to the spot— "

"You can't hold that country." General Kleibl, head of the Supply, spoke sharply. "That was the disaster of '18. It's rolling, the slope is all with the enemy. It's suicide."

The disaster of '18. Papa Roche's grey eyes brightened dangerously. So my defense of the Meuse was suicide.

"We lost three divisions before they reached the Marne because of a foolhardy attempt to hold the eastern Departments at all costs." He avoided Roche's eye. "It'll happen again."

"Nevertheless," Chabelot rejoined icily, "we shall not cede one inch of French soil."

Papa Rock was startled. He stared at the thin-faced Chief of Staff in wonderment.

He saw himself again in the ruined château of Lezay facing Foch across the narrow table. Those had been his own words. Not one inch.

"Messieurs. This is the psychology of fear." The deep voice of the Chief of Air Defense commanded immediate silence. All turned to General Bailly. "We talk of defending French territory. We have the most powerful army in the world. Armies are for attack." He pounded the table with a heavy, square fist.

"But the Siegfried Line . . ."

"It will crumble. No system of fortification is better than its line of supplies. Give me six hours and five hundred planes and I will destroy every supply depot and ammunition dump between Saarebruck and Mainz. Then, attack!" He faced the worried Chabelot.

The slender Chief of Staff shook his head. "To do that we need the entire British Army holding the North. Besides, gentlemen, let me remind you that a state of peace still exists. We are discussing eventualities . . ."

"Peace!" Bailly sneered. "Is it peace what they're doing over there?" He flung his hand toward the window, toward the mist-shrouded Seine.

"I agree." General Fortrain spoke, tight-lipped, precise as an instructor before a class, his spectacles gleaming. "Let there be an end to this international farce." Colonel Laurie arose, nervously rubbing his face, his glistening bald head, in a frenzy of indecision. Others got to their feet.

"Messieurs, messieurs . . ." But Chabelot's words fell unheeded in a babble of excited voices until the young, rawboned sentry looked in wide-eyed from the half-open door. Chabelot sat alone under the droplight, his pencil lax, his mouth lined with despair.

Papa Roche seemed aware of

Continued on page 262

WHITE STAG
Ski Togs
P-s-s-t GIRLS! White Stags make swell Xmas gifts!

For
Ski-Faring Men!

Here's ski-worthy sportswear! WHITE STAGS by Hirsch-Weis . . . designed with vigor by Skier-Stylists . . . Ski-Tested on the nation's highest peaks!

Adirondack Poplin "Canonen" Jacket
Natural, Navy, Gunmetal, Rust, Dartmouth Green . . $7.95

Gabardine "Downhill" Trousers
Navy, Dartmouth Green, Gunmetal $10.95

AT SMART STORES EVERYWHERE
Send for Style Portfolio "E"

HIRSCH-WEIS MFG. CO.
White Stag Ski Togs Div., Portland, Ore.

THE SQUARE-SHOULDERED ROYAL *Lounger*

3244—Striped tie silk and rayon fully lined Royal Lounger in maroon and navy . . $15

410—The Personality Royal Lounger in superior all wool Juilliard Flannel with gold plated initials in mother-of-pearl cuff buttons. Maroon, navy, royal or green $10

3208—A novel polo brocade in *Celanese rayon, fully lined. Maroon, navy, green or black . . $10
* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Royal Lounger is modern, brisk, clean-cut and vibrantly masculine. It possesses none of the sloppy, floppy earmarks of the ordinary robe. The square shoulders are built-in to stay. You feel at ease and completely "right" as you do in a fine custom-tailored lounge suit. The Royal Lounger is a fashion sensation in all materials and patterns in the better stores of the nation.

Royal

1350 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.

My Own, My Native Land

Continued from pages 148-261

little of this. Standing aloof from the gesticulating knots of officers, he warmed his big calves against the friendly electric heater.

He was thinking of the crowds that would be gathered in front of the Maierie of Pontard tonight. Of the city clerk reading the mobilization orders in his shrill, high-pitched voice, as the church bells clanged out their alarm above the square. He thought of Berthine, his aged housekeeper, candle in hand, listening at the open window of the little house facing the square, her hands cupped to her ears. The smell of the barnyards would be clean in the night air, the stacks of wheat neatly piled in the fields beyond.

He walked over and sat down by Chabelot, lacing his big blunt fingers together.

"How many divisions up there?" he demanded.

"Three beside the local regiments from the Moselle and Bas-Rhine," Chabelot replied promptly. His lower lip trembled. "I hope I can depend on your boys."

"They will fight to the death," Roche said firmly. "They are my children. They are defending their farms and their homeland."

Chabelot leaned forward eagerly. "Then I can count on your support, Marshal . . .?"

Papa Rock stared at the line of visored caps on the window ledge. "What chances have we?"

"You know as well as I, Marshal." Chabelot spread his hands helplessly. "Inevitably they will pick the weak point in our army; break through. We can only hope to hold them off until the British can relieve us in the North."

General Roche stood, his massive figure towering over the table. "You are doing exactly what I did in 1918," he said slowly.

"Yes."

"I lost three divisions holding Pontard. I knew I would lose them in advance. It was my native soil."

"It will happen again." Chabelot bowed his head. "I, too, am a Frenchman."

The big man began pacing the floor.

We're fools, sentimentalists, both of us, he thought. We talk of defending what cannot be defended because it is our soil. And he was not even born there.

He thought of the cheering throngs that had gathered in the Place to honor him that bright May day after the war. The little girls and the flowers, the speeches, and his aged mother standing proudly with the high officials. He was the Rock of Pontard. Again, he had come home to the little town he had left thirty-two years before to enter St. Cyr. And all he could remember, standing under the shadow of the half-repaired houses was the roar of the barrages, the unending file of stretcher-bearers, the dazed faces of the remnants who came out of the crumbling lines. The lines that he was holding at frightful cost, oblivious of all tactics, oblivious of all sense because this was France, his native province. Was it so precious, then, this right he was fighting for, the right of every Frenchman to live in honor in his old age, tilling his little garden within sound of his church bells?

General Bailly crossed the room to him. "Well, Roche? What have you to say?"

He stared down into the wet, glistening streets without answering. The crowd still waited patiently. They, too, were his children. Above the voices in the room he could hear the drone of planes.

"The Protective Patrol," Bailly said suavely at his elbow. "Breguets, capable of flying 300 kilometers an hour, faster than anything in Europe." His smile was frigidly superior. "There have been changes in your time, Marshal. Victory is not to him who holds on with dogged determination, but to the one who gets there first. You do not wait; you dumfound your opponent with lightning."

Tactics. Roche thrust his underlips forward under his sweeping white moustaches. Tactics, and all that mattered now was the smell of the new mown hay, the carts rattling over the cobblestones and the little girls in white solemnly marching to their first Mass.

The splatter of a motorcycle in the rue St. Dominique caused every face to turn.

"Now," said Bailly triumphantly. "We'll see just where our discussion leads."

The courier hurried in breathlessly without knocking. "From the Premier." He saluted, water dripping from his gauntlet.

They gathered as Chabelot opened the dispatch with trembling fingers. His thin face stiffened.

"It is beyond discussion, messieurs. Negotiations have broken down. We are to be prepared for eventualities."

The door closed behind the courier and the officers took their places at the table in silence.

"Well, messieurs." The Chief of Staff glanced around the table with bloodshot eyes. "The destiny of France lies in this room. What is your pleasure?"

General Fortrain reached a sheaf of paper toward him with a lean, sun-browned hand. "We will vote," he said in his brusque, dry voice. He passed the slips around.

Roche watched the men: Bailly, coldly imperious; Chabelot, nervous, distraught; Colonel Laurie uneasily watching both; Kleibl, stiff-haired, his mind already made up. Thunder of God, he thought hotly, since when has our army lost its guts that it must *vote!*

"You, Roche?" He was aware of the glasses gleaming in his direction, the outstretched slip of paper.

"I will wait." He stood, his chunky face flushed, snorting at Bailly's pitying look of contempt. They think I'm an old man, a

A
Royal
GIFT

—FROM A MAN TO HIS LADY
—FROM A LADY TO HERSELF

It's the glamour robe of the year. Fashioned by Royal of super-quality Juilliard flannel, made more glamorous by slipper satin inlaid edging to match. Cloisonne blue, fuchsia, rose dust or pompeian rose. $12.95

Chicago	Marshall Field & Co.
Los Angeles	Bullocks, Inc.
Baltimore	Hutzler Bros. Co.
Boston	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Boston	R. H. White Co.
Brooklyn	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo	Wm. Hengerer & Co.
Chicago	Mandel Brothers
Cleveland	Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Detroit	The Ernst Kern Co.
Indianapolis	H. P. Wasson Co.
Los Angeles	Bullock's-Wilshire
Miami	Burdine's
Milwaukee	Boston Store
Minneapolis	The Dayton Co.
Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.
New York City	Bloomingdale's
Oakland	H. C. Capwell Co.
Philadelphia	Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh	Joseph Horne Co.
Richmond	Thalhimers
Rochester	B. Forman Co.
San Francisco	The Emporium
St. Louis	Stix, Baer & Fuller

ROYAL ROBES, INC., 1350 Broadway, N. Y. C.

very simple-minded peasant . . .

It was soon over. Chabelot opened the slips and settled back with a sigh. "Six to six." His eyes settled wearily on Roche. "Well, Marshal, your vote decides."

Bailly's face went hard. His voice was clipped, harsh. "Do we attack or defend?"

"Neither!" His big, ham-like hand made the papers jump. "I have but one word. It is an order. Withdraw."

"What!" Fortrain shot bolt upright, grabbing at his glasses.

Papa Rock's arm swept up to the map behind him, his finger going unerringly to the Department of the Moselle. "Pull your three divisions back of Metz." His finger executed a deep arc within the territory colored green. "Draw your primary lines above the Marne and Rhine canal west of Strassbourg."

Bailly regarded him in astonishment. "You," he said. "You of all people."

"But," Colonel Laurie cried, "What of the Maginot Line?"

"We will abandon Section 16." He met Chabelot's amazed stare. "Leave only enough men to give initial resistance. Throw the reserves into Sections 15 and 17."

Bailly's face had lost its woodenness. It was white. "This is fantastic. Mad!"

General Kleibl's clipped, grizzled head leaned forward. "Upon what tactics do you base this amazing move, Marshal Roche?"

"These." Papa Rock strode to the door, threw it open. The sentry in the hall sprang clumsily to attention. "You," he beckoned. "You with the rifle. Come in."

"Me, mon général . . .?" The sentry hesitated, then entered and stood at rigid attention,his freckled face a deep red under his helmet. His collar tabs gave the number of a regiment from the Marne. His blue eyes moved from face to face, scared.

"Put that thing against the wall." Papa Roche indicated the bayoneted rifle briefly.

The soldier obeyed, setting it down with a thud. His long red wrists hung from his sleeves, his big hands dangling.

"Where are you from, lad?"

"Near Chalons, mon général."

Papa Roche walked around him, sizing him up. "Farmer?"

"Y-yes, mon général."

"Ever wrestle?"

"Oh yes, mon général . . ." The boy's mouth spread in a big, friendly grin.

"Good." Papa Rock took off his cloak and cap and flung them in a corner, smoothing down his uniform coat over his heavy, rounded stomach. "Knock me down."

The youngster's eyes widened. "Wh-what?"

"I will make you a corporal if you can throw me to the floor." The marshal's white hair glowed against the map of France. "Also," he added softly, "I am likely to put you in jail for fifteen days if you don't succeed. Remember, I am the Rock of the Meuse." He took a stance, his body half-facing the soldier, his hands hanging easily at his sides.

The boy's grin vanished. His blue eyes sobered craftily. He looked for space to circle his opponent between the table and the wall. There was none. Forgetting everything, he lowered his head and charged, arms half spread.

The officers gasped waiting the crash of the impact. There was no impact. Roche stepped swiftly backwards, moving with his assailant. The boy stumbled, went off balance, his arms flinging out. Roche pivoted, striking him on the back with the flat of his hand. The boy went headlong, hitting the floor with a jarring thud.

"There you are, messieurs." Breathing hard, Papa Roche faced the still swinging drop light. "My opponent spends his strength striking at a shadow." He went quickly to the map. "This area to be evacuated. This. This." His stubby finger darted from point to point. "All bridgeheads, railway junctions, roads to be mined. You will hold attack divisions in readiness to hit simultaneously on both flanks when they begin to fan out." He faced them, his chunky red face as unyielding as granite. "Those are my orders."

Chabelot smiled. "You have heard the orders, messieurs," he said softly. "Any comments?"

Dazed, the officers watched the big man help the soldier to his feet. Smiling, Chabelot wrote swiftly.

"You are a good lad," Roche said gruffly. "I won't put you in jail. It was an old peasant's trick."

"I-I should have known, mon général." The youngster looked sheepish.

"Of course." Roche eyed him thoughtfully. "What would you do if the enemy came to your village?"

The boy drew himself up. "I would die resisting."

Roche nodded. "You are a good lad." He patted him on the shoulder. "I will make you a sergeant. You may go now."

He turned wearily. He did not hear the closing door. He was unaware of the respectful faces before him. He was thinking of Pontard. Of the bronzed young men pitching the wheat into the carts, laughing and singing, the gay young men of his native Pontard . . .

Chabelot arose. "Here are the orders. Will you sign, Marshal?"

He took his spectacles carefully out of the leather case.

Dawn was breaking. In the stillness they could hear the cheering from the Chamber of Deputies, the sound of a siren across the river. He sat down, skimming the paper.

. . . to retire destroying all lines of communication, war equipment. Inhabitants to be evacuated and the following villages to be rendered untenable: Guemines, Breche, Saaralbe, Pontard . . .

His chunky red face was without expression. Seizing the pen, he signed: Joseph Marie Roche, Maréchal de France. ###

Ingenious New-Type Electric Shaver uses 4 Razor-Sharp Blades

Roto-Shaver's head of thin, flexible steel has 800 holes—allows blades to cut hairs at base without irritating skin.

Powerful Rotary Motor in light, strong aluminum chassis . . . Tenite case in gray or maroon.

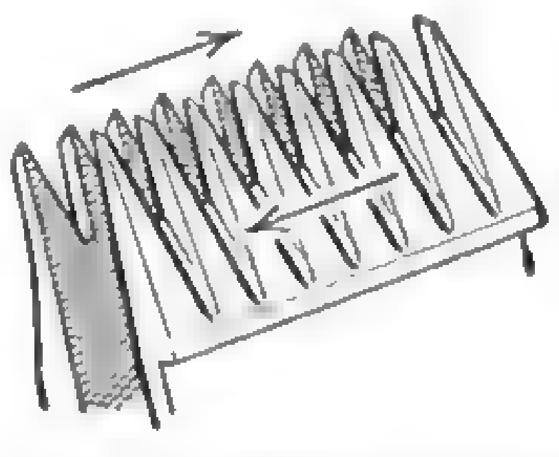
Oil-less Bearings eliminate need for oiling or adjustment.

NOT a Miniature Hair Clipper. Roto-Shaver actually SHAVES off whiskers—doesn't "clip"

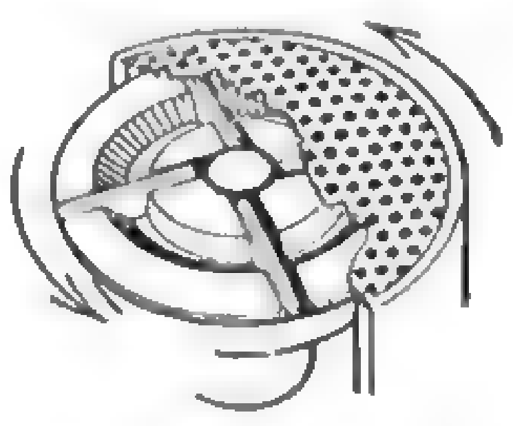
• Most electric razors cut with the shearing action hair clippers use.

Now comes Roto-Shaver, which operates on a radically new principle. It's the *only* instrument that actually shaves off whiskers with four self-sharpening blades. Roto-Shaver gives you a cleaner, closer shave. **It's one razor which absolutely cannot cut or pinch your skin.**

A mechanical masterpiece, Roto-Shaver has no harsh clatter or vibration. It is direct coupled for extra power. No wonder The J. B. Williams Co., makers of fine shaving products for 99 years, is staking its reputation on Roto-Shaver. Try this new razor today.



"Clipper-type" Head used on ordinary electric shavers keeps razors from giving barber-close shaves.



Roto-Shaver's New Revolving Head has four razor-sharp blades for closer, cleaner shaves.

ROTO-SHAVER

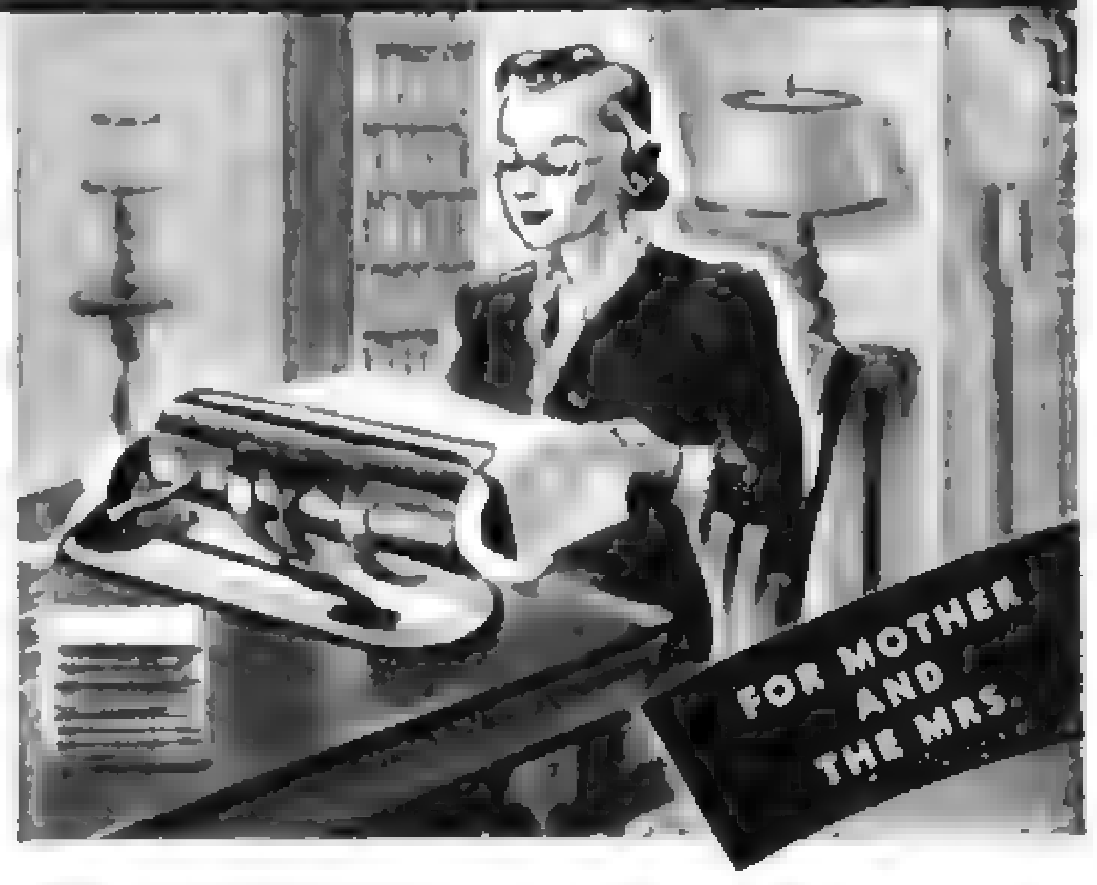
Complete in genuine leather case, $13.75 in U.S.A.

BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A GIFT IDEA?

AND HOW! LISTEN TO THIS . .

FOR SWEETHEART, "SIS" OR SECRETARY

1 "Ever think of giving her a **new way to iron** . . . a modern, magic method? Well, get wise to the new Armstrong Ironer, pal. It's a gift she'll **really** appreciate — whether she's sweet sixteen or sedate sixty!



FOR MOTHER AND THE MRS.

2 "What a man!' she'll shout. 'Gives me an easy, sit-down way to do biggest ironings in half the time **and** — a foolproof way to iron clothes even **more** beautifully!' . . . Yeah — and it will make her feel **years** younger.

FOR AUNT AGATHA

3 "Armstrong Ironing is as simple as 'purl one, drop two.' Fully automatic, simply guide the clothes. Light and portable, use anywhere, stow out of sight. That's my tip, pal— and I never had a better!"

4 **MEN,** bring **real** joy to her heart this Christmas. Give an Armstrong, the practical gift with a thrill. At your dealer's or clip the handy coupon, for immediate shipment.

$26.95

Fully Guaranteed

Armstrong Products Corporation
35 W. 7th Ave., Huntington, W. Va.
Send prepaid ....Porta-Lectrics at $26.95; (check or M. O. enclosed for $....................).
Name ....
Address ....

If that old Holiday Spirit ever gives you the urge to express your real, gay self in music . . . then, Sir, you'll thank us: for this utterly NEW way to Make Merry this Christmas . . . with a

HAMMOND Novachord

So new, it's unorthodox! So versatile, you have dozens of instrumental effects to choose from! *So much fun,* you'll have to own a HAMMOND Novachord

★ Sit right down at the Hammond Novachord. Play a simple melody—play it as you would a piano. And let the Novachord add the tones of 'cello . . . French horn . . . flute . . . trumpet . . . Hawaiian guitar!

★ Amazing? Yes—and you'll undoubtedly say that it's the *most* amazing new adventure you've had in years!

★ For the Novachord seems so simple. And it *is* simple to play. You play a conventional keyboard. You turn one of the tone selectors. And you hear the rich, vibrant tones of violin music join in!

★ Turn more of the Novachord's tone selectors—and play—and listen: You have the subdued, appealing chamber music of a string quartet!

★ Keep playing . . . keep trying the Novachord's superb array of orchestral effects. For you'll certainly never want to say good-bye to this completely fascinating instrument. And—there's no reason why you should! Just as you'll discover how the Novachord is *easy to play,* your dealer will explain how it's *easy to own.*

★ If you'd like the name and address of your nearest dealer—accompanied by a beautifully illustrated Novachord Book—Address: Hammond Instrument Company, 2935 N. Western Ave., Chicago. *In Canada:* Northern Electric Company, Ltd., Montreal.

If you live in New York—drop in for a visit at the
HAMMOND ORGAN STUDIOS
HAMMOND BUILDING, 50 WEST 57TH STREET
See and hear the Novachord
in Esquire's Christmas Fair, at 605 Fifth Avenue

So, for THIS Christmas, the really new gift idea is:

THE HAMMOND Novachord

THE NOVACHORD IS BUILT BY THE MAKERS OF THE HAMMOND ORGAN

Brain Alley Blues

Continued from page 97

editorial bromides in a book and go on to higher things such as moral poetry and magazine editing.

The publisher or editor of today, realizing the page is innocuous, puts his editorial on the first page if he really wants it to be read—and even then prints it in type a few sizes larger than that of the news text. But for his run-of-the-mill, staple, day in and out editorializing, he simply doctors the news columns. Does he want to attack the local WPA? Very well; the editorial conference delegates its stroke-oar man to do a six hundred-word routine attack. But the main assault is managed through the news columns. One picture of a WPA worker (real or faked) leaning on his shovel is worth ten thousand words under the masthead on page 18. (By the way, has anyone ever seen a publisher leaning on his shovel on the 18th hole at the golf course? No pictures, please.)

Of course there are some things that even a powerful newspaper publisher can't swing, no matter how he colors, distorts, blows up, fakes, or suppresses the news. Ninety per cent of the press whooping it up for Landon seemed only to make Joe Doaks, the man with the three pennies and the last say at the ballot box, more obstinate.

That catastrophe, however, was unusual. More typical was the triumph of conservative publishing in creating, *through the news columns and not the editorials*, a build-up for the Hon. Martin Dies. He was voted by the Washington correspondents as the second biggest bore in the capital, first place going by courtesy and tradition to the Hon. Ham Fish. But the papers gave the Dies Committee such a play that willy-nilly they got under the readers' skins, and the Texas Tornado (or windbag) got his appropriation. The extent of the victory went far beyond the $100,000 appropriation triumph.

The Dies Committee, through the editorialized news columns, scared the pants off all the liberals in the country. At the same time the newspapers, by playing down the much more sensational disclosures of the La Follette committee, practically hamstrung that investigation.

So, if you're curious to know where your opinions and convictions come from, leave Brain Alley out of account, and next time you plank down your pennies for the paper whose comics you can't live without, gaze with a fresh eye on the news stories, looking for the "angle," the "color," the "slant." The work that Greeley, Bowles, Dana did directly is now being done by headline innuendo, by position in the paper, by pictures, and by sneaking little phrases such as "idle" for "unemployed," and "federal easy money" for "government appropriations."

For the *direct* attack of those old-timers the newspaper now has a more powerful range of batteries than the anonymous home-grown editorial product; namely, the syndicated column signed by Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson, Jay Franklin, or Heywood Broun. The editor shops around among these super-Brain Alleys, choosing those that come nearest to his sense of the True, the Good, and the Beautiful.

What has happened to the country, that our old Brain Alley has lost its pulling power? Have all the Brain-Alley-cats somehow become less seductive meowers, less fearful spitters? Are there no longer any issues facing the country comparable to Free Soil vs. Slavery, or Cheap Money, or the Reconstruction of the South, or Political Venality?

A NO in boxcar type, to both of these. The writers are as good as they ever were, and they even know a few tricks in the field of propaganda that the hollow giants of Greeley's day never suspected. And today's political, social and economic issues, with democracy, industrial capitalism, and the jobs and livelihoods of all of us at the crossroads, are more profound, critical and desperate than any America has known since the Pilgrims landed on the Rock.

Why then—with both skilled writers and burning issues at hand, has the editorial page turned vapid? Why does the average reader skip it on his way from the day's crime story to stock market quotations and the sports gossip?

There are no answers, only guesses. Let me risk three:

1. 1939's reader is more sophisticated than 1869's. He is wise to the fact that publishers have axes to grind, and that those are not necessarily public-spirited axes. He has been rooked so often by propaganda that he won't even take a *good* idea when it is pushed on him. That is why he has to be ambushed in the news columns—even in the comic strips, which are fuller of propaganda than you may suspect.

2. Today's newspaper has more competition of an editorial nature than it ever had. The citizen who is discussion-minded has access to a number of well-edited and authoritative weeklies and monthlies of opinion that scarcely existed before the War. Their total circulation may be only a few hundred thousand—all together they enjoy fewer readers than one issue of the *Saturday Evening Post* or *Collier's*—but the readers they have are precisely those who read the old-time editorial page so religiously and took their cue from it.

In addition, there have arisen hundreds of organizational, business, trade, and special magazines and services which interpret controversial issues from a particular interest or point of view.

3. But the main reason for the

Continued on page 266

"Forward Pass" .. A PORTIS "ALL-AMERICAN"

Like a perfect pass for a long gain, this hat will win for you . . . silky soft felt, wider brim with special edge that guarantees longer style-life. Colors to team up with your new outfit. A superb value. $3.85

"Protek" Perspiration-proof interlining. "Swansback" Water-repellent Finish.

HAND FASHIONED HATS by PORTIS

PORTIS BROS. HAT CO. • MANUFACTURERS • CHICAGO

FROM OUT OF THE DARING WEST comes the style influence of GABA-DEAN Shirts For HE-MEN!
See your dealer. If he cannot supply you — mail coupon.

It's News Too, when the wild and woolly west influences the shirt styles of America's best dressed men.

GABA-DEAN — a genuine gabardine shirt — is made of *Lorraine's all wool gabardine.* Custom-made throughout. Fitted with perspiration proof arm shields, two bellas pockets, inverted back plait, and hand sewed ocean pearl buttons.

GABA-DEAN Shirts make a man feel like a million in his office, club or in the great outdoors.

Most better dealers everywhere have GABA-DEAN Shirts on sale at $7.50* each, in these nine captivating shades:

Silver Gray • Deep Water Blue • Prairie Tan • Navy Blue • Sea Green • Gopher Maroon • Turf Green • Fall Rust • Coffee Brown

Sizes 14 to 17.

Sleeve Lengths 33, 34, 35.

*Price subject to change after Jan. 1, '40

United Garment Mfg. Co.
Dept. E1 • Minneapolis, Minn.

United Garment Mfg. Co., Dept. E1, Minneapolis, Minn.
Enclosed is $____ for which please send me, postpaid,
______ GABA-DEAN Shirt(s) in colors checked—
☐ Turf Green ☐ Silver Gray ☐ Coffee Brown
☐ Navy Blue ☐ Prairie Tan ☐ Gopher Maroon
☐ Fall Rust ☐ Sea Green ☐ Deep Water Blue
Collar Size_____ Sleeve Length_____
Name________
Address________
City________ State________

Brain Alley Blues

Continued from pages 97-265

decline of Brain Alley is probably the tremendous increase in the number of things competing for our attention. The Greeley-Dana crowd put up their soap box in a simple world. Today's aspiring Greeley is talking against a dozen loudspeakers. The radio, the movies, commercialized sport, and the automobile make formidable inroads on reading-time and thinking-time.

As if that weren't handicap enough, newspaper enterprise itself has invented a number of distractions: news pictures, the roto section, comics, cartoons, fiction, the "colyum," sensational accounts of divorce, rape, murder, and other forms of social collapse.

As most minds are lazy and subject to emotional rather than intellectual appeals, to ask the Brain Alley plodder to prevail over this glittering tinsel and glorified rot is to ask the *Yale Review* to pull a higher circulation than *Look* or *Liberty*, or to ask that the local art museum should pack 'em in while the World's Series plays to empty stands. It would be nice if we had a country crammed with thoughtful citizens, but as matters stand the editorial writer's tragedy is that of a man reduced to pointing out the big things to himself on a sidestreet while all the boys have gone out to the main drag to watch a strip-tease.

It is barely possible that the newspaper reader has discovered by personal experience or hunch or grapevine that Brain Alley no longer tells him anything. On most sheets, the editorial writer has to be all things to all men. He must pose as authority on housing, taxation, local, state and national budgets, political jockeying, the schools, foreign affairs, juvenile delinquency, and pathological odds and ends. He is the hack of hacks. He is called upon to be not a triple but a sextuple threat. Even the few brilliant ones of the Brain Alleys of the world cannot be expected to buck the line or circle the ends or grab passes out of the air without fumbling or being thrown for a loss.

Except on a few great editorial newspapers like the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, Brain Alley fails because it tries to do what it isn't equipped to do. Mostly it doesn't even try to do it. It is futile because nobody cares, least of all the publisher. Or it is dishonest.

As to the futility: Many, maybe most, newspapers don't even try to crusade, discuss local problems, or touch on vital controversial questions. Once when I went out to a university town to take part in a debate in which I was to defend the press, I picked up the local newspaper at the railway station. It was a sorry sheet, and the saddest part of it was the editorial page. There was an editorial on the Eskimos; another on marriage customs of Czechoslovakia; and another on whether stenos chew more gum than any other group. They were obviously syndicated stuff, written in some office in Cleveland, Philadelphia or New York, and sold by the stove or sausage length.

That is the easiest and cheapest way to fill the columns. A stage higher is the newspaper whose editorials are home-written but devitalized and emasculated. They simply restate a news item and add a paragraph saying "yes," "no," or "maybe." Something like this, in summary: "President Roosevelt's speech urging the passage of a bill to set aside a skunk sanctuary is one of the most progressive (or reactionary) actions of his administration. We commend (or denounce) him for it." Or: "It was high time the local sheriff took advantage of WPA offers to have the jail scrubbed out. Sheriff Johnson has our best wishes."

As to the dishonesty: There is, of course, no freedom of the press for the denizens of Brain Alley. What freedom there is, belongs to the publisher. If the writer is lucky, he is on the payroll of an owner whose views he shares. If he is unlucky, he girds his loins, ungirds his conscience, and saves his immortal soul as best he can.

In most cases the word-monger in Brain Alley has a one-way freedom of expression. He can attack Hitler maybe, but not the local vigilantes. He is expected to prove now and then that Soviet Russia is against religion and the home, but he had better be quiet about insidious forces in his own country which are undermining morality and destroying family life. Part of his labors is to point out that liberty does not exist under fascism or communism, but he doesn't dare write a piece about any of the sensational cases with which the local civil liberties league is battling.

Maybe it is only when Brain Alley's contribution can really be free, daring, unafraid to point out, expose, discuss, no matter what high places are involved, that we can get the beginnings of an editorial page worth writing or reading. This, I think, is true enough, but maybe there is a Babbitt among the readership who thinks it is too destructive a note. Although the surgeon may criticize the inflamed appendix destructively without offering a better piece of gut, and although the garbage man may remove the swill without planting a violet in its place, a writer is supposed to end on the note constructive. All right, I have a little violet.

While newspaper enterprise has gone on from invention to invention in the presentation of news and features, foreign cables, Washington coverage, pictures, stunts, interviews, columns and service departments, the editorial has not changed in a hundred years. News, feature, and promotion departments have added plumbing, heat-

A Gift in Time
Known the World Over

Compare THE VALUE, THE STYLE, THE QUALITY

COSMOPOLITAN 17 JEWELS $42.50 Yellow Gold Filled Lapped
VENDOME 17 JEWELS $47.50 14K Yellow Gold
DIANE 17 JEWELS $37.50 Yellow 14K Gold Filled
LADY ROYAL 17 JEWELS $200 14K Gold 44 Diamonds Diamond Studded Bracelet
YORK 17 JEWELS $29.75

LOOK FOR THIS TAG

Other Watches to $500

HELBROS

HELBROS KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

© HELBROS WATCH COMPANY NEW YORK

THE SMART LUGGAGE YOU WANT IS BUILT BY KAUFMANN!

TOUR-AIDER
Light enough for a baby to lift
packs in just 5 minutes
carries suits wrinkle-free

A joy to give, a joy to get! Suits really stay wrinkle-free on Tour-Aider's patented, removable hangers. And all accessories are at your fingertips, thanks to Tour-Aider's ingenious "bag-within-a-bag"! Individual pockets hold 6 shirts, 4 suits underwear, 2 pajamas, 6 pairs socks, 1 pair shoes, etc. Endorsed by leading airlines. Three sizes: 1, 2 or 3 suiter.

Zipper model as low as $9.95, "Sky Chief" frame model from $13.50. Others to $125.

MR. MANHATTAN
fitted utility bag
for all the odds-and-ends

The traveler's good Samaritan! Complete set of gentleman's toilet fittings in outside zipper pocket. And almost fabulous capacity in bag itself for extra shirts, shoes, dressing gowns, books, gadgets. Double-stitched for strength and distinction, with concealed metal frame to hold bag open for ease in packing. Brown or black top grain, as low as $17.50. Other leathers to $50.

At all fine luggage and department stores. If your dealer can't supply you, write us.

K. KAUFMANN & CO. QUALITY LUGGAGE SINCE 1885
358 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • Factory: NEWARK, N. J.

SEND TODAY FOR FREE, INFORMATIVE LUGGAGE FOLDER E-30

Give HER This Stunning
"TISH-U-KNIT" SWEATER
Designed by LEON

STYLE E-1845 . . . A SLEEK ZEPHYR SLIPOVER WITH GLITTERING METALLIC NECKLACE. EXTREMELY BECOMING . . . AMAZINGLY LOW-PRICED $2.98—AT SMART SHOPS EVERYWHERE . . . LOOK FOR THE "TISH-U-KNIT" LABEL—

Fashion Folder "E" on Request

FOR NAME OF NEAREST SHOP PLEASE WRITE TO
OLYMPIC · 1372 BROADWAY NEW YORK

Now...your monogram on your key ring

Forstner
INITIAL KEY TAG
$1.50
Any two initials, choice of leathers

Two initials make this ingenious Forstner creation distinctively *yours!* Colorful, clever, convenient—for auto, luggage and personal keys. Black, brown, red or green leather or natural pigskin. At department stores and better shops. If your favorite store can't supply you, write direct

FORSTNER CHAIN CORPORATION
Dept. E, Irvington, New Jersey.

Enclosed is. . . . . .for. . . . . .initial key tags
Color of leathers. . . . . .Initials
Name
Address

ing, air conditioning, and kitchen gadgets, but Brain Alley remains a quaint Old Homestead, an antique.

Such changes as there are have appeared not in the editorials themselves but on the page—weather reports, syndicated wisecracks, letters to the editor, the political cartoon, *Bungville 50 years ago*—a ragbag of odds and ends to eke out the page and maybe to entice the reader to the serious stuff on the left.

I suggest that controversy be introduced into Brain Alley. Let the editorials take issue with each other. Let the men write what they think, and to hell with the publisher's policy. He can have a column to himself, if he wants it. Or let there be a minority report disagreeing with the collective opinion of Brain Alley as expressed in the main editorial. Forums, Town-Halls-Tonight, and magazine debates have shown the drawing power of a quarrel over interpretations and programs.

I suggest that editors pay more attention to the typography and makeup of the editorial page. They have much to learn from advertising and from the magazines in the way of type, white space, rules, boxes, borders, initial letters, illustrations, maps, pictographs. Typographically the editorial page is the deadest in the newspaper, aside from stock market and classified sections.

Finally, I suggest that neither the business community, nor society, nor religion, nor the Constitution, nor youth, nor our sacred honor, will collapse if we tell the truth—the truth about how the police function, what is going on not only in the state and nation, but more particularly in the ward and precinct. I suggest that the business man ought to be subjected to as close a scrutiny as the congressman or the alderman or the president. When the mild-mannered little man in Brain Alley is allowed to speak that mind which it is his professional business to make up, and we have a free press on the editorial page, maybe it will pick up and begin to compete with the front page, the Joe Palooka strip, and the cheesecakes and puppies in the roto. #

The Town That Poisoned Dickens

Continued from page 72

have intervened. In appraisal it is well to bear in mind that Dickens was noted in England as a *bon vivant* to an extent that quite matched his world-wide fame as an author and lecturer. Justifying this popular impression it is said that he at once ordered great quantities of food, selecting only the best and most expensive on the bill of fare. After placing his order, he sat back and glanced over his newspaper, with keen discrimination avoiding any reference to his urgent wish for liquid refreshment. Dickens knew his inn keepers and their universal habit of engaging patrons, particularly strangers, in conversation.

The soundness of his psychology was shortly established when Wiles appeared at his table and took a chair. After the customary exchange of pleasantries, with or without the ordinary inquisition as to the patron's name, occupation and antecedents, we are told that Dickens whispered a confidential inquiry into the presumably receptive ear of the proprietor. The response must have been more than a little disconcerting. "No! We do not dispense the horrible stuff in this place!" It was not the soft answer that is popularly supposed to turn away wrath. It turned out that Mr. Wiles was one of the seven vigilantes of the village whose duty it was to maintain the integrity of its dry law, and the answer, if we are to believe the legend, was fairly screamed.

Mr. Dickens retired promptly into his dignity and advised Wiles in terms shorn of possible ambiguity, that under the circumstances, he did not feel disposed to remain long enough to encompass the victuals already ordered. Following tradition, the inn keeper informed him that the food was already on the fire, and that he could eat it or not, but pay for it he must. The author angrily arose from the table and with rare economy of speech, called Wiles a "swine." Wiles retaliated brightly by expressing the conviction that Dickens was a "bigger swine."

It is a fact well known to students of racial phenomena that an English "gentleman" may refer to a foreigner as a "swine," but applied in reverse, the Englishman regards it as a fighting word.

Being nothing if not an English gentleman, Dickens aimed his right hand in the direction of the Wiles proboscis—and landed dead center. There are some who aver that Dickens was not satisfied with one soporific blow and that he followed through with more of the same kind. At any rate, the boniface, in the present-day parlance of the ring, "took a dive," and but for the intervention of Mrs. Wiles and some other witnesses, referred to by Dickens as "ruffians," the thrashing might have been continued.

Although reputedly wiry and physically competent, Dickens surveyed the field and decided in favor of discretion. He must have been successful in bluffing the "ruffians" who closed in on him, because the opinion is unanimous that he was able to retire to the relative safety of the "Sign of the Golden Lamb" with no more than ruffled feelings due to the "catcalls and other expressions of derision," directed at him by his putative plaguers. In his more or less victorious retreat he did not tarry even to the extent of paying his bill, which presumably amplified his feeling of victory.

In his refuge at the "Sign of the Golden Lamb," Dickens inquired

Continued on page 268

It's an advantage to know

DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH GORDON'S GIN

GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

and an advantage to remember

GORDON'S HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY & HIGH PROOF 94.4

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits
Distilled from Grain

Copyright 1939, Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd.
Linden, N. J.

SPEED-LINES are the secret of *functional* beauty in modern trains. Action-lines, evolved in Sweet-Orr "men-in-action" clothes for 68 years, are the secret of Sweet-Orr's new Meadowfield. . . . .

FUNCTIONAL SPORTSWEAR

MEADOWFIELD Corduroy SURCORD SUIT By SWEET-ORR

Beautifully, *functionally* designed coat and slacks in Sweet-Orr's own famous long-wearing corduroy . . . coat Talon-fastened from collar to just below waist for leg action and easy sitting. Belted all around. Note Talon fastener on chest pocket. Lined in rayon serge. Colors: Steel Grey, Grey Green, Teal Blue, Briar Brown, Maroon. $10.

You'll want the *Meadowfield Surcoat by Sweet-Orr*, too . . . in warm All-Wool (Camel's Hair 25%)—$13.50. And—be sure to see the brilliantly colored *Meadowfield Buffalo Plaid Shirts*. $4.50.

At your favorite store . . . or order direct specifying size, color, and fabric for delivery through a local dealer, from—

SWEET-ORR, NEW YORK

Meadowfield Sportswear by Sweet-Orr

AMERICA'S FINEST STORES FEATURE THIS NEW SPORTSWEAR LABEL WITH THE "MEN-IN-ACTION" TRADITION BEHIND IT

The Town That Poisoned Dickens

Continued from pages 72-267

about a stage and inferred that it could not appear with too great rapidity to satisfy his urgent desire to leave the town. There was no stage south that day and no extra was available to take him to Cincinnati, so Dickens accepted the inevitable with what grace he could muster and registered for the night as "C. Dickens, Cincinnati." He then took a chair before the pot-bellied stove and poured forth the remnants of his wrath to an unsympathetic audience comprised mainly of local citizens.

It is a rather surprising fact that no one, not even the proprietor, Calvin Bradley, whose many years of experience as an inn keeper would presuppose an alert eye for distinguished guests, recognized in the choleric stranger, the Charles Dickens of world-wide literary fame. When the Dickens wrath had subsided to a decent simmer, the literary warrior bedded down for the night in room 32, which has since become known as "The Dickens Room," the Golden Lamb having weathered the years to the present day.

Two doors away were the rooms frequently occupied by Henry Clay and his young daughter when traveling between their Kentucky home and the National Capital. Near by was also the room used by Dewitt Clinton when he ran down from New York to engage in confidential chats with Clay in the—at times—monastic quiet of the Golden Lamb. It was in this hotel that the little Clay daughter, stricken with a strange malady, died.

The morning after his encounter with Wiles, Dickens arose early and eschewing breakfast, awaited the stage in the cold dawn, standing in the snow and perhaps cooling his waning anger. On entering the stage he is reported to have kicked the snow from his boots with recrudescent malevolence, which evidently waxed vigorously during the ride to Cincinnati. This is indicated in the entries made in his diary by Dr. Dean, who met him at the stage terminus at Cincinnati.

The doctor's record of his meeting and the subsequent talks with Dickens, relate in detail "the mortifying experience of this noble man and scholar at the hands of the over-zealous people of Lebanon." It required much urging on the part of the doctor and Mrs. Dickens to persuade the author to meet the welcoming committee of citizens at the old Broadway Hotel in the Queen City. Indeed, it is related that Dickens seriously considered ending his tour at that point, but the doctor and Mrs. Dickens again applied suasion to at least temporarily good effect.

The author graciously enough accepted the invitation to view the young city of Cincinnati from lofty Mt. Auburn, and, visibly impressed, wrote of it in kindly vein in his *American Notes*, although an editorial writer on the *Cincinnati Commercial* deemed it more a mark of respect for Dr. Dean's interest and hospitality than a "disposition to compliment anything or anyone." In another section of his *Notes*, Dickens offers some merit to this view of his attitude at the time when he refers to some school children as "stupid urchins" who "didn't know what they were talking about or reading about from a book."

Mrs. Dickens did her best to inspire tolerance for the—to her familiar moods of her husband, but the newspapers refused to be mollified and lambasted him unmercifully for his "ungraciousness." To her friends Mrs. Dickens confided that her husband had been overjoyed at the receptions accorded him in New York and elsewhere, and that he had been seeing our country through his traditional rose-colored glasses prior to his encounter with Wiles.

The Lebanon episode most certainly marked a change in his attitude toward things American. Later he looked upon Mark Twain's adored Mississippi as a "dirty mud hole," which went beyond even its worst American traducers, who have never regarded it as precisely a crystal stream. Our educational system he called "terrible"; our authors "literary pirates"; our publishers "felons who would waste in prison upon the enactment of a copyright law." Our newspapers were "not fit for scullery door mats," an appraisal which falls short of some of our present-day domestic evaluations; and he flayed America and its people with a virulent tongue and acid pen. After Lebanon he was smitten by instead of with, our fair country and predicted on several occasions that "I shall not repeat the offense against my pride."

Arriving in St. Louis with his wife and his still active rancor, he locked himself in a room in the Planters Hotel and littered the floor with literary chaff from which he next day gleaned two pieces running about five hundred words each. These articles he offered to the *Missouri Organ*, only to be told in very forthright language that his "stuff" was not acceptable.

Here indeed was an appalling lack of respect for the author of *Sketches by Boz*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist* and a long list of acknowledged literary masterpieces. That he should suffer such humiliation at the hands of "an ordinary editor of most commonplace scribbling," was beyond belief! Oh yes, the editor had read most of the works of Charles Dickens and he knew that he was confronted with an imposter, "for Dickens would not write such trash!"

It is interesting to note that a few minutes after Dickens left the offending editor, a reporter arrived with the news that "Charles Dickens, the great English novel-

SO LIGHT.. SO EASY TO HANDLE . . . BAUSCH & LOMB *ZEPHYR-LIGHT* BINOCULAR

A new handier binocular for outdoor lovers. Same high light gathering power, brilliant sharp image, hand-fitting easy-to-use shape, rugged construction that have made B&L binoculars the outstanding choice among American sportsmen, fliers, travelers—all in a glass ounces lighter. Above, 7 power, 35 mm Zephyr-Light Binocular, $94. Sixteen other models available, $66 to $132.

SEND FOR CATALOG!

Bausch & Lomb
938 Lomb Park
Rochester, N. Y.

BAUSCH & LOMB *Binoculars*
THE WORLD'S BEST—BY ANY TEST

THE WORLD'S NUMBER ONE PACKSTER SUGGESTS SNUGPACK

This trademark on Genuine Snugpack.. Beware of Imitations

SNUGPACK is the one piece of luggage that leaves no room for improvement—but does leave ample room for shirts, ties, socks, handkerchiefs, even business papers. All in a compact, conveniently sized, smartly styled grip.

★ Ask to see Senior SNUGPACK . . . even more commodious. Also Miss SNUGPACK for the Ladies.

Wherever fine luggage is sold, or for nearest dealer's name write HEINRICH, HERRMANN & WEISS, 1199 B'way, N. Y.

ist, is a St. Louis visitor." The editor hastened to the Planters Hotel with his undigested pride and contritely petitioned the Dickens' pardon for "such a horrible error." It would be pleasant to record that Dickens accepted the humble apology with simple dignity befitting a great heart, but life is not always like that. History mentions Dickens as "throwing a fit," aiming a volley of candid invectives at the editor and calling upon the hotel staff to "order him out immediately." It is not difficult to sympathize with Mrs. Dickens, who described the trip to America as "more or less of a tragedy instead of a happy honeymoon." (The visit to America took place in the fifth year of their marriage but was planned as a "belated honeymoon.")

Later in his American travels, Dickens seems to have been fated to encounter a number of towns bearing the hated name of Lebanon, although his experiences in these other Lebanons never reached any dramatic pitch comparable to the Wiles fracas. In fact he speaks with considerable kindness of another Lebanon, across the Mississippi from St. Louis. In his *Notes* he says of this later Lebanon, "one would scarcely find a better village alehouse of a homely kind in England." There was manifestly no aridity to arouse his ire. Still another Lebanon mentioned in *American Notes* was the Shaker town in New York State, encountered late in his tour. Of this he writes with his old vitriolic vigor, mentioning its "fanatic inhabitants."

Travel being what it was in those days, Dickens, on his return from St. Louis to Cincinnati, was unable to avoid a final encounter with the town that had become an anathema to his sensitive mind. Traveling to Sandusky in order to strike Lake Erie, he was forced to take a northeast-bound stage, which to his dismay he found was scheduled to lay over at Lebanon, Ohio, for an hour or more. Here were all the elements essential to a repeat performance of the earlier drama.

As the coach entered Warren County, in which Lebanon was situated, Dickens saw a crowd of drunken loafers loitering before a village inn where the coach halted while the horses were watered. He no doubt recalled that he had been forced to leave behind a bottle of mulled wine when reminded that he could not carry it into "dry" areas such as the country around Lebanon, and quite possibly he became obsessed with the idea that he might yet have the satisfaction of quenching his thirst in the town of his previous discomfiture. Whatever he may have thought, he accepted with some evidence of pleasure the invitation of his late and not too cordial host, the proprietor of the Sign of The Golden Lamb, to dine with him as his guest.

The keeper of the Sign of The Golden Lamb, Calvin Bradley, had by this time discovered the author's identity and under the terms of an apparently genial armistice, they proceeded to lunch. At the table, Dickens was presented to a county judge, a village doctor, John McLean, editor of the *Western Star* and a number of lesser lights who boarded at the inn. According to references in his *American Notes*, Dickens did not relish the idea of dining with such "commonplace" people. The setting apparently was perfect for a final denouement.

In the course of the meal Mrs. Bradley came in, bearing a tray with glasses of water, but Dickens at this point probably still cherished the conviction that as a guest, some more acceptable liquid might yet be forthcoming. When Mrs. Bradley later came in with a tray carrying cups of steaming coffee, it must have seemed to Dickens that the time was propitious for direct action. He then leaned over to Mr. Bradley and said quietly, but with some optimism, "I would be pleased to have a draught of brandy!"

It is said that Bradley nearly choked on a piece of fried chicken which he was at the moment exploring. "I'm sorry," he half gulped, "but this is a temperance hotel!"

The columns of the *Western Star* inform us that Dickens jumped from the table in a great huff, grabbed his hat and moved toward the door. It might have ended there, with Dickens going away to nurse his anger, but Bradley called after him and reminded him that he had not paid for his meal. Dickens made no effort to hold himself in check. He went into a foaming rage, and, according to Editor McLean, "displayed quite a vocabulary of invectives, even shaking a menacing fist under the good landlord's nose."

Fortunately he departed without bloodshed, and having left Lebanon to resume its hereditary arid placidity, the Affair Lebanon went into history with no further violent action other than that contained in the reference Dickens made to Lebanon in his *Notes*, or in the somewhat scathing words of Editor McLean, who wrote into his editorial columns:

"We have been gratified to observe the total absence of all that parade of sycophancy which characterized Dickens' reception in Eastern cities. It will give us a better opinion of ourselves even if Mr. Dickens should not think the better of us for it."

While the novelist was having his second and less violent and dramatic controversy with the proprietor of "The Sign of the Golden Lamb," Mr. William Wiles, presumably, was busy serving satisfied customers at his inn, up on Main Street, three blocks away, his nose no longer sore enough to remind him of his encounter with the pugnacious stranger a fortnight before.

Now, whether Innkeeper Wiles had ever heard of Charles Dickens previous to the moment that the postmaster handed him the letter bearing the London postmark, is a

Continued at top of page 270

HAVE THAT HANDSOME TAN THAT MEN AND WOMEN ADMIRE!
FREE TRIAL!

NOW . . . 4 MINUTES with the NEW TWIN-ARC SUN LAMP is equivalent to 1 HOUR of SUNSHINE!

The pale, pasty-looking chap doesn't get to first base! "Sun" bathing in the privacy of your own home will help to keep you *looking* like a million dollars, with that bronze TAN that men and women admire! Many a man has lost his big chance because his appearance didn't "click." Get that he-man appearance which opens the door to success!

SEE RESULTS . . . the first day!

Now, with the new TWIN-ARC Health Ray Sun Lamp, you'll *see* results quickly—for the TWIN-ARC gives you much more ultraviolet rays *in far less time!* Every FOUR minutes before your new TWIN-ARC—with TWO arcs instead of one—is equivalent to *one full hour* of June sunshine!

***LOOK* AND *BE* SUCCESSFUL!**

Social as well as business success depends upon your looks, and a good coat of tan has a surprising effect on your appearance! Salesmen find that their sales actually increase after they have acquired a real bronze *tan!* It's the first impression that counts! You will find yourself more popular, for everyone is attracted by that healthy-looking *tan!*

SEND FOR DETAILS OF OUR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL! Let us mail you our FREE book with valuable information on sunshine, complete details of the Health Ray Lamp and our 10-day trial offer!

OR

If You Want YOUR SUN LAMP AT ONCE . . . Simply mail $1 with the coupon. Use it for 10 days. Then either pay $7.95 balance or return the lamp and get your dollar back.

TEST FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE

HEALTH BENEFITS, TOO!

Frequent exposure to the ultraviolet rays of the sun helps to build strong bones and teeth, tones up the system and increases the activity of many glands. Crops of surface pimples on the face or back occurring in adolescent acne often clear up faster. Ultraviolet rays create Vitamin D and are invaluable in the prevention and treatment of rickets. Laboratory tests have shown that they quickly destroy the germs of athlete's foot. Many physicians order the use of ultraviolet ray lamps to assist the benefits of their medicinal treatment.

**$1 DEPOSIT BUYS IT . . .
FULLY GUARANTEED**

Test this compact, genuine TWIN-ARC carbon lamp for 10 days at our expense. It is so easy to operate and is approved by leading testing laboratories. Fully guaranteed by Health Ray Mfg. Co. of Deep River, Conn., this lamp will be a great investment.

INEXPENSIVE AND BENEFICIAL FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

HEALTH RAY MFG. CO., INC.
3711 N. Elm Street, Deep River, Conn
(Check below for free literature or Sun Lamp)

☐ Send full details of FREE trial offer.
☐ Send Health Ray Lamp at once. I enclose $1. In 10 days I will either pay $7.95 or return the lamp and receive my dollar back.

Name ....
Please write Mr., Mrs. or Miss
Address ....
City .... State ....

Copyright 1939 Health Ray Mfg. Co., Inc.

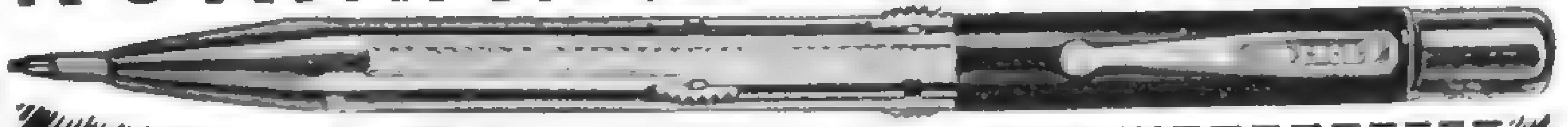
Report any Change of Address direct to Esquire rather than to the Post Office

A request for change of address must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, enclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. The Post Office will not forward copies to your new address unless extra postage is provided by you.

I COULDN'T ASK FOR A MORE USEFUL GIFT!

• A wonderful time saver and convenience. Mechanically perfect. Fully Guaranteed. Featured by famous stores. See NORMA at your dealer's or mail coupon.

THE NORMA *MULTIKOLOR* PENCIL



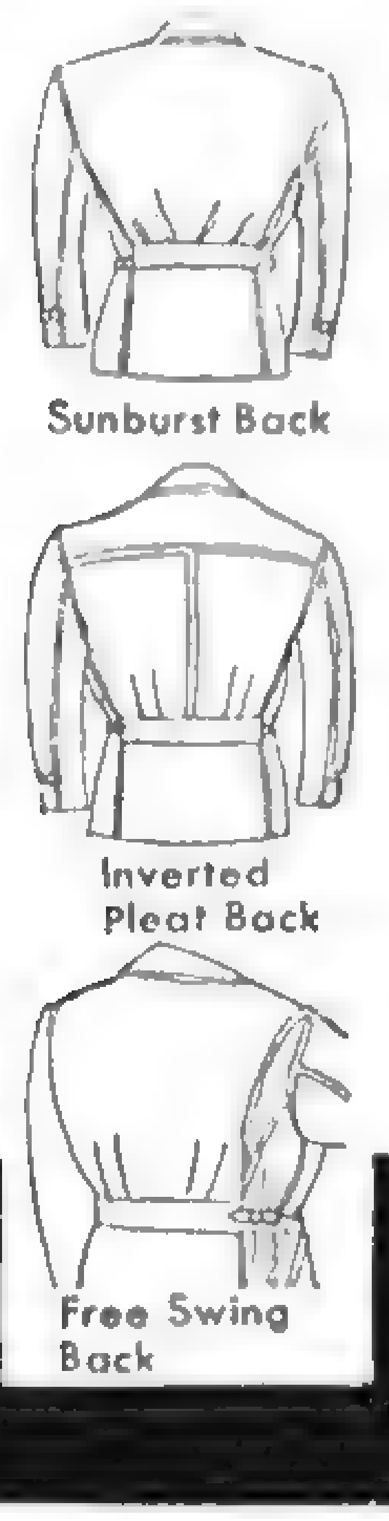
2,3 and 4 COLOR MODELS $1.50 to $10.00
ALSO IN 14 KT. GOLD

NORMA MULTIKOLOR INC., Dept. E.
39 West 32d Street, New York City
Send literature and prices on NORMA MULTIKOLOR PENCILS to:

Name ....

Address

"A GIFT HE WILL USE"
A Leather JACKET
Styled by knopf



Be he golfer, sportsman or merely someone who likes to tramp cross-country—he'll appreciate the gift of a fine leather jacket, and if it is a jacket *styled by Knopf*, he'll be doubly grateful. All jackets made by Knopf are guaranteed, are nicely tailored and may be selected in a variety of *styles*. Your choice of leathers—*suede, capeskin, horsehide*, and the light but sturdy *pony* which Knopf has sponsored—at good retail stores everywhere. Send for descriptive folder and name of nearby store.

S. H. KNOPF MFG. CO.
470 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Empire Electric PRESSER

$1.00
AT STORES OR POSTPAID ON MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

This Year's Practical Gift
FOR MAN or BOY

Yes, it's different from the usual run of things and by far the best Dollar package.

Well groomed and busy men like the Empire because it's ready, on a moment's notice, to press pants, coat lapels, sleeves, collars, etc. And man, what it does to crumpled ties! It presses them into crisp newness before you can say "Jack Robinson."

Safe.. Easy to Use

Plugs in any AC or DC socket. No wet cloth or board required. Can be used by anyone at home, office, when traveling, and by all means, remember the young fellow at college; he'll tell you the Empire is a life-saver and an allowance-saver.

Each Presser comes in an attractive gift box, complete with cord and plug, and directions for easy use.

EMPIRE ELECTRIC CO., 817 Main St., Dept. E, Cincinnati, Ohio

The Town That Poisoned Dickens

Continued from pages 72-267-269

question still to this day feverishly discussed in the village. But Mr. Wiles is described by his grandniece, Mrs. Carolyn Wiedekin, now living near Middletown, as having been an unusually well-read man for one of his trade; and, there is a possibility, she asserts, that he was quite familiar with Dickens' reputation, if he had not, in fact, read his books.

Circumstances would indicate, however, that up to the moment Mr. Wiles opened that letter from London, he had accepted the obstreperous customer as nothing more than a nonentity with a thirst.

It was not until then that he woke up to the realization that he had had the honor of having been socked on the nose by the masterful writing hand of the celebrated Dickens. And Mr. Wiles is reported to have bragged about it to his dying day. ⌗

Lovey Flies Out the Window

Continued from page 82

it was that took place next?

A: I walked up the stairs so's I could see. They was standing there square in the middle of the room and Mr. Foote was grabbing at some pieces out of the paper that Mrs. Foote was holding behind her back.

Q: *Was it something in the nature of a scuffle?*

A: Well Mrs. Foote kept backing away and she backed in front of the window and then Mr. Foote happened to give a sort of grab at her and a sort of a push and out the window she went, so she did, and the last I see is her legs in the air.

Q: *What happened then?*

A: Mr. Foote said: Goodness gracious, I have killed her.

Q: *But it is a fact, is it not, Mrs. Flaherty, that Mrs. Foote was not killed on that occasion?*

A: No. She landed on the roof over the back porch.

Q: *What is the distance from the sill of the window from which the complainant fell to the roof you mention?*

A: About two or three feet.

Q: *So you would think it highly improbable that Mrs. Foote received any serious injuries as a result?*

A: Well she stood right up on the roof there and she pointed her finger at him and she ordered him to leave the house.

Q: *And what occurred at this point?*

A: The porch roof caved in.

Q: *Are you positive in your own mind that the accused, J. Alicoate Foote, did nothing to bring about this . . . er disaster? What in your opinion caused the collapse of this roof?*

A: Well if you was a 200-pound woman and if you was hopping mad and if you was out onto the roof of one of them porches, then you could expect almost anything to happen to you.

Q: *You told us that you rushed to the rescue of the fallen woman—that is, to the aid of Mrs. Foote, the complainant in this case. Did she make any statement to you at this time?*

A: About Mr. Foote?

Q: *Yes, about Mr. Foote or on any other subject of importance.*

A: She made plenty of statements to me. She said it was murder. She said she would sue him till he was black in the face. She said she would get a million dollars' damages for assault and battery and mayhem. And she said she would divorce him on grounds of cruelty.

Q: *As a matter of fact, a suit for divorce was indeed instituted shortly after this date but it was later withdrawn, as we have shown. Can you tell us what induced Mrs. Foote to change her mind?*

A: Yes. I can tell you. When there was all this talk about suing and divorce and going to court, then the newspapers started printing stories and pictures of Mr. Foote. So when I come to work one morning and I walk into Mrs. Foote's bedroom, why there she is with Mr. Foote's pictures cut out and stuck up on her bureau and a little card over them marked: MY HERO. And when she sees me, she busts into tears.

Q: *So you decided to try and effect a reconciliation?*

A: No, I thought I'd see if I couldn't fix things up.

Q: *That was what I wanted to know.*

A: I thought even if they was going to fight, then they should ought to fight like decent people, doing all their scrapping to themselves and not go dragging lawyers and police and Heaven only knows what kinds of people into it.

Q: *You approached Mr. Foote regarding the matter?*

A: Yes, I did that.

Q: *And he expressed a willingness to come home?*

A: He done what I asked him.

Q: *But this generous-spirited effort to patch up the domestic affairs of this couple met with failure?*

A: It didn't do no good.

Q: *Will you describe for us the meeting of the accused, J. Alicoate Foote, with his wife?*

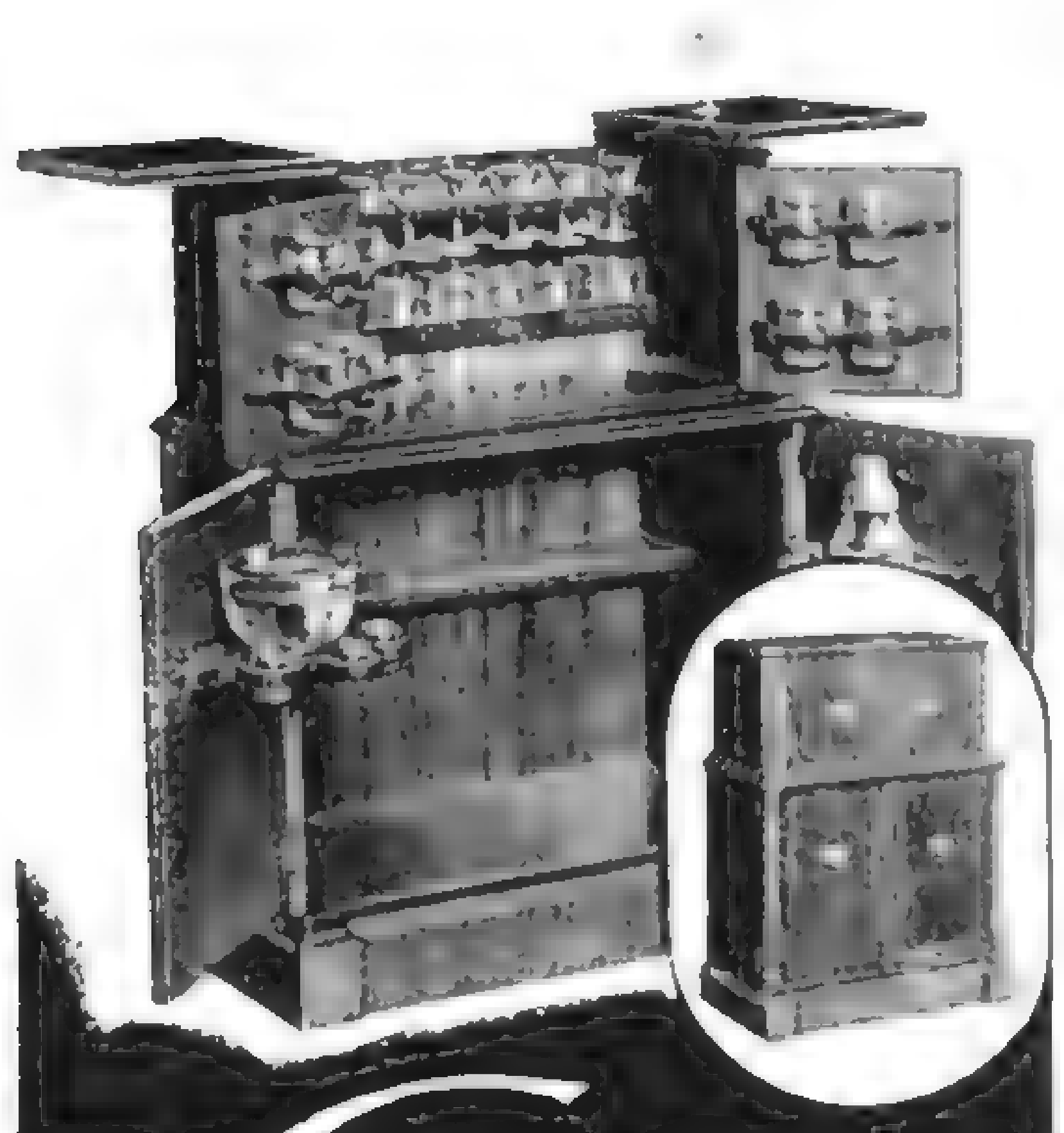
A: He come to the house like he promised me. Mrs. Foote was in the living room. I told him to go right up. So he walked to the door and he stopped and then he said: Lovey, I have come back.

Q: *What was Mrs. Foote doing?*

A: She was sitting down in a chair, up to her knees in them newspapers so she was, and she was terrible, terrible excited.

Q: *Can you recall her exact words on that occasion?*

A: Yes, I can. Mrs. Foote said: Allie—that was her pet name for him—Allie, she said, it says right here in the paper that Hitler may visit America. ⌗



ROCK-OLA
Cellarettes
THE GIFT SUPREME
Available in many distinctive designs. Choose from the complete displays in America's Leading Stores

Built by ROCK-OLA 800 N. KEDZIE, CHICAGO

Goodbye to Good Manners

Continued from page 114

waiter to bring two new packs at once. "Imagine a man smoking those things!" our host exclaimed, then his salesman's smile returned.

"Now, as I was saying, gentlemen, this little contract will benefit you more than it will me. . . ." But his buyers were no longer listeners. The deal was off.

This type, whose manners are confined to those who can benefit him, might be called the Selfish or Acquisitive. But there are other types who are almost equally malignant.

There is, for example, the conceited type, the man whose superiority complex makes him believe that he is beyond the necessity for good manners. He is more than often one who has gained some degree of public notoriety, but whose character is not the equal of his success.

A public figure of my acquaintance is an excellent case in point. The ascendency of his star in public life was accompanied by a diametrically opposing downward curve of his manners. With fame came an exhibitionist's desire to exploit his personality. He was not content to let success alone.

He must augment it by attempting to appear different from others. If he had accomplished this by wearing orchid flannel suits and a gold wig, his friends could have borne it better than his naïve efforts to create a social code of his own. He took to arriving assiduously late for any engagement anywhere from a half-hour to an hour and a half. Such little niceties as rising when a lady entered the room, or assisting a lady descending from a vehicle, or doffing his hat in an elevator, he thrust aside as being beneath the dignity of his position. He would bang for silence at a table and hold forth, contradicting those who erred in their facts and dominating the conversation by sheer force of lung power.

He still finds, I am told, new friends who are impressed by his polysyllabic articulateness. They confuse his bombast for dynamics and his rhetoric for wisdom. He and the others of his type are a menace to the future of society, for, being figures of some renown, they are looked up to by the ambitious young, who are apt to emulate only the outward and visible attributes possessed by their heroes.

"If the great Mr. Winterbottom," your son will argue, "can talk to the man across the table and ignore the ladies on each side of him, why can't I?" And to the answer he is likely to retort, "But look where he is!" which has, of course, nothing to do with the case.

Speaking of the imitative young, there are amongst them a growing number who seem to have acquired their manners in the fraternity house.

Whether Hollywood or parents are really to blame, I do not pretend to know, though I am inclined to think that both might have to share it. In recent years there has been a plague of pictures issuing from the incubators of the Coast which go by the classification of "screwball." They are the ones in which the protagonist asserts his maleness by socking his inamorata in the jaw, or kicking her on the upholstery. Such caveman antics incite the spirit of rebellion in the young heart. The sight of Gary Cooper taking a fall out of Katharine Hepburn is too much for their adolescent imaginations. They needs must practice the same tactics on the next debutante they meet, who, more than likely, will squeal with joy and vote him this year's Glamor Boy. If the youth of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other institutions of so-called higher learning would confine these dubious manners to society of their own age, we might turn our backs and let it pass, but unfortunately the virus is powerful and their sense of values limited. They are too apt to address their elders with the same lack of common civility.

I have seen them—who has not—boys of breeding, with every opportunity for culture, come into a room without greeting its occupants, sit in chairs as if their necks were the seats of their trousers, remain in this reclining position when their mothers, or any other lady rises or enters the room, mumble curt replies to a question, or, if they happen to be reading *Life*, make no effort to reply at all. These are the lads to whom a bread-and-butter letter is something farmers write to Secretary Wallace, and not a required courtesy after a week end.

In defense of the young, however, something must be said about the fact that American parents in general adopt an age-caste system, which prevails in no other Western civilization. It is only in our country that people of middle age require that their friends and their parties must be composed only of middle-agers. This has a tendency to drive the young into herds of their own, and the very oldsters into oblivion. The result is that youth is mannerless, middle age is complacent, and old age acquires the garrulity of suppression. Almost every community has its younger set, its young married set, and its basic society which comprises the parents of the first two. Except for ponderous charity or civic functions, which are attended more for duty than enjoyment, these sets never mix. In fact the very thought of mixing them would be abhorrent to each. Anywhere in Europe, on the other hand, you are apt to attend a dinner party where all ages are agreeably thrown together around one board.

I once asked an octogenarian Duchess, whose other partner at the dinner was an Oxford undergraduate, if she managed to find

Continued at top of page 272

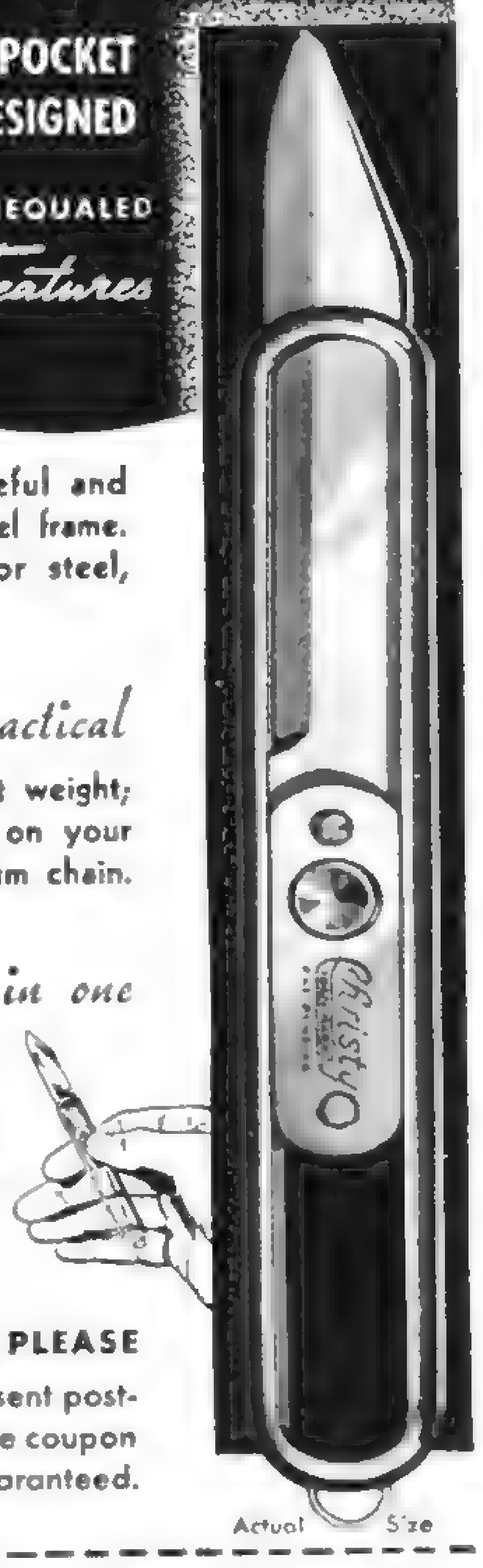
CHRISTY
Sport Knife
THE HANDIEST POCKET KNIFE EVER DESIGNED
. . . WITH UNEQUALED Safety Features

NEAT, handy, useful and durable. Stainless steel frame. Blade of finest razor steel, chromium plated.

Smart . . . practical
Graceful design, light weight; fine enough to wear on your silver, gold or platinum chain.

Three blades in one
Instantly opened or closed with one hand. No broken fingernails ...Blade locks easily in any one of 3 lengths... really 3 blades in 1.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE
At your dealer's. .or sent postpaid for $1.00. Use the coupon below. Satisfaction guaranteed.



THE CHRISTY CO., Fremont, Ohio Q-24

Enclosed is $1.00, for which please send me a Christy Sport Knife. If I am not entirely satisfied with the knife, I may return it and my $1.00 will be refunded. (Ohio orders add 3c for sales tax.) Offer good in U.S.A. only.

____

____

AMAZING SOCK INVENTION saves bother in dressing

NO CHANGING GARTERS . . .
NO GARTER HUNTS . . .

PACER by Holeproof has self-adjusting garter already attached at LIFT-UP angle

NEW
STYLE 3644
STYLE 3631
STYLE 3612

Note how self-adjusting garter rests at LIFT-UP, STAY-UP angle. Garter washes with sock—is guaranteed for life of sock.

50¢ and $1
BOTH SOCKS AND GARTERS FOR PRICE OF SOCKS ALONE

Now comes an amazing sock invention that "tames, trains, civilizes" garters. No longer can garters "hide" from you to waste precious morning minutes . . . or become shamefully soiled before you notice. No longer will your socks droop on your leg during an active day. This new invention by Holeproof is called Pacer. The garters are attached to the socks slip on right with the socks. They are washed with the socks—fresh every change—and guaranteed for the life of the socks. They hold at the LIFT-UP, STAY-UP angle easily, surely keep socks neat on thin legs or fat, short or long. No wonder thousands have swung to Pacer, urge their friends to end garter nuisance. Wide choice of plain colors and patterns. At good stores everywhere. Ask for Pacer!

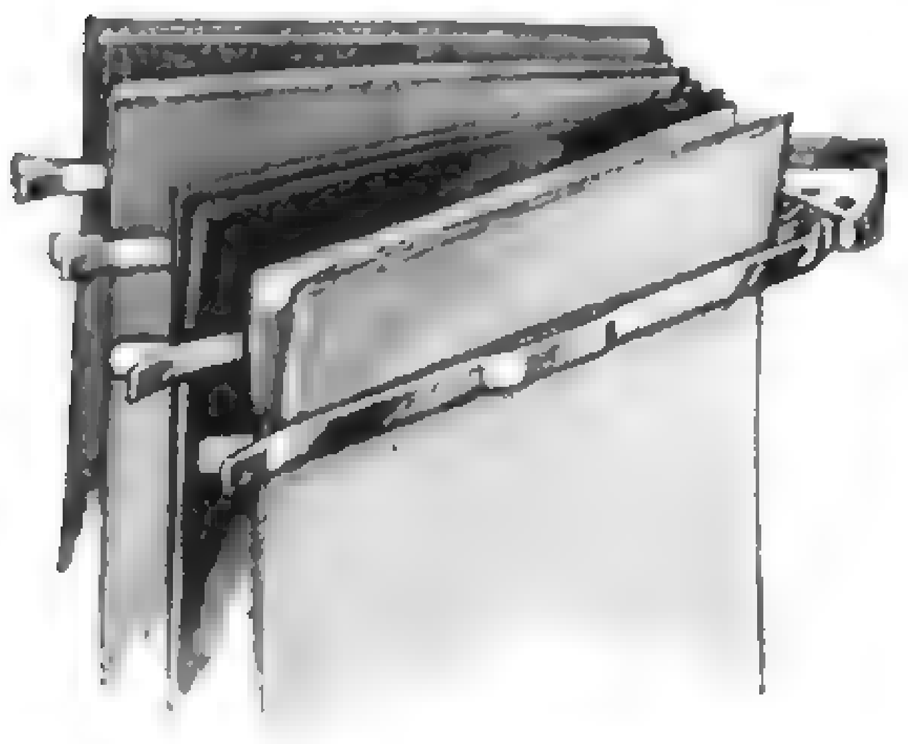
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

Pacer
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
by HOLEPROOF
THE SOCK WITH GARTER ATTACHED

a Christmas Gift?

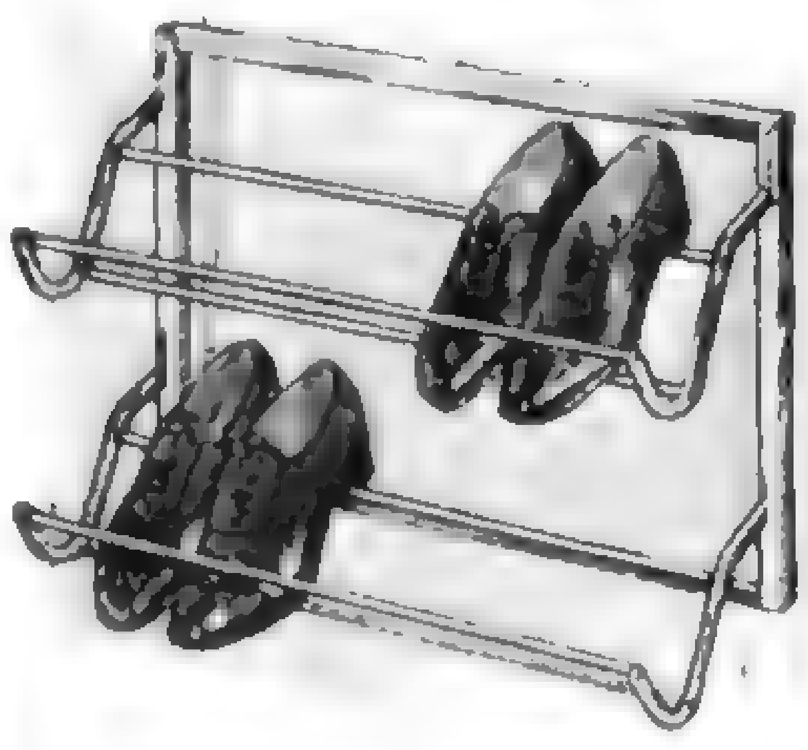
STOP RACKING YOUR BRAIN BY RACKING HIS CLOSET—WITH K-VENIENCE FIXTURES

TROUSER HANGER . . $1.75



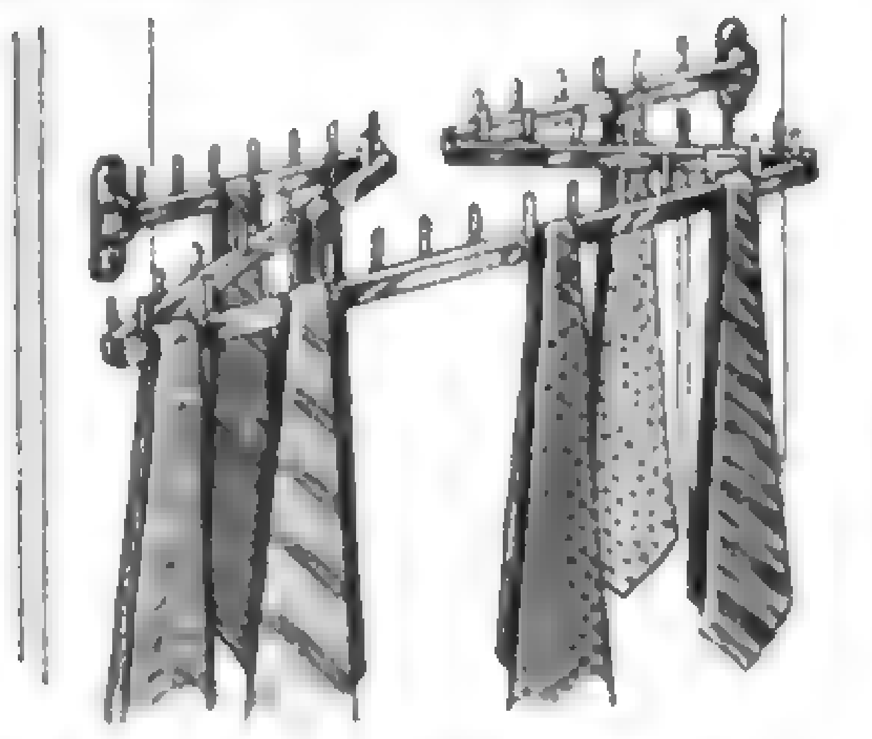
A great time and clothes saver he will bless you for! Trousers slide in and out of swinging clamps easily and quickly, hang full length, keep in press. Nickel finish; smart gift box.

SHOE RACK . . . $3.00



No more fumbling on the closet floor and he'll sing your praises plenty! Keeps shoes in easy reach, neat array, securely in place. Holds 4 or 5 pairs. Nickel finish; gift box.

HOL-MOR TIE RACK . . $3.50



A sure way to a man's heart! New, novel. Pulls out for handy selection, then pushes back flat, holding ties securely in place, orderly, wrinkle-free. Polished nickel finish; gift box.

—At dept. and hdwre. stores or use coupon—

KNAPE & VOGT MFG. CO.
Dept. 12-E, Grand Rapids, Michigan
Please send at once:
☐ #550 Trouser Hanger(s) ....@ $1.75
☐ #783 Shoe Rack(s) ....@ 3.00
☐ #771 Tie Rack(s) ....@ 3.50
☐ **All Three—*Special Combination Price*** 7.75
☐ Also catalog of 40 space-saving K-VENIENCE closet fixtures—"How To Double Closet Capacity."

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

Goodbye to Good Manners

Continued from pages 114-271

anything to say to the young man. She gave me a look of incredulous astonishment. They had been discussing, she informed me, the agricultural future of northern Rhodesia where her grandson had a farm and the lad on her right had traveled during his holidays. Later I noticed that she and the Oxford boy were laughing immoderately over some joke and I was forced to conclude that an age differential was not necessarily a deterrent in social intercourse.

The answer to the disregarding of age in society is the very definite jacking up of manners on the part of all.

Young men may enjoy a good anecdote with a great-grandmother, but they do not remain sitting on their necks when she enters a room. And great-grandmother, if she has never been relegated to her room, will, like as not, remain as amusing and interesting as the brightest of the debutantes. Moreover she will imbue the male company with a spirit of gallant respect which will be very good for them indeed.

When Mr. Pound spoke reminiscently of beautiful manners, he admitted to a suspicion that they are relics of another age. Perhaps that is condemning us too harshly, for it implies that we have lost the sense of tolerance which was instinctive with our grandfathers. Ezra, I am told by people who have seen him recently, has become inoculated with the insidious poison of Nazi-fascism. This would account for his placing good manners in the limbo of antimacassars.

The very nature of totalitarian philosophy is intolerant. Its seed and nucleus is dogmatic bigotry. When a people are ordered to despise other races and creeds, when their government sets an example of torture and humiliation towards the despised, then not only good manners are destroyed, but the source from which they spring. But those of us who still see a hope in democracy believe passionately that "all men are created free and equal." We prefer to vote with Voltaire, who wrote to Mme du Deffand, "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." That statement contains the purest precipitate of good manners. It is the clear voice of democracy, of liberty, of tolerance.

The ideological line that divides the civilized world today is sharply defined. We who live on Rousseau's, Voltaire's, Washington's, Jefferson's side should, more than ever in our history, emulate their manners. They proclaimed their philosophy by a punctilious observance of the little niceties which demonstrate the respect one freeman feels for another. They believed that only a true gentleman was a true democrat. Their manners were an echo of the Bill of Rights. If we are to maintain our passionate beliefs, we must be as scrupulous as they. The germ of Nazi-fascism can only flourish in the heart of a boor. #

Our Naval Dilemma

Continued from page 147

about $1,000,000 a year to maintain the 9,750-ton *Kent!*

With these facts in mind it becomes evident that if we continue to trail Japan in the size of our battleships, Japan may not find it impossible to acquire a real naval strength fully equal to ours. We need not fear, and Japan does not expect, that we will fail to build battleships as large as her 43,000-tonners. Already the Navy, after having wasted—to a large extent—some $360,000,000 on six relatively expensive and relatively ineffective 35,000-ton ships, has decided to build 45,000-ton designs. What we may expect is that by the time we have begun work on 45,000-ton ships Japan will be found to have started on 50,000- or 55,000- or 60,000-ton battleships, for Japan has shown a remarkably clear appreciation of the value of the big ship. During the Russo-Japanese War, one naval critic remarked, "The large number of indifferent ships in the Russian Navy are, under the test of war, now being rated at their true worth, whilst, on the other hand, the wise determination of the Japanese to have nothing but the best ships, although numbers had to be sacrificed, is bearing good fruit. Thus the truth is being realized that one good ship is worth almost any number of poor ones." It was on the Japanese themselves that this truth made the most profound impression, however. From 1897 to 1910 Japanese battleships were, without exception, larger than contemporary American units.

In 1913 Japan completed the *Kongo*, the largest warship in the world at that time, and the first to mount 14-inch guns. Her *Fuso*, of 1915, was the largest ship of her time, and the first to have twelve 14-inch weapons. The *Mutu* was the first battleship to mount 16-inch guns, and she was, and still is, somewhat larger than any of our ships.

The reason for Japan's leadership in the development of larger and larger battleships is obvious: Japan has never been able to match British or American naval programs either ton for ton or dollar for dollar, and hence she has been forced to resort to the most formidable, and, at the same time, the cheapest weapon—the very large battleship. Even though other powers have followed closely in bringing out designs as large as Japan's, that nation has obtained the substantial advantages of lengthening the use-

ADMIRAL
Navy blue and gold . . . epaulets . . . gold braid . . . for those who thrill to things nautical.
TONI AND TINA
A refreshing peasant style that wins quick popularity.
TINA

VARIETY

♥ From the dignified formality of navy blue and gold to the colorful romance of this peasant pair . . . Western playing cards offer delightful variety in design . . . tuned to the style trends of the day.

You and your friends will delight in these smart, yet moderately priced, modern decks. For sale at department stores, book and stationery dealers, gift shops, and better class drugstores. Ideal for bridge prizes and Christmas gifts, too.

FREE *Send a post card or letter for reproductions of over 20 new, smart designs*

WESTERN
PLAYING CARD CO.
1229 MOUND AVE., RACINE, WISCONSIN
Plants at: Racine, Wis., and Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Canadian Distributors: The Greetings Co.,
201 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Ont.

STOP
GOO
HANDKERCHIEF TEST
PROVES
HESSON GUARD
KEEPS VITAL ZONE
SPOTLESS
NO GOO
CAN PASS
HESSON
GUARD
IT'S
CUSHION
SEALED
WDC
Now $1

Always clean and free from goo no matter how often you smoke it. Challenging higher-priced pipes in briar quality and value.

HESSON GUARD
MILANO
WM. DEMUTH & CO., NEW YORK

ful life of her own ships, and of hastening the obsolescence of those of her naval rivals, and of having, commissioned and ready to fight, ships which other powers were able to match only with blueprints.

The success of Japan's policy, as far as the United States is concerned, has depended largely on Congressional inability to see why one large battleship should be better than two smaller ones—an inability which has, at times, forced the Navy to build ships even smaller than those we had completed before. In 1904 Congress ordered two ships to be not larger than 13,000 tons, although our next preceding class had been of 16,000 tons. Lord Thomas Brassey commented: "Designers across the Atlantic are being terribly hampered by the determination of Congress to cut down displacements. Indeed, it has been decided to order two ships which are not to exceed 13,000 tons, but which are to carry the heaviest armament. Solomon himself, after a ten years' course in naval architecture, might well give up such a problem in despair!" The ships were commissioned in 1907, and proved so utterly valueless that they were sold to Greece a few years later. We were fortunate in being able to dispose of them, even at a loss. Today there is little market for slightly-used 35,000-ton battleships.

That we are constructing 35,000-ton ships today is not due to lack of warning that Japan would build 43,000-tonners, for the reports that she would were early, numerous, and circumstantial, but partly to hope that Japan would be unable to afford such ships (whereas in truth she could not afford *smaller* ones), partly to Congressional feeling that big battleships are "offensive" weapons, and likely to antagonize other powers, and partly to a fear that for us to introduce larger battleships would result in an intensification of the naval race, and an increase in our naval expenditures.

It is, of course, perfectly true that large battleships are more effective offensive weapons than small ships. They are also just as much more effective defensively. In short, they are simply more efficient weapons, from whatever point of view they may be regarded.

It is true that the more effective our armaments, the more apt they are to "antagonize" some nations, but if the likes and dislikes of potential foes are to govern our armament policy, the logical step is not half-hearted preparation, but complete disarmament. Today naval competition has become sufficiently intense to strain the resources of the only powers with whom there is even a remote possibility of our becoming involved in naval conflict. Japan, for example, can spend on her navy little more than she is spending at present, so that, by adopting larger and more efficient battleships we would have obtained the same fighting power, and saved money, by building fewer tons and cheaper tons.

We are not alone in constructing 35,000-ton battleships, for England, France, Germany*, and Italy are also building ships of this size, but not with the same lack of reason.

The Baltic is an area of vital importance to both England and Germany, yet the Baltic is so shallow as to restrict seriously the operations of large warships. These two powers, and also France, are interested in the North Sea, where heavy fogs are frequent, and where visibility is low. If poor visibility should force an engagement to be fought at such a short range that a light gun would penetrate the heaviest armor, a small ship might be as effective as a large one. Italy, while not too poor to build one very large battleship, may be unable to afford two, and she may feel that a one-ship battlefleet would represent a too extreme example of the principle of concentration. We, on the other hand, have, or should have, no interest in the Baltic and the North Sea. The Pacific, and those parts of the Atlantic to which we could confine our naval activities, are deep, clear-weather seas, where battles will be fought at maximum range.

And far from having too few ships, we are acquiring more than can be managed.

We have at last decided to build 45,000-ton battleships—the type we should have laid down in place of the 35,000-tonners we are constructing—but that does not mean we are about to catch up with the size of Japan's units, for it can be predicted with complete confidence that Japan is about to lay down designs of 50,000 tons or more. In the past, Japan has found it profitable to lead in developing larger warships even though the United States has followed. Now Japan can take one more step with the hope that we will not follow, because we cannot: the locks of the Panama Canal will pass no well-designed battleship of much over 45,000 tons.

The locks at Panama are 110 feet wide. The new German 35,000-tonners will have a beam of 120 feet.

If the beam of our ships must be restricted to about 109 feet, we will be faced with the alternatives of building nothing much larger than 45,000 tons, or of designing ships which will fit the locks, but which will be unfit for battle, for, to get the most protection from a minimum weight of armor, and to obtain the lightest hull and the greatest ability to withstand torpedo attack, a battleship should be broad and beamy. By increasing the length of our designs, we might be able to make a ship of 70,000 tons or more which would be able to pass through the Panama locks, but such a vessel would

---

* The new German 35,000-ton units have turned out to be 40,000-tonners. The Kiel Canal is being widened to permit them to pass.

Continued on page 274

The Ambassador

Style featured retails for $4.00 . . . western states slightly higher

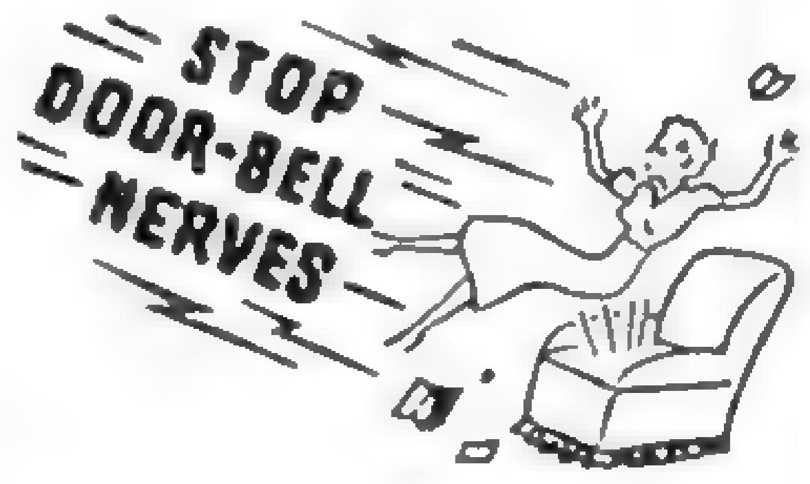
Yes sir . . . **High Style** in a house slipper!

MADAM SANTA: Here's a hint on how to hold your man. Buy him Evans Slippers for Christmas. He'll think the gift is pretty swell . . . and the giver, too. The Ambassador is one of a notable group of Evans Slippers displayed in the best stores throughout the country . . . slippers with a lot of distinction . . . genuine hand-turned for greater comfort and wear. They are sold in a variety of styles, at prices from three to five dollars. L. B. Evans' Son Company, Wakefield, Massachusetts.

EVANS 100 YEARS STANDARD E

Your guide to the best in Men's Slippers

Evans Slippers
GENUINE HAND TURNED



Welcome Guests The Modern Way!

Gracious living is enhanced with a Rittenhouse Door Chime. When the door button is pressed, rich, pleasing chime tones replace the nerve-racking noise of the ordinary bell or buzzer. The tonal beauty and graceful styling of Rittenhouse Chimes improve the attractiveness of any home. Easily installed, using regular door-bell wiring. Built to last a lifetime. An unusual and welcome Christmas or wedding gift. A year-'round reminder of the giver.

Choose from a variety of new models . . . $1.00 to $50.00. Attractive finishes. Suitable for homes, apartments, offices, institutions, etc. Guaranteed.

Your electrical dealer, department or hardware store has them or can get them for you. Insist on getting genuine Rittenhouse Chimes.

**Send postcard for free folder showing various models.*

THE A. E. RITTENHOUSE CO., INC.
Dept. 90, Honeoye Falls, N. Y. (Est. 1903)

Smart Gifts
MUSICAL DOOR CHIMES INSTEAD OF BR-R-RINGS
Sentinel $6.25 and $7.00
Twintone $2.95 and $3.95
President $6.95 to $11.50
Vogue $15.00

RITTENHOUSE
ELECTRIC DOOR CHIMES

for that ONE all important GIFT

Give these MASTERPIECES of Beauty

There are some on your Christmas list for whom "just another gift" will not do. To those you can give nothing finer . . . no more fitting token of your regard than luggage covered with *Genuine Rawhide* by Gutmann . . . masterpieces of beauty and craftsmanship. Call it smartness, distinction, elegance . . . there is something about Luggage fashioned in *Genuine Rawhide* which compliments the owner. *It is the perfect gift.* Buy it at better dealers everywhere.

Insist on LUGGAGE Covered with

GENUINE Rawhide by GUTMANN

(Also known as TUFRAW)

Rawhide by Gutmann is produced by Gutmann and Company, Inc., Chicago

THE 2 FOR 1 TIE

It's Reversible!

A DOUBLE TIE FOR DOUBLE WEAR
HAS 2 WIDE ENDS

A
FOR
PAT. APPLIED FOR
B
C
D

FIRST TIE OF ITS KIND IN HISTORY

Wear either end in view . . . get twice the wear! Knots perfectly. Gorgeous silk-warp fabrics. Made by Cutter-Crossette, famous for fine ties for 76 years. If dealer cannot supply rush coupon below. Beautifully packed as a gift if you send your dealer's name.

WEAR EITHER END IN FRONT

$1 EACH

AVAILABLE IN ALL COLORS

IF DEALER CANNOT SUPPLY ORDER WITH COUPON

CUTTER-CROSSETTE CO
529 S. FRANKLIN ST.
CHICAGO, ILL.

ENCLOSED FIND
$____ FOR ____ TIES

QUANTITY COLORS
A____ ____
B____ ____
C____ ____
D____ ____

NAME____
ADDRESS____ DEALER____

Our Naval Dilemma

Continued from pages 147-273

be a freak of little value in battle. Length alone tends to add to speed, but, for a given displacement, it increases the area which must be armored, the weight of the hull, and the vulnerability to torpedos. World-War British warships were less able to withstand under-water injury than comparable German ships because Parliament, while willing to vote funds for ship construction, had refused to appropriate for the wider docks which would have permitted British ships to have been given as much beam as German designs. In the course of time some more adequate means of inter-oceanic communication will be provided, either in the form of new and larger locks at Panama, a canal across Nicaragua, or, possibly, one across Tehuantepec, but any of these projects will take years to build, and in the meantime Japan is in a position to put us under a severe naval handicap if we allow our battleship construction to be dominated by the belief that we must build nothing incapable of going through the present canal. That Japan will refrain from grasping this opportunity is not to be expected.

The suggestion that in designing our next battleships we ignore the limits imposed by the narrowness of the Panama locks may seem startling, but consider the situation: In the Atlantic we have but two possible naval foes—Germany and Italy. Germany is building three 35,000-ton battleships. She has two of 26,000 tons, and three 10,000-ton "pocket battleships" which would be practically worthless in a fleet engagement.

Italy has four old battleships of 24,000 tons and less, and she is completing two 35,000-ton units. When their present programs are accomplished these powers will be able to muster a total of only eleven ships, to which we can oppose fifteen, and will be able to oppose twenty-one. The Italo-German fleet will mount eighteen 11-inch, forty-six 12-inch, and forty-five 15-inch guns. Ours will mount twelve 12-inch, one hundred twenty-four 14-inch, and seventy-eight 16-inch pieces, behind armor which averages some 60 per cent thicker. Even in the highly improbable event that Germany and Italy, without exhausting themselves in a long war, should acquire unchallenged mastery of Europe, which they do not have now, and which they would have to obtain before they could attempt to exert armed force anywhere in the Western Hemisphere, we have, and will continue to have for some years to come, a decisive superiority in the Atlantic. Moreover, there is strong evidence to support the belief that Italo-German infringement of the Monroe Doctrine is a possibility prominent in our imaginations, but entirely absent from the plans of these powers. It is fairly certain that none of the German or Italian battleships (with the exception of Germany's three pocket battleships) have fuel capacity to cross the Atlantic. In the Pacific the picture is far different. We are confronted by an ambitious and rapidly expanding empire whose navy is opposed by ours alone, whose battleship tonnage is being increased nearly as fast as ours, whose real battle strength is increasing more rapidly, and which, if it finds itself strong enough, may try to take the Philippines, Guam, Samoa, Wake, and Midway, or Alaska and the Aleutians.

For some years to come at least—for longer than it would take us to provide means of shifting larger battleships across Panama or Nicaragua or Tehauntepec—we will have no need of more naval strength in the Atlantic, and we are free to build battleships so large as to be temporarily confined to the Pacific, where we do need them. In the event of war in the Atlantic we could concentrate twenty-one battleships there (or twenty, if we junk the old *Arkansas*), and leave our super-ships in the Pacific as a defensive force. In the event of war in the Pacific, our entire fleet would then be available.

We should, therefore, abandon our plans to construct 45,000-ton battleships which are sure to be over-matched by Japanese units displacing from five to fifteen thousand tons more, and, instead, construct a smaller number of *the largest battleships which would be efficient designs* in the present state of engineering and technical knowledge—ships which Japan might and would equal, but which she could not exceed and render obsolete, and ships which would give us the most fighting power per ton, and the most tons per dollar.

There are technical limits to the efficient size of battleships, but they lie far above 45,000 tons. At the time of the Washington Conference, England was at work on four super-Hoods of about 49,000 tons each. Sir Philip Watts, the world's foremost naval architect, was urging the advantages of 60,000-ton battleships. Units of 70,000 tons were being discussed seriously, and there was nothing fantastic in the discussion.

The limiting factor in the displacement of a battleship seems at present to be the size of the guns which it is given. The British *Agincourt* had seven turrets, but when more than four turrets are mounted the arcs of fire become restricted. France and England now mount four guns to a turret, and the arrangement has advantages. During the last days of the War, an 18-inch gun was mounted on the *Furious* and bombarded Zeebruge. Observers were impressed by its accuracy and power. Hadfield built and tested 20-inch guns for the British Admiralty, and the tests are known to have been satisfactory. Even larger

Your Gracious Host From Coast to Coast

IN NEW YORK..
The Gotham

IN CHICAGO..
The Drake
The Blackstone

IN LOS ANGELES..
The Town House

IN BELLEAIR, FLA..
Belleview Biltmore

A. S. KIRKEBY,
Managing Director

KIRKEBY HOTELS

pieces could be built, but perhaps there would be little to be gained, considering life, accuracy, range, penetration, and rate of fire in going beyond 18 inches until better armor plates or less corrosive powders are developed. To carry sixteen 18-inch guns with adequate protection against other 18-inch rifles, and to develop about 28 knots, a displacement of between 70,000 and 75,000 tons would be needed. Battleships of this size would be the largest there is any need to build, and the smallest which can be justified.

Would 75,000 tons constitute a limit for all time? Doubtless not, but a 75,000-ton battleship should remain useful for twenty or twenty-five years to come, while our new 35,000-tonners may be expected to go to the junk yard before 1950, and our 45,000-tonners soon afterward.

To be able to meet situations which may arise in the future in the Atlantic, we should, if we cut loose from the dimensions set by the present Panama locks, waste little time in deciding on a means of permitting larger ships to shift from ocean to ocean. Three suggestions have been made—another, and larger, set of locks at Panama[†]; a canal across Nicaragua; and a canal across the isthmus of Tehauntepec. The proponents of the Nicaraguan canal urge that it would shorten the distance between our seaboards, and give us an alternative route to use in case of the capture or destruction of the other. It seems to have been overlooked that the only good reason for building a new canal is to permit us to use larger ships, and that with the Nicaraguan canal we would still have but one canal which these larger battleships could use. Furthermore, while the Nicaraguan route would be shorter in miles it might be longer in time, for the canal itself would be much longer, and passage through it would be very slow. The construction of a Nicaraguan canal seems to offer no real advantage over the quicker and less expensive alternative of building new locks at Panama. A canal across Tehauntepec would be too costly in all probability, but since it would put our lines of communication entirely within the Gulf of Mexico, and give us a route much shorter in time as well as distance, it seems worth serious investigation. In any event it is to be hoped that we will not repeat the mistake we made at Panama—the mistake of failing to foresee the extent to which the size of both liners and battleships would grow.

Much of our armament program must be regarded as a hysterical waste of money for equipment we do not need, cannot use, and which will be obsolete before it is paid for. In theory, a few enemy aircraft could drop a few bombs on the United States. In practice, they would not—the cost of the venture would be too great, the results too small. Yet we are spending millions on anti-aircraft guns which could not protect our cities if they were called upon—anti-aircraft guns can do no more than force airplanes to such a height that their bombs, aimed at a power-plant or a water works, will be more apt to fall on an apartment building or a hospital—and on airplanes, many of them bombers, which will be museum pieces in five years, which we do not need at home, which we could use in Europe or Asia only by basing them on the soil of an ally, which we could use in South America only as long as we have a superior navy, and which we will not need in South America if we have that navy. We are spending money on tanks for which no use can be seen, except in the event that we participate in a foreign war in alliance with other powers, and on coast defenses which we do not need if we have a navy, and which would be without value if we lack a navy, for, as one authority put it, "the only true defense of a nation's coasts is not fixed fortifications, but a superior fleet."

Seapower alone is a complete defense of continental United States, and the only complete defense. It is the only means by which aircraft carriers can be kept outside striking distance of our coasts, by which raiding cruisers can be prevented from attacking our coast-wise shipping, and shelling unfortified towns (it would be physically impossible to fortify *all* our seaboard cities), by which other powers can be stopped from establishing near-by air bases. Seapower is the only protection which can be given our foreign trade, our outlying possessions, and our interests in Latin America. Yet we do not need even the fully-rounded, well-balanced navy which we are urged to build, for the battleship is the true basis of naval power, and the battleship is able to secure and hold command of the sea almost by itself. It would not be folly to skimp on cruisers, destroyers, and submarines, for to a large extent they could be built after the outbreak of hostilities, and their presence or absence at the start of a war would influence its duration, but not its outcome. The battleship alone is absolutely indispensable from the beginning of a conflict, and the battleship, if modern in size and design at the time of the construction, is the longest-lived of all weapons, useful for a quarter of a century or more, available to meet far-distant threats which may be entirely unforeseeable when it is laid down. But it is not enough to build large numbers of battleships if we fail to make them the best we can design. #

[†] It has been decided to add new locks at Panama. They are expected to be 1,200 feet long and 135 feet wide. It has been stated that these locks will be adequate for "a century to come." In my opinion, this optimism is unjustified, for while the length is excessive, the width is inadequate. It is my prediction that before the new locks are ten years old we will have built battleships just able to squeeze through, and that our designers will be tearing their hair over their inability to match the beam of the units being built by some other nation.

Ten gifts in one
FOR HER

Not a woman who won't *sincerely* admire your intelligence when you present her with Vitalator, with its daily gift of health and beauty.

Vitalator does all its work simply by stimulating blood circulation. It imparts to the *fingers* of the user the skill of the professional Swedish masseuse.

For gentle massage — toning up the complexion, firming the neck muscles, soothing headache, loosening head and chest colds, stimulating the gums — she uses a light touch.

For deep, vigorous massage she kneads firmly with the fingers, whittling away at waist and hip fat, stimulating the scalp, relieving backache and sore muscles, relaxing tired feet, easing all-over nervous tension.

and/or you

Vitalator takes all the work out of scalp massage — leaves your head tingling with quickened circulation, stimulates luxuriant hair growth, loosens dandruff.

All over the body Vitalator stirs up blood, limbers up muscles, brings relief to overworked nerves. It tones up the abdominal and chest muscles that do so much to make a man look young and athletic — when they're kept fit.

Try a Vitalator massage and you'll feel the difference at once. A nearby store will be glad to give you a demonstration.

At leading department stores everywhere, or write to
The A. C. GILBERT COMPANY, New Haven, Conn.
Makers of quality electrical appliances

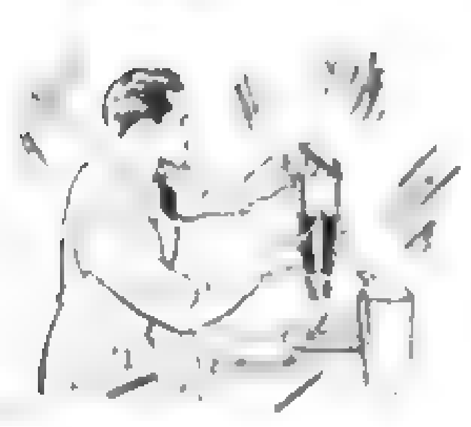
GILBERT Vitalator
Chrome finish $8.95
Plastic: maroon or ivory $9.95

THE HEALTH WAY TO GOOD LOOKS

WHAT A GIFT!
STREAMLINED
•
COLORFUL
•
SMART
Crushes Ice Fine, Medium or Coarse

DAZEY TRIPLE ICE CRUSHER

Ideal for
RATHSKELLER
BAR
KITCHEN



A gift that will win three cheers from any Mr. or Mrs. They'll rave about its sleek, streamlined beauty, but even more about how easily and perfectly it works—how convenient it is and how cleverly it changes to crush ice in fine, medium or coarse at a mere finger touch. *Choice of red, green or black ice cup.*

With White Enamel Body $3.75
DELUXE (Chromium Body) $5.75
Denver and West prices are $3.95 and $5.95

SEE THESE DAZEYS AT ESQUIRE'S XMAS FAIR
605 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

DAZEY SUPER-JUICER

Just the thing for juicing limes, lemons, oranges... quickly . . . no mess . . . more juice . . . less effort.

$1.89 in East — $1.98 Denver and West

New DAZEY *De Luxe* CAN OPENER

A grand old name in a brand new can opener. Cuts smoother and cleaner; easier to use and safer than any ever seen! Besides it SWINGS to either side out of way when not in use. Easily taken down to put away.

CHROMIUM MODEL—$2.79; REGULAR—$1.79
Denver and West—$2.85 and $1.85

Sold by Department Stores, hardware dealers, specialty shops. If they cannot supply you order direct

DAZEY CHURN & MFG. CO., INC.
Warne & Carter Avenues • St. Louis, Missouri

Blues Are the Negroes' Lament

Continued from page 100

and entertainers were well schooled and versed in this pattern. As long as the field hands were singing on a plantation, the "boss man" would go into town, he had no fear of any uprising or discontent. A singing darky was a good darky. All Negroes knew this.

Picture the long fields of sugar cane in Louisiana, glinting in the sun, and rows of cane workers acres across, all singing their Work songs as they rhythmically cut cane; fields of cotton in Georgia—sweating stevedores in Memphis and St. Louis stripped to the waist while they swung two-hundred-pound bales of cotton—chain gang workers and railroad tampers, pile drivers on the southern tracks—a race of black people singing as they worked—and it was hard physical work. There is little creative ability in work that requires dexterous hands and strong backs; there is only rhythm and timing and these songs which they sang lightened that burden. "Ah'm gonna swing my pick, gonna throw dis hammer—uh yes, Lord—gonna throw dat hammer—uh yes, Lord." The punctuation of "Yes, Lord" that occurs throughout many Blues was the sigh, the sigh of physical exertion, the brief fraction of a second of suspended effort before the task was accomplished. As the combite works today in Haiti carried over from the combites of Africa, in which large communal groups of Negroes work a field together, working to the rhythmic thumping of a drum and singing in time with it—just so did the American Negro work on the plantations.

They worked and sang together and many of these songs carried a meaning only to Negroes. To the white mind, it was perfect peace and contentment among the blacks, but to Negroes it was often a means of communication.

"Ya bettah breeze on down dat road—son. Ya bettah breeze on down dat road. Mistuh Charlie from town ain't feelin' good—ya better lighten dat heavy load"—from one to another the song was taken up and passed along the field. It simply meant that there was a white man from a different town who had arrived on the plantation and the young Negro who was working among them, guarded zealously from the whites "at de big house," had better leave town. Negroes frequently hid one of their own who had sought refuge among them, and they were telling him in code that he had better leave the plantation that night.

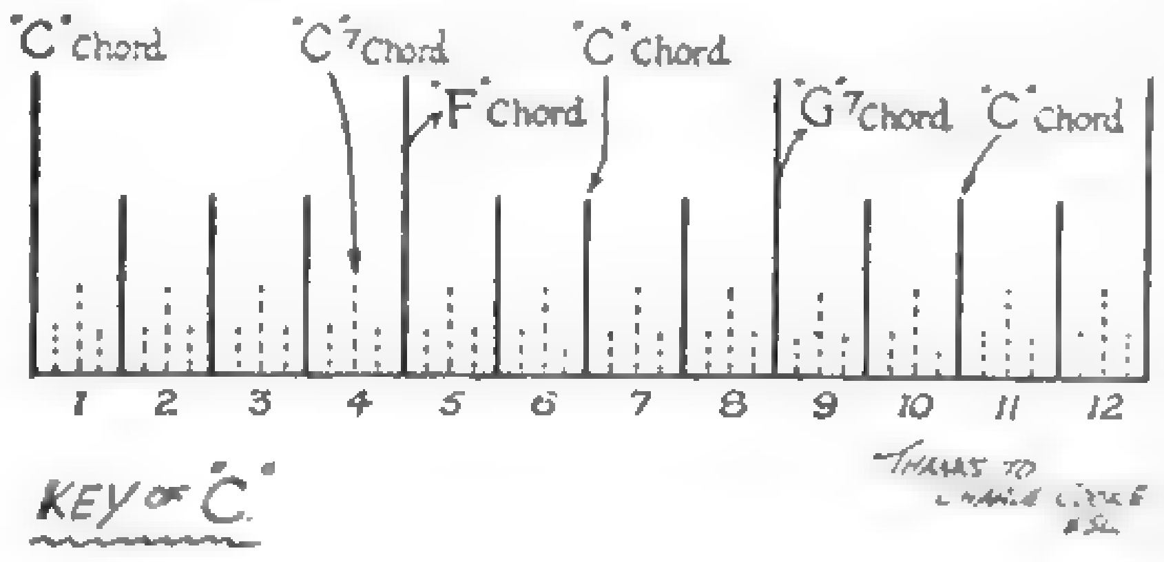
Such lyrics interspersed among well known songs carried a world of significance to black ears.

A race that has been continually on the defensive for so many years has developed a keen sense of impending danger and the Blues grew out of this form of protection.

Melancholy though they were, they could be interpreted a hundred ways, but the circumstances under which they were sung had everything to do with their proper interpretation.

Basically, the Blues are similar to Spirituals and it is important to note that the musical bars are practically the same length. For those musically minded take the song *Minnie the Moocher* or *St. James Infirmary*. The Spiritual *Hold on—Keep Your Hands on the Plow* is identical with them and it was written more than forty years ago.

This background of the "why" of the Blues is essential to understand them properly and to get a fuller understanding of their true meaning. None of them was ever written to music before the 1890's because the majority of Negroes had had no musical education and the flood of ragtime pieces that immediately followed, in the early nineteen hundreds, were merely melodies that have followed the Blues pattern these many years. There is a definite pattern to the Blues, just as there is for poetry and other forms of creative expression that have survived the centuries. It is no hit or miss musical form. For example take the key of C:



The above diagram is the harmony of the Blues in the Key of C. In other keys the same relationship as far as harmonic changes are concerned would exist.

"C" Chord is retained for 3½ measures or bars
The next ½ bar is the "C" seventh chord
The next 2 bars are the "F" chord
The next 2 bars are the "C" chord
The next 2 bars are the "G" seventh chord
The next 2 bars are the "C" chord

The dotted lines equal 4 quarters to each measure. The heavy lines represent a bar of music consisting of 4 quarters or beats.

The Blues always consists of 12 bars—the C 7th after the first 4 bars—the F chord and the remainder of the piece is essentially the same. An original Blues composition must be original in the first four bars, the next four bars are merely relief—then one returns to the major chords.

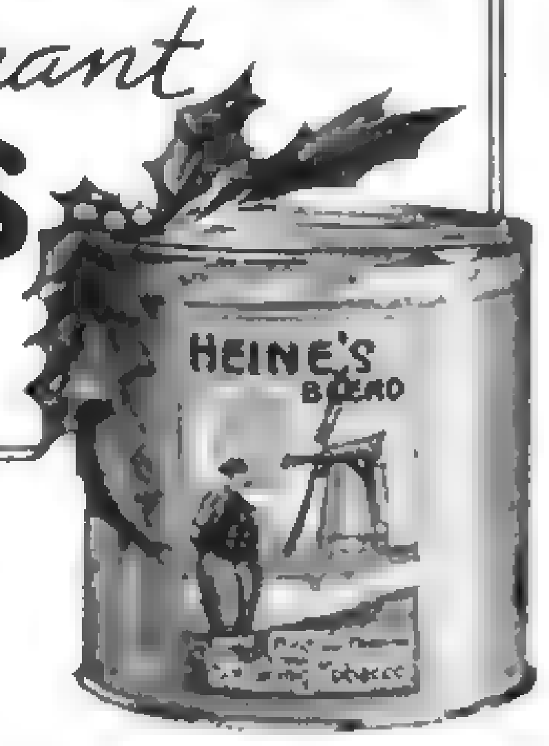
Often one hears pieces on the radio termed Blues which are merely bastard products because some well-known orchestra insists on stepping up 12 bars to 24 or even 32.

This is Swing as we know it today, but it has nothing in common with the Blues and as Clarence Williams told me, "the flavor and color are taken from the Blues when one tries variations and liberties with their original form."

Clarence Williams is now a music publisher in New York—who

for CRITICAL MOMENTS

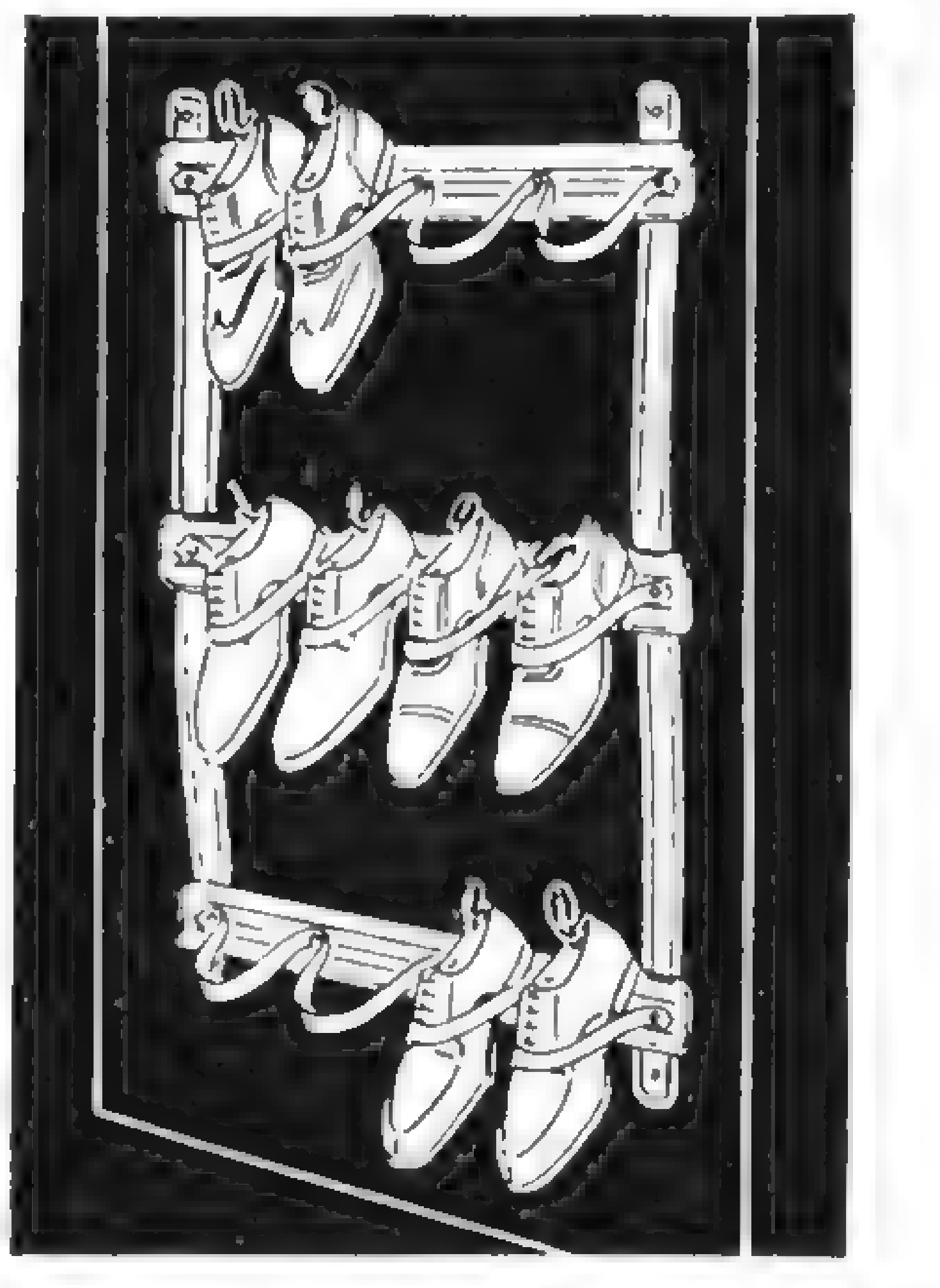
The *real* Handout for the No. 1 Christmas 'HIM' . . . . *fragrant*
HEINE'S BLEND



• For chimes-ringing early Christmas a. m. *leave it to that pound can of Heine's!*... All fussed up in hollyday finery, here is the glad-gift that answers the pipester's prayer in universal smokelanguagel . . . Talk about mile-wide-smiles, plus more smiles-per-smoke, Heine's *fragrant, mellow, mild* Blend lets down the bars for your Merry Christmas 'HIM' to get his fill of flavor and pipepeace, the likes of which he never knew beforel

1-lb. and ½-lb. vacuum-type tins and 1¾-oz. foil packages at smart smoke counters everywhere, or write Sutliff Tobacco Company, San Francisco, California or Heine's Tobbaco Company, Massillon, Ohio.

Here's a Gift Men Will Appreciate
TIOGA OAK LEATHER
SHU-RAK
KEEP SHOES NEATLY ON THE DOOR—OFF THE FLOOR



Holds 6 pr. shoes. Will not catch dust. Sanitary. A practical gift. Dept. Stores—Men's Shops—or order direct. $4.

• • •

GIVE YOUR DOG A XMAS GIFT

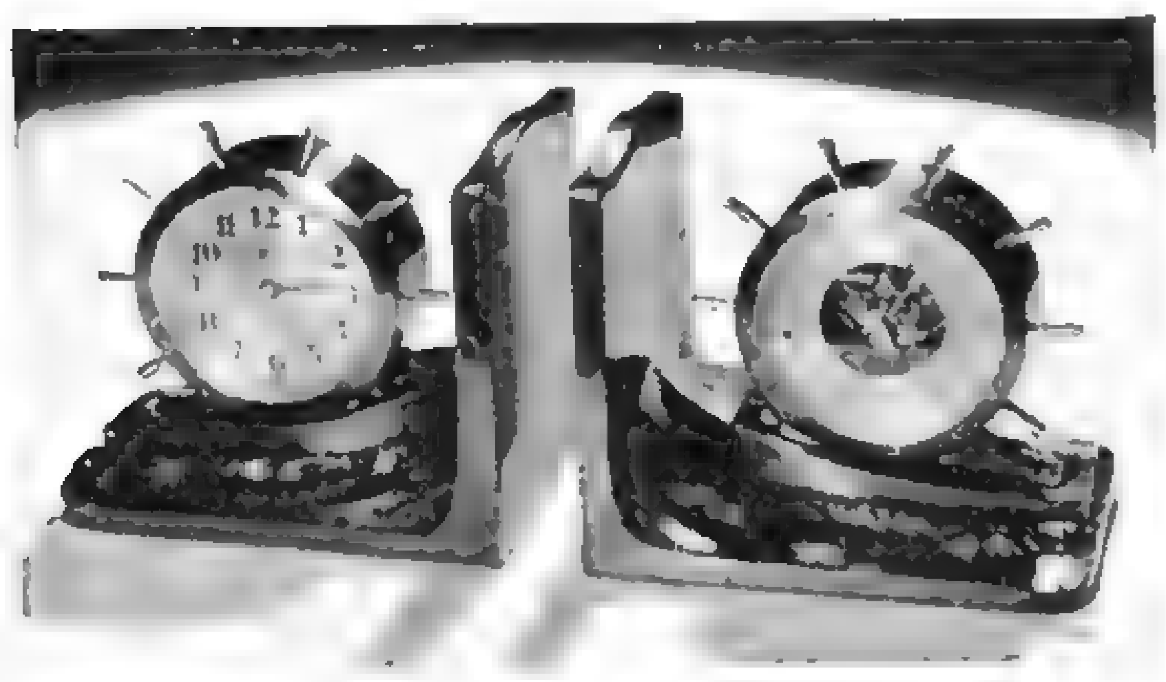
We make fine leather collars, leashes and leads, attractively priced. At stores or order direct. Send for booklet.

XMAS MAIL ORDER COUPON

J. C. DECKER, INC., MONTGOMERY, PA.
I enclose $.................., for which please send me......................shu-raks.
Send booklet on dog specialties...............
Name......................................
Address....................................
City.......................................

IT'S NEWS!
"Sir John" . . . Glover-tailored surcoat with Kayway raglan shoulder, handy deep pockets. Exclusive block plaid and stripe Western Range Woolens. $8.95 to $12.95 . . . at better stores. Other new styles $6.95 up.
H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
880 Merchandise Mart, Chicago
Glover
SPORTS-WEAR

Chelsea Clocks
The Finest Gift for HIM this Christmas


In solid cast bronze. Eight-day movements—many with ship's bell strike. *Illustrated:* the new Chelsea BOOK ENDS. $110 per pair. At your jeweler, or write us for illustrated booklet showing 33 models. Chelsea Clock Company, 1278 Everett Ave., Chelsea, Mass.

Royal Demuth
We invite the interest of discerning smokers to the superb qualities of Royal Demuth $3.50 pipes

has written hundreds of Blues and who I think, as do many of America's finest musicians, is the greatest living Blues writer. If you know Blues at all, I'll give you a few of his compositions and then perhaps you'll know this man better. He wrote *Sister Kate*—remember the shimmy shi wabble? *Royal Garden Blues, Gulf Coast Blues, You Don't Know My Mind, West End Blues, Sugar Blues, Squeeze Me, I Ain't Gonna Give Nobody None of this Jellyroll, I Can't Dance, I've got Ants in my Pants*—and that greatest of all Blues, unless of course you are a *St. Louis Blues* fanatic, the piece *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*. The list is endless and he's still writing.

When he was fourteen he wrote the *Michigan Water Blues:*

"Michigan water, taste like champagne wine
Michigan water, taste like champagne wine
Ah'm going back to Michigan
To see that gal of mine
Ah believe to my soul, mah babie's got a black cat born
Ah believe to my soul, mah babie's got a black cat born
Cause every time ah leave
Ah got to crawl back home"

This naturally led us into a discussion of the fact that Blues, as we know them today, were always written about love, someone's baby leaving him, hard luck dogging one's trail and the "misery 'roun yo door." "It's the mood," he exclaimed. "That's the carry-over from slavery—nothing but trouble in sight for everyone—there was no need to hitch your wagon to a star because there weren't any stars, you got only what you fought for. Spirituals were the natural release—Times gonna git better in de promised lan'—but many a stevedore knew only too well that his fate was definitely tied up in his own hands. If he was clever and strong, and didn't mind dying, he came through—the weak ones always died. A Blue mood since prayers often seemed futile, the words were made to fit present situations that were much more real and certainly more urgent. Ef ah kin jes grab me a handfulla freight train—ah'll be set—Always the urge to leave, to go to a distant town, a far city, to leave the prejudices and cruelty of the South. Superstition played its part too a large part—black cats, black women, conjures, charms, sudden death, working in steel mills, cotton fields, loving women, fighting over women, all of the most intimate and earthy pursuits."

As I talked with Clarence Williams, his eyes brightened. "Tell you what I'll do"—he pressed a buzzer near his desk and whispered a hurried message into the phone. "I'm canceling all appointments for today, we'll just talk about Blues, you ask the questions and I'll try and answer them if I can," he said, as he pushed a large sheaf of letters aside.

I asked only one question and that question started a discussion that ended when the neons began to blink over Broadway and 45th Street and the taxi horns aroused us from a bygone period. I started—"Mr. Williams, if you were a white man, you'd probably be worth a million dollars today, wouldn't you—because the radio and motion picture rights as well as all mechanical rights to all of your songs would be copyrighted—you'd have a staff of smart boys working for you ferreting out tunes and buying them for a song from colored fellows who had no musical education and you'd never have a material care in this world—think hard now—wouldn't you have rather been born a white man?"

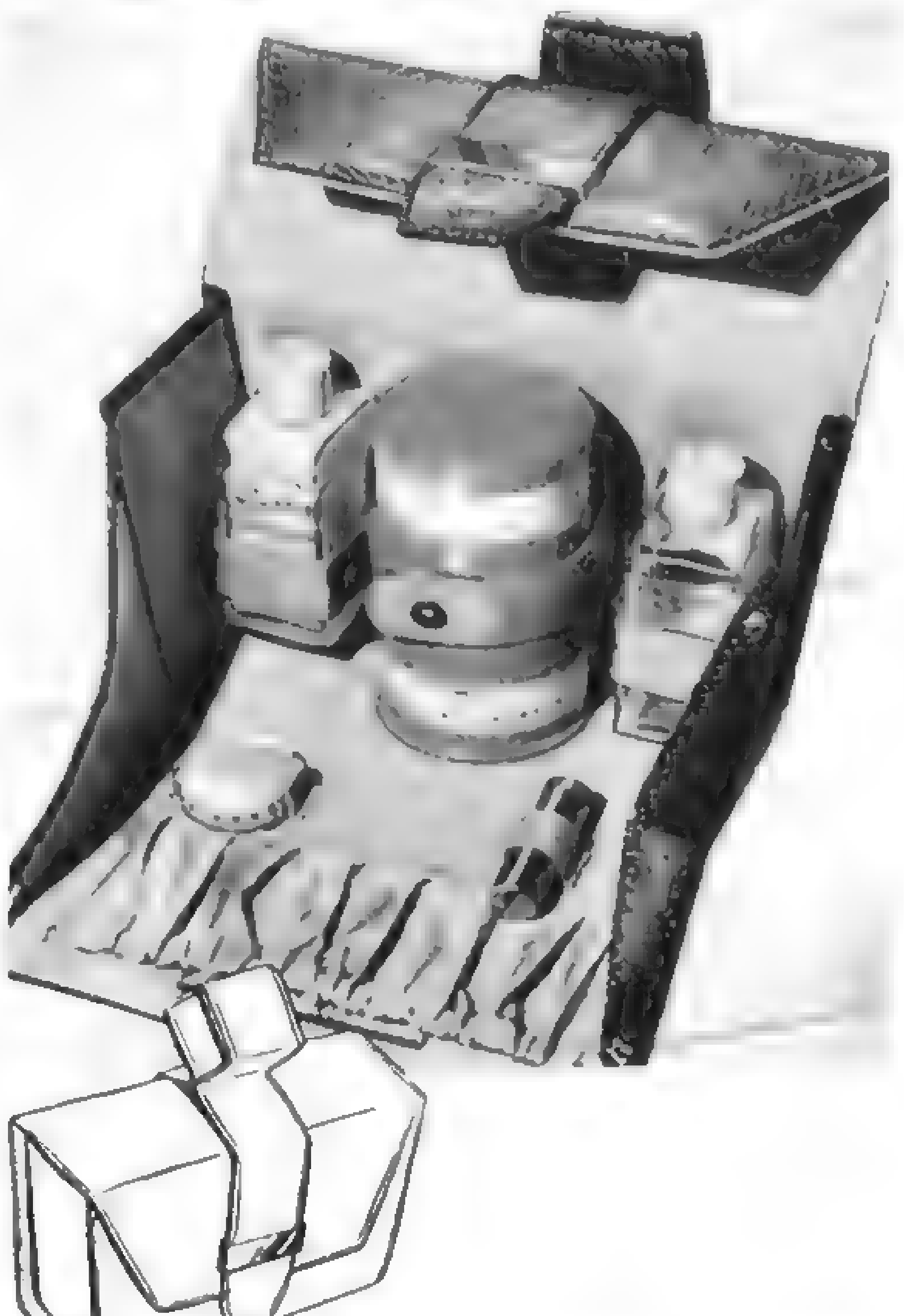
He laughed out loud—uproariously, and replied, "Why I'd never have written Blues if I had been white—you don't study to write Blues, you FEEL them. It's the mood you're in—sometimes it's a rainy day—cloud mist—just like the time I lay for hours and hours in a swamp in Louisiana, Spanish moss dripping everywhere, but that's another story—it's a mood though—white men were looking for me with guns—I wasn't scared, just sorry I didn't have a gun. I began to hum a tune—a little sighing kinda tune—you know like this . . ."

Clarence Williams was seated at the piano and his large muscular fingers began to caress the keys—eerie chords rumbled along—he sang—"Jes as blue as a tree—an old willow tree—nobody 'roun here, jes nobody but me"—the melody trailed off. "Never wrote that down, never published it either, I don't know why I'm playing it now." I didn't intrude on his thoughts. "You never knew Tony Jackson did you—no, of course not, you were too young" Williams was not conscious of my presence in the room. He talked and played. I listened.

Tony Jackson was probably the greatest Blues pianist that ever lived. He was great because he was original in all of his improvisations—a creator—a supreme stylist. This all happened thirty years ago when the wine rooms flourished.

These were nothing more or less than sedate saloons, with a family entrance for ladies and potted palms and the usual ornate bric-a-brac in every corner. There was the inevitable three or four piece orchestra with the diva belching out ballads, trailing her ostrich plumes as she coyly made her exit, and the mustached dons of the period keeping a sharp eye out for a well turned ankle. Informality was the keynote, and any of the patrons who wished could render a song, vocal or otherwise, provided of course that they were not too terrible. Booing was much too mild for a poor performance in those days. Negroes had their wine rooms, patterned as nearly as possible after the white ones, but they were necessarily less pretentious in every way. Often their wine rooms were combination billiard and pool parlors, saloon and clubroom for the tougher gentry. There were no paid entertainers,

Continued on page 278


A-traveling she will go...
Give her this Debcase for casual jaunts; smartly styled in seal brown lizard Keratol holding seven essentials to beauty. $5.00...or, give her this well stocked black alligator fabrikoid case richly lined in burgundy and equipped for days and days of complexion care—what more could a lady ask? $15.00...Wings to Beauty cosmetics were created you know by Jacqueline Cochran, that famous flyer who was solving complexion problems before she set speed records. You can purchase these cases at smart cosmetic departments or direct from the Laboratory, Roselle, New Jersey.
Wings to Beauty
JACQUELINE COCHRAN COSMETICS
Jacqueline Cochran Beauty Salons: 700 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Deerpath Inn, Lake Forest, Illinois. Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, California.

Blues Are the Negroes' Lament

Continued from pages 100-277

no orchestra, and the only music provided was that played and composed on the spot by these ragtime and Blues piano players.

New Orleans was the focal point for Negro musicians, all of them coming down from the various river towns but particularly from Memphis and St. Louis on the many boat excursions that would wind up in the delta. Blues was looked upon as "low music" forty years ago because its greatest exponents were hustlers and sports, itinerant musicians who played in river joints and dives because these were the only places sympathetic to their type of playing. Negroes have always loved the Blues but in attempting to imitate the white man, many of them were trying to stamp out of their consciousness this natural emotional tie because of its background of slavery.

Being ashamed of one's heritage is usually predominate in minority groups—and in imitation of the music of white America, many Negroes were contributing nothing worthwhile to American music. These Blues musicians were the pioneers, those who refused to compromise with their music—and they were creating and forming the basis for present-day American music. Gershwin's *American in Paris* as well as his *Rhapsody in Blue* are outstanding examples of Blues harmonies—you don't think he pulled them out of the air do you?

Cities and towns figure in the names of so many Blues because the writers of these pieces were definitely associated with the towns. In these early "jam sessions" many of them held in these wine rooms in New Orleans, individual musicians would compete with one another. They came from the length and breadth of the Mississippi and their styles of playing were as different as the sections of the country from which they came. Boogie-Woogie piano playing originated in the lumber and turpentine camps of Texas and in the sporting houses of that state. A fast rolling bass—giving the piece an undercurrent of tremendous power—power piano playing.

Neither Pinetop Smith, Meade Lux Lewis nor Albert Ammons originated that style of playing—they are merely exponents of it.

In Houston, Dallas and Galveston—all Negro piano players played that way. This style was often referred to as a "fast western" or "fast Blues" as differentiated from the "slow Blues" of New Orleans and St. Louis. At these gatherings the ragtime and Blues boys could easily tell from what section of the country a man came, even going so far as to name the town, by his interpretation of a piece.

Even today, the finest clarinet players in the world usually come from New Orleans and this is because of the French influence. France has always led the world in the making of reed instruments and the first musical instrument that many of these Negroes owned was the clarinet. It is simple to trace their influence in the formation of Blues as we know them today. The West Indies, Martinique in particular, always used the clarinet and bass viol in the Beguine and in all of their other folk dances.

Clarinets were handed down from one generation to the next in New Orleans and almost any young boy who showed any musical aptitude at all could play a reed instrument.

I would say that through New Orleans, the Spanish and French rhythms were interjected into the Blues. The late Chick Webb had it with his drumming as does Zudy Singleton. Gene Krupa, the great white drummer, is another who acquired it.

St. Louis and Kansas City were noted for their piano players, as well as their honky-tonk joints.

To the Southerner, St. Louis and Kansas City were looked upon as Northern cities and a great many Southerners, both black and white, settled there. The Negroes that came brought with them the Blues of the cotton fields and plantations of the deep South, not influenced in any fashion by the Spanish or French. That is why even today among musicians, the purest Blues and the real "low-down Blues" as they frequently call them, were born in these cities. New Orleans gave a lilt to the Blues, the other cities gave them their solidity. Being born in St. Louis and intensely interested in Blues, I was on many a boat excursion that carried these early Negro bands—and all of them never played any other type of music. Jellyroll Morton from Kansas City had probably the greatest Blues band—there were Fletcher Henderson, Charlie Creath and Fate Marable, Bennie Moton, I could go on by the hour. All of these men, however, were preceded by Tom Turpin, Scott Joplin and Louis Chauvin, a great natural piano player. In 1896 Tom Turpin—his full name was Tomas Million Turner, of St. Louis had published the *Harlem Rag*, the *Bowery Buck*, the *Buffalo*, and Scott Joplin had just written the *Mapleleaf Rag*. This was white America's first introduction to ragtime, which was patterned after the Blues. The Blues were so essentially a part of Negro life that many musical pioneers rightly felt that America would not accept them, thus this offshoot, ragtime, which did happen to strike the public's fancy. It was gayer and was more in keeping with the mood of the American white man. Blues were always played among Negroes, seldom among white audiences; when they were played—they were set apart—as the *pièce de résistance* of the evening.

The first Blues singer on a rec-

ROUSING NEW STYLE!
HI-YA
CORDUROY ALLWEATHER COAT
by Arrowstern
The Collarlock keeps you snug and dry.
Innerzip great-pocket . . . with doglock and key.
Smart Railroad stitching on sleeves, bottom.
$12.95

Casual, happy-go-lucky, jam-packed with free-and-easy style. The new finger tip length is the talk of the nation . . . so smart, so practical for all knock-about wear. Cravenetted to protect you from the rain. The smooth velvet corduroy has a flare for wear and is richly lined with colorful Scotch plaid. Sleeves backed with lustrous rayon. You'll go for the leather buttons . . . the smart side vents . . . the big inside pocket with zipper, dog lock and key. Wear Hi-Ya rain or shine . . . town or country. You women will want one, too (secure a student's size). And . . . don't fall over! . . . Hi-Ya's just $12.95!

Ask your dealer for Hi-Yas. If he doesn't have them . . . mail this order blank:

ARROW IMPORTING CO.
2101 Superior Ave. N. E., Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me Parcel Post Prepaid........Hi-Ya coats ($12.95 each) SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
☐ Cash Enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ C. O. D.
Post Office delivery charge of 17c on C. O. D.
Size (Students 14-16-18-20)....................
(Men 34-36-38-40-42-44)................
Colors (Sand Beige, Dartmouth Green, Briar Brown).
NAME.................................
ADDRESS..............................
CITY......................STATE..........

MEEKER MADE
Fine Leather Goods
Gifts THEY LIKE!
CIGARETTE CASES
BILLFOLDS
HANDE-PURSES
MEN'S PAK-ALL TOILET KITS
● This Christmas select gifts that are practical and attractive—gifts that will be appreciated and used—MEEKER MADE leather goods. Style and quality are reflected in every article. A wide variety of Billfolds, Handbags, Key Cases, Fitted Toilet Kits, Cigarette and Pipe Cases, and numerous other useful articles.

SEE THE DEALER in your city or write for Free Illustrated Folder.

THE MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.
Joplin, Mo.

GIVE HIM A
CROWN ELECTRIC PRESSER

It presses Pants, Sleeves, Collars, Lapels, Ties, almost immediately. Saves time, money and wear on clothes. A gift you cannot afford to overlook.

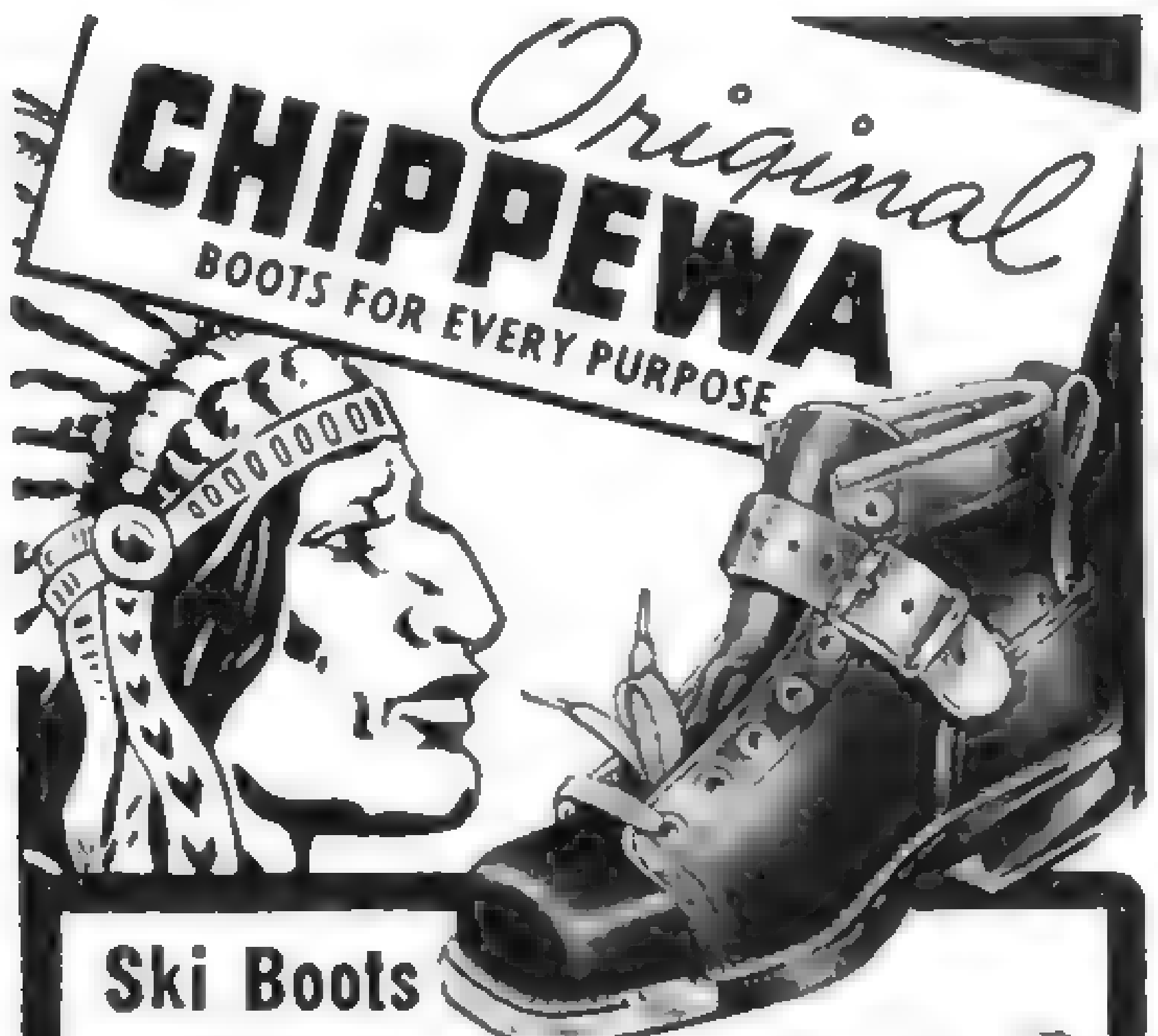
- Plug it in anywhere. AC or DC.
- Easy to use. Home or office.
- Will not burn. Safe.
- No Board—No moisture required.

NOTHING TO GET OUT OF ORDER
The CROWN ELECTRIC PRESSER is complete and ready to use. Nothing else to buy.

$1 POST PAID MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

THE HALL CO.
Merchandising, Inc.
General Motors Bldg.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Here's my $1.00. My money is to be returned if I am not satisfied.
Name
Address
City



Ski Boots

Made of waterproof Skimore leather over an improved Norwegian ski last. Regulation safety box toe—double soles, double-sewed—brass sole protectors—riveted, heavy steel arch—leather ski heel with rubber top lift.

Better Boots for Better Sportsmen

Famous among sportsmen for 39 years, ORIGINAL CHIPPEWAS are perfectly made for fit and comfort. They add a great deal to the enjoyment of every hardy outdoor sport. Made of the highest quality, selected leathers, they are pliable as a moccasin—feather-light and moisture-proof. *Original Chippewas* come in every style, size and height for men, women, boys and girls.

Get ORIGINAL CHIPPEWAS from your local dealer or write for illustrated catalog.

• Look for the *Original* CHIPPEWA Label on Every Pair

"ORIGINAL"
CHIPPEWA SHOES
CHIPPEWA SHOE MFG. CO.
CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.

Look . . . it's a genuine-registered Keepsake

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

AVALON
Set $129.75
Engagement ring
Only $100.00
PALM SPRINGS
Set $225.00
Engagement ring
Only $175.00
KENT
Set $59.50
Engagement ring
Only $39.75

Famous for
Style, Quality, Value

One is proud to give or own a Keepsake because experts of international reputation select and personally approve every fine Keepsake diamond . . . the most famous stylists design exquisite settings to display them. With each Keepsake comes the Gold Bond Certificate of Quality and Registration, your assurance of true worth. Ask your jeweler to show you these new matched sets.

COMING BRIDES—SEND FOR BOOK

Keepsake Diamond Rings
A.H. Pond Co., Inc., 214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N.Y.

I enclose 10 cents to cover mailing expense. Please send valuable book, "Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding."

Name
Street and No.
City
ESQ 12-39

ord was Mamie Smith and the first band to play Blues on a record was the white Dixieland Jazz Band, an aggregation of young white men who had perfected the Negro style of playing. From 1919 through the nineteen twenties were the boom years for the Blues. The five Smiths were among the greatest single artists to interpret the Blues for the country. They were all Negro women and were not related in any manner, either by family or by their varied vocal interpretations.

Mamie, Bessie, Laura, Clara and Trixie were their names and today among musicians and lovers of the Blues, the hottest type of argument may be started over the respective merits of the five. Bessie Smith is usually given credit for being the greatest, but to single any one out for that honor would not be fair. As I have mentioned before, style was important and whereas Bessie Smith would sing certain numbers with all of the pathos and feeling that a certain Blues number required and would ring the song dry as it were, Mamie Smith could do certain Blues numbers in her own style, much better. Bessie Smith was the depressed, mournful type—her Blues were eloquent masterpieces of human misery bordering on the Spirituals—she was Blues personified.

She had a powerful voice and she sent her music in great waves of misery over audiences. Her *Empty Bed Blues* and *Backwater Blues* will forever remain classics.

Mamie Smith, and this is purely a personal opinion, had much more music in her voice—she might be compared today with Ella Fitzgerald in her rendition of certain numbers.

Another great Blues star was Sara Martin, who had a great flair for the dramatic. In a darkened theatre, with only candles on the stage, she would begin to wail in a low moan—"Man done gone—Got nowhere to go"—She literally surged across the stage, clutched the curtains in the wings, rolled on the floor, and when she had finished, the audience was as wilted as she. There are too many names to give them all—Ida Cox, Virginia Liston, Eva Taylor—most of the greatest vocalists were all women with rich contralto voices. When Blues were sung by a woman, the voice, that is the female voice, carried tragic implications—the rich overtones of the cello—the man always imparted background on a guitar or piano—she was the hub of the family—Black America crying out to her sons and daughters.

The great Ethel Waters started her career as a Blues singer as did most of the Negroes' greatest dramatic actresses.

It is interesting to note that many who are still living are finishing their careers in church work. Virginia Liston and Sara Martin at this writing are both singing Spirituals in churches. There is no doubt that Blues and Spirituals are closely interwoven.

As I started this article, I wished to tell of the St. Louis, Kansas City and Chicago periods of the Blues.

When Earl Hines and Louis Armstrong were going strong and Jimmy Noone, the great clarinetist who wrote *Four or Five Times*, was hitting those high notes at the old Nest and Apex club. The night I was there when Nora Holt, a celebrated Negro entertainer who had just returned from China, handed me an autographed copy of George Gershwin's latest piece—*It's Wonderful*—and she played it for us.

The night I had my overcoat as well as hat, gloves and my first silk neck scarf stolen as did ten other fellows at the old Warwick Hall in Chicago, because we were gazing open-mouthed, watching beads of perspiration pour off the head of a trumpet player by the name of Louis Armstrong while he played a new piece called the *Heebie Jeebies*.

The night King Oliver started his famous talking on a trumpet, actually preaching a sermon with it—Johnny Dunn was later to do the same thing and played it on a record, so that America was soon to hear amazing things with the instruments they thought were finished as to technical virtuosity. I wished to tell about the old Vendome Theatre in Chicago with Weatherford at the piano, playing his eccentric solos—how a fellow by the name of Freddie Keppard could blow rings around Armstrong and when Louis was given the featured spot, we youngsters booed.

The night there was that great fight on the steamer, *St. Paul*, an old paddle wheeler out of St. Louis with Fate Marable's band playing. Five miles downstream a knife fight started and the boat wheeled around to put ashore.

The band continued to play and as I climbed up on the bandstand to get a better view of the proceedings, I soon found myself atop the old upright piano. The fight was overflowing to the bandstand. How those fellows continued to play, I'll never know until this day, but they played as if everything were serenely quiet on the old Mississippi.

The boat did not come into the wharf but hung out in midstream until the *Black Anny*, as we called the patrol wagons, had lined up on the dock.

Then we landed, and three loads of celebrants were carted away—and not once do I remember Marable's band stopping. He played Blues after Blues—and they sounded grand too. All of the musicians who played on the boats and the river front were inured to fisticuffs of all sorts—as one musician told me—"I don't care what they do as long as they don't break this snare—It set me back thirty bucks."

Of such stuff are musicians made. They had come up in the toughest of all schools—they had played the levee front from one end to the other—night life, sporting houses, gamblers,

Continued at top of page 280

SMITTEN WITH THE
Fluff
MITTEN! . . . ONLY
$1.00

Morning, noon, and night—everybody's wearing them! They're young and gay—big and bulky—warm and cuddly. You'll love the novelty of FLUFF MITTENS for business, for school, for sports. You'll adore them with your formals. Lustrous as fine fur, they're double-knitted, non-shed. Colors: white, red, kelly, royal, wine, yellow, rust, light blue, black, brown, orange, pink, navy.

IN AN ATTRACTIVE GIFT BOX

At your favorite store. If your dealer doesn't have Fluff Mittens, mail this order blank.

DEALERS, WRITE FOR NEAREST DISTRIBUTOR

BY ROYAL

E

ROYAL KNITTING MILLS, Inc.
2007 S. California Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me parcel post prepaid ________pairs of Fluff Mittens at $1.00 per pair.
☐ Cash enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D.
Additional post office charge of 12c on C.O.D.

Sizes (small, medium, large) ________
Colors: (listed above) ________
Name ________
Address ________
City ________ *State* ________

Blues Are the Negroes' Lament

Continued from pages 100-277-279

rounders—they knew them all.

"—And today," broke in Clarence Williams, "their music is played in Carnegie Hall before a selected group, one sees many a full dress, high hat, ermine wrap there, you know." We had been exchanging experiences, talking nothing but the Blues for over five hours and the lights of Broadway were beginning to flash. I made another false start to leave, although I really didn't want to leave—when the door was quietly opened and a straight, elderly copper-colored man walked in.

"Didn't knock Clarence—knew you'd be here—just dropped in for a chat," he said as he sat down in an overstuffed chair.

I got up and was about to make my departure for good when the amiable Williams stayed me. "I'd like you to know Reese D'Pree," he said. I shook hands with the man, and I could see a look of resignation in his face, he seemed very tired and worn. Williams went on—"Reese D'Pree wrote a number about forty-three years ago, wrote it in Georgia, Bibb County to be exact—will you tell Campbell about that piece, Reese?" In simple language he told me of the number he had written and sung—made money on a ship in 1905 wearing a chef's cap and apron and singing his song. He used to sing it at pound parties in the South pound parties were community affairs given by Negroes at that time where one would bring a pound of "vittles" of anything edible, a pound of chitterlings, of pigs' feet, of hog maw, barbecue, butter—anything that contributed to the feast. It was a simple little piece but everywhere he went, they wanted him to sing it. At the present time he is having copyright trouble—D'Pree did not impress me as being a wealthy man but the song must have earned over a million dollars for someone. Possibly you've heard it too—it's called *Shortnin' Bread.* Reese D'Pree loves the Blues as much as Clarence Williams and as I left the office I will always remember what that man told me the Blues meant to him. "Son," he said—"the Blues regenerates a man."ℋ

It Happened in Rochester

Continued from page 128

going past without plays to stage or actors to direct, I thought of my bank account, which read, "Thirty-seven dollars and ninety cents." I looked at the Sundstroms, happy and confident, determined to do the play with me or without me.

I nodded soberly. "It has the ring of an absolutely true story," I said.

The Sundstroms beamed at each other and shook my hand and we agreed to start rehearsals in two weeks and Mrs. Sundstrom asked, "What's your first name?"

"Robert," I said.

"Very nice." She smiled. "It's so silly to call a young boy like you Mr. McCleary."

We shook hands again and I put on my hat and went down and bought a drink.

* * *

I cast the play in the little back office. The office belonged to the Lazarus Agency for Actors and Artists and Jules Lazarus, out of pity or gambler's hope, loaned the Sundstroms the little office and a telephone and the firm's secretary. I sat behind the desk and talked to the actors and actresses and the Sundstroms sat behind me quietly, smiling, Mrs. Sundstrom's hand on her husband's sleeve, trusting me, approving delightedly of every choice I made.

From time to time members of their families would come in and silently stand in front of the window and watch and listen. Then they would go out into the hall and confer in whispers with the Sundstroms. Then they'd come back with a grave look of deliberation and take up their old places. I never found out what they said to each other out in the halls because they never questioned any decision I made.

"Young," I heard Mrs. Sundstrom saying to her mother one afternoon, "but definitely talented."

All the Sundstrom relatives who came to stand in front of the window in the Lazarus Agency's back office looked somehow as though they'd never been in New York before.

In the two weeks that I took to cast the play I carefully avoided reading *It Happened in Rochester.* By the time the cast assembled on the stage of the theatre for the first rehearsal I had worked myself into a condition of hope.

The Sundstroms and their relatives, now about fifteen in number, came in and sat themselves down along the rear of the dark auditorium as I gave out the sides to the actors.

"Ladies and gentlemen," I said to the actors, "this is a simple, true play, and I would like it to be played simply and truly. Act One, Scene One . . ."

By the time the first act was over the actors were suppressing giggles. In the first act the good but simple hero met and fell in love with the pretty but bad heroine. The pretty heroine told three different men in the first act that she loved them and spent a great deal of her time buying new dresses. The hero at the first-act curtain was building dreams of a cottage in the country and children and raises in salary.

I called a recess after the first act and all the actors fled the stage without looking at me. I sat at the director's table, with my back to the Sundstroms and their families out in the theatre. I

A 5-Star Billfold for Christmas, the Distinguished "EXECUTIVE"*

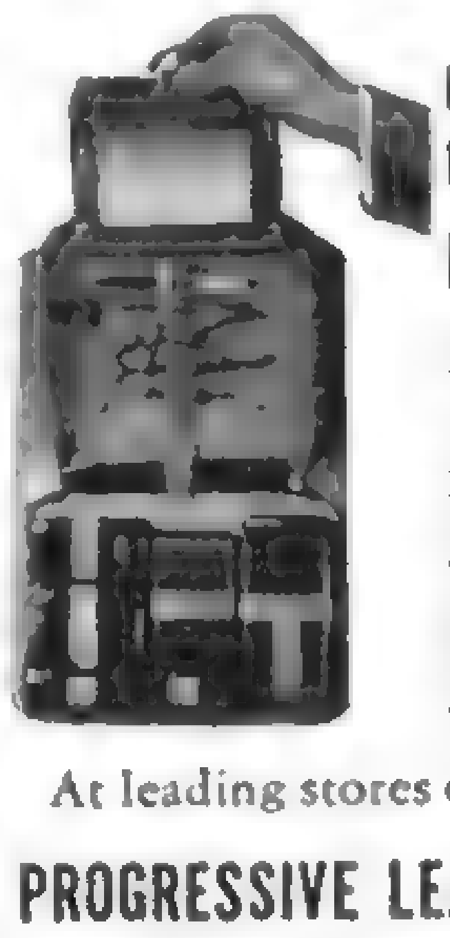
THE BILLFOLD WITH A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING

A - All leather construction
B - Secret pocket for big bills
C - Swing windows for cards
D - Erasable memo for notes
E - Emergency key holders

2.50 *Genuine cowhide*

Other leathers to $10.00

Ask to see the WAFER THIN* Executive too! With the famous Executive features . . from $2.50



IF *he travels about*
IF *he stays at home*
HANG-A-PAK*

Famous patented hangable toilet set. Leather lined, zipper closure. Fittings of Satinwood, Coco Bola and Natural Ebony. Fine leathers - from $10 to $35.

At leading stores everywhere or write

PROGRESSIVE LEATHER GOODS CO.
33 WEST 34th, NEW YORK

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

DINNER AT 8
APRICOT BOLS AT 9

APRICOT
LIQUEUR
BOLS

Apricot Bols, famous for over 3½ centuries for its exquisite flavor.

63 PROOF
APRICOT
BOLS

Sole Importers: G. H. Mumm Champagne (S. V. C. S.) & Assoc., Inc., New York, N. Y.
W. J. Mulligan & Co., San Francisco

A NEW MIRACLE IN PIPES
ELIMINATES MOISTURE
Hollycourt
Pre-Smoked
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
$3.50
AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

U. S. PAT. NO. 2071665
DEHYDRATION TUBE
DRY SHANK
DRY BOWL
STURDY CONSTRUCTION
GRATE IN BOTTOM OF BOWL
NO CLOGGING
PATENTED GROOVE

DRY TO THE LAST PUFF

Now . . . relax and enjoy an everlasting dry pipe. 97% of moisture in a pipe is caused by condensation and improper draft. The new scientific Dehydration Tube and Patented Groove of the Hollycourt eliminates this moisture. The pipe is always dry and clean. The bowl is made of specially selected grain from the heart of the briar root and is actually Pre-Smoked mechanically with fine tobacco . . . needs no breaking in.

At Your Dealer's or Write Direct to
M. LINKMAN & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

counted the steam pipes along the back wall.

The man who was playing the hero came back for his pipe, passed close to my table, whispered as he passed, "Lemons, Mister? Any lemons today, Mr. McCleary?"

He was a good friend of mine.

"Shut up!" I said.

He bowed soberly, got his pipe, smiled like a juvenile at the Sundstroms out in the theatre. They all smiled back.

He passed me on the way out, tamping down his pipe, "Turkeys, Mister, are you interested in turkeys today, Mr. Belasco?"

I sat there, rubbing my eyes, feeling as though I was going to have a headache in five minutes. I thought hard about my rent and my chances of getting anything else for the season. I got up and jumped down from the stage and walked up the aisle toward the fifteen Sundstroms. I didn't know what I was going to say, but I was going to say something.

They were all smiling widely at me as I came toward them. Sundstrom had an automatic pencil with a little light in it and a notebook for suggestions. He hadn't opened the notebook yet.

He patted my shoulder as I stopped next to his seat. "We think it's wonderful," he said, smiling happily, thinking about his words, planned for twenty years, being spoken that afternoon on the stage. "My whole family and Mrs. Sundstrom's whole family think it's wonderful."

And all the fifteen Sundstroms leaned over so I could see them and nodded and smiled at me.

"That's good," I said. "Have you any suggestions?"

Sundstrom patted my shoulder again. "We think it's wonderful," he said.

I went back and started the cast on Act Two, Scene One.

* * *

For the next three weeks Sundstrom arrived promptly, with his notebook and automatic pencil with the light in it, for every rehearsal. Always, too, Mrs. Sundstrom sat next to him in the last row of the theatre. The number of relatives varied, with the biggest collection of them coming in for the Sunday rehearsals when they were free of whatever work they did during the week.

The actors had given up by now and were just mumbling through their lines and looking for other parts during lunch hour. Sundstrom sat with the notebook. Occasionally he would draw a careful six-pointed star on the first page and then close the book with a decisive snap.

My headache had lasted for two and a half weeks now and I lived on coffee and aspirin, watching through half-closed eyes the weary rambling of the actors around the stage.

"Elspeth," the hero was saying, "I do not think that it is necessary for you to talk in that manner."

"What manner do you mean?" Elspeth asked. She always sat down on this line as though she had been out for five nights consecutively before it.

"You know what manner I mean," the hero said.

"I do not understand you," said Elspeth. She was chewing gum. Suddenly I couldn't bear the fact that she was chewing gum.

"Please, for the love of God," I shouted, "throw that gum away!"

There was a hush in the theatre. It was the first time a voice had been raised in all three weeks.

"Well," said the heroine, coldly, "there's no need to scream."

She got up deliberately and walked all the way across the stage, chewing slowly. With a large, sweeping gesture she stuck the gum on the gilt paint of the proscenium arch. Then she marched slowly and arrogantly back to her place and fell heavily into her chair.

"Move!" I stood up and yelled. "You're supposed to be a young, passionate girl. You're supposed to dance around the stage! You're not supposed to act like a lead safe, Darling! I want to see some signs of life! That goes for the whole damned company! We've been conducting a funeral around here for three weeks!"

There was silence for a moment and then the heroine started to cry. She cried for five minutes with no signs of stopping, so I dismissed the company for the day.

"Tomorrow," I said, "we're going to put some life into this play. We're going to really try."

They all went quietly off the stage, except for the heroine, who was still crying as loudly as ever.

"Now, Robert." It was Sundstrom behind me, with Mrs. Sundstrom right next to him. "Was that absolutely necessary, Robert?"

I looked at them, standing there, puzzled, neatly dressed for Sunday, and I felt like crying, too.

"I wanted to make it move a little faster, Mr. Sundstrom," I said gently, "It's been pretty dead up there."

"We don't think so," Sundstrom said, tapping his wrist with the notebook in which he had not entered one suggestion in three weeks. "We think it's very nice."

"My family think it's wonderful," Mrs. Sundstrom said. "And they've been watching for three weeks now."

"It's not wonderful," I said, wanting to help them, to save them. "I think you and I ought to sit down tonight, Mr. Sundstrom, and map out a complete job of rewriting."

"Now, Robert . . ." Sundstrom began, his little boy face wrinkling up.

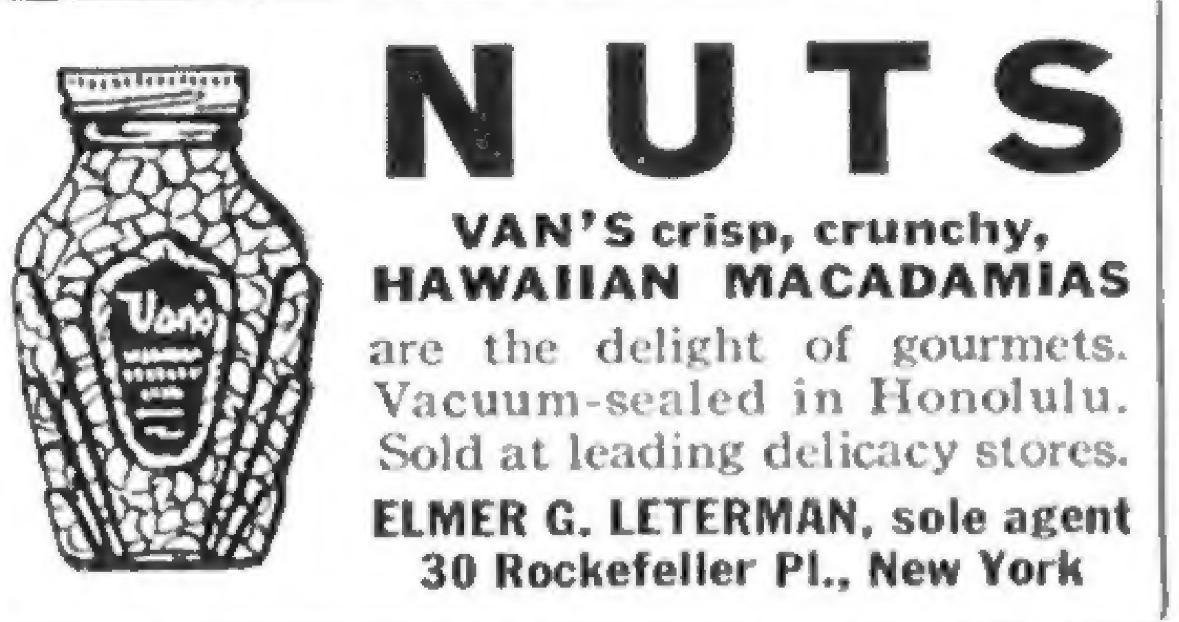
"We start with the first act," I said, talking fast, to get it over with, to make the last desperate attempt as easy and as quick as possible, "and we go right through to the third act. We work mostly on the character of Elspeth. She's on the stage all the time and we've got to make her talk like a human being . . ."

"But that's the way she talked,"

Continued on page 282

Osteo-path-ik
The Banff
English as London Bridge. The imported calf is hand rubbed and dyed to produce the same effect as stain on wood. The unique nailless Osteo-path-ik construction eliminates "breaking-in" . . . gives you amazing ease, yet perfect comfort. A lot—for only $8.50
BEND IT DOUBLE
All Osteo-path-ik styles are $8.50 West of Rockies $8.95
Allen Edmonds
Belgium, Wisc.
Enclosed find ☐ cash ☐ money order ☐ C.O.D.
Size..........(A extra narrow—B narrow—C medium—D wide)
Width............Color: Tan Russia Luxor Calf.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
Name....................................
Address....................................
City....................State..............
See your classified telephone directory for nearest dealer, or write direct.
Allen Edmonds
BELGIUM, WISC.

TWO KISSES INSTEAD OF ONE!
There's a "bonus-kiss" coming to you when you enhance your Christmas gifts with Tie-Tie! The sight of these gay and colorfully wrapped presents draws "oh's" and "ah's" even before they're opened. Gifts dressed in Tie-Tie Wrappings and Ribbonettes are doubly welcome!
Then, too, it's fun using Tie-Tie. Here's why—Tie-Tie Wrappings provide a myriad of exciting new designs to choose from and Tie-Tie Ribbonette can easily be arranged in countless distinctive bows. It's strong—made of cotton that won't snap or break in the knot. Your gifts will possess real individuality this Xmas. For an extra kiss with every gift—buy Tie-Tie!
Ask for Tie-Tie in your favorite department store or gift shop. If they shouldn't have it, write to us for samples.
TIE-TIE PRODUCTS
Originated and Manufactured by
Chicago Printed String Co.
2321 Logan Blvd. Chicago, Illinois


NUTS
VAN'S crisp, crunchy, HAWAIIAN MACADAMIAS
are the delight of gourmets. Vacuum-sealed in Honolulu. Sold at leading delicacy stores.
ELMER G. LETERMAN, sole agent
30 Rockefeller Pl., New York

TAKES 8mm. COLOR MOVIES
27.95 Precision built, pocket size, slow motion, uses Eastman and Agfa film, f3.5 interchangeable lens.
KEYSTONE MFG. CO-BOSTON, MASS.
KEYSTONE
8mm and 16mm Projectors, Cameras, Accessories

Gifts Men Like
FOR THEIR PRACTICAL
REFILL FEATURE
and SUPER-QUALITY
'HIS'
SHAVING BOWL
Deluxe shaving soap in black composition bowl. Cover locks and holds brush. (Brush not included in set.) $1.50
Refills — 50c
'HIS'
BALANCED TALCUM
Permanent container with special refill feature. $1.00
Refill cartridges — 35c
THE HOUSE FOR MEN, Inc. CHICAGO NEW YORK
HIS gift sets available: Gift Set $2.50, DeLuxe Set $3.25, Shave Set $2.25, Trio After Electric Shave $2.50, Trio $2.00, Bath Soap $1.00.
THE HOUSE FOR MEN, Inc.
210 Fifth Ave., New York City, or 2108 W. Lake St., Chicago
Please send me:
Free HIS Gift Booklet or name of local dealer.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY.............................STATE..............

SAY MERRY XMAS

WITH
FOUNT-O-INK
Writing Sets

A fascinating writing set that works like Magic. It ends Dry Pen and Messy Filling

If you buy it to give away, you'll keep it yourself!

Automatic ink Supply Feeds the Pen that Fills itself! Order Now you'll want More

The model illustrated is No. 21-CCV, in rich black and chrome finish with black and white onyx pen...... $4.00. **At your dealers** or post paid from the factory. Your money back unless you like it better than **any** desk pen set you **ever** used.

Gregory Fount-O-Ink Company
Los Angeles, California

Gentlemen: Please send parcel post prepaid Fount-O-Ink Writing Set No. 21-CCV. ( ) Cash enclosed; ( ) Money order; ( ) C.O.D., 15c extra for C.O.D. fee.

( ) Please send free catalog describing all the beautiful Fount-O-Ink models.

( ) Please send dealer's name.

NAME __________

ADDRESS __________

CITY __________ STATE __________

Copyright Gregory Fount-O-Ink Co., 1939

FAMOUS AROUND THE WORLD Because of its fine flavor and fragrant bouquet, Bisquit Cognac Brandy is a favorite at the four corners of the globe.

Bisquit
COGNAC BRANDY

84 PROOF

MADE IN THE FRENCH TRADITION

Sole Importers: G. H. Mumm Champagne (S. V. C. S.) & Assoc., Inc., New York, N. Y. W. J. Mulligan & Co., San Francisco

It Happened in Rochester

Continued from pages 128-281

Sundstrom said. "I knew her for five years and that's the way she talked."

"It's very natural talk," Mrs. Sundstrom said.

"It's terrible, Mr. Sundstrom," I said, being cruel, hoping to save him. "If you leave it this way we're all completely sunk."

"That's what you honestly think, Robert?" he asked.

"That's what I honestly think." I sat down suddenly on the arm of one of the aisle chairs.

"I thought about this play for twenty years," Sundstrom said, his hands going over his eyes, forty-five years old. "It's the absolute truth."

"I think we ought to talk it over with Momma and the boys," Mrs. Sundstrom said.

"You don't mind?" Sundstrom asked me.

"No," I said. "I'll be across the street in the bar."

I walked up the aisle, past the fifteen Sundstroms, who had been listening intently. They watched me silently as I went out.

I had three whiskies before Sundstrom came into the bar. He bought me another drink and put his hand on my shoulder before he said anything.

"They like it," he said. "The family. They think it will draw the public. They don't see anything wrong in it. And I agree."

"Sure," I said, without knowing exactly what I was saying "Sure" to.

"I feel, Robert," he went on, "in the light of what you have just told me, that you are not quite in sympathy at this time with the play."

I shook the ice in my glass.

"It's clear to me now," he said, "that you don't really understand this play. That's natural, Robert. You're a little young for such a play."

"Sure," I said.

"So if you don't mind, I'll relieve you of the responsibility of directing it."

"Who'll direct it?" I asked.

"I will," he said. "After all, it happened to me. I ought to know how it happened."

"Uhuh," I said, remembering the notebook empty of all notes. "I'll give you back as much money as I have left."

"Half," Sundstrom said. "We talked it over and we decided that you should get half your pay. Is that fair?"

"Sure," I said. "Well, I hope *It Happened in Rochester* wins the Pulitzer Prize."

"Thank you, Robert. Come and visit us in New Jersey."

"I will." I waved to him and he went back to the theatre to his family and his wife's family and the leading lady who sat down like a lead safe and to the play he had thought of for twenty years.

I stayed at the bar.

* * *

The reviews were very bad. The Times said, "*It Happened in Rochester* opened last night at the Jackson Theatre. It was written, produced and directed by Leon Sundstrom." That was all it said. It was the kindest review.

I didn't go to see it and I didn't see Sundstrom until two weeks later. He was walking along Broadway, very slowly, like an old man. He hadn't shaved and I noticed with surprise that his beard was grey. He had two advertising sandwich boards strapped on him.

"See *It Happened in Rochester*" the boards read. "It Is an Absolutely True Story. Now Playing at the Jackson Theatre."

He saw me and I had to stop.

"Hello, Robert," he said, without smiling.

"Hello," I said.

"Do you think this'll help, Robert?" he asked.

"What?"

"These signs. Will it bring people into the theatre? Will it help them understand that this is a real true story?"

"Of course," I said.

"The critics didn't understand," he said, shaking his head, the last trace of the little boy gone. "They wrote about it as though it was impossible. I've written them. They won't believe that it actually happened to me. I could introduce them to the girl. She's married now and she has three children. In Rochester. Have you got a cigarette, Robert?"

I gave him a cigarette and lit it for him.

"I kept it running two weeks," he said. "Some people saw it. They liked it very much. They saw it was real life. Critics aren't real people. It cost me eight thousand dollars to keep it running two weeks. I sold my house and my car." He sighed. "I thought word would get around that it was a real life story. I'm going to go back to juggling . . . if I can get a start. There's not much demand for jugglers these days and I'm not so steady any more. I would like to put enough aside so I could write another play." He never smiled, not once. "Could you lend me two or three cigarettes, Robert?"

I gave him my pack.

"Why don't you come and see the play?" he asked. "I'll get you in for nothing."

"Thanks."

"That's all right. You better come tonight. It's closing tonight. I haven't got any more money to keep it going any more and the family chipped in as much as they had." He sighed. "I guess I don't understand the theatre," he said. "Well, I like to keep moving. I like to give as many people as I can a look at this sign."

"That's a good idea," I said.

"It's not a bad sign, is it?"

"It's a very good sign."

"It's the truth," he said, and walked off, up Broadway, shifting the shoulder straps.

I haven't found another job yet. ☩

THE PICK OF THE PEOPLE WHO DRINK THAT'S THE SPIR-IT

MANHATTANS
MARTINIS
OLD FASHIONEDS
AND SOURS
YOU STRUGGLE FOR
CHERRIES
AND OLIVES
FOR HOURS
THE SPIR-IT
WILL HELP YOU
THE SPIR-IT
WILL SPEAR
THE OLIVE
THE CHERRY
THE CHERRY
MY DEAR

Set of 8
in beautiful
plastic Tenite
8 bright colors
or all one color
MONOGRAMMED
IN GOLD
IN GIFT BOX
All for $1

It's 100 to 1 your serious drinking friends haven't anything like these personalized SPIR-ITS at home — they're that new. These gay cocktail spears and/or highball stirrers come in two sizes, 6¼ inches for Highballs, 5½ inches for Old Fashioneds. At leading department stores . . . . . Write for name of nearest dealer, or send $1.00 to SPIR-IT Inc., Malden, Mass.

HNA
SPIR-IT
BEVERAGE STICKS

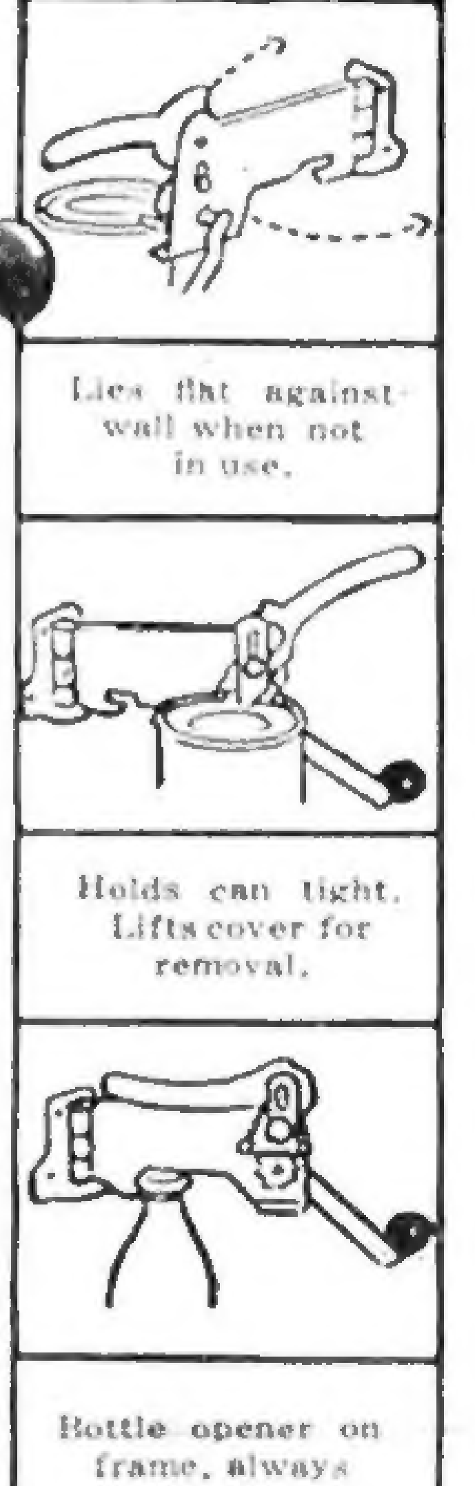
THE GIFT OF THE YEAR

THE NEW ALL YEAR GIFT
SWING-A-WAY
CAN-OPENER
Never Before Such Ease and Safety.

SWINGS AGAINST THE WALL

Someone—mother, wife, sister—wants Swing-A-Way—needs Swing-A-Way! Swing-A-Way is new, different, safe! Easy to install. *Whisks* tops off any type can; round, square, or oval. Leaves rim smooth and gash-proof. Holds can securely—all you do is turn the crank! Opens bottles, too! When you're through—back against the wall it goes, out of the way!

EXCELLENT FOR BRIDGE PRIZES —and a super value—only $1.50 for a lifetime of service. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct.



Lies flat against wall when not in use.

Holds can tight. Lifts cover for removal.

Bottle opener on frame, always handy.

SWING-A-WAY STEEL PRODUCTS, INC. Dept. 12E
1439 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois
Gentlemen: Please send me at once .... Swing-A-Ways @ $1.50, for which I enclose ☐ cash ☐ money order ☐ C.O.D. (De Luxe Chrome Model, $2.00).

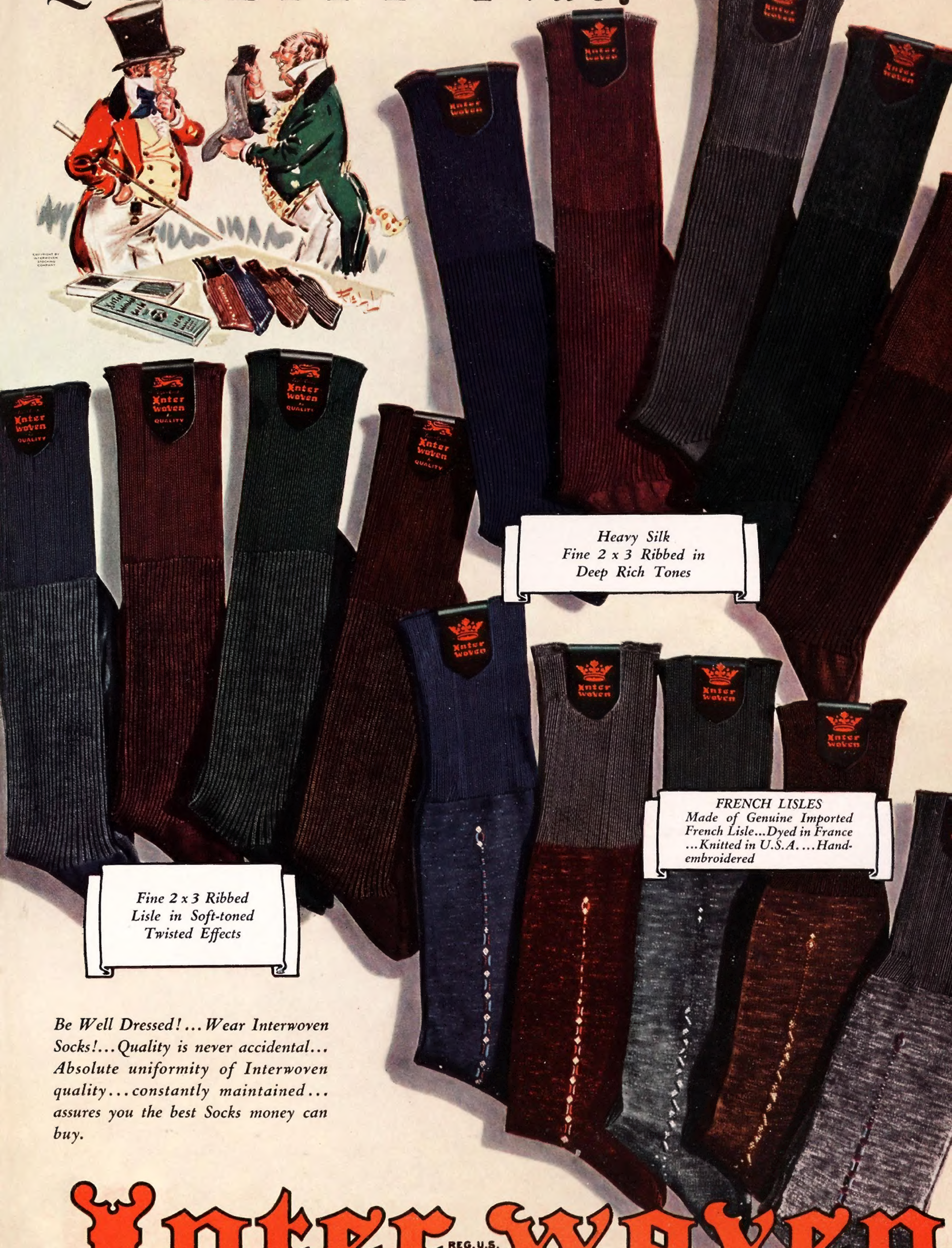
Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

PRINTED BY
THE REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.

QUALITY-Plus!



Heavy Silk
Fine 2 x 3 Ribbed in
Deep Rich Tones

Fine 2 x 3 Ribbed
Lisle in Soft-toned
Twisted Effects

FRENCH LISLES
Made of Genuine Imported
French Lisle...Dyed in France
...Knitted in U.S.A. ... Hand-embroidered

Be Well Dressed! ... Wear Interwoven Socks! ... Quality is never accidental... Absolute uniformity of Interwoven quality... constantly maintained... assures you the best Socks money can buy.

Interwoven REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Have you ever noticed that Camels burn longer and give you more smoking?"

ASKS VAN CAMPEN HEILNER
FAMOUS GAME AND FISHING AUTHORITY

Above, "VAN" waiting in the duck blinds for the "zero hour." Explorer, sportsman, conservationist, author of the authoritative, new "A Book on Duck Shooting," Heilner knows the waterfowl flyways from California to Maine, Alaska to Mexico. "Van" has been a Camel smoker for 18 years.

You can tell a lot about a cigarette by whether it burns fast or slowly. Camel cigarettes are noted for their long burning. In fact, they burned longer, slower *than any other brand,* in recent scientific tests (*see right*). Van Campen Heilner, the famous American authority on wild game, points out an interesting angle to this. "Camels give *more smoking* because they burn so slowly," he says. "And I think the way they burn is a very good way to judge the *quality* of cigarettes too. I notice this about Camels —I can smoke them steadily and they still taste smooth and cool, and my mouth feels fresh—not dry—with no throat irritation. Camels are mild, flavory. They give more genuine pleasure per puff—and more puffs per pack." Turn to Camels. Get extra smoking per pack—topped off with the delicate taste of choice quality tobaccos.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF . . . MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Cigarettes were compared recently . . . sixteen of the largest-selling brands . . . under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

3 In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

Don't deny yourself the pleasure of smoking Camels, the quality cigarette *every* smoker can afford.

PENNY FOR PENNY
YOUR BEST
CIGARETTE
BUY!

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMELS—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*